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THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY THE

DOMINICAN FATHERS

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JANUARY-JUNE, 1905

SOMERSET, OHIO



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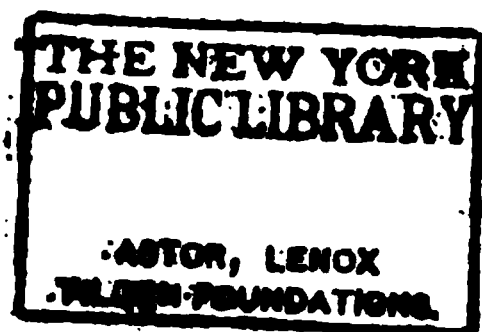
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REV. FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

See "Tullaght," page 69.

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JANUARY, 1905

No. 1

The Land of Manana

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

TO one who has never been farther from the soil of his native land than is involved in a sea voyage of a few days along the coast, the feeling that arises when the beloved shore is fading from view not to be looked upon again for many months, is one that must be experienced to be understood. Thoughts of loving friends arise, whose notes of fond farewell lie still unopened; conversation, if there be any, concerns itself only with the points of Fatherland fast fading from view; the tones of the cornet announcing luncheon fall upon dull ears. At last, when no straining of eyes or imagination can discern longer a speck of terra firma above the waste of waters, the pilgrim turns

away with a certain feeling of sadness—and the long journey is begun.

After many years of waiting, we are off at last for a trip through Europe, Asia and Africa, which shall include the lands of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Pharaohs and Cleopatra, the Promised Land of Abraham and Moses, sanctified into a Holy Land by the feet of the Son

of God, the lands of Alexander and Mohammed, of Demosthenes and Plato, of Cicero and the Caesars, of Hannibal and Napoleon.

It seems strange that nearly all the events of the world's history worthy of note have occurred within the small territory included in a strip of land five hundred miles wide along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. No matter what phase of man's achieve-

FUNCHAL IN JANUARY.

Lynch, of the Cathedral, Albany, and the writer.

Thirty-six hours out from port brought balmy breezes, when life on board the palatial Princess Irene, of the North German Lloyd, was delightful day and night. Warmer each day grew until, reaching the Madeira Islands on the last day of January, we found bare-footed boys, vine-clad hills overrun with flowers, and every indication of midsummer. As we were not to see Portugal, we were glad to get this glimpse of one of her possessions. These islands off the coast of Morocco, in north-

SQUARE IN FUNCHAL.

ments we may wish to study, whether it be war, religion, literature, music, sculpture, painting or oratory, the conclusion is forced upon us, that here it began, here it reached its highest development. The thought that at last it is to be our blessed privilege to live over again the great deeds of those heroes, whose names have been enshrined in our memory from boyhood, on the very spot where they took place; to stand on the Mount of Beatitudes and listen to the Master's Sermon; to be present with St. Paul at Damascus or Mars Hill, or with St. Peter in the Mamertine prison—the thought of these and many other experiences in store for us is enough to quicken the pulse and to excite a longing that will not be quieted.

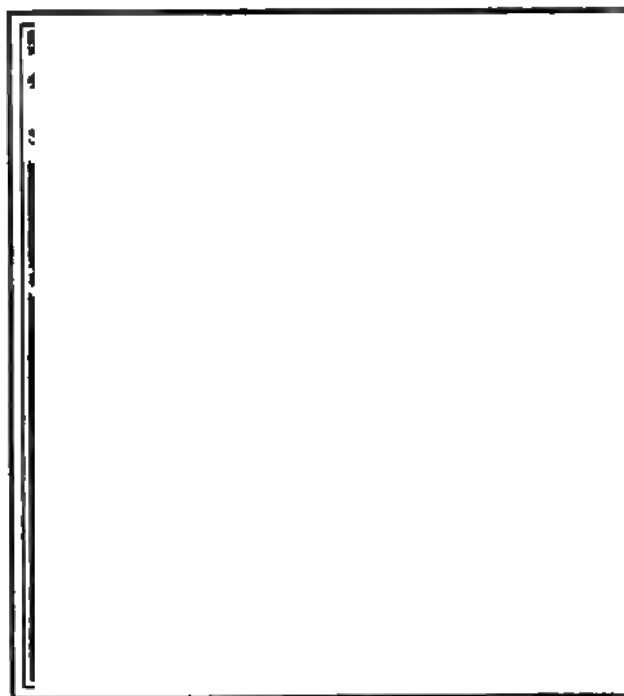
Our party was made up as follows: First in point of dignity and distinction was the Very Rev. P. E. Smyth, M. R., of Jersey City. Then came Rev. F. J. O'Reilly, rector and chancellor of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria; Rev. J. J.

western Africa, have a population of 150,000. All but 2,000 of these are upon the largest island (Madeira), and quite one-third of them inhabit the capital city, Funchal. With the exception of a few hundreds of Americans and Europeans, the people are all Portuguese. They do not look or act at all like those to be seen in Boston or San Francisco. The comparison is decidedly in favor of Funchal. They seem to be a simple people, unspoiled by the touch of modern civilization and, as far as we could judge from a visit of a few hours of a Sunday morning, a deeply religious people.

Our first impulse on touching shore was to fulfill our obligation of hearing Mass. We attended Mass at the Cathedral, which was built fifty years before Columbus crossed the ocean, and we visited five other churches between nine o'clock and noon. These were all filled, and in two of them we could not penetrate beyond the vestibule. In all

the churches social distinctions were ignored. Men dressed in Prince Albert coats and carrying silk hats knelt on the floor beside barefooted market-women with great baskets of glorious calla lilies. Near me knelt a poor, old peddler, so unkempt and wild-looking that he is now associated in my mind with a Rufino I saw later in Tangiers, and a Soudanese at Kom Ombo up the Nile; and when I gave him a dime for a snap shot, he tried to force upon me a loaf of bread in return. After Mass, the people seemed prepared for a day of innocent enjoyment. The presence of three great steamers in the harbor may have drawn the people from their usual way of spending the Lord's Day. We saw no provision being made for any less innocent amusement than basking in the sun on the beach. Funchal has no wheeled vehicles. All the streets are paved with pebbles covered with an oily moss. Over these roads sleds, drawn by oxen, glide smoothly and as swiftly as oxen can travel. Funchal rises 3,000 feet from the sea like an amphitheatre and is semi-circular in form. Terrace after terrace rises—terraces of white, red-roofed houses nestling amid palms and trees festooned with vines, and the summit is crowned with the Mountain Church. Why is it that most of the high places of the earth are topped either by churches or by forts? The view from the square, fronting the Mountain Church, looking down upon the city and the bay, is one not easily forgotten. We made the ascent on a cog-wheel railway, being pelted with flowers by the children,

who expected a silver shower in return. The descent was made over a toboggan of pebbles, in a wicker basket on runners, manned by two natives, to modify the speed when its momentum threatened danger. I do not know the secret of Funchal's slippery pavement, but neither the wicked nor the just may safely walk upon it. When we left America war between Russia and Japan was imminent. We were, therefore, anxious to learn on arriving at Funchal whether war had been declared. No one with whom we could converse seemed to know or care. As our last recourse, we hunted up a daily paper, "O Diario Do Commercio." Not a man among us knew a word of Portuguese, but we prided ourselves on being able to patch up the languages we knew collectively to the extent of recognizing a declaration of war. But no war was mentioned, or rumor of war, and not a word about America, except some forty lines which



A FUNCHAL SLEDGE.

announced the thrilling fact that Carrie Nation had smashed, with her famous "machado," another saloon in Kansas! Funchal probably is still undisturbed about the fall of Port Arthur. Happy Funchal!

Our short stay had been so pleasant that we went on board again with reluctance. The gentleness of the people, the clean city, the tropical plants and flowers, not to mention such delicacies as strawberries and green peas in January, had won the hearts of all.

Before Vesper time the islands were lost to view, and it now seems like a

great battle between the French and English, in which Lord Nelson was killed. The battle takes its name from Tarifa—Tarif-al-ghar, the promontory of the cave, or Trafalgar. Then came, like the heels of a horseshoe, Algeciras and Gibraltar, which crown the points of the beautiful bay of Gibraltar, just five miles apart. The bay, which is eight miles long, separates Spain from the little neck of land which Spanish folly permitted to become an English stronghold two hundred years ago.

We landed at Gibraltar early on Tuesday. The first surprise in store for me was the large number of Moors in oriental garb, to be met with on the streets and docks. Morocco is only twenty miles away across the strait, and these Mohammedans from Africa fill many menial positions in Gibraltar. There is little in Gibraltar to interest the tourist. It is a garrison town, pure and simple. The Rock, honeycombed with galleries, with guns overlooking the sea and land, is interesting because of the untold sums spent upon it by England to make it the sentinel of

A MORNING PLUNGE AT GIBRALTAR.

dream that we spent a part of a day among them.

Another day brought us to that golden entrance to the world's stage, the strait of Gibraltar. I was on deck at daybreak, unwilling to lose any feature of this famous passage. Here, on our right, lay Tangiers, the seaport of Morocco, and Ceuta, the prison house of Spain. On the left was Tarifa, the home of pirates in former days, who levied tax on all who passed—and hence the word *tariff*. Here also occurred, in 1805, the

the Mediterranean; but modern improvements in artillery have rendered this vast expense practically worthless, for while Gibraltar is still impregnable, it is not a complete defense of the shipping in the harbor.

Crossing the bay to Algeciras, we are at last in Spain, a country I have always longed to visit; and since the late war we have read so many contradictory statements about this land and its people that I rejoiced at the opportunity of seeing something of them for myself.

ALHAMBRA—COURT OF JUSTICE AND VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE COURT OF LIONS.

The half hour's ride by boat from Gibraltar transports one to an entirely new country and civilization. This is not surprising when we remember that Gibraltar, as an English colony, is really an exotic clinging to the extreme southern point of Spain.

The ride by rail to Ronda, first, through the famous cork woods, then through mountain scenery more beautiful though not so grand as that of the Rockies, is one of the most charming in Europe. Ronda, a city of 17,000 people, is situated on a rock cleft by volcanic eruption. Through the steep and narrow ravine thus formed rushes a foaming torrent, which further on becomes a peaceful, silvery stream, whose windings through the beautiful valley can be traced for miles.

"The view looking from the bridge, and that, also, looking up to this grand and wild cascade of liquid silver from

the lowest mill, are not to be equalled, and we do not even attempt to describe the effect, for it baffles pen and pencil." —O'Shea.

A day at Ronda is all too short to drink in the beauty of one of the most delightful spots in all of fairest Andalusia. The fact that we had literally stumbled upon it en route to Granada, not one of our party ever having heard of the place before, enhanced the joy of every new vista. An incident at Ronda will serve to show how far removed in manners and customs this city is from Gibraltar, although the distance by rail is scarce seventy miles. In my hurry to leave the train, I left in the rack a black derby hat. I was wearing a Fedora, and did not miss the other for several days. Returning through Ronda, three weeks later, I enquired of the station agent about the matter. The railways are owned and officered by Englishmen.

The agent investigated, and reported to me that the hat had been held until the Carnival, and that "the blawsted thing looked so odd that one of the maskers wore it in the parade." He probably looked as strange to his fellow townsmen as I should have looked in this country wearing his hat.

The trip by rail from Ronda to Granada consumes seven hours, which the slow train and poor service would have rendered very irksome were it not that the beautiful scenery filled every moment with delight. Andalusia is the fairest portion of Spain. The train winds continually through beautiful valleys wherein well-kept farms are framed by hedges of cactus, crossed again and again by stream or roadway

looking like ribbons of silver in the sunlight. The trees are in bloom, and the olive-trees look like gigantic azaleas. The orange groves are laden with ripening fruit, and both olive and orange trees are festooned with budding grape-vines. Here, again, as at Funchal, we see clean, white farm-houses with red tile roofs, and back of it all rise the snow-capped heights of the Sierra Nevada, or Sierra Ronda.

As we approach Granada we pass the town of Santa Fe (Holy Faith), built by Queen Isabella in 1492, to shelter her army during the siege of Granada. Here were signed the articles of capitulation which compassed the overthrow of the Moors in Spain. A neighboring hill bears the sentimental name, "The

Last Sigh of the Moor."

Near by is the Pinos Bridge, where Columbus was overtaken by the monk sent by Isabella to recall him to the camp. His appeal for assistance to make his voyage of discovery had been denied. He had turned away from the splendid tent of the Catholic Kings of Castile and Leon, resolved to petition Henry VII of England, who seemed favorably disposed toward him. Isabella quickly relented, and sent her messenger to bid Columbus to return. He had gone only as far as the Pinos Bridge, and "when his mule turned, the world turned." If the monk had failed to overtake the great discoverer, the glory of the New

WORLD'S DISCOVERY—AND
 *ALHAMBRA—PASSAGE WEST OF THE PROMENADE OF LIONS.

the profits, would have been England's. "What a pity that monk overtook him!" exclaimed an Anglo-Saxon member of our party. It is perhaps needless to observe that the sentiment was not applauded by the rest of us.

The first view of the Alhambra, as it nestles on the white bosom of the Sierra Nevada, in the rosy evening sunlight, awakens a feeling of sympathy for poor Boabdil weeping in disappointment and sorrow on the Hill of the Last Sigh, as he gazed for the last time on his palace of bewitching beauty. When we wandered next day through the splendid apartments of his mother, we understood her bitter rebuke to her son, not to weep like a woman for that which he failed to defend like a man. To be driven from such a home would break the heart of any woman.

The Alhambra was built by the Moorish kings for a royal palace seven hundred years ago. For me to attempt to describe its beauty, even after centuries of decay and neglect, would be presumptuous and absurd. Prescott, Hay, and Irving have produced inimitable pen-pictures of the Alhambra. Irving lived for months within its walls before writing his splendid work; but even their descriptions seem tame when gazing on the reality on a bright sunny day, with the orange and myrtle filling the air with sensuous perfume, and the sunlight reflected from ten thousand gilded pendants, or filtering through walls three feet in thickness, and adorned with



ALHAMBRA—MYRTLE-COVERED PROMENADE.

marble carvings of delicate, lacelike design so fine as to scarcely impede the passage of the sun's rays. Beautiful indeed and enchanting must have been the palace in its glory, with its wonderful arabesques, its ceilings inlaid with ivory, pearl, gold and precious stones, and furnished throughout in the luxurious style which only Asiatics seem to know perfectly. Many believe that Aladdin's palace, pictured in the Arabian Nights, was none other than the Alhambra.

For a time after the conquest of Granada, an attempt was made to preserve this best specimen of Saracenic art in Spain, but it proved a very expensive task. Yet, despite the centuries of neglect and the vandalism of Spanish soldiers, it is still worth crossing the ocean to see.

From the Alhambra we went to the Cathedral, interesting principally because Ferdinand and Isabella are buried in its Royal Chapel. Above their graves, the forms of the royal pair are graven in purest marble. All Americans turn instinctively to the image of the noble woman who sacrificed so much for

the snow,' as she turns her head lovingly towards Ferdinand, whom to exalt her life was spent." In the year 1504 he lovingly laid her in this magnificent tomb, and then—married again. It is urged that diplomatic reasons and a desire to further the best interests of his kingdom prompted this marriage in his

GRANADA—GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Columbus. "There she lies, tall, marble-throated, abundant-haired and regular-featured, with the shoulders of a goddess and the gesture of a queen, the mask of a noble soul in a fair frame. A frigid smile lingers upon her strong lips, her aspect serene 'as moonlight sleeping on

old age. However, history has long since given its verdict that in the case of Ferdinand and Isabella, the latter fully deserved the title of better half. In fact, Ferdinand himself conceded this, for upon the gold-embroidered tent, still to be seen in the treasury of tapes-

tries in Seville, which they occupied before Granada in the siege of 1492, there is a Latin inscription in letters eighteen inches long announcing to all that Isabella is the greater sovereign. This fact daily flaunted in the faces of his soldiers must have chastened Ferdinand and made him submissive. In a beautifully frescoed sacristy in the Carthusian monastery at Granada are preserved some very beautiful vestment cases, etc., inlaid with silver, ebony, tortoise-shell and pearl. A cross is painted on the wall so realistically that you feel certain that at least the nails are real. Many beautiful paintings are scattered through the buildings, amid many gruesome pictures of members of the Order that were martyred in England during the Reformation.

We left Granada with reluctance. It is a quaint old town which the introduction of gas, street-cars and large stores is fast modernizing. The gypsy is still here on his native heath; and all his subtlety and cajolery—the fantastic costumes of the men and the wild gracefulness of the young girls and children—are employed to extract coin from the unwary traveler. One quickly learns in Spain the significance of “manana” (man ya na). It is the Spanish word for to-morrow, and expresses the national custom of never doing to-day what can be put off till to-morrow. The tourist soon finds it tripping from his tongue, and glibly promises alms “manana.” But we are off for Seville—and in Seville there are no beggars.

The Message

By Helen Moriarty

Soul speaks to soul in myriad ways,
 Few know its hidden speech;
 A gleam from out the folding haze
 Revealing each to each;
 A sigh that breathes nor loud nor long—
 A glance across a waiting throng:

That moment lives. The space is brief
 What time the heart is glad;
 The pilgrim soul has known the grief
 Of lonely hours, and sad,
 And journeys on again, content
 That glimpse of kindred soul was lent.

O eyes, that meet across the years—
 That speak, and answer, there,
 You have your secret tide of tears
 That find you unaware!
 A lonely moment, when the heart
 In grief would rend its cords apart.

The Simple Life

By TERESA B. O'HARE



It is only a few years ago that an unknown French preacher, living quietly and contentedly in the midst of his family and finding time to think a little in his tranquil round of duties and diversions, gathered the reflections of his leisure into a little book which he called "The Simple Life."

It did not create much stir in his native country, where the philosophy of unhurried and uncomplicated living was common enough, but having found its way in a translation to this country, it appealed to our strenuous President, was advertised by his impulsive praise, and rapidly became a fad.

Of all the paradoxes which enliven the American character, few have been more amusing than this sudden enthusiasm for simplicity which the circulation of Pastor Wagner's book has created. We have taken up simplicity for the moment as strenuously as we have lent our energies to money-making, or to piling up those artificialities of life under which our original state has long been buried. Mr. Wagner has given us no new thought; he has not even invested old thoughts with a new grace of expression. He is somewhat commonplace, somewhat dull; to those who have heard his philosophy put so much more strikingly, so much more inspiringly, he is even somewhat tiresome. But he has attracted the attention of the superficial; for the nonce he has America, so to speak, by the ear, and he is gaining in this country the fame which his work has failed to win in his own.

We are all reading "The Simple Life," and somewhat renovating our conversation by discussing whether we shall abolish lace curtains and bric-a-brac, and whether it might not be just as well to cease to compete with a \$10,000 income on a \$1,000 salary. We begin to

wonder dimly whether there may not be enjoyments which are not "entertainments;" resources which are not dollars; anxieties which arise not because we have too little but because we want too much; compensations in relinquishments as well as in accumulations; whether, in short, we are not losing the joy of life by complicating the means for its attainment.

The reaction is a fad, of course, but it is a wholesome fad, and however little we may grant the originality of Pastor Wagner, or respect the depth of those who will hail his philosophy as a new revelation, we cannot but be glad of the accident which introduced into the merely superficial mind a doubt as to the wisdom and sufficiency of its purely material ambitions.

It is only an echo of greater voices that breaks on the world at this day to preach the simple life, but since the echo has caught the ear which the greater voices have failed to reach, it is ungracious to be too critical of its quality.

And what is the simple life? It is the life which all philosophers have advocated, from Socrates to Thoreau—the life in which the development of the man counts for more than the acquisition of matter; in which there is leisure for thought; in which there are higher and less harassing ambitions than the effort for wealth or honor or power or any worldly advantage.

More than that, it is the life which all saints have lived and preached, from Anthony the Hermit, with his crust and cave in the desert, to Thomas a'Kempis, in whose "Imitation of Christ" there is the key to a simplicity of mind and heart and spirit such as Mr. Wagner has not dreamed of in his philosophy.

The simple life is, in fact, the imitation of Christ. In all the French preach-

er's formularies there is none to compare with that for beauty and comprehensiveness. If the application of Christianity to every-day needs and problems were as universal as its teaching, we should see the simple life exemplified in the lives of all professing Christians.

How could the man who believes be distressed by cares for to-morrow or cast down by the discouragements of to-day? How could the man who hopes sincerely be anything but tranquil amid all the vicissitudes of life? How could the man who loves and trusts, who goes forward to a higher destiny, whose heart is in things the world can neither give nor take away, be unduly taken up with material desires, be fretted with thwarted ambitions, or be absorbed in a sordid struggle for goods that are here to-day and gone to-morrow? A truly spiritual life must be a simple life.

The things of the spirit are the elemental things—the few gifts of time which the soul carries into eternity.

The man who lives the life of the spirit has no time for these complexities, strifes and ambitions which are, when all is said, but the desires of the flesh.

To get thus at the root of it, deeper than Mr. Wagner gets in all his soundings, is to discover that the simple life is by no means an easy life. Existence has become too complex to be bearable.

It has become too hard to keep up with the procession. "Let us get back to simplicity." This is the cry of the modern—the cry which, because it seems to answer it, has made Pastor Wagner's book so popular. Let us get back to simplicity, by all means, but when we do, we shall find that we have not left our difficulties behind.

The simple life means the end of many comfortable self-deceptions.

Our complexities are burdens, but they are also disguises. How many modern men ever face their own selves—how many could bear to face them? A return to the simple life would reveal us

to each other as we are. It would strip from us, one by one, the friendly coverings with which an over-nice civilization has covered up its own demoralization.

The simple life would induce self-knowledge—it is easier not to know.

The simple life would imply self-development; it is easier to develop externals. The simple life would reduce us to self-resources; it is easier to acquire them. It may be wondered, indeed, if the desire to escape from ourselves is not the real reason for the complexities in which we have become more and more engrossed.

The point of the inquiry is not how we shall return, but whether we dare return to simplicity. We are satisfied enough when we have no time to think, but how could we bear a season of reflection?

To go back to the simple life would be to go back to fundamental truths; are we ready to accept them? The guide of the simple life is conscience; are we prepared to submit to the leadings of conscience? These are only a few of the questions which a casual consideration of the new tendency towards simplicity suggests. For Catholics there is but one answer, and this answer seems to take tangible form in that mysterious apotheosis of simplicity which is every year re-enacted in the coming of the King to the world as a helpless child to a stable at Bethlehem. There we have the beginning and the end of all the philosophy of the simple life. There we have the first and only real Preacher, who lived and loved and died, and still lives on, wounded by all the human passions of the years, and soothed and healed by faith and hope and tears. There we have the sweet lesson of glorious motherhood which has dignified and purified the world through all the ages. Oh awakening of Christianity! Oh mystery of love! Oh dawn of redemption! All whispering together,

"A little child shall teach thee."

Banks and Banking

By JAMES I. ENNIS, LL. B

II.



PERSON desiring to open a bank account selects the bank with which he wishes to do business, and is introduced to the cashier, who is generally the managing officer of the institution. That officer inquires as to the financial standing of the new depositor, the probable size of the balance which he thinks he will keep, the character of the deposits, and questions him particularly as to the nature of the prospective account. It would be well for the customer, at the time of opening the account, to make known his desire to borrow money if the nature of his business requires him at times to negotiate loans. It is always better, if possible, to arrange for accommodations when opening the account than to wait for the time when the money is sorely needed.

The preliminaries having been arranged, the cashier requires the customer to sign his name in either a signature book or, as is generally done now since the card system is almost universally used, on a signature card. The name, business, business address, telephone number, the name of the person introducing the customer, and the date, are written on the signature card. This card is then turned over to the paying teller, who files it for ready reference. If the new customer be an individual depositor, no more is needed than the signature card. If, however, the depositor be signing as a trustee, guardian, agent, executor, or receiver, he will be required by the cashier to file with the bank a copy of the authority under which he acts. This is characterized by many as "red-tape;" *but since the bank must be able to guar-*

antee the endorsements of all its customers, and does in fact guarantee all endorsements which it forwards to other banks, it is necessary that it should be able to establish the right of its customers to endorse as agents for others.

In partnership accounts, the bank requires the signature of all those authorized to sign by the partnership agreement; nor will the bank honor the signature of a partner if his name be not on the signature card. In corporation accounts, the bank demands, in addition to the signatures on the card, an extract of the minutes of the meeting conferring the authority on certain officers to sign; or a copy of the by-laws covering the point, together with a letter signed by the president and the secretary, attested by the corporate seal, certifying as to whom the officers are. The necessity of notifying the bank as to any change in the list of those authorized to sign is obvious.

The customer having once adopted a style of signature must adhere strictly to it. Otherwise he may be embarrassed at some future time by having his checks dishonored on account of variation from his established signature. Some men pride themselves on the fact that they never write twice alike, but the poorest place to parade this accomplishment is on their bank checks. While it is true that bank tellers are experts on handwriting, still it is not the province of the bank customer to keep the teller "guessing." The only standard of comparison the teller has is the signature card. If the customer deviates too radically from this record in signing his checks, he has only himself to blame if they be dishonored. It is significant that the really substantial business men, men who sign their names many hundred times a week,

STAIRCASE AND ELEVATOR ENTRANCE TO A MODERN BANK BUILDING.

vary but slightly in their signatures. It is the ignorant man, generally, the one unaccustomed to banking methods, who affects the widely differing methods of signing. Such a one came into the bank in which he was a depositor, and in tones of wrath demanded to know the reason why one of his checks for a large amount had been dishonored and protested. Stamped across the check were the words, "Signature Not Correct." The teller informed him that the signature was not known. "What's that? Why I've had an account here for over a year, and it's time that my signature was known! What's the matter with the signature?" The teller produced the signature card. "Here," said he, "compare the two signatures yourself. On the card you sign 'C. D. Jones,' and on

the check, 'Charles Donald Jones,' with no two letters alike. The whole character of the signature is different. On the card you have written an easy running hand, while on the check you have written a stiff, angular backhand." Mr. Jones compared them and rather meekly and lamely answered, "They don't look alike, that's a fact, but I never write twice alike." "Well, you must adopt a characteristic signature if you wish your checks honored," replied the teller. Never again did Mr. Jones boast that he "never wrote twice alike." It is not caprice in the bank officers to insist on their customers adhering to but one form of signature. It is the dread of forgery. When a bank pays a forged check, no matter how cleverly the forgery may have been done, the bank alone

must stand the loss. So skilfully are some of the forgeries executed that the very man whose name is forged has been known to acknowledge it as his own signature. So that the bank is forced, in self defence, to compel a rigid adherence to a set signature on the part of its customers, and to reject all checks which vary too much from the original on the signature card.

Having written his signature on the signature card, the new customer of the bank is provided with a pass-book and a check-book, and is then conducted to the receiving teller's window, where he is introduced to the teller and makes his first deposit. His first deposit-slip is made out for him by the cashier or by some clerk whom the cashier designates. The deposit-slip is a little ticket on which is written the name of the depositor, the date, and the amount deposited. Generally, the deposit-ticket is ruled off into columns; one column for checks on local banks, another for out-of-town banks, another for currency, gold, silver, and bank-notes. The total of the currency is carried forward to the right-hand column. Under that total is put the total of the checks on local banks; and under that total, again, is carried the total of checks on outside banks. These totals are then added up, and the sum total of the deposit is written at the bottom of the right-hand column. Different banks have different forms of deposit-tickets, but the idea is pretty much the same. Where there is a large number of checks drawn on an outside town, say on New York or Boston, it is customary to list them by themselves, heading the column "New York" or "Boston," and carrying the total forward, pinning the bundle of checks together and writing the amount on the back of the bundle.

To convey the title of all checks from the depositor to the bank, it is necessary that the depositor endorse all the checks

which he deposits. To endorse means to write the name on the back of the check. But simply writing the name of the depositor on the back, or endorsing in blank, as it is called, is not the best way to endorse a check. It is not a safe way, inasmuch as a check endorsed in blank is always payable to bearer, and it may happen that a depositor may lose his pass-book and checks between his place of business and the bank. So, any one finding these might, if dishonestly inclined, negotiate them to innocent third parties, and thereby defraud the real owner. The best way to endorse checks is by stamping across the back, "Pay to the order of the — Bank, Richard Roe." Some banks are not satisfied with a rubber stamp endorsement of their depositors, and in that case the depositor may, in addition to the stamped signature, sign his name in ink. But it is advisable at all times to make the checks payable to the bank in which the deposit it made. Aside from the danger of losing the checks, there is sometimes the danger that the messenger whom the depositor sends to the bank to deposit for him may not be honest. Many cases might be cited of clerks abstracting checks which should have been deposited and cashing them, converting the funds to their own use. When the checks have been endorsed to the bank no teller would dare to cash them, or if he did so, he or the bank in which he was employed would be held liable to the owner for the amount of the loss. If there be much currency deposited, the universal method is to enclose it in a paper strap on which is written the amount, the name of the depositor, and the date of the deposit. Ordinarily, the currency, if it exceed two or three hundred dollars, is divided into one or more bundles. One and two dollar bills are generally placed in packages of fifty or one hundred dollars. Fives, tens, and twenties are, as a rule, made into bundles of one hundred dollars, or

multiples of one hundred. The term "currency," as used in banks, means paper money. Gold and silver coin are, technically speaking, currency, but the term "currency" is generally applied to paper money only. Gold and silver are deposited in bags. On each bag is placed a tag on which is written the amount of the coin enclosed, the name of the depositor, and the date of the deposit. The object of strapping, marking, and dating the currency, and tagging the bags of coin, is to save the time not only of the teller, but also of the depositors. The teller checks off the amount of currency on the ticket from the total on the bundle, and throws it aside, to be proved up later either by one of his assistants or by himself, at his leisure. He does the same with the bags of coin. If the amount in the package does not correspond with the amount written on the strap, the teller immediately notifies the depositor of the variance, either by telephone or post-card, and the package is preserved in its original form for the depositor's inspection. If, instead of strapping the currency and enclosing the coin in bags, the currency and gold were pushed into the receiving teller's window in heaps, it would be necessary for the teller to count all the currency and to prove up the gold and silver before he could credit the amount of the deposit in the pass-book, which would entail a great loss of time. The teller could then receive very few deposits in the course of a day, and depositors would be compelled to pass many weary minutes waiting in line. In addition to receiving deposits, the receiving teller has many other duties to perform. He must scrutinize the checks to see that they are properly endorsed, or, at least, that they bear the endorsement of the depositor; he must pick out the out-of-town items on which it is necessary to charge exchange; he must keep a vigilant eye on the deposits, to prevent "kiting" of checks, and he

must be on the alert to detect any attempt on the part of a slippery customer to smuggle into the deposit, checks which are not good. It frequently happens that a depositor who is a little "short" in cash will get some friend to draw a draft on some remote part of the country for a considerable amount, and then deposit it with the rest of his deposit. If the receiving teller does not detect it, the depositor may then go to the paying teller and draw out all of his balance, including the amount just deposited. In a few days the fraudulent check comes back protested for non-payment, and the bank is the loser. Checks on far-away points are sometimes smuggled into the middle of a package of Clearing House checks, to evade the payment of exchange. Occasionally the teller detects an attempt on the part of a customer to deposit to his own individual credit, checks which belong to an estate, firm, or corporation. These attempts are not always made with fraudulent intent, but innocently in most cases. Still, it is the duty of the teller to require the depositor to furnish proofs of ownership, or to submit the matter to the bank officials for their sanction. It must always be borne in mind that the endorsement by the bank of all checks, drafts, and bills of exchange, guarantees all the previous endorsements, so that it is vitally essential that the bank should know that the checks deposited by its customers are their individual property. A little incident will illustrate the point. A few years ago a young man employed by a large corporation was elected secretary of a building and loan association. The laws of the state provided that no money could be drawn against the building and loan association's account unless the draft, or check, were signed by the president, the secretary, and the treasurer. The secretary of whom we speak was living beyond his income. He frequently

received checks from members of the building and loan association, in payment of monthly dues and interest. He cashed these checks at a bank where he was acquainted, and continued the practice until his defalcations were discovered. The bank that cashed the checks was compelled to make restitution for all these checks. The bank officials should have known that the secretary of a building and loan association was not authorized to endorse the name of the association for the purpose of receiving

cash. The signatures of three officials, the president, the secretary, and the treasurer were necessary.

After the customer has made his deposit, he should invariably examine the pass-book, and satisfy himself that he has been correctly credited with the amount of his deposit. If this has not been done, he should immediately call the teller's attention to the error and have it corrected at once. The depositor himself should never alter the figures in the pass-book.

The Larks of Glendalough

By Thomas Walsh

All night the gentle saint had prayed,
And, heedless of the thrush and dove,
His radiant spirit still delayed
To hear the seraph choirs above.

So still he knelt—his arms outspread,
His head thrown backward from his breast—
A lark across the casement sped,
And in his fingers built its nest.

The angel music from his soul
Receded with the flood of day;
Through Glendalough the sunlight stole
And brushed the mists and dews away.

"Twas then the saint beheld the bird
Serenely nesting in his hand,
And murmured, "Ah, if thou hadst heard
The matins in that seraph land!"

Then, soft again he turned to pray;
Nor moved his arm at even close
Or matin call from day to day
Until their nestling voices rose.

And when his loving task was done,
Above his cell he heard them cry:—
"O Kevin, Kevin! Gentle one!
We bear to heaven thy soul's reply!"

Catholic Literators of Chicago

By CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

HAVE we a Catholic literary center in the United States? In the secular field, often it is claimed that once Boston was and that New York now is. Indiana, however, has shown herself amazingly prolific as a producer of light literature during the last decade. New York has scarcely surpassed her in this respect at least. The great West, also, has produced many books during the time, and the South has furnished the nation a score of distinguished names. In secular letters the alleged center seems to shift from time to time.

He would be a hardy critic, however, who would venture to assert that a Catholic literary center exists anywhere. The Catholic mind is doing splendid work in Boston. Instance the productions of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, James Jeffrey Roche, Miss Katherine E. Conway, Denis A. McCarthy and a dozen more. It is doing splendid work in New York. Look at the activity of Father John Talbot Smith, Thomas Walsh, Charles Hanson Towne, Conde B. Pallen, Marion Ames Taggart and a score of others. In Philadelphia Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, Mrs. Honor Walsh, Miss Margaret M. Halvey, John J. O'Shea and a number more are making a morning pleasant to see.

San Francisco has her Catholic literary group in the Far West and so has New Orleans in the Far South. Wherever the Church establishes schools, academies and colleges, straightway a literary dawn begins to rise.

Accepting this as true, it is safe to predict that in the years to come the great Catholic literary center of the United States will be Chicago. Take up the Catholic directory and note the im-

mense number of parochial schools, high-schools, academies and colleges that exist in that rapidly growing second-largest city in the country. It has no university, nevertheless the great institution of Notre Dame is in easy reach. Fifty years hence it may be classed a suburb. The excellence of Chicago Catholic schools is well known. Time and again have parochial schools here, in fair competition,

REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

proved themselves superior to the public schools. Here it is proper to say that in every Catholic high-school, academy, and college in that city, English literature is carefully studied and the art of English composition well taught. Add to this outline of educational activity the fact that Chicago contains more than one million Catholics—Kelts, Teutons, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, French, Syrians, Greeks, Spaniards—the genius-producing races, in a

word—and you may catch a glimpse of how glorious will be the noon of the present morning.

While Pere Marquette must have been the first Catholic author to stand on the site of that which is now Chicago, he has had many followers since his day. It

Chicago justly may claim that within her corporate limits once lived and toiled probably the most remarkable woman so far seen by America—the late Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, who in scholarship, genius and versatility must have rivaled Vittoria Colonna, famous in Italy four

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

was here John Locke wrote his now-famous apostrophe to "Dawn on the Hills of Ireland." Here, too, for years, resided the distinguished Catholic poet and critic, Eliza Allen Starr. Moreover,

centuries ago. Mrs. Sullivan could not write poetry and the Colonna could; but will some one explain on what subject she could not write? Poetry she knew, from Sanscrit fragments and the Greek

and Latin masters down to Yeats, Fiona McLeod and the most promising moderns. Music she knew, and art she knew, and the ablest critics in the country acknowledged her superiority as a critic in both fields. As a philologist she had few equals in America—her range comprising a knowledge of Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German and somewhat of Dutch. Philosophy she knew, and her grasp of politics was equalled by very few men in the country. For years she wrote the leading editorials for the Chicago Record-Herald, and afterwards went over to the Daily Chronicle, yet on both journals she was recognized a masterful writer. Whatever she stated was relied upon as a fact. "There is no one in America equal to Mrs. Sullivan in scholarship and intellect," declared the publisher of one of the great dailies to the present writer on one occasion. It is regrettable that she left behind no work in which her phenomenal ability is exhibited in full.

America now has three famous Jesuit novelists, and one of them lives in Chicago. Everybody knows Father Finn, and many know Father Henry S. Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S. J., is the coming great Catholic novelist of the country. No first book ever made such a hit as did his "Harry Russell." It was something new—full of incident, full of purpose, full of deft characterization. His boys were not mere automatons. They had blood in their veins—warm, rich, buoyant blood. The book came as a surprise, followed the next year by "Saint Cuthbert's." This, too, was judged phenomenally graphic. You seemed to hear his people talking—you heard them laughing, just as, in the pages of Theocritus, you always hear Thestylis singing in the dewey morning-

meads of Sicily. And there is something besides a photographic reproduction of human beings in Father Copus' novels. Deftly, unpretentiously, he takes us out loitering amid green fields and woods and along picturesque water-courses, and shows us that he knows nature and her secret haunts. In his sequel to "Saint Cuthbert's," "Shadows Lifted," just published, he is singularly happy in this respect. The book is a distinct advance, compared with its predecessors. Young people will read it because of the story and character-drawing; but older folk will find in its pages much of their lost youth and many heart-touches that are irresistible.

And you would expect this of this new wizard who possesses the secret of reproducing youth and its gladness, if you knew him personally. Born and reared, at least in part, in England, Father Copus has seen a great deal of the world, both in its heights and its depths. He has been a journalist, an editor, a traveler, and is now a professor of English Literature at St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. A man of fine scholarship, a student of men, with a vast field of observation, gifted and distinguished, personally he is one of the most amiable and unpretentious literary men in the country. Even Maurice Francis Egan is not more fascinating as a conversationalist, although Dr. Thomas O'Hagan possibly equals him in this respect. He is not as young as Father Spalding, but he is more boyish in heart. His voice is low and musical, and both tears and laughter are always close to it. He is a hard worker. He writes, he teaches, he does missionary work down in the slums, striving to uplift the fallen. That Catholic Chicago is glad because of the presence of such a sincere, strong man in her field of activity need not be said.

The readers of THE ROSARY do not need any introduction to Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. They have been reading her art-papers in the pages of this maga-

has contributed travel-papers enough to fill Catholic and secular periodicals to fill two or three large volumes. For Mrs. Nixon-Roulet has traveled much, not only on beaten paths, but in out-of-the-way corners of the world. Splendid opportunities were hers early in life and she made the most of them. With a fine knowledge of languages, she possesses also a keen faculty of observation, and has a literary style that is graphic and forceful, yet withal unique. You could pick her work out of a score of No-Name novels after reading the first chapter—so picturesque and original it is. And yet there is no straining after effect—no wringing of passionate hands, no agonies, no convulsions. She is not a writer of problem-novels. Her lovers make love in the good, old-fashioned way and marry, or fail to do so, or do heroic deeds, or fail to do so, just as sane people do every day in real life. There are few dark-browed villains in Mrs. Nixon-Roulet's pages. Her books are healthy and pure, just as her own life is pure and healthy. Although a convert, of Puritan descent, she lives in a beautiful home in one of Chicago's picturesque French parishes and hears French spoken to her every day in the week and listens to French sermons on Sunday. If her neighbors spoke Spanish or German or Italian, she could answer them in kind. One of the most distinguished Catholic women in the country, within her home she is one of the most unassuming, cheerful, amiable people you ever saw. Known personally to fully one-half the famous literary men and women of the land, she is playful as a girl among her children. There are times when great literary people enter her home and find her an entertaining hostess, but these once shut out she becomes playmate and sympathizer-in-general with all the wait-

P. G. SMYTH.

zine for months; they have been reading her short stories for years. She first won fame in the field of secular letters as author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," an inimitable record of travel in the land of the Cid. Aside from this she has nearly a dozen books to her credit; "A Harp of Many Chords," "The Blue Lady's Knight," "Lasca and Other Stories," and many more. She is author, also, of a slender volume of poems, and

ing Brighteyes who call her Mamma. Her married life is one of genuine happiness, and she is yet young. The work she has done, excellent as it is, is but an earnest of that which is to come. Quite naturally, her presence is stimulating to all her Catholic fellow-toilers. People of literary and artistic ability have a world of their own and live in it, and every newcomer only increases the pleasure of the circle.

P. G. Smyth—probably every Catholic in America has seen this name some time or other, and millions of non-Catholics have seen it, besides. It is not too much to say that Mr. Smyth has contributed at some period to nearly every one of the leading periodicals of the country, Catholic and secular. His work may be found in everything—from *The American Catholic Quarterly* to *Munsey's* and *The Argosy*. He is a journalist doing special work for the great Chicago dailies, but he is much more than this. First and last, he has written nearly a dozen novels which have been published serially in as many journals. Last summer the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, republished a story of his written twenty years ago for a Dublin newspaper. The *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, is now republishing another of his serials written long ago. He was a distinguished writer in Ireland, and, later, a well-known journalist in London. Here, in Chicago, it is generally admitted by all who know him that he is a man of genius. His humor is so exquisite that often the little skits of verse contributed by him to the *Daily News* set the entire city laughing. And he is a man of splendid scholarship, a genuine student, an indefatigable toiler. He is one of those rare men who can write on any subject and write well. Readers of *THE ROSARY* have read many

of Mr. Smyth's papers on Irish topics; they have never found Mr. Smyth making a mistake. Aside from his work as a journalist, he is a delver into old books that exist in the several great libraries—a seeker after long-forgotten facts—an omniverous reader, an unwearied writer. One result of this ceaseless energy is the appearance of articles from Mr. Smyth's pen in several magazines each month. You may find him in *THE ROSARY*, *Donahoe's*, *The Catholic World*, *The Gael*,

MISS MARY J. LUPTON.

simultaneously, or perhaps in several of the secular monthlies. Personally, P. G. Smyth is excessively modest and unas-

suming. He does not seem to realize that he may wake up and find himself famous some morning. In reality he belongs to the school of Lever, Kickham, and Lover—genial, witty, unpretentious, and apparently careless of fame. If some publisher would put Mr. Smyth's really wonderful work between covers, all America would say this is a man of genius. Since he is yet on the sunny side of forty-five, even this may happen to him before he is fifty.

The outside world affects to sneer at Chicago as a city without poets. People of culture, elsewhere, think of the tremendous commercial and industrial activity of the city—of its great stockyards, its terrible array of mills, foundries, factories, railways, lake vessels, roaring streets, crashing hammers, and apparently everlasting restlessness, and assert that Shakespeares and Shelleys are not born and nurtured amid such incessant din. Perhaps not; and yet during the last two or three years fully a dozen young poets of much promise have appeared. Nearly every issue of *The New World*, the Catholic weekly of the Archdiocese, presents really excellent work by one or more of these. That it is of merit is proved by the fact that it is almost instantly republished far and wide. One of these young poets is Miss Kathleen A. Sullivan, of Englewood, whose work is soon to appear in book-form from the press of a Boston publisher.

Another young writer of excellent promise is Miss Mary J. Lupton, the accomplished city editor of *The New World*. Miss Lupton has had exceptional advantages in several respects. Of gentle Anglo-Irish descent, she was born, not many summers ago, in the

same house in which Baron Russell, of Killowen, and Father Matthew Russell, the Irish poet-priest, were born. It, together with much other property, was the inheritance of her father, at that time one of the wealthiest men in historic Newry, County Down, Ireland. Miss Lupton's education was begun in Ireland, continued through several years spent in an academy at Richmond, England, and completed during five years' training received at Bayeux in Normandy, France. French she speaks like a native, is an accomplished musician, and has considerable knowledge of art. About three years ago she came to the United States with her mother, by accident contributed a little travel paper on the Land of St. Laurence to *The New World*, and was later induced to accept the duty of city editor when a vacancy occurred. Here she soon developed talent as a story-writer, and recognition straightway came to her, almost unsought. Several of her stories were widely republished, and at once she won a place on several high-class periodicals. *THE ROSARY* has published three of her graphic sketches, and all three have proved remarkably popular, being republished in nearly every Catholic journal in the country and in a number overseas. Few young writers have leaped into place so suddenly, yet it must be remembered that she began after years of preparation and travel. She has not yet done her highest work, still there is little fear but she will win an enviable place in the literature of her adopted country. A young lady who can write stories that almost instantly find republication wherever the English language is spoken, is pretty certain to win fame.

The Holy Grail

By AGNES C. GORMLEY

THERE is no more prolific source of literature than the romances of chivalry. Their life-giving principles of beauty, honor, and truth have furnished motive for authors and artists of all ages. Tennyson, Lowell, Arnold and Taylor of our own day—beauty-lovers all—have done nothing nobler for their art than the transmitting of these tales.

In the "Sir Galahad" of Tennyson, we find embodied the highest spirit of chivalry. There is a sweet, penetrating quality about the poem that touches us deeply, and makes us long to live its exquisite sentiment, that, like Galahad, we, too, may keep fair through faith and prayer. All the world loves that youthful hero, yet the less-known Percivale, also God's knight, was likewise a character of striking interest. Let us consider him a space:

The brave knight, Pellenore, had fallen in battle, and either war or the tournament field had carried off his six strong sons. None but Baby Percivale was left to the broken-hearted mother, and she determined that he should not share the cruel fate of his brothers. So, while yet a little boy, he was taken off to the deep woods to live, far away from any road, where none should pass. The servants were forbidden to mention arms, or soldiery, or deeds of bravery, and no weapon was ever seen about the dwelling except a rude little arrow of his own making, which he used with exceeding skill. Only the simple joys of the forest were kept before his mind, and his boyhood's days went by with never a thought of any other world beyond the one in which he lived.

But one morning, while wandering in the wood, he met three horsemen, all covered with a shining something that

gave back the sun in rays of blinding light. He gazed in wonder, having never before seen such rich trappings. Surely these were the angels his mother had so often told of at the hour of prayer! One of the men called to him to know if he had seen a knight ride by.

"I do not know what a knight is," said the boy.

"Such a one as I," answered the man.

"Where did you get all those beautiful things you wear?" questioned Percivale.

"The good King Arthur gave them to me," was the reply; "I am one of his knights."

Full of wonder, the boy ran home to his mother, and begged for a horse that he, too, might go to the king and become a knight. The poor lady knew then how vain had been her scheming. Was it not natural for a soldier's son to have such instincts? So she took him to her side and told him all the deeper meaning of that word, Knighthood; that he who shaped his life to its maxims should know the highest earthly bliss. And long she dwelt on all that a good knight must be—pure and high-minded first of all, bearing himself with courtesy to every one, and in an especial manner to the poor and the oppressed, to women and to children—and even willing to lay down his life rather than to know shame or dishonor. With beating heart and wild longing, he learned of the "Round Table"—that goodly company of the king's, which comprised the bravest and noblest of earth—and how any might be admitted to its number who promised to be true and pure and brave.

Every syllable sank deep in Percivale's memory, and without loss of time he fitted up their old scrawny steed after the manner of the horsemen, decking it

with every bit of faded finery offered by their humble home. A branch from a tree he cut to imitate a spear, and supplying himself well with his trusty arrows, he rode forth to find King Arthur.

As Percivale entered the king's court at Camelot, he saw the cup-bearer about to offer the queen a goblet of wine. At the same moment, a stranger-knight, who was stopping at the court, rushed forth to intercept the act. Seizing the cup, the stranger dashed the liquid in the queen's face and called out, "He who will may avenge! Let him follow me!"

Be sure the indignant knights leaped to their feet at once. In the excitement that followed, they did not perceive Percivale, till a little dwarf, guessing his identity from the resemblance he bore to his father, cried out above the din, "Welcome to Sir Pellenore's son!" Thereat, the tall Sir Kay, the head knight of the king's household, struck at the dwarf for such untimely speech.

Peals of laughter greeted the fantastic appearance of the newcomer. But, unheeding the clamor he had caused, the boy directed his steps to the king, and, kneeling at his feet, begged to become one of his knights.

"My boy," said the king, "if you are in truth Sir Pellenore's son, you are welcome here. Avenge the insult to our queen, and the fellowship of our Table Round shall be yours."

When the stranger saw the uncouth boy who came out to meet him, he thought the knights were mocking him, and he refused to fight. But Percivale's blood was up, and one of his good arrows he shot straight at the fellow's eye and smote him to the ground, as fatally wounded as Goliath by the pebble from David's sling.

Now, one of the king's own knights, sorry to see the youth had been left to the mercy of the churlish stranger, rushed out to offer assistance. Pleased that Percival had been so prompt and

courageous, the good knight showed him how to remove the dead man's armor and fit it to himself, how to sustain the shield, and how to hurl the newly-won spear. Percivale proved so apt a pupil that the knight also taught him many of the finer feats of arms and horsemanship known only to one trained for the field. And the boy acquired it all as easily as though he had spent his life in the tilt-yard.

The knight now thought that Percivale had given promise of a likely soldiery, and urged him to go at once to the king and claim the due reward. To his surprise, the boy made a stern refusal: "I will never go to the king's court till I have punished Sir Kay for striking the dwarf. Bear to him this message."

Then Percivale rode away, he knew not where, only anxious to win a name for himself. Traveling knights of those days, or knights-errant, as they were called, had the privilege of offering or accepting challenges on any pretext, however slight, and be sure Percivale never lost an opportunity of testing his prowess or of winning new spurs. It was his good fortune to bear down the antagonist in every encounter, and with each victory the enemy was pardoned only on condition of taking his message to Sir Kay.

One evening Percivale stopped at a castle gate, requesting shelter for the night. The owner of the castle was a maiden, young and passing fair. Although she welcomed Percivale, she said she could offer him no refreshment. A wicked knight held the entrance to her home because she refused to be his wife, and would allow no provisions to enter there, thinking to starve her into yielding.

Percivale saw that here was a duty for him, and at dawn of day he rode out to challenge the unwelcome suitor to combat hand to hand. The knight and

youth closed at once in deadly struggle, and fierce was the fight which ensued. Luck, as usual, was on Percivale's side, and the wicked knight not only had to restore the maiden the freedom of her castle, but also go to remind Sir Kay that Percivale was yet waiting for the passage-at-arms.

Each time that message came to court, the knights marveled more and more at the achievements of the youth. At length Kay felt that if he persisted in refusing the challenge he would leave himself open to the charge of cowardice; so, in company with the king, he set out to search for the young hero.

After securing the maiden's freedom Percivale continued his travels. One morning he noticed by the roadside a dead raven, whose blood had stained the new-fallen snow. Now a bird was often given as the prize in tournaments when devoted knights met by challenge to prove the worth of their "ladyes faire." Percivale paused to look at the bird, and as he did so his mind wandered away to his recent adventures; it seemed to him that the raven's blood was not so bright as the maiden's cheek, nor the blackness of its wing so deep as her midnight hair. So absorbed was he in his thought that he did not perceive a stranger who spoke to him. The man, receiving no reply, gave a thrust with his lance. Now this was an insult, and Percivale turned with terrific force and unhorsed the assailant. He then returned to his meditations and when, later, a second stranger addressed him, without receiving answer, and also used his weapon, this one, too, met with much the same treatment as the first.

A third came along. Waiting patiently till Percivale looked in his direction, he said: "If I thought you would care to hear it, I would give you a message from King Arthur. He wishes you to come to his tent near-by. Two others before me have also brought the same request."

"Yes," said Percivale, "but they attacked me without warning while I was in pleasurable thought. Say to the king that I am under vow never to enter his court till I have punished Sir Kay for striking the dwarf."

"Then you must be he for whom we are all in search! The dwarf is avenged! You have punished Sir Kay! He was the second you unhorsed this morning!"

Hearing this, Percivale allowed himself to be led to court. On their return to Camelot the knights made a great feast of rejoicing for him, with tourney, and dance, and feasting, and every pomp that eye or ear did love. When all was duly celebrated, Percivale knelt at the king's feet to receive the sword-stroke and take the oath of the Round Table.

"Sir Percivale," said the king, "none of this fair company of our Table Round while yet so young, has done such knightly deeds as you. It has been foretold that the flower of all chivalry should be of this fellowship. Mayhap that you are he for whom we have so long waited."

As he spoke, all eyes were turned to the Round Table; for whenever a new knight joined the circle, it was the custom for his name to appear by some mysterious power above the seat he was to occupy. Two places next the throne had never yet been taken, and were regarded with great awe and wonder by the knights. And now, behold! there above the second place, in characters of living fire, blazed out the name of the hero, "Percivale."

If we go back for a moment to the earlier days of the Christian Era, we will remember that the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper came into possession of Joseph of Arimathea—he who gave his own tomb for the Saviour's burial place. When Christ was taken down from the cross, Joseph caught a few drops of the sacred blood in this vessel, and there they had since remained.

After the Resurrection, the Jews accused Joseph of stealing Christ's body, so he was thrown into prison and only liberated after forty years, though the time seemed to him but a few days. He had taken the Holy Cup to share his confinement, and it furnished meat for his body and consolation to his soul, and so happy was he in its company that he did not perceive the flight of time.

Joseph afterwards came to England, bearing with him the spear that pierced the Saviour's side, as well as the sacred vessel, and for many generations some one of his descendants had been appointed keeper of the precious relics—some stainless soul serving God and his fellow men in purity and self-sacrifice. In whatever country the Holy Cup happened to be, there blessings multiplied. All who even looked on it were blessed for evermore, and pilgrims came from near and far to view it, and receive the favors it dispensed.

But, at length, its guardianship came to a king not quite so good as those who went before, and one day, when an evil thought passed through his mind, lo! the spear of itself fell from its resting-place and inflicted a wound so deep that no skill could heal it. The chalice then vanished from mortal sight. From time to time, though, it revealed itself in visions to saintly persons, and it was foretold that the cup should again dwell among men when a blameless knight should come, and that it would be he who should heal the sinning king.

So all good knights of the time spent their days riding from place to place, seeking opportunity to do deeds of mercy, of bravery, and of holiness, each hoping thus to make himself God's instrument and win the reward of the "Holy Grail."

It was the custom for all the company of the Round Table to assemble at Pentecost, and it befell on a certain eve of the feast that as they sat together, an

old hermit, low-bowed and closely veiled, entered the hall, leading a beautiful youth. Although not yet above his fourteenth year, the form of the youth was so noble and his face so full of the promise of high manhood, an inexplicable sense of joy filled all present.

"King Arthur," said the hermit, "behold, I bring ye a new knight for the Table Round. He is of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea. Many wonders have been foretold of him. He shall rank the first of your chivalry, and shall achieve the marvel for which ye all have yearned."

Suddenly, through an awe-struck silence, there came a soft, rushing sound, as though millions upon millions of angels filled the room. Unseen hands gently drew aside the draperies which had hitherto concealed the first honored place of the Round Table, revealing to the spell-bound company letters of resplendent light, wherein all read: "Here is the seat of Galahad."

Taking the youth by the hand, the king conducted him to the place, and great was the rejoicing at the glory come to the Round Table.

Then, without warning, a rumbling and crackling as of thunder filled the air. The roof seemed riven—splintered—and a strange darkness fell. All at once a light flashed out, seven times clearer than that of day, and a sweet odor as of all delightful spicery penetrated the room. Down one long beam of light floated a luminous cloud, and beneath it was a silken covering of white, through which was discerned a goblet, giving out a soft, rosy glow from its contents. The face of each knight was so transfigured with beauty that his fellows did not know him. Each bared his head in reverence, for all seemed to know it was the Holy Grail that was passing.

When it had floated out of the room and the hush was over, the king knelt to give thanks for what they had witnessed.

Each knight in turn was questioned as to how the Vision had seemed to him, and when all had testified, Sir Percivale and Sir Bors stood up, and on their cross-shaped hilts they swore that for a year and a day they would give themselves to deeds of valor and of virtue, in the hope of again beholding the blessed Sight. But Galahad, extending his arms and making his body in shape like a cross, vowed the vow that by night and by day, while life should last, he would follow the Vision throughout the world, come flood or come fire!

And the morrow saw the three starting on their quest, each taking a different direction.

One night during his travels, Galahad rested at an abbey, where he learned that a wonderful shield had been kept for hundreds of years, awaiting the coming of a blameless knight. The shield had been warned to all men except to him of divine appointment, and the many who had tried to bear it had been either slain or maimed, as was foretold should be the case till the shield should come by its true owner.

On hearing these traditions, Galahad spent the entire night in prayer, beseeching that he might be made worthy to wear the precious shield. Then, with the fire of hope in his heart, he begged to see it. It was of virgin white with a cross of red over its entire length. It had belonged to King Evelake, with whom Joseph of Arimathea had lived many happy years. Joseph had helped this king conquer his enemies, and had also brought him to a knowledge of the true faith. The two loved each other dearly, and when Joseph was dying, Evelake begged him to leave some token of himself for remembrance. So Joseph bade the king bring his shield, and with his own holy blood Joseph smeared it in the shape of a cross, saying that in that sign the bearer of the shield should ever conquer. Only one chosen of God might

wear it without coming to harm, and that one should be of his own lineage. Here in this abbey the shield had waited all these centuries. As Galahad lifted it to his shoulder, his fingers were icy and trembling and his brow was dank with sweaty drops, but straightway—it seemed to him—his strength was that of ten! His courage and his hope were now redoubled, and, blessing his fortune, he once more took up his journey.

Some months afterwards, night overtook him at a hermit's hut, and while he lay sleeping there, he heard a knock at his door, and the voice of a maiden called, "Awake, Sir Knight, and follow me; a mission true now waits for thee!" It was not the part of a good knight to question commands; so, offering the adventure to God, he donned his scarlet robe and mounted his snow-white charger to do the maiden's bidding. Many silent leagues they rode in the frosty, star-lit night—the hush unbroken except for the clang of steely hoofs—on and on—swift as the arrow flies before the wind, without rest or change, until they reached the sea. Here they found Percivale and Bors. Great was the joy which each knight felt at meeting the others, and the three went over all that had been adventured since their parting. Percivale and Bors had suffered much travail and sorrow in their search, and many a glittering will o' the wisp they had followed. But their zeal had availed them nothing, and they had been commanded to seek no further—just to wait in patience what should come to them.

Soon, the maiden spoke in this wise: "Percivale," she said, "I am your sister, although you have never seen me before. The Holy Grail has directed me to come to your assistance." Then she showed them a great, jewel-set sword, most cunningly made, and richer by far than their eyes had ever rested upon. It was half-drawn from its sheath, and

its well-wrought blade flashed in the morning sun. But the hempen girdle from which it hung was mean, and looked too weak to hold it. "This sword is for God's Chosen One," she said. "It belonged to King David, and is the sharpest and surest ever held by knight. Solomon wanted his own wife to make a girdle for it, but she hung it to this one of hemp, saying that one day a young and beautiful maiden would make another of something very, very dear to her. When that time came, the maiden would give both sword and girdle to the one peerless knight of the world." From a casket, she then took a broad band of gleaming gold, soft and strong, within which was woven a crimson grail in a silver beam. "It is my own hair," she said. "It hung to my feet, and once I loved it better than anything else in the world. In the lonely vigils of my convent cell I often saw the Holy Grail, and each time the wonder came to me it seemed borne in upon me that it was I who must make this girdle." So saying, she bound it about Galahad. "Now, I have nothing more to live for, and care not how soon death may call. The hour is at hand for the curing of the sinner-king, Amfortas. Long years has his pain-rent body craved for death's release. That prayer is heard, and his flame of life is fast burning to the socket. Eagerly he awaits your coming and the promise that it brings. You must go at once to his court. There you will find the Holy Grail, which it is ordained that you shall bear to the holy city of Sarras."

"—And as she spoke
She sent her deathless passion in her
eyes
Thro' him and made him hers and laid
her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

After a long journey the knights reached Amfortas. He seemed to know why they had come, and begged them

to lose no time in attending to his wound, for he longed for death's sweet solace.

Even as he spoke, a door opened, and in flew a little dove, bearing a golden censer which filled the air with its fragrant incense. Many angels floated in, some with lighted tapers, one with a blood-dripping spear, and then another carrying the Holy Grail, still shrouded in its pall of snow-white samite. All the angels knelt with bended heads and folded hands before it. Last of all came an old Bishop, whom they knew for Joseph of Arimathea. He, too, knelt, and a prayerful silence fell over all. Then an angel laid the blood-dripping spear in Galahad's hand, commanding him to wet his finger in the blood and touch it to the king's wound. Galahad did as he was directed, likewise anointing the sinner's eyes and each of his other senses, and in the name of Him Crucified bade the chastened soul depart in peace.

"Now is your work here accomplished," said the Bishop. "To-morrow the Holy Grail will leave this land forever. At the sea-coast the vessel waits."

On the morrow they found the vessel, and an angel, bearing the shrouded Grail, sat in the helm. Their ship moved with magic swiftness, and towards the end of the day they reached Sarras.

When the king of that city learned that the Holy Grail had come to his kingdom, and of the noble youth who invited people to the blessings of the Cup, he was full of dismay, and he had the three knights imprisoned. Yet they were very happy even there, since they who live by the Holy Grail have that which can procure, as well as increase, all happiness.

It was not many months, however, before the persecutor fell ill, and being about to die, he endeavored to make amends by ordering the release of the knights. Seeing the joy this gave his

people, he decided to leave the throne to young Galahad. Amid much rejoicing, the boy-knight was crowned, and very soon he had a beautiful temple erected to receive the Grail. Peace and prosperity, health and happiness, and all good things now filled the land.

Late one evening when Galahad and Percivale and Bors went up to the temple to pray, they found there Joseph of Arimathea, surrounded by legions of shining angels. The Holy Grail was no longer covered, but burned redder than any rose—blood-red in its golden cup, and a halo more glorious than all the sunsets encircled it. Soft music of heavenly peacefulness murmured through the air. Sweet savors were penetrating everywhere. Percivale and Bors closed their eyes against the dazzling splendor and hushed their breath for ecstasy. But, as the trumpet thrilled a wild triumphant note and cymbal and psaltery crashed in a tumult of sweet sound, it seemed to both the knights as though angel voices had bidden them to look; and, lifting their eyes, they beheld their Galahad clothed in incomparable light—sainted as it were in the

flesh—his flame-colored robe now white and glistening as the dawn. Then they saw the Holy Grail slowly lift up, and Joseph, and Galahad, and all the Shining Ones ascend with it, far, far up to where the heavenly gates unbarred, and for one never-to-be-forgotten moment, the city of High God they beheld unveiled!

Although Percivale and Bors lamented long over the loss of their friend, they could not help rejoicing that he should never again be separated from the Joy in which he had so long lived and moved.

Percivale could never forget the wonderful Vision that had been permitted to him—sleeping or waking it lived with him; and, as the mind takes shape and color from that upon which it dwells, Percivale could find pleasure only in pursuit of spiritual things. Therefore he quitted the world for the monastery, to give himself to the silent life of prayer. Here in penance he spent a year, then joined Galahad; but Bors returned to King Arthur's realm to relate to the court the wonderful story of the finding of the Holy Grail.

Winter Magic

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

A sullen sky thick-piled with clouds of wrath;
White-sheeted lowlands frozen still with cold;
Sleet-covered trees bare in the North wind's path;
Close-huddled sheep safe in the sheltered fold.

Sombre and grim the forest giants stand,
Forbidding in their awful, icy might;
On Nature's breast a mailed and armored band,
Untouched by but the slightest ray of light.

The portals in the western sky swing wide,
The glory of the sunlight speeds afar;
The forest blossoms in that golden tide,
'And on each twig there glows a silver star!

The Magnificat

By L. M. P.

IT was a copy of the "Magnificat" framed in an inimitable Cinque Cento frame. It hung where the light fell strongest, in one of the gloomy rooms of the Casa San Domenico.

"It saved Nera Ubbriachi from a great crime," piped the old woman, blinking, "in the Cinque Cento."

* * * * *

Two women were walking to and fro upon the terrace of Casa San Domenico. Florence lay below. Sunlight was on the Beloved City, won, lost, regained in a never-ending struggle. Guelph and Ghibelline fought for her now, heedless of her death-throes and the famine in her streets. Buonarotti's forts on the opposite San Miniato hill, the distant San Giorgio, defended her; beyond them, the German and the Papal armies encompassed her about. She was in the direst straits and dying fast. Florentines mourned Ferucci, iron-hearted Ferucci, and looked askance on the procrastination of Malatesta Baglioni. A blow—and he would have had all starving Florence at his back; but he chose to stay inert before the enemy without the walls—watching—waiting, for what? Some dying, starving wretches ended their miserable existences but yesterday for shrieking "Traitor!" after Malatesta on the Ponte Vecchio, and screaming for Geronimo Casella, the son of a peasant, to lead them.

We see these two women gazing over the dying city, where the grey haze, her shroud, hung on tower and roof, and blended in the distance into one with the olive groves; the younger, tall, dark, with a glint of red in her thick, brown

hair which she might have inherited from her Venetian mother. Thin was she and pale, clad in a long, flowing, brown garment, worn bare in many places, which twenty years before might have clothed a ragged beggar—not such a patrician beauty as Nera Ubbriachi. The other woman, short, darker, better clad, maybe, with a keener hankering after the frivolous fashions of the Cinque Cento, with its tabs and slashings and puffings, but Monna Teresa had that same air of lean dryness in her middle-aged face. Nera Ubbriachi was speaking—slowly, distinctly, with a certain impassivity, too studied to be natural.

"Nera!" A faint gasp interrupted her. Monna Teresa had clasped her hands upon her breast—they were trembling.

"You think it strange, without doubt!" It was a curious tone, a mingling of pity with some bitter amusement.

"Strange! What a word! Buon Dio! Can you be jesting?"

"Jesting!" Her face, her voice, relaxed for a moment, then regained what they had lost.

"It is Satan's work." Monna Teresa made a sign of the cross and kissed her thumb. "Anima Santa! Do you know—"

"Rude, rough, uncouth, you can teach me nothing of him that I do not know."

"Nera!"

"Let us understand one another." Her face, quite calm, was turned towards the city. "When my father first presented him to me I asked myself: 'Who is this lout they are bringing in?' He betrayed no pleasure at the presentation; within the moment, he had turned his back to me and swore at a dog which

stood in his way. A few days later my father spoke to me of my marriage with him." She did not falter, but rather gained in steadiness; nor did she pay heed to the mutterings and heaven-directed gesticulations of Monna Teresa. "A week later my father again importuned me. We were exiles from Florence. Casella alone had the power to obtain a hearing for my father, that he might at least return—to die in the Beloved City. The second time I saw my husband—was at our betrothal."

"Vergine Madre! Listen to this tale of man's selfishness and woman's folly! Such swine dared to breathe of love to you!"

"You misunderstand me. He has never spoken the word to me!"

There were again faint outward signs of the violence she was doing herself. Monna Teresa stared, and stared again.

"You would have me believe that you, and you alone—"

"Have I not said so?"

"You must be mad! Your father was mad to bring you into contact with such a man! He disgraced us all when he forced Casella on you. He made his own bed—he had chosen the Medici faction, and Florence would have none of him—'twas for him to reap his bitter harvest. With your wealth this swineherd's son could make himself a name. He risked even the good-will of the people for that, and now that he has you he has leagued himself with his own, even, it is whispered, against Malatesta himself. Yesterday there were acclamations in his honor outside the Palazzo della Signoria. Half that crowd will die in the Bargello to-night."

"Oh! God!" It was a faint whisper, lost on the older woman.

"I bring you your freedom with both hands," she went on, excitedly. "For heaven's sake, cast aside this evil spell that some witchcraft has laid over you.

Our one comfort was that you kept this Casella at arm's length. Anima mia! You are a great actress. You treat him as dust beneath your feet. Iron as he is, I have seen him wince when you addressed him. No other woman could have held that dog at bay—yet, you say, you love him! Shame! Shame! Nera Ubbriachi!"

She let the angry woman have her say. She would not humor her pride, but trampled on it. It was fierce joy, fierce agony in one, to betray—all! She spoke.

"Sometimes, when the full horror of the position comes on me, such horror and disgust as you are feeling now—do not think that never comes; my faith, my hope in heaven, die, so much is he a part of me and my life on earth. I could not, even if I would, separate what God has brought together."

"You are mad. You know not what you say!"

"He has no thought of me, nor ever will. His heart is in that city. Were he the enemy of Florence, I would betray her to him if I thought it would bring him honor."

No passion, no feeling, but the woman's very soul spoke.

Monna Teresa shrank away.

"Miserable one! The poison is deep in you!"

"It is well you should understand me, Monna Teresa, that your comings here on behalf of Malatesta Baglioni are wasted hours which were better spent among the city's poor. This is no time to hint of marriages annulled, neither, I am convinced, would my uncle, His Holiness, even if I appealed to him, ever see fit to issue the decree." It was noticeable that Monna Teresa's hand hid the expression of her face. "I am the wife of Geronimo Casella until death parts us. God send Malatesta Baglioni a holier mind, that he covet not another man's wife."

Monna Teresa grew paler.

"Your happiness, your welfare, ingrate, is all my brother seeks."

"So be it. Go. Tell him what I have told you, and leave me in peace!"

An old serving-man came out upon the terrace, somewhat fearful of face.

"Il Capitano Geronimo Casella," he said. "He is on his way."

Monna Teresa gathered skirts and girdle from the ground. Of the three she was the palest.

"I cannot meet him." Her voice was muffled. She hurried to the marble steps that led into the cypress avenue below, hesitated there, turned, saw the still, tall figure of the other woman silhouetted against the sky, and ran back to her.

"I came to give you a warning," she stammered. "You gave me no time. He will bring you news—be prepared. Oh! Cielo!"

A man was coming away from the house, crossing the huge uneven stones on the sunlit terrace. Some sleeping lizards whisked away, and Monna Teresa fled with them down the steps.

He was a striking figure—this Geronimo Casella, Malatesta's rival and one of the supreme Eight who ruled Florence, extraordinarily tall, dark and broad, with the face of the peasant, flat, carved, rugged; uninteresting it might have been in spite of its force but for the eyes, so black, so steady that there were few indeed who could meet their stare unmoved.

He accorded his wife a somewhat uncouth bow. He was a fighter, not a cavalier.

She seemed all of ice.

"I make you welcome, Geronimo Casella."

His eyes grew blacker. He showed his worst side to her always.

"I congratulate you, Madonna," he said; he had a deep guttural voice. "I am a liar myself."

"You come well armed," she answered.

"Malatesta Baglioni is here."

She lifted her brows. He spoke as though she expected the Florentine commander's coming.

"It would seem I am to hold a reception to-day."

He went on speaking, with his eyes lowered and with an uncouth embarrassment on him, strange in such a man, but which assailed him always in her presence. He feared nothing on earth but the jibe of this woman's tongue. Sometimes he would strike out roughly, rudely, but with none of her force nor her bitter cruelty. She was of noble birth; she ever forced this knowledge on him, hating herself in spite of herself.

"You know why he is here, I saw your kinswoman, la Baglioni, disappear at the sight of me. She has prepared you for this moment, when Malatesta brings the proof of his love for you."

Nera Ubbriachi seemed to grow taller—older.

"Is this one of many insults from you to me?"

He looked at her now, steadily enough.

"Is a man's love an insult?"

She became like snow.

"You must be mad to speak like this to me!"

"Why so? Perhaps I am the only one that etiquette demands should come to you on an occasion such as this. It is an occasion which calls for extraordinary measures." He studied the coldness of her uncomprehending face. A deeper shade spread over his own.

"Monna Teresa, perchance, was too busy with her gossip," he said, "to treat of other matters."

She still kept her eyes on him, uncomprehending, disdainful.

"At my prayer, and the representations of Malatesta Baglioni, our marriage is to be annulled."

So might one feel—dying!

"I should have put on a wedding-garment, should I not?" He wore rough brown homespun, like herself. "But these are troublous times, when marrying and giving in marriage form but small part of a man's life."

"Representations have been made to His Holiness," she found herself speaking. "By whom?"

"By Malatesta."

"Malatesta!"

"Does it cause you surprise? Politically, Malatesta is at enmity with the Papal States, but Malatesta is a son of the Church." Casella's manner gained ease, assurance, insolence perhaps. Who knows? Men ever rush to extremes. "Added to which he is your nearest relative, distant enough to become—nearer. I understood Monna Teresa Baglioni was to be the bearer of these glad tidings."

She fought a terrible, silent fight.

"Why was I held in ignorance?"

"Was it necessary to trouble you? There were plenty to testify that you were coerced into this marriage—plenty to swear to your utter abhorrence and contempt of the man, your husband, many to bear witness to the sordid reasons he had for marrying you, and some, even, to hint of benefits to your dead father. His Holiness, being satisfied of the injustice done to you, his niece, last of the Ubbriachi, has sent an emissary from Rome with the necessary documents for you to sign. With the Baglioni, the Reverend Emissary awaits you within. I had understood this task was to be Monna Teresa's. Pardon my rougher manner of blurting it to you."

He had grown steadier still. He spoke of a matter that touched him not at all—nay, a faint exultation was apparent in him.

It was all so sudden, so horrible—death itself would not have seemed more

cruel. She knew that she had herself only to blame. What man—above all such a man as Geronimo Casella—would endure such treatment as she had ever meted out to him? A little softness—a gentle manner need not have betrayed her—might even have won him.

"Come, Madonna,"—he had half turned to go. "They await us. It is a matter of which I shall be glad to be rid."

She put her hand to her throat. "You can afford to speak—you, who have filled your coffers."

It was a wild, woman-like stab in the dark, since no coffers could be full in Florence then; a stab to wound as he was wounding her.

"True." He was unmoved. "May the Baglioni be as lucky."

It was a deadly insult. Even he would seem to have felt it.

"Why should I crave pardon? I am of the people—such things are not expected of me!" He breathed a little fast, like one who had been running hard; he seemed to struggle with himself a moment, to lose, perhaps. "Why, look you!" He flung out one hand. "A hundred times have you said words to me that neither tears nor blood could wash away! I harbored them up. They were at least a part of you—the only part I ever really, fairly won." Whatever emotion had conquered him a moment since was pressing its victory home now. All steadiness waned. The words rushed out.

"Look you, again! You shall see the truth now, bare, naked, hideous! I lied to you from the beginning because I was—afraid." He drew a long breath. "I let you think I forced this marriage on you for love of the money your father had squandered on the Medici long before I had ever seen you—because I had a fool's notion, worthy of my birth, that that other reason was too immensely presumptuous. I built wild dreams on

the future. You were a woman—you had the gift of pity in you. Oh, God! So low had I fallen, I would have snatched even at your pity. But you had a tongue, also, to scourge—to kill! It cured me. I should be grateful for that! When I knew Baglioni loved you, no miserable prisoner ever seized on his chance of freedom with greater joy than I. You had become a stumbling-block in my life, a thing that confronted me at every turn to shame me! You made a coward of me, in the streets, on the battlefield, and above all when I had to face the full blast of your accursed pride. With Baglioni's power, I would have surrendered my city and my people to her enemies. You were suffering from this devil's work, you were sacrificing your life in black hovels where no woman should go. You were robbing me of my manhood. God gave me liberty at last!"

She had no thought, no wish to stay him. Once she had looked on the Beloved City as she might gaze on beauty for the first time; but now her eyes were closed, and her face like her own Carrara marble.

"You spare me nothing, Geronimo Casella."

The dregs of his humiliation were bitter to this man. He would strip her pride as naked as he had stripped his own. He had all the passion of the people, which only she could rouse and—tame.

"Even to the end. I had a secret joy you could not rob me of. It was my money which kept this roof above your head, put bread into your mouth. You lavished my money on the poor around you, then flung it in my face—to taunt me. Better, perhaps, that I should tell you this than that you should hear it from—Malatesta Baglioni." He sought to justify himself.

All light faded. The city lay in darkness beneath its shroud. Her lips

formed the word "Better." But to him she seemed as icy, as unattainable as in the beginning.

She followed him, blind, deaf, speechless. Nothing could save her now. Because her pride was herself, she felt this to be death. Yet she was conscious that, it being the feast of the Visitation of the most Blessed Virgin, she murmured an incoherent prayer to the Mother of God.

Malatesta Baglioni stood in the middle of the great marble-floored room, and met her with the deepest of obeisances. He had the face of a high-born Tuscan, long, pale, with a short, rounded chin. Behind him, a little to the left, was a Franciscan monk, old, thin, wasted, with a hawk-like nose and small, black eyes set wide apart. "Fra Masseo," she heard them say, His Holiness' confessor, himself.

He gave her his blessing, eyeing her with great keenness the while, then: "Daughter, the Sovereign Pontiff has heard your cry and answered you."

Time, time—she wanted time—for what? She could not say. She was hemmed in by an inevitable fate. Her pride sealed her lips to all outward rebellion, but time to dwell on this crushing blow before it fell must be given her.

"I would crave permission, holy father, before I receive my uncle's favor to pray in my oratory."

He signed assent. She turned to the other two men, including them in a glance which did not dwell on either.

"You, Messeri, will accompany us."

They followed her, Baglioni smiling, to a dim oratory, where ancient windows admitted narrow beams of light. A faintly-burning lamp glowed in the darkness before the Santissimo. She sank on her knees.

The monk prayed, in Latin, a well-known prayer which even the Baglioni knew by heart.

Amen. They arose.

She crossed the chapel to where the monk was turning to leave. She put out her hand to stay him. "‘The Magnificat’"—she spoke like one suffocating. "It is our Lady's feast. ‘The Magnificat.’" She was too lost in herself to notice the look on Fra Masseo's face.

"Daughter, we delay too long."

"‘The Magnificat,’" she said again.

The Franciscan bit his lips, hesitated, seemed to glance at the dark figure behind him, then knelt again.

There was a long pause.

Nera Ubbriachi had gone back to her agony and hidden her face. When the first words of the "Magnificat" fell on her ear in slow and halting accents their divine meaning calmed her.

She lifted her head and gazed into the darkness where the monk knelt. Upon the prie-dieu before him, he had spread an open Missal; the softly-glowing sanctuary lamp caught the glint of the gold-illuminated "Magnificat." Her hands fell away to her sides; she watched him with parted lips, wide eyes, and a suffocation in her heart and throat.

The reading was over. He closed the book and put it back into its place. They filed out slowly, solemnly, into the bare room they had left.

Upon Nera Ubbriachi had settled a new air that robbed her face of all its youth and softness; such a look as a woman might wear who was about to fight the world for her life and sell it dearly.

The monk spread the yellow parchments upon a table, and seating himself thereat, read aloud the decree of annulment of marriage between Nera Giuseppa Maria Ubbriachi and Geronimo Naldo Maria Casella, as set forth by His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff, the Lord Pope Clement XIII.

The two men stood a little behind her, one, softly, silently exultant, the other with a deep disdain upon his hard, square face.

She broke the profound silence that followed the reading.

"This is a time to speak of marriage, is it not? While Florence lies dying, and her murderers rejoice unpunished without her walls. They may sleep without fear of a champion to do them battle. Ferucci is dead."

The monk looked up; he was about to speak, to rebuke her, perhaps, for the exceeding bitterness of her tone, but Baglioni interrupted him.

"Your words are wild, Monna Nera. If Florence lies unavenged it is because the avenging of her at this time would work the final ruin of our unhappy city.

"Unhappy, indeed!" She did not look at him, nay, even had her back to him. "She has no more bitter enemies outside her walls than those who hide within them."

"I told you," said Casella, with a slow, twisted smile, "she has a tongue to scourge—to kill."

His voice seemed to arouse some great passion in her; what little color she had, faded.

"As for that document there," she went on as if none had spoken, "I shall not sign it."

There was a faint sensation.

"My daughter!" came from the monk, in shocked rebuke. "You speak of a mandate from His Holiness, who has ruled that by the law of the Church you and Geronimo Casella are not man and wife."

"If it be already irrevocable, of what avail then my signature?"

Fra Masseo answered directly.

"This document is to be returned to His Holiness to satisfy him that it has not fallen into evil hands, but has been safely attested by those for whom it is intended."

"What if I say that that document—forgery—call it what you will—has fallen into evil hands? That you, Malatesta

Baglioni, have tried to sell your city in vain."

Baglioni gave a quick exclamation, made a step nearer her, felt Casella's hand upon his arm. There was a momentary crisis.

"Nera Ubbriachi!" The monk alone seemed capable of speaking, for though the woman's face was still, it was rigid and deathly. "Heaven save your madness! What mean you?"

She was gazing steadily at the monk, heedless of the quick breathing behind her.

"Is the 'Magnificat' so new a prayer that a Franciscan monk needs to read it from a book?"

The breathing became faster; there was a movement, a cry, an instant's pause, then a second cry, broken and stifled, and Casella's deep, guttural—"You devil!" as he flung a dagger clattering far on the marble floor.

All was betrayed. The man who was no monk, but a creature of Baglioni, sprang to his feet and dashed across the room—but she reached the dagger first and fled to Casella. Baglioni lay on his back, face upturned and still; the other, seeing this, stayed, saw the livid white-

ness of Casella's face, fled past him through the open window on to the sunlit terrace beyond.

"God!" said Casella thickly. "He would have sold his city, and Clement would have none of him! Curse my blindness!"

"You did not know! Oh! Heaven! Tell me you did not know!"

She was trembling violently, shaken from head to foot, speaking in a faint whisper. He was blind to everything but the deadly wrong done her.

"It was a trick—a damnable trick to cheat you—give me that dagger!" He was livid.

"Oh, no! no! Oh, God! no!"

She was on her knees between her husband and the unconscious man.

"Are such as he fit to live?"

He was lost in the storm of passion.

"I will not have any part of you contaminated by such as he! Let him go! He will reap his own sowing. Geronimo, Geronimo! Have pity on me!"

He saw at last!

He said her name faintly, quickly, catching her two outstretched hands.

And that is why the "Magnificat" hangs in Casa San Domenico in its Cinque Cento frame.

Day and Night

By Denis Aloysius McCarthy

All day I seek the mean reward
That falls to earthly strife;
All day the thought of Thee, O Lord,
Is crowded out of deed and word,
Is crowded out of life.

But when I shake my spirit free
From earthly chains at night,
The vaulted dusk is filled with Thee,
And every star becomes to me
A holy altar-light!

The Sign of the Cross

(Adapted from the German)

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

WHO has not heard of the invasion, during the stormy days of the Revolution, of the King's palace by the rabble that had congregated in the royal gardens at Versailles? The crowds ransacked the royal apartments from floor to roof; everything that was not nailed down was stolen, and many a one present on that awful occasion, later on felt ashamed and little prized his booty, for stolen goods never profit the thief because the curse of God ever clings to them like some deadly, slimy thing.

One, especially, who had done his share of stealing had accidentally come upon a crucifix, which had been trampled into the ground by busy feet. At first he thought he had found something valuable, but upon closer scrutiny the crucifix seemed to him a worthless article, and when he came home he madly threw it into a corner of his dirty attic, filled with a useless accumulation of all sorts of articles of wood, iron and tin. And here the crucifix lay until 1834. In this year, the old sinner died. He had been a gardener by trade, and his familiar figure on the various street-corners was missed by many. Wife and children he had none, and thus his relatives placed all his possessions in the hands of a lawyer. Everything was to be auctioned off. The people came from all over the city, and the sale of goods began.

Now, in this same city lived a poor, young artist whose life-scenes were not overbright. They had a hint of cold, cheerless, autumn skies in them. He was clever, studious, and understood his art and the blending of colors perfectly. He had no money, he had no great friends, whose influence could do so

much for him—without this one cannot make it go in Paris at all—and often he sat without a bite of bread in his narrow little room in the attic on the Rue St. Antoine, and almost despaired.

Only a short time before, a wealthy aristocrat wanted one of his dancing-halls decorated in oils, and, on the verge of starvation, Pierrot eagerly took advantage of the opportunity—like a dying man clutching his last straw of hope.

A pious mother had early taught Pierrot how to pray, and when Want and Despair walked with him and touched him with their black, uncanny wings, he never faltered, but hoped on steadfastly; and Prayer came to him like some sweet, pure-faced maiden, in her eyes the glory of the sun and moon and stars, and on her lips the melodies of hope and joy—called forth by the artistic fingers of the Divine One. Want, suffering, sorrow—glorious trinity—after all were sweet and dear to him. They brought him nearer to that Master-touch which controls all life and its various, mysterious, intricate feelings and emotions.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns or briars in his road.”

Pierrot was pious and he remained so, and he kept his soul pure—free to think and act—white as the lily that raises herself gladly to her Creator. His companions mocked and mimicked him for keeping the Sabbath holy, for going to church and for staying the angry passions that they would not resist, but

through all this narrow, silly mockery he did not permit himself to go astray. He remained true to the finer impulses of his schooled heart.

Through many long night-watches, Pierrot's bed had been on a bundle of straw, but now, since his work on the millionaire's salon had brought him in some revenue, he determined to make good use of it. Only an hour since, he had heard of the sale in his neighborhood, and he made it his business to learn all particulars. The old gardener had been a cleanly old fellow, and rumor had it that, among many things, an almost new bed was to be auctioned off.

The young painter ran his pale, wasted fingers through his black hair, and for a moment was lost in thought. Suddenly a light came into his sad eyes. Turning, he unlocked his little bank and emptied the contents on the table. The paintings in the dancing-hall had brought him exactly three hundred francs, and out of this he had already purchased necessary articles of clothing. A clear hundred francs were all he had left, and a sigh fell from his lips. "Will I be able to buy the bed after all?" he asked himself with trembling heart. At such sales—they are of regular daily occurrence in our large cities—the people swarm in by the hundreds, and often strange and wonderful things happen. Be there many bidders on hand, then the trash becomes expensive; be there a scarcity, then the good things go off for a little song almost.

And thus it came about at the sale in the neighborhood; the bidders were few, although the crowd was great, and Pierrot purchased bed, coverings and all for seventy-five francs. His heart quickened and rejoiced. Quickly he paid the money and ordered them to carry the goods to his cold, poorly-furnished apartments. No one was richer or happier than he now. Another twenty-five francs were still tickling the anxious

points of his finger-tips. "Return to the sale again?" he asked himself. "Perhaps I can buy something else that I need sorely." It was said—it was done. When Pierrot arrived, the sale was just about over. A few old things that had lain in the corner of the attic were now being offered amid much mockery and laughter. Now the auctioneer held up a crucifix that was old and used-looking, being furthermore covered here and there with lumps of dry earth. It passed along from one to the other—from hand to hand. "It is only lead," cried one. "I offer half-a-franc," cried another. "One franc!" yelled a third.

Pierrot trembled and chilled inwardly. "They spurn the picture of the Saviour, the sign of Redemption, because it is a little crude," he thought to himself, and loudly, so that every one with ears could hear him, he yelled: "Five francs!" The auctioneer handed him the crucifix with a derisive bow, and the artist paid his money, took his crucifix under his arm amid the hissing and mocking laughter of the crowd, and left, angry and trembling on account of the rudeness and behavior of these degenerates.

In the meantime, his landlady had been busy arranging his room; the bed was set up, and clean linens whitened the appearance of the humbly-furnished apartments. Everything looked fresh and cheerful, and as Pierrot stepped into the cozy atmosphere he felt like a new man. Gladly he placed the crucifix on the table, and then strode out into the air for a walk. The autumn clouds in his life-scene had shifted; there was a kindlier look on the face of nature. A radiant brightness now rested on sky, on field, on bird and flower, and his young heart fairly revelled in the light that shone beyond the white-capped clouds in the distant horizon. A new feeling was overpowering him—he felt it, he knew it, and it fairly set his nerves a-tingling. He was glad. In the future,

he already beheld his young life flowering in a gorgeous summer.

When Pierrot retired, a warm, brisk fire was burning in the grate, and for one night at least the poor artist down by the Rue St. Antoine slept like a king. When he awoke next morning, his eyes fell upon the dirt-bespattered crucifix. It should be cleaned and polished, he thought, and almost instantly he set to work. After he had cleaned the pedestal, his eyes discovered several engraved letters of the alphabet upon it. He cleaned and rubbed and polished, and presently the name "Benvenuto Cellini" appeared, engraved in large steady letters.

This Cellini was a Florentine—a very able man, whose name stood for all that was best in art. He was a noted sculptor, and his chisel and mallet only busied themselves for kings and royalty. His marbles were masterpieces and generally netted him high prices. He also worked much in gold and silver. One of the French queens had taken this very crucifix to Paris, and then to Versailles, from whence it was stolen by a thief the day the rabble stormed the gates of the royal palace, and accidentally dropped and trampled into the ground amid the howling populace. Here, mud-bespattered and trampled upon, but little the worse for wear, the gardener found it, later on, and threw it into a corner of his deserted attic, which was a mecca for all such wares. After all, if it were but plain copper, still it would be very valuable, if only for the Cellini imprimatur upon it. Pierrot knew, however, that Cellini had only worked in gold and silver, and at a glance felt that there was much in that simple, little crucifix. Hurriedly and joyfully, his fingers polished away, and soon it shone in the morning light—golden and full of promise—a veritable masterpiece of one of the great artists. Who will describe Pierrot's great surprise?

Across the street, but a few yards away, lived one of the city's most reliable jewelers. Another few minutes and the artist stood before him, crucifix in hand.

"Sir!" exclaimed the jeweller, "you have in your hands a treasure, firstly, because it is of the most artistic workmanship, secondly, because it is pure gold. Come, let me weigh it!"

To Pierrot's great surprise the jeweller told him that it weighed exactly twenty pounds.

"You are a rich man," the jeweller continued, "for the gold in the crucifix alone is worth fifty thousand francs. This I will gladly give you for it. But since it is also a great work of art, you can depend on getting sixty thousand, and perhaps still more. It all depends who the purchaser will be. I have a great many engagements with His Majesty, the King, and will do all I can for you."

Pierrot thanked him kindly. On that very afternoon, he was on his way to the King. His coveted treasure under his arm, he tripped joyfully up the marble steps of the palace. When the King's eyes fell upon the golden crucifix, he was beyond himself in admiration of it, and at once bought it at a sum that had far exceeded the expectations of the humble worker in oils and crayons. And at the request of His Majesty, Pierrot told how he had happened to come upon the golden treasure.

The King listened with interest to the artist's story and praised him greatly for his piety. He also spoke to him about art in general, and expressed the wish that later on he might have some work on hand for him. "Do you know," at last broke forth His Majesty, "you may come to-morrow and paint my portrait."

After all this would help the young artist more than the sixty thousand francs, for now, at last, the opportunity was to come in which he could show the

world some of his work—an occasion in which he, thank God, was to appear in his true light before the eyes of men. Should his work please His Majesty, the King, then his success was secure in court circles, as well as in all Paris.

At the appointed hour, the artist was at work, palette and brush in hand, in the King's ante-chamber. First, he sketched the outlines of the royal face, and during the days that followed finally finished the picture to the great satis-

faction of the King. The news of this spread like wild-fire, and the artist's name was on the lips of all the people. When Pierrot awoke one morning, he realized that Fame had been around in the night-time and planted her crown upon his young forehead.

Who cannot recognize in this another instance in which the finger of God directed a worthy soul along a rugged pathway, into a land of happiness, sunshine and success?

Giovanni

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

HE came in the springtime to make some money, but he was going home for Christmas. So he told me in a few words of broken English. His name was Giovanni Trabucco, but, to the foreman of the construction company which was building the Riverdale Dam, he was only a number, while his English-speaking fellow-laborers called him Tony, as they did all the other Italians without discrimination. Once in a while, when Giovanni did not at once catch the meaning of an order, he was called a "dago," with certain qualifying phrases not usually found in the pages of correctly-edited magazines; but, then, so was every other Italian on the work, so that even this title by no means differentiated Giovanni from the rest of his fellow-countrymen.

I was studying sociology, that season, at the nigh end of a pick and shovel—not as college youth study it, for the fun of the thing, but because of the primeval curse. It was necessary to work in order to eat, and there was "nothing doing" at banking, book-keeping, writing novels, acting, or any other of the genteel employments which I thought myself fitted to grace. And so I met Giovanni. I always called him Giovanni;

and perhaps this is how our friendship, if friendship it can be termed, began; because, naturally, he resented being called Tony or—the other thing, as you or I would resent being called Tom or Dick when our name might be Harry, and just as naturally, his barrier of distrust and suspicion was lowered with one who took the trouble to call him by his right name. Distrust and suspicion, albeit disguised somewhat by the natural politeness of the Latin, was written all over Giovanni's countenance when first I began making little overtures to him, but ere long I was teaching him, off and on, at noon, a word of English, which he learned eagerly, while I was adding to my slender stock of Italian phrases.

But he was going home for Christmas. That was sure. The work was hard—Ah me, how hard it was!—the hours were long, the companionship was anything but choice. But there was the pay; miserable as it was, it was much to Giovanni—and he was going home for Christmas! How his dark face lit up when he arrived at this conclusion for the hundredth time! It seemed to be the refrain of a song which he sang in his heart as he toiled in the mud of

the trench, with the burning summer sun beating down upon him, day after day, during the long summer. Certainly poor Giovanni was not a romantic looking figure these days. Dirty and dusty and ragged, this poor alien in a strange land might not easily arouse the feeling of envy in any man. Yet, as I listened to him repeat again and again his intention of going home for Christmas, and as I saw the light that transfigured his face on such occasions, I came—thinking of my own uninspired and uninspiring existence—to half envy him. Giovanni, I felt, had some splendid secret, some animating influence, unseen by others, which made him the superior of all his fellow-toilers on the Riverdale Dam.

Naturally I wondered what this secret might be; and naturally, again, with all a young man's fancy, which as saith the poet, "lightly turns to thoughts of love," I said to myself, slyly but surely, that Giovanni must have some dark-eyed sweetheart back there in that little town in the province of Terano, whence he came. I was certain of it. In fact, I constructed a nice little romance about it, which I promised myself I should write—some time. I remember I thought out a very dramatic climax: Giovanni, returning home on Christmas Eve, is delayed by a breakdown on the railroad, and does not arrive at his native village until almost midnight. Knowing that the whole population will be at midnight Mass, he hastens to the village church, and there, about to enter, beholds his sweetheart. They embrace amid the plaudits of the populace. I had a fear that this might not be according to Italian custom, but I put it by. I did not want to spoil my climax. The climax of poor Giovanni's story, however, was more dramatic than the pinchbeck romance of my boyish brain.

As the summer merged into fall, and the time drew near for discontinuing work on the Dam, I began to be con-

scious of a change in Giovanni. He was not of the short, stockily-built type of Italian laborer, so that he never impressed me as particularly robust. Yet there was strength in his lithe frame, as he testified on many an occasion during the construction of the Riverdale Dam. No herculean Swede or stalwart Irishman could rush Giovanni when it came to feats of strength or tests of endurance. The spirit of the Caesars was in him. He would not be beaten by Goth or Vandal.

Still, as I said, I began to notice a change in him. He seemed to grow slimmer; and, one day, working beside him, I noticed him trying to smother a cough. Some time before, we had had a week's steady rain, and most of us on the work had been wet to the skin almost the whole time. Luckily I escaped any ill consequences, but Giovanni must have contracted a severe cold, though he made no complaint, and toiled on steadily. But the cough betrayed him.

That night, when we "knocked off" work, I advised him to take a day off and see a doctor. But he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He would be all right. He was not sick. It was the American climate. He would get used to it. It was nothing. A cough? Often he had a cough in Italy. The job would not last much longer, and he would stick it out. Anyway, it did not make much difference—he was going home for Christmas.

Going home for Christmas! There it was again—the same refrain which ran through all his thoughts; the same conclusion to every plan and scheme; the same phrase with which he comforted himself in all the hardships and trials of the day! I said no more; but I had my forebodings.

The job lasted longer than we thought it would. The contract called for its finish the first of October, but here it was the first of November, and still there

was much to be done. Once in a while, we were within ear-shot of the contractor when his language to the foreman was strong; and when the foreman passed said language to us, it was by no means diluted. But that's neither here nor there. The job would last till Thanksgiving—that's all that interested us.

Giovanni had calculated on going home on the first of November; but, I suppose, the prospect of making a little extra money was too much for him. He put off his home-going until the job was done at Thanksgiving. With dogged determination he had kept on working when I felt that he was steadily failing from day to day. I had grown so interested in him, and his home-going, and his secret (whatever it was), that I lost sight almost completely of my own weariness, my own hardship, my own disgust with myself and my lowly lot, so different from the high career which I had once planned out. Anxiously I watched him, noting the wasting process which every day made his cheek more hollow and his eye more sunken. Several times I hinted so strongly at his giving up and going home that I feared he might be offended, for, despite our friendship, he never lost a certain dignity and reticence, and he insisted that he was not sick.

Well, Thanksgiving drew near, and, strange to say, Giovanni seemed to improve. A change for the better was plainly noticeable to me, who watched him as no physician ever watched a rich patient. His form grew more erect, his cheeks seemed to fill out, he had not the appearance, doing his work, of a man running a race with death. He began to be more like the Giovanni who came in the spring to make some money, and who was going home for Christmas.

I think this going home for Christmas was the secret of his betterment. The thought that the long struggle with the rude soil, the unfriendly elements,

the rough and often insulting companions, was at last almost over—that he was soon to return with his little hoard of hard-earned money—this thought stirred him, and cheered him, and braced him, as if it were some strong life-giving draught. He grew almost well before my eyes; and my heart was glad. "Thank heaven," said I to myself, "Giovanni will soon be on his way back to his native town and his *Dulcinea*, or whatever her name is"—for I still felt certain that a love-affair in Italy was Giovanni's secret. A love-affair was indeed his secret, but not the kind I had imagined.

The day before Thanksgiving the job was finished, the gang was paid off, and we all went our separate ways; but before we parted, Giovanni made me promise that I would be at the dock to bid him good-bye when he sailed to Italy on the second day of December. He would take passage on the "*Palermo*," he told me, sailing from Boston, and would be home in time for Christmas. This latter phrase he added with the same old light in his eyes that I had noticed when he first said it to me back in the springtime. He would stay in Boston a few days with some fellow-countrymen, buying some few things in readiness for his journey; he would see one of the good padres at the Italian church to make his confession before venturing on the treacherous ocean; and then he would be ready to sail. But would I not be sure to come and say good-bye to him?

I promised him again; and, true to my word, on December 2 I was on the dock of the Boston and Naples Steamship Company, amid a crowd of Italians of all ages, sizes, and degrees of relationship, some going aboard the big liner, some waving good-byes, some laughing, some weeping, and all talking, talking rapidly in that liquid language of which I knew so little. I was looking around, completely lost amid the crowd,

when my hand was grasped by none other than Giovanni himself, all "fixed up" for his voyage in a brand-new, ready-made American suit, whose sombre hue was lightened with sundry touches of color in necktie, handkerchief, and hatband. Several other Italians were with him, but they conversed among themselves, and left Giovanni and me to talk as best we could, each with such a little knowledge of the other's language. We had grown so accustomed to this during the summer, however, that it was easier for us to understand each other than it would otherwise have been.

Giovanni invited me on board; and there, in the rush and uproar of the crowded deck, he told me more of himself than he had done during our whole long summer together. Instead of being, as I had thought, a wandering Romeo, with a Juliet waiting for him in Italy, he was a married man with a devoted little wife and two beautiful children, one three years old, the other only twelve months. The love he bore them was evident in the very tones of his voice, as he spoke of them. It was for them he had come in the springtime to this strange land. It was for them he had toiled so faithfully all summer, enduring all fatigue, all hardship, all abuse, with resignation. It was the thought of them waiting for him at home which lightened his labor, and made bearable conditions which otherwise he could not have endured. It was the love of them which made him battle against disease, and kept him at work in the trench when he should have been in the hospital. It was the firm expectation that he should see them again at Christmas which made all things possible to the poor Italian laborer on the Riverdale Dam.

They had some sort of a little place at home which required a few hundred dollars to put in good working order (this, or something like this, I gathered from Giovanni's story), and he had decided

to leave the family, and come to America to earn the money. It was hard, hard to leave them, he said. There never was a sadder heart than his in all Italy, on the morning he left. But now it was all over. He had worked hard, the money was in his purse—and he would be with them again at Christmas!

Giovanni coughed once or twice during the recital of his story, and, looking at him, I found his dark face strangely pallid, save that on his cheek-bones burned a hectic flush. I set it down to the excitement caused by his nearness to the object for which he had toiled so hard, yet I was glad that he had not delayed going home any longer. A few more weeks in this climate, thought I, and there would be an end of Giovanni Trabucco.

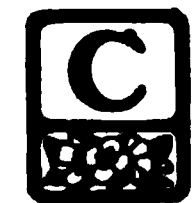
We had been sitting on a hatchway, and, as the time came for the steamer to sail, we arose. Our hands met in a warm clasp; and then I said good-bye hurriedly, and turned away quickly, for I was strangely stirred at parting from this foreigner whom I had known but a few months, whose path of life had only crossed mine by chance, as we say, and whom I should in all probability never meet again. My foot was on the gang-plank to go ashore, and I was about to turn around once more to wave my hand to him, when I heard, amid the confusion, a cry which did not sound like any other of the many noises of the crowd. I immediately turned, to see a movement of people on the deck toward the place where I had just left Giovanni. Him I could not see. An indescribable, unaccountable fear clutched my heart. I hurried back, pushed my way through the crowd—and there lay Giovanni, with a thin stream of blood issuing from his mouth and the unmistakable glaze of death settling over his eyes.

Poor Giovanni had gone home—aye, truly he had gone home—home for Christmas!

UNENTERED PORTS

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

III.



CORA GLEN was the orphan niece of Mrs. Geoffrey Allison, with whom she made her home, that worthy relative entertaining for her an affection only second to her maternal love for her daughters, Alice and Ray. Mrs. Allison was acknowledged to be a clever woman. Inheriting an encumbered estate from her father, she had exercised such shrewdness in its management that it was soon free from all debt. She married considerable wealth, but her husband's lack of commercial ability made it necessary for her to continue to hold the financial reins. Her two children inherited her beauty. While they were mere babes, she planned their futures, and, so far, there was not the slightest indication that they would fail of realization. They had left school with a creditable record for scholarship and good behavior, and on entering society they had, as by right divine, become its queens. Alice, at the end of her second year of social leadership, was engaged to the son and heir of one of the first families of the state; Ray, who was even a greater favorite than her sister, would, the mother felt confident, make a brilliant marriage. Soon she might have been able to retire from the arduous position of the fashionable mother, if it were not for Cora. Cora was the one flaw in her perfect machination—a very dear and beautiful flaw, however.

But why, of all girls, should she be the one to get the notion into her head that Art was the only thing worth while in this world? Bitterly Mrs. Allison regretted that she had permitted a young local sculptor to make a bust of her

niece. She had consented at the earnest solicitation of the girl, who was interested in the efforts of the young man. His parents had made innumerable sacrifices to give him an education in the schools of Cincinnati and New York; he possessed talent amounting almost to genius, but was handicapped by poverty. During a vacation at home he had met Miss Glen, and the faultless beauty of the girl had filled him with artistic madness. He knew that he must set those features in marble, or miss a part of the joy of life. Artists do not abound in this Kentucky Paris, and the Bohemianism that followed the young sculptor from New York, and pervaded, like a rich aroma, the studio which he had set up, was something both interesting and novel. The most exclusive of Bourbon society might be found among his frequent visitors, and many an indulgent father had parted with substantial checks to gratify his daughter's fancy for a piece of the artist's work. But while the young man found all this agreeable, the artist was dissatisfied until Cora received her aunt's consent and work on the head was begun. As he moulded, with artist's love, the plastic clay, he talked with boyish enthusiasm of his life. He spread over it the glory of Bohemia. Poverty—who could think of its pinches, under the rose-light of Art? Failure—how could it be called failure that brought its own reward? The glimpses he gave of the artistic life in the great commercial city, appealed to her. That was living! When she voiced that opinion, he sung the sweeter its praises, made the brighter its glory, and threw all the india ink of his thoughts on the existence of the ordinary mortal. His artistic fire communicated itself to her. She knew that

she had talent, for her drawings and paintings, at school, were pronounced better than those of other pupils. She carried some sketches to the sculptor, and he praised them eloquently. They were not bad, yet if they had been, his intense admiration for her beauty, and gratitude to her, would have defeated the cause of truth; but when she began to speak of her desire to study art, there was a noticeable diminution in his enthusiasm regarding things artistic. He knew too well that the light is gray and murky when we are climbing; it is only from the base or the summit that we behold the glory of the ideal. The fire kindled, however, was not to be extinguished, and the girl began to dream of a future career; not of fame—she knew her limitations—but ordinary success and, what she really coveted, the charm and freedom of Bohemia. To her, at that period of her heart's history, the life she led was unsupportable. To rise in the morning with no other object than to try to extract some social enjoyment from the day—she felt that she would rather be a gypsy, travelling from town to town. The object of all the girls of her acquaintance, so she thought, was to be charming, have a good time, and marry well. Once she, too, had looked on that as the "summa bonum" of existence; now her life demanded a wider horizon. So she decided to study art. Her fortune was her own to use as she chose. On that first Saturday of September, while her cousins were visiting the big stores in Cincinnati, she had gone to the Art Academy to make arrangements for entering the School of Design, in October.

Her family was dumbfounded when she announced her intention, but their prayers and entreaties could not move the girl. It was a star in Mrs. Allison's inky sky when she heard from Ray that Judge Howe would be one of her guests, on Thursday afternoon. She would

talk to him about Cora. Once he and her niece had been on terms of friendship, and it was then that Mrs. Allison had indulged in a dream of splendid triumph. Howe had been the despair of far-sighted mothers and the disappointment of many admiring daughters. He was, evidently, not a marrying man, so they had come to leave him out in their count of the eligibles. The Judge had no reasonable excuse for his unmarried state; there was no early love in her grave or another man's home; he had simply been too occupied with matters of the head to give attention to the demands of the heart. Then suddenly he awoke to the knowledge that he was growing old, and about that time he began to notice the beauty of Mrs. Allison's niece. In thinking of that possible future wife, he had ever decided that she should be young and possess beauty. It was a dictum of his race that a man owed it to posterity to give his children comeliness of feature as well as an honorable name. He knew that he would seek far before finding one fairer than Cora Glen. The attentions he paid to her were not marked, and long before they had reached the point where their withdrawal could not be honorably effected, he had discovered that her ideas were not such as would perfectly harmonize with his own. She was not his affinity, and a marriage of convenience was repulsive to his high manhood. He had discovered this from her reception of the story of his boyhood. He perceived that she would have preferred that he had had a different youth, or, having it, could conveniently forget it, and he knew that he could not have for wife a woman who would be ashamed of that little boy. Yet, while it set her apart from him, he never blamed her. Her education and social training had given her a view of life at a wrong focus. It was not her fault. But let her marry one whose view was

ness before the light of scorn had again been flashed from the blue windows of her soul.

"As I said before, your labors in my aunt's behalf are in vain. I intend studying art." Others were approaching, and she added, with a mocking little laugh, "Won't you some time let me paint your portrait? I should like to immortalize my name, in the picture of our Kentucky Bayard."

The tone left Howe doubtful if compliment or the contrary were meant.

Cora might have meant her concluding words as a dismissal; but, with the privilege of ancient friendship, he chose not so to regard it. Supposing that they had interrupted a *tete-a-tete* agreeable to both, the guests after a few minutes moved away, and she must, perforce, return to her place. While she had been attending to her duties as hostess, he had been regarding her in the new light which she had, that afternoon, thrown on her character. There was more depth to her nature than he had imagined. He asked himself if he really knew her at all.

"Cora," he began, as she took her chair, "you are young—"

"I am twenty-one," she interrupted.

"Twenty-one is now regarded as very young," he said. "In this age of intricate problems and extensive knowledge, it is wisely conceded that men and women require a longer period of time than formerly to become master of the situation. And your mode of living has been conducive to immaturity. A sheltered childhood and girlhood, as yours happily have been, have left you younger at that age than one less fortunate. You do not know the world—"

"Then it is time I am learning," she said, quietly.

"What will you gain by the knowledge it can give you?"

"'Knowledge is power,'" she quoted lightly.

He made a gesture, half-impatiently.

"Why won't you meet an argument seriously?" he asked.

"Because I am so childish, I daresay," she retorted.

"Exactly!" He had drawn himself up in his chair. The fire was lighting in his quiet eyes, and it threw its flashes over the dark beauty of his face. "Exactly!" he repeated, "and in nothing do you show your childishness so much as in this intention of yours to begin the study of art. You have not genius, nor talent of any high order, for if you had, it would have set you to drawing pictures on your slate when you should have been working sums, and instead of thinking of entering a School of Design at twenty-one, you would be eating your heart out over your failure to get your paintings accepted by the Academy. If you possessed the divine gift, you would not have waited for ennui or the Bohemianism of a silly boy to drive you into the world of art. Because you are going from no supreme motive, gives me, and all your friends, concern. You know nothing of the trials of an art student's life; you know nothing of the influence, which, aiming to overthrow the conventionalities, weakens the moralities, or, at least, tends to lessen their importance. Artists call this freedom of view, Bohemianism, and assert that it is not only essential to art, but produces a loftier ideal of manhood and womanhood; and hold that this liberty of the art world is less harmful to morals than the restraint of the social world. I am not claiming for society the purity which it ought to possess, but I do claim that the recognized standards of propriety that govern it, hedge it in, are necessary in all intercourse, social, artistic or business, between men and women. 'Bonhomie' does not produce the best relationship of the sexes. The woman loses something of her respect

for the man; the man loses all his reverence for the woman."

"You belong to the old school of thought as well as of politics, Judge," she replied.

"Yes, both are old, old as the dawn of civilization," he said, gravely. "Grecian political laws placed power in the hands of the wise men, but permitted a final appeal from their opinion to the opinion of the people; and Grecian manners circumscribed the social relations to a narrow domain."

"What was the result? Where is Greece to-day?" she asked, flippantly.

"The result was a light set upon the steep of Helicon whose beams will reach to the farthest point of time; and Greece lives to-day in our laws, our philosophy and our manners. Civilization has not improved on the art of Greece, nor her literature, nor her philosophy, nor her politics, nor her manners; nor can it!" Dropping the warmth from his voice, he added: "But all this is foreign to our subject."

"I believe," she said—for, as he had gained in intensity she had grown indifferent, if she could be indifferent when he was the speaker—"I believe that you were warning me against the dangers that men and women encounter, in any position of life, when the strict regulations of society are removed. In other words, that we need commandments to keep us good."

She paused with the flicker of a smile in the tail of her blue eyes.

"Now," she continued, "I don't think so. I think I could be a lady in the Latin Quarter, and a good woman if the Jews had never recovered their tablets of stone from their conquerors; and we'll not discuss that. Feeling this way, you see (or can you see it, who know so little of me, or any woman's nature?) that there is a certain indescribable pleasure in confronting that life, with its supposed dangers. It's like the feeling

that takes you when you're skating on thin ice. When we were children, I enjoyed nothing more than to stand on a bank, at the very edge, until I felt it beginning to crumble under my feet, then jump across the water."

"Some do not jump quite in time," he suggested.

"I know it," she assented. "Ray never did, and either fell, or, trying to jump, landed in the branch. Alice would stand back where there was no danger of the bank giving way; but sometimes she was too cautious, and sprang into the middle of the water. It all depends on knowing the exact moment to jump. I always knew it, and always enjoyed the sensation which the proximity to danger gives. I know what was in the poet's mind, when he wrote:

"Let us like the bird for a moment alight
Upon branches too frail to uphold,
Who feels tremble the bough, though he
sings with delight,
Knowing well he has wings to unfold.'"

The bold spirit, secure as a hawk mounting into the blue, flashed through her voice as she recited the lines, and Allen Howe felt his pulses quickened by the first unworthy thought, perchance, that had ever crossed his mind about virtuous womanhood. He flung it from him as he would have thrown off an asp, and the red of shame crept into his brow. He rose instantly. But as he looked down on the girl, so ignorant of what her unconscious beauty and abandon could inspire, and fully as ignorant of her own nature, he said, slowly:

"Cora, let one almost old enough to be your father give you a piece of counsel: Never speak to any man as you have now spoken to me. A woman's safety lies in her weakness, real or presumed. The daring bird is the one that the marksman loves to bring down."

Her face grew scarlet under his words. She tried to make a haughty reply but the words choked her.

"Cora," he pleaded, once more, "stay at home!"

She half yielded to the tenderness of voice and face; then, seeing what that course, after his warning, would seem to imply, she said slowly, as she arose:

"Thank you, Judge Howe, for your advice! Part of it I cannot take; part of it I shall remember, to test it. Never fear but I'll unfold my wings at the right instant, and your marksman's shot will go under my feet."

The man bowed and, without a word, turned away.

IV.

Hitherto, Howe had had the political field to himself. With the nomination by his party secured, he might reasonably expect to take his seat, as the Republican element was not ordinarily strong enough to elect its representative. But into the Democratic politics of Kentucky there had been injected a spirit entirely foreign to it, absolutely and forever opposed to its tenets and creed. This old Democracy is, without doubt, the safest expression for a Republican form of government, and, while it is necessary for the preservation of its character to be sometimes set out of power, it should possess that strength within itself to make it serve as a strong check on the deleterious tendency of the opposing political creed. Change of expression is inevitable, but that change should be a steady growth toward a higher sphere, and not a falling into division, if not actual decay, as is the present aspect of the party of Andrew Jackson.

Nowhere, perhaps, has it felt such dismemberment as in Kentucky. By determinedly thrusting himself into the party and ambitiously seizing its leadership, William Goebel, that Napoleon of Kentucky statesmanship, cut Democracy in twain, in the state of his adoption. But revolutions must completely over-

throw to succeed, and re-formation is the growth of years. The conservatives would not fight under such a banner as Goebel Democracy, and they withdrew; those who could not bring themselves to join, even temporarily, with a creed so detested as Republicanism, formed a party wing which possessed all the weakness of overthrown right.

The tragic death of Goebel, with the scepter of supreme rule in his grasp, alone saved Kentucky for Democracy. Undoubtedly, this was recognized by all thinking men, however intense might be their loyalty to their leader; perhaps their leader himself, as he lingered at the portals of death, amid the scenes of his triumph and his overthrow, also recognized it, and it called forth his immortal farewell to his followers. By a natural sequence, Caesar living becomes a patriot dead. There followed a political tumult which swept all sense of right and justice from the minds of men. Reason seemed to have fled her throne. Goebel became the Washington of Democracy, and all who had opposed him were its Arnolds. Men who had fought for Democratic principles on a hundred Southern battle-fields, and whose devotion to it, in the following years of peace, was untainted, were ranked as traitors, cowards, and deserters; while the scoundrel whose party was self and whose god was greed was hailed as its supporter, if he had followed Goebel's standard. Some of the highest offices were held by men whose sole claim to recognition by their party was their Goebelism.

Of course, reaction followed. The Legislature that, right or wrong, set Goebel in office, effected a change in his election law, which was a direct blow at the purity of the ballot whose sacredness Democracy has tried to maintain. But still his memory clung to the minds of men, and was nurtured by their hatred of Republicans, whose conduct, as

shown by Taylor's method of government and in the trial of Goebel's assassins, was execrable. When this hatred had secured the demoralization of Republicanism in Kentucky, and the name of Goebel was no longer required to strengthen the party against their opponents, it was employed (and still is to some extent) to secure the victory or the defeat of aspirants for nomination by the party; and the dead man, sleeping for years in his grave overlooking the Capital, was used to elect a Squire or County Judge.

Howe's conservatism had not been strong enough to lead him to abandon the party, which fact had rendered him eligible when, for the second time, he presented himself as candidate for the office of Judge. He had known that neither he nor the party would gain by an effort to hold it to its ancient creed against the tidal wave of change. He felt that there would be a turn which would lead it back to its old channel; if not, he would go down with it to destruction. When the foreshadowed time arrived, he was among the foremost of the reactionists. Prudent, cool, calculating, and silent, he had done more than men were aware of to restore the party, in his county, to its old moorings; and, as the whole depends on its parts, the change there was experienced elsewhere and operated toward a similar good. Yet, he was wary. He did not place too much confidence in the strength, as yet, of the reaction. It was gaining, there could be no doubt, and, if not disturbed, in time the name of Goebel, mouthed by the unscrupulous, could not, as in the past, make men deaf to the appeal to reason. To foster that return to right principle was, he thought, worth any sacrifice.

The announcement of his wish to represent the district in Congress had met with a flattering reception, especially in Bourbon, where native pride was

touched. He was their own, and portrayed what was best in their land. In that national assembly they could not be shamed, with Howe for their envoy. But he was too well versed in the study of political life to confide too greatly in this outbreak of enthusiasm. He had kept clear of too close an alliance with candidates for county offices until Dick Talbot had decided to enter the race for Attorney. Talbot was one of the strong men of the county; furthermore, he was Howe's friend. The campaign managers asked Howe to support Talbot, and, as the instincts of friendship suggested the same course, he unhesitatingly complied. Talbot's opponent was a young lawyer and the son-in-law of Editor Brady.

On reaching home that Thursday evening, he found awaiting him a card from Brady, asking him to call at the office immediately. For a moment he stood looking at the words, whose half-defiant tone presaged the future antagonism. As he slowly tore it into bits, Mrs. Delgare entered the library. The drive through the crisp air had brought a tinge of color to her cheeks. She carried a bunch of autumn leaves in her hand. As she came toward him in the shaded light of the room, she was the incarnation of beautiful September.

"I need not inquire if you enjoyed your drive," he said. "Your face is all-eloquent."

"I am tempted to use the language of girlhood and call my afternoon's pleasure 'divine,'" she replied, laying the tinted foliage on the table. "I do not wonder that you people of the Blue Grass are so enthusiastic over your country. It deserves all the praise given it."

"This is your first visit?" he asked.

"I was here once, when a child. My home is in Boone County."

"'Hospitable Boone County,' as Gen-

eral Basil Duke calls it, and 'beautiful' he might have added," said Howe.

"Are you acquainted there?" she inquired.

"I have friends living near Florence," he answered.

"Perhaps you knew my father, or some of our relatives—Grayson was his name," she inquired, lifting a shaded face to him.

"I have not had that pleasure," he replied, after a moment's reflection. "But that is not strange, as my visits there have always been snatches. One of the good things I am promising myself," he added, with a smile, "is a long vacation among the hills of Boone."

As he studied her face he noticed that the light had left her eyes, the color had faded from the cheek. The transition had been effected so quickly, it struck him as strange, and he wondered if reference to her home place had been the cause. Regretting his inadvertance, he continued quickly:

"Yet it is long in coming, and the present shows no hint of its fulfillment."

She was looking at the leaves and touching them with soft fingers. His eyes fell to her hands as he spoke, and he saw they were white, slender, with ringless fingers, except the one on which shone her marriage band. His glance rested for a moment on it, bringing a pulsing pain to his heart. It was narrow and yellow. He saw it was like his mother's in width and color. He withdrew his eyes to meet hers. Their expression disconcerted him, at first. It looked haughtily questioning. After that electric pause, she said:

"I do not know but that it is better, on the whole, to be tied to the wheel of constant effort. I do not know that we are the gainers by rest. I should rather wear out by friction than by rust."

As she spoke she lifted the autumn bouquet and, saying something about the nearness of dinner, left the room, he

opening the door for her. As he returned to the fire, a red leaf on the floor caught his eyes. He stooped and lifted it with eager fingers. He imagined it to be one of those she had touched. Recalling her eyes, he felt that he had no right to retain this leaf which she had gathered. The thought came to him to lay it on the flames; instead, he opened his pocket-book and placed it beside a brown tress of his mother's hair. As he sat before the fire waiting for the serving of dinner, it was of Mrs. Delgare he thought, and not of Editor Brady. Not that he did not know the significance of his sometime friend's note, and shrink instinctively from the interview which the evening must bring. From the moment he had decided to aid Talbot he knew that the parting of the ways had come for him and Brady, as personal friends, but he did not think it would also mean their political severance; so he was unprepared for the reception he received on entering the office of the Sun.

"I wanted to see you," said Brady, without returning his greeting, "to hear from your own lips if you intend supporting Talbot?"

"It was thought—" began Howe, when Brady interrupted him.

"I don't care to hear what 'was thought,'" he said, bluntly. "I want to know, from you yourself, if you intend supporting Talbot?"

The voice was harsh as the sound of iron striking stone, but, unaroused by it, Howe answered, in his quiet tones,

"I do!"

"Very well! You need not be surprised, then, when that appears," and he handed the proof of his leader to the Judge. As Howe read the bitter words he paused, saying:

"Brady, it is not possible that you will try to bring disunion into the party?"

"I shall try to defeat you—and I shall succeed," he returned. Then he sprang to his feet, his face quivering with rage. "I hate the Republicans worse than hell," he cried, "but I'd rather see the district represented by one of them, than by you! A man with no more honor—"

"Be careful, Brady!" said Howe, quietly.

"Than he has who throws over a friend at the will of the machine, is not the man to represent the interests of the people," he finished, doggedly.

"But young Blair is no friend of mine," argued Howe.

"I was your friend, and he is my son-in-law," replied the editor.

"Suppose he had been a Republican, would you have wanted me to support him then?" asked Howe, with a slow smile.

"If he had been a Republican, he would not have been my son-in-law. A quibble, Mr. Howe, is not an answer."

"Then take my answer! Talbot is my friend, one of the few friends of my youth. Because I hold the past too sacredly to permit the eyes of the unsympathetic to gaze upon it, I may not say what his friendship was to me then, and has been since. As none knows better than yourself, all through my public life he has been my staunch supporter. You may say that Talbot, through his influence, secured me my first office. Apart from all this, even if the tie that binds us were not so strong, as a loyal Democrat I must still give him my support. Who, in this county, has been more devoted and unselfish to his party than Talbot? No one! Now, when, for the first time, a man already advancing in years and needing the office, he comes forward to ask it at the hands of the Democrats, they cannot refuse it to him. If my own son were opposing him, I must have given my vote to Talbot. Brady, do not make the mistake of

printing that editorial. Do not carry the firebrand through Democratic ranks. Your adherence to your party has ever been unquestioned. Your political faith has been held to be true. Do not disprove this in the minds of men, as this utterance of yours must do. In the name of that old devotion to our common creed, I beseech you not to work for its disruption. Its reunion is too recent. If again its forces are divided, we eventually hand over victory to the enemy; not for the present, but for the future, also. Your son-in-law is a young man. If he persists in keeping in the race, let it be without such support from you as tends to create a factional fight. This course will be wise for you and infinitely better for him. This is not the last time offices are to be bestowed in Bourbon County. He has all his life before him. He can afford to wait. If he would withdraw now, in favor of Talbot, that action would practically elect him again; while to continue in it, with the support you intend giving him, is political suicide."

Brady sat under the words as expressionless as a block of stone. Feeling their ineffectuality, Howe paused. Then the editor turned his head, with his stubby face made uglier by hate.

"If some Democrats have a long memory for Talbot's loyalty, they have a short one for his infidelity," he said. "If Talbot were the staunch Democrat you claim him to be, and is such a faithful defender of the party creed, why did he stand aloof during the Goebel campaign, and, by his affiliation with the Brownites, help to bring disgrace on Kentucky?"

"Talbot was not a Brown man," said Howe.

"Was he for Goebel?" asked Brady.

"He was always loyal to the nominee," answered the Judge, and the editor broke into a harsh laugh.

"And his party nominated Brown," he asserted.

"You are mistaken, sir! His party nominated William Goebel," retorted Howe.

"I deny that, sir!" cried Brady.

"Then, prove the truth of your denial! Prove that Dick Talbot ever refused to support the man whom his party declared its standard-bearer, and you will do what no man living has done, or can truly do."

"I have here," and Brady laid his hand on one of the drawers of his desk, "proofs that he had not only voted against Goebel, but openly espoused the cause of Brown. At the proper time I shall bring forth my proofs."

"Then, sir, permit me to tell you that your proofs are lies!"

Howe's face had grown a shade paler, but, except for that, there was no other indication that the interview was drawing dangerously near the line where patience ceases to be a virtue. But Brady feared neither man nor devil.

That much, at least, might be said of him: he was no coward.

"The people will decide that case," Judge Howe, he said mockingly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Howe, with a drawing in of the breath, "if his case is given an unbiased trial before the people, I have no fear what the verdict will be. Talbot has nothing to dread from the people of Bourbon County, as you know it."

"It will be left to the people," replied Brady, with a sinister inflection of voice. "And not only Talbot's case will be laid before them, but the cases of others, also."

He rose as he spoke. Howe made no other appeal to him not to attend to the matter, lest it should disturb the growing harmony of the party. His answer was an oath of declaration that he would defeat Talbot and Howe with him, though it should lead to the overthrow of Democracy in Bourbon. So, enemies for life parted.

(To be continued.)

Francis of Assisi

Theodosia Garrison

Now, when the passion fell on me, I cried
 Wild words and bitter, that I might not prove
 To my own soul the vastness of this love
 That swept me to God's feet as some great tide;
 I yearned the torments of the crucified
 As men yearn Heaven and the joys thereof,
 That I might share the pangs wherewith He strove,
 And bear anew His wound in mine own side.
 And lo! the darkness fell, and for a space
 I felt the torn flesh throb against the rood,
 And a great anguish thrill to ecstasy.
 Oh, blessed chastisement, divine disgrace!
 Alive or dead, I bear the very blood
 Of Christ upon the hands and feet of me.

St. Columba, Apostle of Scotland

By A. C. STORER

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace."—Isaias, 52, 7.

IN the foremost ranks of her great missionary saints Mother Church places St. Columba, "the Apostle of Scotland," whose zeal in founding churches and monasteries in Ireland, the land of his birth, and in Scotland, the country of his adoption, has won for him the endearing name, "Columbkille, the Dove of the Churches."

Born December 7th, A. D. 521, at Gartan, amid the picturesque wilds of Donegal, Columba's great future is said to have been foretold in a vision to his mother, the Princess Eithne of the royal house of Leinster, an angel declaring to her: "Thou art about to give birth to a son who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country." Belonging, as he did, to a race which had reigned in Ireland for over six centuries, Columba might himself have succeeded to the throne had he not given at an early age unmistakable signs of having

been called, not to the company of the princes of this earth, but to the ranks of that royal and eternal priesthood whose mission it is "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the contrite of heart" (St. Luke, iv, 18). His biographer, Adamnan, the ninth abbot of Iona, tells us his early childhood was passed in the care of a learned and holy priest, from

whose tutelage he passed to the great monasteries of Moville and Clonard, at both famous schools pursuing his theological studies with ardor, and finally receiving the crowning grace of ordination at Clonard. The young monk's force of character, eloquence, rare administrative ability, and influential connection with many of the provincial kings, combined to raise him with surprising rapidity to positions of importance.

He is accredited with the foundation of over thirty

monasteries in Ireland during this period, the largest and most famous being that of Derry, in his native province of Donegal. While ever deeply attached to all his monastic creations, Columba regarded beautiful Derry with special tenderness, as is shown by the following

ST. COLUMBA.

By permission of the artist, E. A. McHardy-Smith.

translation of an old Gaelic song ascribed to him:

"Were all the tributes of Scotia mine,
From its midlands to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace and for its purity,
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one end to the other,
I love my beautiful Derry.
For its quietness and its purity,
For heaven's angels that come and go
Under every leaf of the oaks,
I love my beautiful Derry.

* * * * *

Beloved are Sords and Kells,
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea gulls cry;
When I come to Derry from afar,
It is sweeter and dearer to me—
Sweeter to me."*

Columba's deep affection for the homes of his spiritual sons is still more ardently expressed in another writing attributed to the poet monk:

"O Arran, my sun, my heart is in the west with thee. To sleep on thy pure soil is as good as to be buried in the land of St. Peter and St. Paul. To live within the sound of thy bells is to live in joy. O Arran, my sun, my love is in the west with thee."

Besides possessing this strong poetical taste and keen appreciation for all natural as well as spiritual worth and loveliness, he shared to an even unusual degree the national characteristic of intense restlessness and vehement inclination to travel and change of scene and action. Combined with these traits, the indirect cause of Columba's migration to Caledonia appears to have been his assiduity in multiplying copies of Holy Scripture, the natural result of his great devotion to the study of God's Written Word. Thus we are told that this zealous scholar, while visiting Clonard, without permission copied a Psalter particularly prized by its owner, the Abbot Finnian. On discovering this perpetration, Finnian very naturally waxed exceedingly indignant and demanded that the copy

as well as the original volume should at once returned to him. Columba's pemptory refusal to comply with the abbot's wish led to the matter being referred to King Diarmid, or Dermot, supreme monarch of all Ireland. The king, although a kinsman of the offender, decided against him, saying that "every cow belongs its calf" and to ev book its copy, and that consequently copy of the Psalter as well as the original volume must be returned to Finnian. Columba protested, declared the verdict was unjust, and, monk though he was, for the moment desired revenge.

Most immediately an event occurred which still further increased his sense of wrong. A young provincial prince, whom the abbot was deeply attached to, was slain by Diarmid's orders while seeking refuge with him, and his indignation at this violation of the laws of sanctuary, as he considered the deed was unbounded. He at once instigated his relatives, the kings of the West and North, to marshal their forces against Diarmid, who, with his followers, was defeated in the battle of Cool-Dre and obliged to retreat to Tara. Although victorious, Columba had soon to suffer both from remorse of soul and from the condemnation of his ecclesiastical brethren. The latter solemnly accused him of having caused the shedding of Christian blood, and charged him to win to Our Lord by his preaching many pagan souls as the number of Christians who had fallen at Caledonia.

We have seen thus far how Columba, passionate and imperious as he was by nature, was led by anger, but now at this crucial point in his career, we find him responding wholly, and without a backward glance, to the leading of Divine Grace. Profoundly moved by his remorse, he bowed to the sentence pronounced and sought further direction from his confessor. The friend of

* Montalembert. "The Monks of the West." Vol. IV.

soul not only bade him anew to devote the remainder of his days to missionary labors, but also to spend them in exile from his beloved Ireland. The severe judgment pierced its hearer to the heart, but like a true penitent Columba prepared to obey at once his friend's bidding. Nor was he destined to go alone into exile. Twelve young disciples, after fervent pleading, obtained permission to accompany their reverend abbot, the youngest, Mochonna, son of the King of Ulster, replying to those who would dissuade him from leaving his country, "My country is where I can gather the largest harvest for Christ." These voluntary exiles chose as their field of labor unconquerable Caledonia, that dread land peopled by the imagination of the times with all manner of demons and evil spirits. Columba and his companions straightway embarked in a frail coracle or bark of osier covered with hide, and after a tempestuous voyage landed on the desolate little island to which they gave the name of I-Colm-Kill, or, as we know it to-day, the Isle of Iona.*

This missionary undertaking, so fraught with mighty consequences to western Christendom, occurred in the year 563. Columba and his monks immediately commenced preparations for the peaceful mission to which from henceforth every energy was to be consecrated. Choosing for the site of their monastery the most sheltered spot the lonely isle afforded, they raised rude huts of branches and wattles, and a church, making its walls of wickerwork and mud, intertwined with growing ivy, and thatching its roof with heather and rushes. Columba's successors replaced these primitive monastery buildings again and again by others hardly more pretentious, and it must be noted that the ruins seen at Iona to-day are of erec-

tions which, though very ancient and occupying the site of the original foundations, are in reality of a much later date.

Even while engaged in all this laborious manual labor, tilling the ground and preparing habitations for the community, Columba ceased not to mourn his beloved Ireland. "Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn!" he exclaims, and this intense home-longing is poured forth in a message to his native land:

"What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and to watch the waves beat upon the Irish shore! What joy to row the little bark and land among the whitening foam upon the Irish shore! * * * There is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin, nor her sons nor her daughters. From the high prow I look over the sea, and great tears are in my grey eyes when I turn to Erin—to Erin where the songs are so sweet, and where the clerks sing like the birds. * * * My heart is broken in my breast: if death comes to me suddenly it will be because of the great love I bear to the Gael."

It is said that our saint through all his long exile could never trust himself to speak Ireland's name, and when bidding farewell to guests who were to return thither, could only say, "You will return to the country you love."

After having provided his monks with such material shelter as was needful, Columba devoted every thought to animating the new community with an exalted spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal for souls, and to establishing a comprehensive system of active service which combined the most fruitful forms of intellectual and manual labor. The great abbot then commenced making friendly overtures to the inhabitants of the neighboring regions, confirming many in the faith, converting still greater numbers, and so, little by little, ever carrying the

* I is the Celtic for "an island," and "shona" (pronounced "ona") means "blessed," which united, gives Iona, the "Blessed Isle."

light of the Gospel farther and farther north. The Venerable Bede says: "There came into Britain from Ireland a famous priest and abbot, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the Word of God: a perfect

These fierce peoples, unsubdued by swords of the Roman generals, were won by Columba and his disciples to embrace the standard of the Prince of Peace. Everywhere the indefatigable missionaries preached and baptized, plan-

TOMBS OF THE KINGS, ST. ORAN'S CHAPEL, AND IONA CATHEDRAL.

sage, believing in Christ, learned, chaste, and charitable: he was noble, he was gentle, he was the physician of the heart of every sage, a shelter to the naked, a consolation to the poor: there went not from the world one who was more constant in the remembrance of the cross."

Thus during a missionary career of over thirty-four years Columba not only bore the Gospel's glad tidings to the people of the neighboring islands, but undertook countless perilous sea-voyages to the war-like tribes of Caledonia's uttermost north; to those formidable tribes who, according to Tacitus, inhabited the extremities of the earth and were the last and victorious champions of freedom against the Roman invaders.

churches and schools, and taught civilizing industries of agriculture and navigation. An ancient song expresses the affection inspired by these daring navigators, who counted no danger the treacherous sea too great to counter when there was hope of saving souls to their divine Master:

"Honor to the soldiers who live at Iona
There are three times fifty under the monastic rule,
Seventy of whom are appointed to row
And cross the sea in their leathern boats."

Besides making these missionary voyages to Caledonia's Ultima Thule Columba, in his later years, visited monastic foundations in Ireland, and on these occasions as arbiter in various national difficulties, notably in the

ing when the existence of the great bardic order as a corporate body was threatened. While thus engaged, Columba always returned in the intervals to the loved monastery at I-corm-kill and resided there altogether during his last years. Very soon after their erection, the original community buildings proved too small to enclose all who came thither, attracted by their founder's holiness and the desire to follow in his footsteps. Modern research attributes to the mother-foundation at Iona the existence in Scotland of many churches, each with its monastery attached. Traces of many of these churches may still be found in the mainland of modern Scotland and in the Western Isles, and, according to Montalembert, the most enlightened

ministry passed swiftly by, many besides intending neophytes journeyed to I-corm-kill to seek counsel and spiritual enlightenment of the holy man, whose fame now extended to distant lands. Hither came kings and fishermen, prelates and monks, men and women of high and low degree, but whatever their station, none left Columba's presence without receiving something of that supernatural life which in him, as in all God's saints, ever burned luminously—a light unto the souls of men. Truly, as the Psalmist declares, "it is good to sing praises unto our God," "who maketh His ministers a flaming fire."

Always eager in his all-embracing charity to succor the sin-laden, broken-

ANOTHER VIEW OF IONA CATHEDRAL AND ST. ORAN'S.

judges among Scotch Protestants agree in attributing to the teachings of Columba, to his foundations, and to his disciples, all the primitive churches and the very ancient parochial division of Scotland. As the years of Columba's

hearted, oppressed or distressed pilgrims who visited I-corm-kill, Columba ever loved most devotedly his spiritual sons, those who were nearest to him, and towards the end appears to have even redoubled his unceasing thought of

them. In Adamnan's biography, every word from the abbot to his companions begins, "Dear children," or, "My children." He is always addressed with the same affectionate simplicity, and examples abound showing his tender solic-

time on the scene which had grown so dear, he raised the wan hands so often extended in blessing, and said to the weeping brethren: "Dear children, unto this place, albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by

MACLEAN'S CROSS, IONA:

itude and consideration for the brethren in the daily relations of the community life. However, though thus evincing extreme gentleness and sympathy towards all worthy such a bearing, it must not be forgotten that to the very end Columba remained dauntless and energetic of action whenever there was an injustice to be set right or an outrage to be punished with severity and promptitude.

The account of our saint's final fading heavenward is deeply touching. It appears that Columba, having received a revelation that his course was nearly run, asked to be led up the "little hill," "the abbot's knoll," from whence all Iona can be seen, with the blue waters beyond, so often anxiously scanned for the first glimpse of his returning missionaries. Here, gazing for the last

the kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by the holy men of other churches."

After this prophetic benediction he spoke but once, counselling his community to ever observe in all things charity mutual and sincere, love of God and of their neighbor. Then, hastening to the church, the aged abbot bent in supplication before the altar, while his brethren gathered about "weeping as one man at sight of their dying father. Columba opened his eyes once more, and turned them on his children on either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy. Then he raised, as best he might, his right hand to bless them all; his hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips; and his face remained

calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven."*

So lived and died Columba, powerful of intellect, holy of soul, fired with burning zeal through all the strenuous and varied labors of his long, prayerful life. He was not merely a great apostle and monastic founder, but, above and beyond all these, a friend and benefactor to all men. An intensely positive character, whose growth and development it is rarely helpful to study, because we see

* Montalembert. loc. cit.

therein revealed one who, like the very least of us in many ways by nature, imperious, intensely selfish, proud, little disposed to prayer and heavenly things, yet pressed steadily on in the narrow way, and at last by loving and generous obedience to the Divine Guidance so completely gained the mastery over these weaknesses and evil passions that he could say with his great prototype, St. Paul, "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me," to Whom be the praise and the glory.

The Old Apple-tree

By Katherine L. Daniher

Adown the bright path to the dear long ago,
 Though my footsteps no longer may stray,
 My heart wanders back through its mazes to-night,
 And the mists of the years roll away.
 Once more through the sweet-scented clover I roam,
 Where sounds the low hum of the bee;
 And I hear the gay voices of dear ones who played
 In the swing 'neath the old apple-tree.

The bloom-laden branches bent lovingly low
 To shelter our leafy retreat,
 And softly the petals came fluttering down
 In pretty pink showers at our feet.
 The robins would build in its wide-spreading boughs
 A home for their birdlings, so wee—
 What sorrow was ours when they taught them to fly
 From their nest in the old apple-tree!

Oft father would boast of its wonderful growth
 From the sapling he planted. For him
 Each bough held a memory that breathed of the past,
 Ere the light of his youth had grown dim.
 In fancy I see him at eventide seek
 The rude bench 'neath the tree he loved best—
 Oh, the wind seemed to sob through its branches the day
 When they bore him away to his rest.

In dreams I behold the low, weather-stained cot
 With its vine-covered porch at the back;
 'Twas rich in its store of contentment and peace
 That the mansions of wealth often lack.
 Dream faces I knew in life's May-time so sweet,
 Seem smiling a welcome to me,
 Far away from the cares of the world and its strife
 In the shade of the old apple-tree.

An Extraordinary Bird

The Parasitic Cuckoo

By O. H. LATTER



THE name "cuckoo" is derived from the note of the male of the common European cuckoo, which, although monotonous, is usually heard with pleasure, being associated with all that is delightful in returning spring. The common cuckoo is very widely distributed, as it is found all over Europe, in India and in Africa. The American cuckoos are a different species, whose habits are like those of other birds, and are in no way peculiar.

The cuckoo appears in Great Britain in April or May, and all the older members of the cuckoo family are believed to migrate southward before the middle of August. The adult cuckoo of Great Britain is about a foot in length, ashy-gray in color, with black wings, the tail being black slightly marked with white. There is no pairing, no continued attachment of male and female with these strange birds, and the female after having laid an egg on the ground takes it in her mouth and deposits it by means of her beak in the nest of some small bird, leaving the egg to be hatched and the young to be fed by the owners of the nest. The egg is very small for so large a bird, no larger than a sky-lark's. The number of eggs laid in one season by each female has not been accurately ascertained. The young cuckoo, soon after being hatched, acquires size and strength enough to eject from the nest any eggs or young birds—the true offspring of the foster-parents—which may remain in it, and the queer creature seems restless and uncomfortable till this is accomplished. It works itself under them, and then jerks them out by a motion of its body.

The cuckoo's note, even at its best and

clearest, gains much by being heard from a distance; at close quarters it seems to have a decided coarseness and an aggressive bullying tone. To Englishmen generally, it is said to have an air of abandon and irresponsibility. To a host of little birds it is the pretentious knell of murdered children and disappointed hopes. Is it possible that the birds are aware of the wreck of their future which so surely follows the visit of the cuckoo? What is the meaning of the angry crowd that may sometimes be seen mobbing a cuckoo? Is he (or she) mistaken for a hawk, and if so, with what consequence? In the silent world of Nature one feels that every color, attitude and shape of each creature is at some time of vital importance. Why does the cuckoo look like a hawk? one asks. The usual explanation, ingenious, no doubt, but unsupported by reliable evidence, is that the male and Mrs. Cuckoo work together in a parasitic fashion, the former posing upon other birds, and while the former plays the hawk in order to attract a diversion, the latter avails herself of the opportunity of getting her egg into a previously selected nest.

The cuckoo habit is not unknown among other forms of life. There are bees which place their eggs in the nests excavated by their more industrious relatives, and it is a remarkable fact that the majority of these cuckoo-bees are either in shape or coloring, and often both, of a formidable appearance. Some are colored like wasps, others are conspicuously marked with black and yellow, and many possess so finely tapered tails that everybody would credit them with exceptional stinging power. It can hardly be a mere coincidence

cuckoo-birds and cuckoo-bees should both alike assume a more or less terrifying aspect. The facts point to the conclusion that in both cases the appearance has been brought into existence by Nature for the purpose of inspiring fear and respect among the enemies of the comparatively defenceless cuckoos, rather than of intimidating their victims. The cuckoo's plumage resembles that of the dangerous sparrow-hawk more than that of the milder kestrel.

Although a good deal is known of the ordinary habits of the cuckoo, there are nevertheless some important points upon which little has been ascertained. Most Englishmen believe that the mother-cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, and assigns the honors of incubation and rearing of offspring to the foster-parents. The truth is, as has already been mentioned, that she never lays her egg in any nest, but deposits it on the ground, an act which has often been observed. Instead of flying around with the egg in her mouth searching for a nest in which to put it, this strange mother evidently locates a satisfactory nest first, then lays the egg on the turf, and finally transfers it by means of her mouth to its resting-place.

Several well-authenticated instances are known of a cuckoo placing her egg in a newly-finished nest which at the time did not contain any eggs of the lawful owner, and there is abundant evidence to prove that the cuckoo occasionally removes an egg to make room for its own. A celebrated German authority (Dr. Rey) has repeatedly found that after the insertion of the stranger's egg the number of those of the foster parents is reduced by one or two. If the legitimate owners of the nest are at home when the cuckoo pays her call they strenuously resist the intruder, and sometimes with success, for the strange egg has occasionally been found abandoned or broken on the ground near the

nest. Moreover, the discovery of numerous breast-feathers of the cuckoo, scattered around the desecrated home, is eloquent testimony to a valiant but probably vain defence.

In England there is a popular belief that the cuckoo's egg resembles in appearance the foster parent's, so as to escape detection. In many cases, it is true, there is a very decided likeness, both in color and in markings that is simply marvellous, and seems almost to demand deliberate choice by an artistically trained intelligence, or a power of producing any given color to order on seeing what was required. Both these suggestions are, of course, utterly absurd, and unworthy of serious consideration. It is, however, beyond contradiction that color-matching occurs sufficiently frequently to render mere coincidence an impossible explanation. It has been suggested that abnormal eggs are often wrongly attributed to cuckoos, but the texture and greater thickness of the shell will, as a rule, enable anybody to identify the cuckoo's egg in case of doubt; and if the egg, when taken, be at all far advanced in incubation, the young bird may be extracted without serious injury to the egg-shell, and then the curious conformation of the cuckoo's foot, two toes in front and two behind, will at once settle the matter, as woodpeckers are the only other birds that possess feet identical with these. "Abnormal" eggs are not found with any frequency in the nests of birds other than those which are unquestionably patronised by the cuckoo, and as there is no reason why cuckoo favor should induce "abnormality," it is almost certain that the great majority of reputed cuckoos' eggs are such in fact. The range of color and of marking is quite extraordinary; some eggs are white with small black spots, others dull gray mottled with brown or red spots. Others, again, are perfectly blue, or blue with a few freckles.

This being so, it is evident that great possibilities are open to Mrs. Cuckoo in making a match. At the same time, it is not reasonable to credit her with conscious and deliberate action. Cuckoos' eggs have been found in the nests of about a hundred different species of birds, even in that of the little wren, and one wonders how a pair of tiny wrens can supply the voracious appetite of their big foster-child. The most commonly selected nests (in England) are those of the hedge-sparrow, robin, wag-tail, reed-warbler, and tree-pipit. Color-matching is achieved with great frequency among the pipits, and it is noteworthy that the eggs of the pipits themselves are remarkably variable in coloring, so that more or less successful matching may possibly be merely an accident. On the continent of Europe, the butcher-bird, whose eggs are also very variable, is often honored with the cuckoo's attentions, and again the color-matching is, as a rule, excellent. Hedge-sparrows' eggs are hardly ever imitated, and the cuckoo's egg is glaringly conspicuous among the pale-blue shells. Is it reasonable to suppose that birds whose eggs are, as a rule, accurately copied by the cuckoo are extremely particular and resent the addition of a strange egg to their own, while others are indifferent or perhaps stupid? We are in ignorance as to whether some birds turn out of their nests an egg differing in appearance from their own, while others do not. Moreover, nobody has yet ascertained whether the presence of the cuckoo's egg is the cause of nests being forsaken soon after completion and before any eggs have been laid. The sharp eyes of a hungry hawk would be very liable to detect a nest containing a few pale-blue eggs, as well as one with a very decided blue tint, and consequently the presence of the cuckoo's egg may sometimes be the direct cause of an attack upon a pair of small parent-birds. It is probable that

some birds are more tolerant than others. Mischievous persons have often interchanged eggs of different species in numbers of nests, working endless confusion in the avian nurseries, to the complete satisfaction, however, of the nurses. Domesticated "broody" chickens will, of course, "sit" upon anything resembling an egg. On the other hand, an English blackbird, to whom a thrush's egg had been given, deserted her nest at once, but the more tolerant thrush, with whom a fair exchange had been made, "sat" on, quite unconcerned, and hatched the blackbird with her own young. Again, a cuckoo's egg was one morning found in the unfinished nest of a linnet, which had been under observation while building. The suspicious linnet suspended operations for fully three days, and was thought to have forsaken her nest. The cuckoo's egg was then removed. Next day the linnet returned, finished her nest, and in due course laid her eggs.

The above-mentioned facts bring me to what I consider the important part of this article—the belief that there is at work some selective principle tending to bring the cuckoos' eggs in course of time into color correspondence with those of their dupes, at any rate in some species. It is significant that cuckoos' eggs found in the nests of wrens never simulate the appearance of the wren's egg; in the deep-domed nest, with its small, round entrance, all is dark, and the color of the egg of no importance, for the wren in all probability never sees even her own eggs, and as long as the cuckoo's egg is not exceptionally large, the wren remains ignorant of the intrusion. Instinct is at times literally blind, even the maternal instinct that one fondly hopes will do all that is best for the child. It is not improbable that the love of birds for their eggs is often blind. There comes a time in the breeding season when the instinct to "sit" is overpowering, and some

birds will sit upon anything, either their own egg, one made of earthenware, or that of a cuckoo. It is conceivable that an ill-matching egg might at the beginning of the egg-laying period of a fastidious foster-parent cause desertion or be rejected, while later on, when the "sitting" instinct is strong, an equally conspicuous egg might be tolerated. Successful simulations would then hatch out early, and have a better chance of dealing destruction to the unhatched eggs of the fosterers, or their weak, newly-hatched young; whereas, if the cuckoo's egg were hatched last of the batch, the young cuckoo might have too heavy a task, and fail to get his necessary monopoly of supplies.

The size, especially the width, of the cuckoo's egg is an important consideration in its fate. A very wide egg would project above the rest of the eggs, and might cause discomfort to the sitting bird. It is remarkable that while the eggs of such birds as have been examined vary far less in breadth than in length, the egg of the cuckoo is more variable in breadth than that of any other species, probably in accordance with the diverse sizes of the eggs of the various foster-parents. Perhaps the most striking feature is the extraordinary smallness of the cuckoo's egg. Although the bird itself is more than double the length of a house-sparrow, its egg is hardly larger than that of the one bird that so richly deserves extermination.

It has been suggested that there are races of cuckoos, one race having been evolved as the successful patron of one species of foster-parent, another of a different species. If this hypothesis is correct, we might expect that there would be some sign of kinship among the cuckoos' eggs found in wagtails' nests, and among those found in hedge-sparrows', and so on. Using size as a test of blood-relation, it has been ascertained that differences do exist making

wren-cuckoos and hedge-sparrow-cuckoos into distinct sets, and in the case of the former the difference is notably such as to cause the egg, which is remarkably small even for a cuckoo's, to approximate more closely to the size of the wren's egg. Hence it is highly probable that there are certain races of cuckoos whose members being closely related lay eggs of somewhat similar dimensions, and confine their attentions each to its own particular variety of foster-parent. Individual birds, recognizable by some peculiarity of voice or plumage, are known to return with unerring accuracy to the same spot year after year, and it is not improbable that such of the young as survive the perils of migration will resort to the place where they were reared, and will inherit their mother's partiality for the nests of some one species of fosterer, and also more or less of her type and coloration of egg. The males, too, young and old, would be likely to return to their old haunts, and thus family groups of cuckoos would tend to segregate themselves.

But an ounce of fact is worth several pounds of theory. In the neighborhood of Leipzig (Germany) no less than seventy nests containing cuckoos' eggs were found in one season, and fifty-eight of these were red-backed shrikes'. (This is one of the "butcher-birds," notable for impaling insects and small birds upon thorns.) In any given locality, then, the majority of cuckoos may prefer some one particular species for foster-parent, and so the chances may be in favor of male and female individuals of like rearing and pedigree mating together. The isolation of race from race is not perfect, as is evident from the faulty matching of many eggs. This may perhaps be accounted for by occasional matings between birds of unlike foster-parentage, and the inheritance by their offspring of a mixture of preferences which cancel

one another, and result in impartiality; or at times by stress of circumstances in cases where the mother-cuckoo has difficulty in finding the nest of the species she prefers. Dr. Rey's observations show that out of more than four hundred cuckoos' eggs examined by him, about thirty per cent closely imitated the eggs of the fosterers; twenty-seven per cent resembled those of species freely patronized by cuckoos, but did not resemble those of the actual bird to whom they were entrusted; thirty-five per cent were of a "mixed" type, that is to say, more or less combined the color and markings of eggs of two foster species. Seven and a half per cent bore no relation in color to the eggs of any other birds. According to the above-named naturalist, and there is little doubt that he is correct, each cuckoo prefers, and year after year adheres to, the nests of some one particular species of foster-parent, and will do all she can to find such nests for each of her eggs. At length, however, the physiological moment arrives when the egg must be laid, and if the favorite nest has not been found in advance, the nearest approach to it is utilized.

The period of egg-laying is unusually prolonged in the cuckoo, extending over several weeks, and it seems that as a rule one egg is laid on each alternate day, the number produced in the course of a season being still in doubt, perhaps twenty being the maximum.

There is reason to hope that parental affection has not altogether died out in the cuckoo family, although a great part of it unquestionably has. A few instances are on record of the hen bird remaining in the locality of a nest in which she had placed an egg, and appearing to take some interest in its fate. In addition, a small number of nests containing cuckoos' eggs have sometimes cuckoos' feathers woven into the outsides and bottom of them. It has

been suggested that the cuckoo helps to build the nest with its own feathers, but this is by no means certain. The majority of the cuckoos' eggs hatch in the month of June, and then is enacted the final scene of horror. The young cuckoo, as hideous as anything in the form of a bird can be, just emerged from the shell, with eyes as yet unopened, sets himself in most deliberate and uncanny fashion to oust the rightful occupants of the nest. The history of all parasites forms a perplexing chapter in the economy of the universe, but this surpasses almost everything that is known in its base ingratitude and heartless cruelty. Provided with a special depression in the back, this extraordinary bird works with head and wings to get his foster-brothers and sisters into the spot which seems to have been constructed by Nature for the cuckoo's purposes. The legs, stalwart out of all proportion in so young an animal, are straddled out, the claws grip with firm determination the soft lining of the sides of the nest, the beak is thrust against the floor, the wings are outstretched to prevent the victim rolling sideways back into the nest. The little alien then heaves with all its puny might, and, one by one, the helpless fledglings or the unhatched eggs are hoisted over the edge of their home to die of cold and starvation. To the onlooker the whole proceeding is positively repulsive, so deliberately does the blind little cuckoo set about its cruel task, so admirably adapted is it for the performance of its purpose. Two cuckoos are occasionally hatched in the same nest, and in the tug-of-war that then ensues one of the two necessarily meets his superior.

In conclusion let me give the cuckoo its due. It is to a certain extent a useful bird because it eats with relish large caterpillars bristling with hairs that baffle the more tender palates of other insectivorous birds.

Tallaght

One Time the Home of Father Tom Burke, O. P.

An Historical Sketch, by ROSALEEN O'NEILL

THERE are few spots, if any, in Ireland so full of hallowed memories, so chequered in their history as the quaint old village of Tallaght, which lies about seven miles south of the General Post Office, Dublin, on the line of the steam-tram that runs to Blessington and Poulaphuca. Of the thousands of pleasure-seekers and others who pass through it from end to end of the year, how few there are who have ever heard of its ancient glory. The most that many know of it is that there was an encounter there on the memorable night of Shrove Tuesday, 1867, between the Fenians and the police; and yet it may be said with truth that Tallaght has a history second to no place in the land. It is not my intention to give anything like a full account of this historic spot. That work has been already done by competent writers. I intend only to sketch such of the principal events in the history of the place as may

interest those who love to think of the glories of the past, blended though they were with sorrows, and to see in the present promises of a bright and unclouded future. The first mention made in history of Taimhleacht, or Tallaght, is in the account given in the "Annals of the Four Masters" of the plague that destroyed the Colony of Parthalon. It is as follows: "Nine thousand of Parthalon's people died in one week on Sean-Mhagh-Ealta-Edair, viz, 5,000 men and 4,000 women; whence is named Taimh-

leacht-Mhuin-tire-Parthalon, now called Tallaght, near Dublin."

The word "Tamh" means an epidemic, or plague; and "Taimhleacht," the "plague monument."

The date of the plague was the year of the world 2820. The great number of tombs—or, as they are called, "Kistvaens," made with four rude stones and sometimes containing cinerary urns—that have been found in the neighborhood, give some confirmation to this tradition.

INTERIOR OF THE DOMINICAN CHURCH AT
TALLAGHT, WHERE REPOSES
THE BODY OF FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

From that period till about the middle of the eighth century, nothing is known about the place. At that time, as we read, there was a monastery in Tallaght, which was rebuilt or enlarged by St. Maelruain, or Maelruan, who was called the "Bright Sun of Ireland," and through whose influence peace and piety reigned throughout the land. He welcomed to his monastery another holy man, St. Aengus, the Culdee, who fled from his cell in County Limerick that he might serve God in the obscurity denied him at home. He managed to conceal his rank and identity for some time, and lived the life of a humble servant till St. Maelruain discovered who he was.

He wrote a metrical poem in Irish, known as the "Festilogium of St. Aengus." He was also author of a history of the Old Testament, in elegant metre; and, in conjunction with St. Maelruain, he composed what is known as the Martyrology of Tallaght, a very ancient manuscript copy of which is preserved in the Burgundian library of Brussels. It has been translated by the late Eugene O'Curry. St. Aengus died somewhere in the County Limerick, whither he returned when he found his end approaching, on Friday, the 11th of March, 824. St. Maelruain had predeceased him on the 7th of July, 792. A "pattern," to which people flocked from all parts, even from the city, was held on that day in the village uninterruptedly for about 1,082 years. In 1873 or 1874, it was discontinued through the influence of a Dominican Friar on account of the excesses that usually accompanied it. One is inclined to regret the giving up entirely of such an ancient custom. What a pity that it was not found possible to retain it, purified from its usual abuses!

Amongst the holy men of whom mention is made about the time of St. Maelruain is St. Joseph, Bishop of Tallaght, who died in 795. Not many years

after his death the descendants of Niall, King of Ireland, in the year 806 (as we read in Handcock's "History and Antiquities of Tallaght," to which interesting work I am very much indebted for the materials of this sketch), "having violated the termon, or churchlands, of Tallaght, the monks took the bold step of seizing and retaining the chariot-horses of Aedh, the son of Niall, on the eve of the games which were annually celebrated at Tailteun (now Teltown), in the County of Meath. His chariots, therefore, could not run. Aedh-Oirdnidhe for his violation afterwards made a full atonement." Five years after, in 811, the monastery was raided by the Danes.

For a little more than two centuries after that date the Sea-Kings of the North held sway on our eastern seaboard, and Tallaght, which was ruled by a succession of Abbots, suffered like many another seat of piety and learning. May we not picture to our minds generation after generation of holy monks, who during that time prayed for the breaking of the dawn of liberty, and the joy that filled the hearts of the men who were there on Good Friday of 1014, when word was brought them that Brian had routed the Northmen at Clontarf? Perchance they knew of the progress of the fight, and, like Moses, had lifted up their hands and hearts in supplication to the God of battles for the success of the Christian arms.

When peace once more reigned in the land Tallaght, like other religious houses, benefited by the blessed change. More than a century later, in 1179, soon after the English Invasion, Pope Alexander III granted Tallaght, amongst other places, to the See of Dublin. This grant was ratified by Innocent III in 1216. It must have been some time in the thirteenth century that the Canons Regular of St. Augustine took up their residence in the place, and that a very large castle, one of the towers of which it still

standing, was built on the site of the monastic edifice. We read that Alexander de Bicknor rebuilt it in 1324; and that from 1340 to 1821 it was the country residence first of the Catholic, and then of the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin.

George Browne, an Englishman who ruled in the diocese in 1535, became a Protestant, and thenceforth the place was the property of the prelates of that Church till it ceased to be their residence (1821), when at the instance of Dr.

one that was attached to the document excommunicating the Archbishop? Who can tell? Those who are competent to form an opinion on the matter think it is. In 1573, when Adam Loftus was Archbishop, the "Irishry," who, as he said—writing to the Lord Deputy—"were never more insolent," invaded Tallaght, and killed his nephew and his servants at the very gates of the palace.

A great part of the old castle was pulled down in 1729 by Archbishop John Hoadly, and a mansion built with the

THE CONVENT CHURCH OF THE DOMINICANS, TALLAGHT.

Beresford an act of parliament was passed "divesting the Archbishop of Dublin of Tallaght, as a palace, and placing the mensal lands attached to it in the same circumstances as other See lands." Browne was expelled from the place on the accession of Queen Mary. Is the Papal Bulla, or leaden seal, which was found in 1835 in a field near the old tower, and which is now in the possession of the Dominicans of Tallaght, the

materials. I do not think there is anything special to be recorded of the place from that time down to the year 1803, when we read that Robert Emmett slept one night in the neighborhood. According to tradition, he came accompanied by a French officer in order to induce the people to join the rebellion. Both were in green uniforms, with yellow facings and large cocked hats. A man who recognized Emmett gave in-

formation next morning to the constable at Tallaght.

Another fact in connection with the place, and of interest to Nationalists, is that the Protestant curate in 1821—who was the last to live in the old palace—was tutor to Isaac Butt, the Father of Home Rule. A Major Palmer, inspector of prisons, bought the place from Archbishop Magee in 1822, and demolished the palace lest it should ever become a monastic institution. With part of the materials he built a mansion, which may still be seen at the rear of the new convent. Later on, he disposed of his interest to Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leutaigne, who lived there for some years, and who had the lower story of the old tower, of which mention has been already made, converted into a chapel in which Mass was sometimes celebrated, and to which he very kindly admitted the people of the neighborhood. It was about that time, or a little earlier, in 1829, that the present Protestant church, which stands about eight yards from the site of a former one, was built, partially with the materials of the old church. May we not suppose that the spirits of Aengus and Maelruain and Joseph, and the hosts of other holy men who had dwelt in this once hallowed spot, were yearning for a renewal of the days of old, longing to see the place once more peopled by religious, and to hear the voice of psalmody ascending thence to heaven? And their wishes were at last fulfilled, their hopes realized.

In the August of 1855, close on fifty years ago, there came to the place the white-robed sons of St. Dominic to found a novitiate, and, later on, a house of studies, for the students of their Order. Among them was one but lately ordained, who, years after, was to charm the English-speaking world by his eloquence—the illustrious Father Thomas Burke. They found but few landmarks of the past, few relics of the times that

are gone. Of the old buildings there stood, as there still stands, a tower from which a view of Snowdon may be had on a clear day. It is incorporated in the new convent, part of which was opened on the 13th of September, 1867, and part of which was built only a few years ago. Up and down its stone steps, formerly trodden by the households of successive Archbishops, Catholic and Protestant, do the religious now go many times a day to the church, to chant the same psalms of King David that were chanted in the old church by Saints Maelruain, Aengus, and Joseph, and the countless other Culdees of holy Tallaght.

In the garden close by is what is called the "Friar's Walk." It is planted on each side with elm and yew trees. At the northern end of it is a moat-like eminence called the "Bishop's Seat," and at the other end is a large block of granite having a screw-like hole through the middle. Some think it was the pedestal of the Cross of Tallaght. There is, not far off, lying on the ground, another large stone said to be porphyry, which was found in the fosse that surrounded the castle. It was evidently a holy-water font. One cannot help thinking when looking at it of the thousands of hands, now mouldering in dust, that were reverently placed in it in bygone days, as the worshippers entered the house of God. To the right stands an immense walnut tree, many hundred years old, called "St. Maelruain's Tree," which is said to have been planted by the saint. It is still healthy and bears fruit.

A part of the ruined palace which ran southwards from the tower already mentioned, was remodeled and turned by the Dominicans, when they came to Tallaght, into a temporary chapel in which they ministered to the people till the present beautiful church was consecrated about seventeen years ago, when it was taken down to make room for the new wing of the convent, built upon the site. Once, on a memorable occa-

sion, one of their number was called upon under peculiarly historic circumstances to discharge his sacred functions. It was the night of Shrove Tuesday, 1867, that night remarkable in the chequered history of our country, when the Fenians marched out from the city by different roads, and proceeded towards the Dublin mountains. When the contingent that came along by Tallaght reached the village, they attacked the constabulary barracks. The police fired, and one of the assailants, poor Stephen

spent between Dublin and Rome, and fresh from his victory over Froude in the United States, Father Burke, the great preacher. He came, it may be said, to die; for albeit he lived nearly ten years more, and preached frequently during that time throughout the country, the fell disease that was to take him off had seized upon him. Those were years of intense suffering, borne I have been told by one who lived with him (and to whom I am indebted for much information concerning him), with Christian—

THE DOMINICAN CONVENT, TALLAGHT.

Donoghue, who lies buried in Glasnevin—fell mortally wounded. The religious heard the firing. One of their number, Fr. Dominic Scanlan, hastened to the spot and administered the last rites of the Church to the dying patriot.

Yet another incident in the annals of this storied spot ere I bring my sketch to a close. Hither came a second time in November, 1873, after many years

one might say heroic fortitude. As you approach the convent look up, and mark the window embowered in ivy immediately over the hall door, where the birds are trilling forth their songs in the glad springtime. Within is the small, humble cell where he lived those years, and where, on the morning of the 2nd of July, 1883, the feast of the Visitation, surrounded by his brethren, who sang as is

the custom at the death of a Dominican, the "Salve Regina," he gave up his soul to God at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Gently did his brethren—some of whom had been trained in religious life by himself—a few days after, lay him beneath the walls of his unfinished church, in the presence of a large concourse of people, a great number of priests, many of whom came from England and Scotland, and nearly the entire

Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. Soon did his countrymen complete it as his chief memorial. Within its consecrated walls, at the right as you enter, does he rest, awaiting the Resurrection; whilst daily in its choir the children of Dominic, professing the same faith as Aengus and Maelruain, sing the praises of the Lord. Verily, we may say, in the words of the great Lacordaire, "Monks and oaks are eternal."

Veni Creator Spiritus

Come, Spirit of the mighty Word,
We need Thy presence and Thy aid;
Be Thy supernal graces poured
Into the breasts which Thou hast made.

Well art Thou called the Paraclete;
Thy mercies comfort and condole,
Thou fount of life, the love, the heat,
And soothing unction of the soul.

Bearer of seven-fold blessedness,
Finger of God to guide and teach,
Shedding from heaven the promised grace,
Enriching tongues with holy speech.

Kindle our senses with Thy light,
Thy love into our bosoms pour,
Sustain each weakness with Thy might,
And raise our souls for evermore.

Drive from our paths the evil one,
Bring gentle peace to crown our day;
With Thee before us leading on,
We shall not from Thy mercy stray.

Grant that we may the Father know,
And feel the love of Christ the Son,
Through Thee, and in Thy holy glow
Forever see the Three-in-one.

Be glory to the Father given
And to the risen Son, and Thee,
O Spirit blest; let earth and heaven
Ring with one praise eternally.

Veni Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paracletus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis,
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te praevio,
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium:
Te utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paracrito,
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma sancti Spiritus. Amen.

NOTE—This celebrated hymn is generally believed to be the production of the Emperor Charlemagne. The earliest record of its use is contained in the annals of the Benedictine Order. The occasion was the translation, in the year 898, of the relics of St. Marcellus, but the hymn was probably written many years earlier. There is no reason to doubt the ability of the great Emperor to produce the poem; and there is a record of a letter by him to his Bishops on a similar subject. As he died in the year 814, the poem must have been written not far from the beginning of the ninth century.

For more than a thousand years it has been constantly sung throughout Western Christendom as part of the appointed offices for the coronation of kings, the profession of converts, the consecration and ordination of bishops and priests, the assembling of synods and other great ecclesiastical ceremonies.

It is notable as being the only Breviary hymn which has been retained in the services of the English Church.

I have attempted to make my translation as close as a strict adherence to the spirit and strength of the original would allow.—
D. J. DONAHOE.

That Boy Gerald

By J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," etc.

I.

GERALD.

GERALD ALBURY, aged twelve, sat cross-legged in a deep seat in a bay window, oblivious to the noise his brothers and sisters were making in the room. He was reading a tale of knight-errantry. Gerald had the faculty of becoming absorbed in a book, and of living with its heroes for the time being, to the complete exclusion of any consciousness of his immediate surroundings. His active imagination had seen, as vividly as if he had actually been present, Sir Launcelot tie the scarf of his lady fair on his arm, take from her the stirrup-cup, and then ride off in search of adventures in her honor. The boy could see the weeping lady retire with her maids to her hall, with a heart so full of sympathy for her grief, that he actually found himself shedding a few tears over her sorrow at parting with her knight.

Just at this critical moment, Willie, a brother who was younger than Gerald by one year, pulled aside the curtains of the window alcove and saw the subject of this story brush away a tear with the cuff of his coat-sleeve.

"Oh! look, Blanche," said Willie, to his sister, "Gerald is crying over a book. Silly! silly! silly!"

Blanche peered at Gerald as if he were a living curiosity, and then remarked:

"Isn't he stupid! my! I can't see how boys can cry over people in books."

Little Johnny agreed with her.

Blanche, the vivacious, was not more than nine years old, and so she could not be expected to know much about story-books, and heroes and heroines.

Gerald paid but little attention to her. He turned, however, upon Master William.

"You just shut up," he said, rudely. "I am not silly. How would you like to be a lovely lady left all alone in a big, big castle with ghosts, and dragons, and robbers, and murderers, and chains and rumbles and everything when her lover has gone away to fight?"

"I wouldn't cry one bit," said Willie, the obdurate.

"Nor I, either," said Blanche.

"That's 'cause you are hard-hearted," replied Gerald, "and can't feel for the sorrows of others, and can't see things in a book, as pa says, and 'cause you haven't got any sense or feeling. People as haven't got any sense never read books. You would rather go and play with Blanche's dolls, that's what you would do."

Gerald made this rather long speech for two reasons. He wanted the younger children to forget they had seen him in tears—no boy likes to be caught in that condition—and he desired to continue his reading unmolested.

He was partially successful. Blanche dropped the curtain and slipped away. William, boy-like, would not give up so soon.

"I don't see—" he began.

"Oh! you go off and play dolls with Charlotte and Blanche. I heard you tell mamma the other day that you would rather keep doll-house than read story-books or play ball. Keeping dolls ain't no boys' work, anyhow."

The youthful scorn with which Gerald uttered this last remark completely vanquished his adversary. For a moment Willie had not a word to say, but as he

dropped the alcove curtain he fired a parting shot:

"Well, if I do play dolls with Blanche and Lotty, I don't have to. You have to read books 'cause mamma said you was to stay in the window-seat all the afternoon, 'cause you've been naughty."

Master William retired with all colors flying, and left him who had "been naughty" to his own reflections. His words were perfectly true. That morning Gerald had been troublesome to a degree that had sorely tried the patience of Mrs. Albury and Martha, the housekeeper. It had been raining all day, and although it was summer vacation time, the children had, perforce, to remain within doors. After breakfast they had gone to their playroom, and both mistress and maid congratulated themselves on the quietness of those upstairs.

But Master Gerald soon tired of playing ring-around-the-rosy. He had arrived at the mature age of twelve, and therefore, with infinite disdain, despised all such trivialities as doll-houses and pewter tea-sets. It was not long before he stole away from the nursery. After wandering from room to room in the big house, he was, like iron to the lodestone, attracted to the pantry.

If we could have read Gerald's mind we should probably have discovered his intention of making for the pantry as soon as he escaped from his brothers and sisters. Some boys are politic, and on this occasion Gerald was remarkably so. He was not sure whether his mother was not still in the regions of the kitchen. It was well to be safe, you know. And then Martha! It was necessary to watch her movements, for she was the unquestioned ogress of the kitchen, who watched with jealous eye over the riches of the pantry, and had been known to drive off—even with a broom-handle—all rash intruders into her domain.

So Master Gerald Gregory Albury

watched and waited that wet vacation morning, going from one room to another in an apparently aimless sort of way, nevertheless keeping a sharp eye and an alert ear for the whereabouts of Martha. Presently he heard her go upstairs. The rattle of the dust-pan and brushes was music to his ears. By the sound he knew that she had gone to the upper rooms to set them in order. The coast was clear, and the enchanted land of the pantry was, for the nonce, unguarded.

It was Saturday, and Martha, as a provident housekeeper, had already done the preliminary cooking for Sunday in the shape of pies, custards and cookies. Half an hour before, Master Gerald had become aware of this fact by his nostrils being assailed with the odors from the kitchen, and now he was sure that the pantry was a treasure-house of untold riches.

It would not be entirely fair to Gerald's reputation to tell how many little custards he demolished, or how many cookies vanished during his visit, or what depredations were committed among his mother's little pots of jam and jelly. It was the old tale. Stolen sweets are sweetest. And it was the old tale, too, in its consequences, for just as he was enjoying his feast, or to speak more correctly, after he had enjoyed his feast to surfeiting, and there had arisen a few qualms which were not those of conscience, but which came from a region rather lower than that where a boy's conscience is supposed to reside—he heard some one enter the kitchen.

Was it Martha? Was it his mother? Unfortunately for the young depredator, in his eagerness at the sight of the good things on the shelves, he had not taken the precaution to shut himself in the pantry, and so lessened his chances of escaping detection. The boy's heart palpitated, as all wrong doers' hearts do

when they are caught. He slipped behind the pantry door, in the slim hope of remaining undiscovered.

He heard, with a sinking of the heart, the dust-pan and brushes being put away in the cupboard beneath the sink. Martha had returned! The boy waited breathlessly for developments.

"My! my!" from his hiding-place he heard the housekeeper say, "who left that pantry door open! I wonder if them cats—"

Gerald caught the sound of hurried feet approaching. Oh! why had he stayed so long! Why had he eaten so much! Gerald now asked himself. Martha entered her own particular realm of the pantry.

"Bless those cats! they've been here, surely. I wonder why missus keeps so many in the ho—"

She did not finish. Looking around for a possible intruder she espied Master Gerald's perennially muddy shoes protruding beyond the sheltering door.

"So you are the cat, are you! Well, you naughty boy! I'll just call your mother straight away. That's what I'll do!"

"Oh! Martha! Martha, dear, don't. I feel sick. Please don't call mamma."

"Yes I will, you ba-ad boy!"

The domestic, thoroughly angry when she saw how many of her cup-custards were demolished, and what a hole there was in her plate of sweet cakes, took Gerald by the arm into the kitchen where she gave him a vigorous shaking. With this partial relief to her feelings, she opened the kitchen door and called loudly upstairs:

"Mrs. Albury, do please come down a minute. Here's Gerald doing awful things."

The mother of Gerald came down in a flurry of excitement. While not exactly a timid woman, she relied very much on the faithful house-servant's assistance in the management of her children. She lived in more or less dread

that her reliable maid would leave her. She realized the value of a good servant, and owing to the fear of losing her, was more or less under her sway. As soon as she entered the kitchen she saw that the cook was very angry and determined to have the culprit chastised.

"What have you been doing, Gerald?" she asked.

"He's been stealin', mum; that's what he's been doing."

"Is that so, Gerald?"

"Sure it's so, mum, or I wouldn't be saying it. Just look into the pantry, mum, and all my cooking for Sunday gone, and most of the rest sp'iled," answered the irate domestic.

"Why don't you answer, Gerald?" again asked the mother. Martha was too angry to allow him an opportunity.

"Answer, is it, mum? Sure, there's nothing to answer by the likes of him. Don't the empty cups speak loud enough without him answering a word!"

With a shrewdness born of many a delinquency, Gerald saw that it would be merely adding fuel to Martha's fire were he to open his lips. He, therefore, remained silent, while the domestic gave voice to her wrath with the greatest volubility. It was an appalling resume of our young friend's recent transgressions, and it wound up with the alarming statement:

"—And it's my firm conviction, mum, that the likes of such is born for the gallows. Isn't he starting young with his thieving ways. It's meself that wouldn't undertake to say where it will end."

Mrs. Albury rather resented so strong an imputation against her first-born. What mother would not?

"It's not so bad as all that, Martha. Still he's a very bad boy."

"Bad is it. He couldn't do worse than steal my Sunday custards. It's you that will punish him right now, mum?"

"I will tell his father when he comes home."

She disliked the unpleasant task of punishing, and usually left it to her husband.

"That won't do at all, mum, in this case," said Martha with decision. "If Master Gerald don't get his deserts right now, I put on me bonnet and go down to the Judge's office, draw me pay, and we part!"

This was said with an unconscious dramatic effect. The threat made the poor lady very uneasy. She promised to comply immediately with Martha's demands, much to the chagrin of the eldest son of the house.

Thus it came about that Gerald had been banished to the window alcove in the nursery from about ten o'clock that morning. He was deprived of his dinner, which, under the circumstances, was no great hardship. His mother, relenting somewhat at the last moment, had permitted him to take his beloved "Stories of Knighthood" with him.

His penance was not onerous. A boy who has consumed, midway between breakfast and dinner-time, close upon a dozen cups of sweet custard, and unlimited cookies, would not be very likely to suffer from the pangs of hunger before the evening meal. A broad cushioned seat in a well-lighted alcove, a good book, and perfectly curtailed seclusion, were circumstances and surroundings quite conducive to present comfort, notwithstanding there loomed up in the future the dreaded interview upon the home-coming of Judge Albury.

The boy was, after his own fashion, a philosopher, in that he made the most of the present. He had, therefore, spent several hours of that day quite comfortably until the interruption from his brother and sister above described.

The last words—the parting shot, as it were—from Willie, had stung Gerald. "You have to read books, 'cause mamma said you was to stay in the window all the afternoon 'cause you were naughty" nettled and unsettled him, and

for a time made the reading about brave knights distasteful.

He put his finger between the pages, and let the book rest on his lap. He then turned his face to the window and for several minutes watched the rivulets of water rush down the panes. Tiring of this in time, he looked out across the soaked lawn, and seemed to take delight in watching the rain lash the shrubs and trees, and the wind wave them wildly to and fro. How he wished he could be out under that big beech on the lawn, and receive a shower-bath every time the wind tossed its branches!

Gerald Gregory Albury, as the afternoon wore on and the rain continued to fall, from mere gazing began to think. At first his thoughts ran upon knights and ladies. His imagination pictured them riding up the carriageway or across the lawn, and being royally entertained by his father and mother. He began to wonder how he should appear before the mailed warriors in the drawing-room down stairs. What would he say, and how would he act, when he met his favorite Sir Launcelot? How would his mother introduce him? Ah! his mother! Was she not angry with him, and with cause? Did knights, or their pages ever help themselves to cup-custards?

With Gerald there commenced a process of introspection. Was he so very bad a boy, he asked himself, such as Martha had made out to his mother? He had been "naughty," it is true, but did he not say his prayers every morning and night faithfully? He did not cheat, and he did not tell lies like some boys he knew. Had he not promised his mother that he would always speak the truth, and had he not kept his word? Gerald could truthfully tell himself that he had done so, and also that he had gone regularly to confession and Holy Communion every month since he had made his First Communion two years ago. Had he not tried to learn the les-

sons his father had set him, and faithfully repeated his catechism three times a week to his mother?

Master Gerald began to think that he was not so bad a boy after all, but in spite of all he could do to look at himself in the best light possible, there remained the disobedience and the pilfering in the pantry that morning. Worse than all, there was to come that meeting with his father when he returned in the evening.

His mother's punishments had been easy—they always were. Of the phase of the coming chastisement by his father he was by no means certain. That gave him pause. In his twelve-year-old worldly wisdom he set about thinking of a possible plan of escape, or, at least, of some means by which he could lighten, if not altogether avert, the coming catastrophe.

To the surprise of Blanche and Willie and the others, Gerald suddenly drew aside the curtains of his alcove and came out into the room. He took no notice of the others, but went to the landing, and called down over the banisters:

"Mamma, mamma dear, may I come down to you? I want to say something."

"No, sir; go back to your window until your father comes home."

"But, mamma dear, I'm good now, and I have something to tell you. I am awful good now, sure, mamma."

The boy waited to see what his mother would answer. She did not reply immediately. Gerald, acting on the old proverb that silence gives consent, began to descend the carpeted stairs.

"May I come down, mamma?" he said, when almost at the bottom. He knew that if he could once gain the citadel of the parlor, and catch his mother's eye, his handsome face and pleading looks—and really penitent looks just now—would go a great way towards gaining the final victory.

When the boy was within three feet of the landing his mother came to the parlor door. She was surprised to see him, thinking he was on the landing above.

"You go right back to your window, and wait there until your father comes home," she said severely.

"Mayn't I stay down, ma, just for a little? I'll be ever so good."

"No, sir; go back upstairs at once."

"Oh! ma! I'm so tired of being in the window, and I'm going to be ever so good from now."

"And steal things out of the pantry just as soon as my back is turned again."

"Cross my heart if I will, ma; there! I am never going to take things from the pantry again. I don't want Martha's old things anyway."

"Very well, sir, we will see. We will remember that at dinner to-morrow. There will be more for the others."

The boy saw that he had made a mistake. He tried to repair the damage to his own prospects.

"I mean, mamma dear, that I don't want the things to-day. I guess I'll have my appetite back by dinner-time to-morrow."

"Oh, that's the way, is it. Well, if I let you down stairs now will you be willing to go without custard to-morrow at dinner?"

"And you won't tell pa on me?"

"Not this time, if you promise to be very good."

"I promise, mamma. I'll be ever so good," and the young scapegrace, in the vehemence of his embrace, did serious damage to Mrs. Albury's muslin mob-cap, so that she had to go upstairs to "set herself to-rights" before she was again presentable.

All of which tends to show that Master Gerald Gregory Albury was growing too big to be managed by a mother's hand, and was in a fair way of being spoiled. Such is the material, raw and

in the rough, to be made into a genuine, Catholic young man of principle and honor and virtue, or to be ruined by a false training and become a worthless genteel vagabond. How will Gerald turn out in the years to come? This story deals in the process of his making.

II.

LIVE BAIT.

Gerald Gregory, by extraordinarily good behaviour for the rest of the day, escaped an unpleasant interview with the head of the house of Albury. Fortune favored the boy, too, for the Judge, having been compelled to wait for the verdict of a disagreeing jury, was detained much later than usual.

By dint of coaxing, and using all those loving little artifices of which he was already a past master, Gerald, by the very winsomeness of his personality, finally won his way back into the good graces of his mother, and had ingeniously wormed from her a promise that she would not tell his father of the escapade of the pantry. She made one threat, however, which somewhat marred his contentment. The very next time he got into any kind of trouble, either with Martha, or any one else in the house, the father was to be informed and also to be told of the cup-custard incident.

The eldest son was well aware of his father's high notions of honor, his detestation of any kind of meanness, and his absolute horror of anything that had even the appearance of dishonesty. More than once had Gerald felt the heavy hand of parental displeasure. With Gerald there was more than pain in these episodes. There was a sting in the memory for long after, and the boy was getting old enough to do almost anything to avoid them.

Judge Albury believed in the truth of the old-fashioned motto of "spare the

rod, and spoil the child," and as he did not wish the latter part of the adage to have its fulfilment in his eldest boy, he certainly did not act upon the former part. His belief in the saying as a whole, sometimes induced him to put its opposite into vigorous practice. But even this worldly-wise father, who was slightly tinged with pessimism with regard to his children, was beginning to realize that whippings—and no light ones when they were administered—were not altogether effective with his eldest son. He was gaining the impression that they left him hardened, in a way, and he feared they were sowing the seeds of disaffection towards parents and his home life. He realized that sentencing to condign punishment criminals who came before him was quite a different thing to punishing judiciously a high-strung and more or less headstrong son; and the former was a much easier task, too.

Conscientious to a degree, Judge Albury spent many hours of each day in his office, or on the bench, and when he came home it was frequently to lock himself in his study for the purpose of poring over some decision until late into the night in order to have it ready for the morrow. Thus it happened that Gerald Albury, at the most impressionable, and probably the most critical period of his life, was in reality without much paternal guidance. Many people lay the blame of this by no means uncommon condition of affairs on the circumstances of our modern strenuous civilization. Wherever the blame rests, the detriment, unfortunately, accrues to the children. But let us turn to Gerald. What does he look like?

Gerald, or Gregory, or Gerald Gregory—for thus he was variously addressed by the members of his family—was a rather tall boy for his years. Of course, his pitching arm was sound, and he had good stout legs for base-running. His features were sharp, and he possessed a

wonderfully clear skin. His teeth were large and somewhat prominent, and he had laughing lips, and laughing eyes, large and lustrous.

Some boys have eyes that look at you squarely enough, and yet you are conscious that there is a reserve behind their glance—that they know of things themselves which they think you do not, not in the sense that they appear to hide any badness of heart, but rather that they indicate a strong individuality.

Gerald's eyes were of this class. When you looked into them you fancied you read his whole soul—that all its workings were unfolded before you—but in this you were mistaken. Limpid and clear as they were, pleasant and laughter-loving, yet there was something in them that did not fully reveal the boy's character. They were a puzzle even to so good a reader of character as Judge Albury. They could assume the appearance of laughing innocence and the most perfect guilelessness after the most serious prank, or the "naughtiest" peccadillo. They always won over Mrs. Albury, who could never bring herself to believe that behind such pictured innocence there was real badness, and hence many a wrong-doing was foolishly condoned.

Judge Albury, wiser than his wife, and acting on the adage that appearances are often deceptive, judged his son's character by the square and determined set of the jaw, and the snap with which he closed his white teeth when he decided on any special line of action. The boy's lips were thin, and although sensitive to respond to almost any emotion, were such that indicated considerable firmness of character. The nose, in keeping with the rest of the features, was thin, with dilating sensitive nostrils. Gerald had grown too fast during the last two years to be very stout, but he was satisfied that his arms and legs were in a satisfactory baseball condition. We

have already seen that there was nothing the matter with his appetite.

Judge Albury did not meet the children at breakfast on the morning after the incidents related in the last chapter. He had retired very late on Saturday night, and intended to go to the late Mass. The younger members of the family had breakfasted earlier in order to be in time for the children's Mass. His Honor was very much surprised, therefore, at dinner to see his eldest son and heir positively decline one of those delicious cup-custards for dessert. It is true he was on the point of accepting one when his mother said:

"Gregory, will you take a custard?"

But the tone and the look in her eye as she made the offer was sufficient to warn Master Gerald of the promised reparation of his fault. When he declined his father looked at him in astonishment. Such a thing had never happened before within his father's memory.

"Are you ill, Gerald?" he asked.

"Not in the least, my dear," said Mrs. Albury, answering for him; "did you not observe the amount of beef and potatoes he consumed?"

"Yes, I noticed that he had a remarkably good appetite, yet I never knew, in all my life, a boy of his age to refuse sweets at table."

"It is good for them sometimes to practice a little self-denial."

"That's true, my dear. Good! Gerald, I am glad to see that you are beginning to act rationally."

Gerald did not relish this kind of conversation. He tried hard to catch his mother's eye. He put into his own the most pleading look possible. Never had Martha's cup-custards appeared so enticing. What would he not give for one of them now! While the dessert was handed to each of his brothers and sisters, poor Gerald had to go without his share. Once he did manage to catch his mother's eye, and by looks, pleadingly asked for a remission, or at least

a mitigation, of his punishment, but there was no response from her, no relenting. Master Gerald had to watch the others, and to learn that sometimes the way of the transgressor is hard, especially when cup-custards are in question. There was one redeeming feature for Gerald in that unhappy Sunday dinner. It was evident that his father had learned nothing of the Saturday's escapade, and so, for the time, he was safe.

Dangers safely passed not unfrequently have a tendency to cause those who have undergone them to become somewhat reckless. It is the experienced sportsman, and not, as a rule, the amateur, who eventually gets a hand or some fingers blown off.

Monday came, and with it, bright clear weather. The children spent the day out of doors, on the lawn at tennis, in the grape arbor, or among the flower beds. This kind of amusement, pleasant enough in itself, was not strenuous enough for Gerald. In the afternoon he left his brothers with Blanche and Charlotte, and sauntered down the street, stopping at a certain house to call out by a peculiar whistle-signal, his own special chum and boon companion. The signal was soon answered, and Gerald, and John Ignatius Granville, or "Jig," as he was commonly called by his companions because the initial letters of his name formed that word, were soon putting their heads together, literally, and planning an afternoon's fun.

Both boys were, for their age, enthusiastic fishermen. Near their homes was a rather broad but not very deep river, which less than a mile away emptied into a lake. This body of water was well stocked with fish, and the river was by no means destitute of them. Being city boys, and more or less modern boys at that, these two were not content to go fishing in the bent pin, primitive fashion of boys of years ago. They each had a book of flies and often fished with live bait. Now, for some particular reason

neither of these two friends would ever go to the trouble of catching their own minnows. They invariably bought them, and if their funds were low, were content to use artificial bait.

These two boys were well known to the proprietor of the boat-house, where Judge Albury kept one or two flat-bottomed boats. The boatman would gladly give, and had several times offered them credit, but one of the most emphatic injunctions of Judge Albury to Gerald was that he was never, under any circumstances whatever, to go into debt. Gerald knew, by the tone of voice and impressiveness of manner when his father laid down this law, that he meant exactly what he said. Hitherto the boy had scrupulously obeyed the injunction.

After practically a week of wet weather, this was the first fine day for fishing. Unfortunately both juvenile disciples of Isaak Walton were out of funds, and the wind was too high for whipping stream.

"Say, Jig, have you any money?" asked Gerald.

"Haven't got a cent to-day. How much have you got?" was the answer and question.

"I haven't got a cent either."

"That's too bad! Thought sure you would have some money," said Granville.

"Papa didn't give me any to-day. He usually does on Monday, too."

"Didn't you ask him?"

"No; not to-day."

"Why?"

"Oh! because I didn't want to."

Gerald did not know exactly how much of his misconduct of the last few days his father knew, and although he was aware that his mother had promised not to inform his father, yet he knew from experience that his father had a wonderful way of finding out things. Nor was he sure what course Martha had taken. She might have told everything. Be the reasons what

they may, Gerald had thought it more prudent to forego the usual weekly petition for that modicum of cash which is supposed to be an absolute necessity for a young boy's happiness.

"You did not want to. That's funny," remarked John Ignatius.

"I didn't, for sure," asserted Gerald.

"But why?"

"Cause—'cause—say, you won't tell if I tell you, Jig?"

"No. Cross my heart, there! But why?"

"Cause I gobbled up Martha's custards Saturday," and Gerald began to laugh at the remembrance of his stolen feast.

"What has that to do with your pocket-money?"

"Lots! If he found out that I wouldn't get any quarters or dimes for all vacation, most likely. Mamma's true blue. She said she wouldn't split on me, but, I—am—not—so—sure of Martha. She ain't mamma, you know."

This quaint speech certainly displayed Gerald's filial loyalty, but it was not satisfactory to young Granville.

"Silly! you can't have two mothers. Martha's your cook, ain't she?"

"Yes, she is. I am not so silly either. Didn't Father James say Sunday afternoon in catechism class, that we had two mothers, one our earthly mother, and one our heavenly mother in heaven."

"But Martha isn't in heaven, and you can't have two mothers on earth anyway," said John Ignatius, triumphantly, and continued, "but say, Gerald, how are we going to get some live bait?"

"Why did you not get your pocket money?" asked Gerald.

"I don't get any on Mondays. Papa gives me mine on Thursdays, and it don't last till Monday."

"All gone?"

"Every cent."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"Dunno."

Then there was silence. During the conversation the two friends had been walking slowly towards the Albury mansion. Just as they arrived at the alley between it and the next house, a Jew pedler, bent on buying old rags, turned his one-horse wagon into the alley from the street. There were five or six rough sacks of old rags on the wagon. The pedler's peculiar nasal cry of "o-ol clo" the boys had often heard before. They knew him by sight, and imitated his call. He happened to be a rather good-natured Semite, and merely smiled at the boys. And, besides, Martha was a good customer of his.

To-day, however, he did not stop at the alley gate of the Albury residence. The alley was unpaved and quite uneven. Suddenly, as the wagon gave a lurch, one of the bags fell off. The Jew was not aware of his loss.

A telegraphic glance passed between John and Gerald. As quick, almost, as thought, the two boys had lifted the sack and thrown it over the garden gate. The Jew kept on his way in blissful ignorance. As soon as the two boys were in the garden Granville looked at Gerald to see what he was going to do.

"Wait a minute," said that worthy; "untie the sack—quick—and empty it out. I'll be back in a minute. I know where there's another old bag in the wood-shed."

Gerald ran off and soon returned with another sack. The two then rapidly filled it with the old rags, taking the precaution to put the original sack in the new one before the rags.

"Make haste now, and tie it up," said Gerald, "and I'll look out for Moses."

To their delight they saw the pedler was returning.

"Say, mister, do you want to buy some old rags?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, boys, I'll buy them. How much do you want for them?"

"A dollar," said Gerald, at a venture,

not having the remotest idea of their value. The good-natured Jew burst out laughing.

"Here boys; let me weigh them on my scales. I get good rags from this house always. There! I give you thirty-five cents for them."

"What! sack and all?" asked Gerald.

"Well, boys, the sack is pretty good. I'll make it forty cents."

"All right."

After Gerald had received the money, the pedler said:

"Now you boys lift that sack into the wagon for me, eh? I'm getting old."

As soon as the sack was loaded on the wagon the two boys departed in haste for the river. When they were gone, the Jew looked at his load on the wagon, and was surprised to find that he had the same number of sacks as when he turned into the alley.

"That is strange," he said to himself, in the peculiar dialect of his race and calling. "I thought I had six sacks before, and I have only six now!"

A sudden suspicion entered his mind. He untied the sack of his last purchase, and at once discovered that he had been buying his own rags. He was a good-natured old fellow, and took the trick sensibly, remarking as he drove out of the alley into the main thoroughfare:

"Those boys are pretty smart. They will be rich men by and bye. They are pretty smart!"

John and Gerald bought their minnows and had a good afternoon's fishing, each bringing home quite a string of perch. Now it so happened that some one near the Albury mansion had seen the whole affair of the rag selling. Only the sudden decamping of the two youngsters had prevented an immediate denouement, and its accompanying humiliation. By the time that Gerald arrived at home after a long summer afternoon on the water, it was growing dusk. Of course the boy was desperately hungry. He was met by his father.

"Gerald?"

"Yes, pa."

"Been fishing?"

"Yes, pa."

"Much luck?"

"Yes, pa; fifteen perch and a wall-eye."

"Good day for fly fishing?"

"Didn't use flies, pa."

"Live bait? minnows?"

"Yes, pa."

"You did not get your pocket-money this morning, Gerald. You did not get credit for the bait?"

"No, sir; we paid for the minnows."

"Granville paid for them?"

"No, pa; that is, we both paid for them."

"How? I don't understand."

The reader understands. We charitably draw a veil over Master Gerald Gregory Albury's painful humiliation this time. For some time after he really preferred to walk about rather than sit down. But then you know boys are peculiar sometimes. When he retired to bed that night he lay on his left side, a position some say conducive to nightmare. Well, there's no accounting for the taste of some boys!

After the painful period of penance and punishment had passed; after having "pumped" all his brothers and sisters to find out who "told on him;" and after having satisfied himself that neither mother nor Martha had a hand in giving the information; and also, to his surprise, finding out that the Jew had not reported the affair, what was Gerald's surprise to learn that the information had come to Judge Albury from the father of his fellow conspirator. Mr. Granville had, by chance, been a witness of the whole transaction from a window in the rear of his own house. That afternoon he had stepped into the Judge's court room and had given him a detailed account of their sons' delinquencies.

(To be continued.)

Gulls and Herring in the Shetland Isles

By THORNDIKE COLTON

THETLAND people have been purely Norse for so long that they have not yet become in any sense Scotch. They talk strikingly pure English, with a soft t of their own, know and repeat legends (the only people in the h Isles, we believe, who do), and their own particular breed of ponies f little sheep, and their native man- are of wool. It is a notable fact iewever naturally poor an island is, habitants nearly always make the most of whatever natural advan- it has. This is true from the Chan- here the Jersey men have produced east breed of milk cattle in the , to the farthest extent of the Shet- Archipelago, where the people have d even the diminutive size of their s to advantage by selling them as ulties for use in the colliery work- and have made the exquisite fleecy of their little sheep famous through- he world. The fisheries of the ls were always most important. "haaf" fishing, which is solemnly d by the clergy when the boats set

out, is so called from the open boats, or "haafs," in which it is conducted. These are quite small, and hold not more than three tons of fish.

But the latest development of the natural industry of the islands is the herring fishery, which until late years was rather neglected because the large fish, such as cod, ling, coal-fish, and lythe, had been mainly sought as winter food. The cod fishery was pursued in mere skiffs compared with the bil-boats or the double-decked boats of the mainland of Scotland. Lately, however, the Shetlanders have increased the size of their boats and altered their build. In 1879, there were only six large herring-boats in Shetland. There are now over three hundred, and the number is still increasing, notwithstanding the dangerous nature of this fishery as illustrated by many a sad and crushing calamity. A terrible northwest gale broke over the Shetland district in the middle of the summer of 1881; fifty-eight fishermen were drowned and ten boats lost completely, while on other parts of the coast one hundred and thirty-four fishermen

HEADING UP THE BARRELS OF FISH.

LANDING-STAGE, LERWICK.

were drowned literally within sight of their wives and children. The absence of a properly sheltered harbor makes the death of the crews almost certain when the boats are driven on the lee-shore. The latter is all rocks; there are no barriers or breakwaters, the breakers are

the crews are in the habit of cutting and crushing up the livers of large fish, especially of the cod, and pouring the oil so released upon the surface. These races stretch in a line for miles, and can often only be crossed at low tide. Crossing this dangerous line is known locally as

SHETLAND WOMEN AT WORK.

terrific, and the boats break up as they touch the cliffs and crags.

Around the points and promontories there are, in many places, strong currents rushing over submerged rocks. These are called "races." When the waves break, they are apt to fill and swamp the boats, which cannot ride over the white water. To calm the surface,

"cutting the string." Lerwick, which was once the headquarters of the old whaling fleets, is now a great rendezvous of the northern herring fleet. There may be seen, in its comparatively safe harbor, almost every type of herring-boat used, from Cornwall to Wick. Many of these put their catches on board steamers; but there is also a large cur-

ing industry in the Shetlands. Time is of the essence of business, and the fish must come to hand fresh. Consequently only half the price per "cran" is paid for such as are landed after 10 p. m. The herrings are at once taken in hand by the fish-girls who, bare-armed and bare-legged, their hands and wrists covered with scales, look like a rather attractive set of Macbeth witches superintending an incantation. They clean the fish, salt them, pack them in barrels, fasten them up, and set them in rows ready to be shipped for the Baltic. The Shetland fish are nearly all consumed in Russia and Sweden.

In one of the photographs is shown a landing-stage on which empty barrels are lying. Sometimes this particular quay is covered by a herd of Shetland ponies awaiting shipment, or by flocks of little Shetland sheep about to be sent to the mainland. The hills beyond are those of the Island of Bressay. The herring-gulls on the rocks show the tameness of the birds, which in these islands, as at Scilly, are scarcely ever molested. In the former islands they are protected mainly at the wish of the

proprietor; but around the herring-curing towns the gulls play so useful a part that they are almost indispensable. They act as "beachcombers" and wave-cleaners, picking up from sea and shore the enormous quantity of refuse, amounting to thousands of tons yearly, left after the cleaning of the fish. Here every attitude of flight may be studied at close quarters. The positions of the birds' wings in the landing-stage photograph are most remarkable for their variety of attitude and truth to nature. The gulls destroy a certain amount of immature fish, and certainly do some mischief among the salmon smolts going down the rivers to the sea; but the harm they do is nothing in comparison with that wrought by other fish. At the mouth of the Tweed, for instance, are thousands of a species of fish called, locally, "podlies." Many of these when caught are found to have from six to ten salmon smolts in their stomachs. The enormous number of cormorants around the Shetland Islands no doubt destroy great quantities of fish; but the resources of the sea are such that the number of the latter is not appreciably affected.

The Nativity and Its Beauties

By **VERY REV. ALBERT LEPIDI, O. P.**

Master of the Sacred Palace

VII.

HE PERFECTS GOD'S GLORY.



It was not, however, fitting that everything about Him should be humble and obscure, lest He could not express, over and above all other creatures, the Divine perfection. Christ was born that He might perfect God's glory. And, in fact, He expresses this glory in the highest degree. He expresses it in His being. He expresses it in His work as man. For although His nature and actions, in regard to His own being, are in every sense human, yet His nature and actions are also those of a Divine Person, because the personality of the nature and works of man in Jesus Christ is the Person of the Word. It is impossible to conceive in a created being anything greater or more wonderful than that man, still remaining man in his essence and in his actions, be, by reason of his personality, Divine or, as a theologian might style Him, **THEANDRIKOS**, that is, God, yet man.

In the motions of His soul, He is the highest expression of God's glory, as though in a living temple. Never did spirit, human or angelic, show forth and magnify God's glory so eminently as Jesus Christ, by His knowledge, His love, His words and His works. He magnified God in Himself; and that God be glorified and exalted in the world, He extolled Him by His public life and preaching, and He willed to offer Himself to Him by cruel sufferings on the cross, thus to glorify the Lord of life and death.

It must, therefore, be said that He Who perfected the manifestation of God in the midst of creatures, in a manner the most solemn and most glorious, signifying

first of all everything that God is, and our nothingness, is the Infant Jesus. And hence it was that in the last moment of His life, turning to God the Father and calling upon Him, He could truly say: "I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

VIII.

HE IS THE CROWN OF THE UNIVERSE.

While Jesus is He Who completes God's glory, that glory under which the Omnipotent lies hidden and by which He manifests Himself in a manner other than as God, that same Jesus is truly the Crown of the Universe. Since God, as we read in Holy Writ, wished to magnify Him in Whom His glory was to be revealed, He exalted Him and placed Him over all the works of His hands; and gave Him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend on earth and in hell, giving all creation to Him for a footstool. From this we gather that Jesus is the first-fruits, the Head, the Crown and final completion of the created order. In fact, when we examine the Scriptures we can distinguish, in the universality of being, three terms: the first, the order of those predestined to eternal life; the second is Jesus, their Head; and the third is God, their Creator and ultimate End.

Now in these three terms there is a most beautiful order. And since all things, God and Jesus excepted, are ways and means for perfecting the order of the elect, that order, therefore, serves to complete the exaltation and glorification of Jesus. Finally, Jesus Christ, together with the elect, by forming, so to speak, one body, augments God's glory. And then each and every

creature, by the being it possesses, by the activity it exhibits, and by its marvelous composition, is, to him who contemplates it, an act manifesting God's glory. Yet God's living glory is as truly reflected in the order of finite things as by the blessed spirits and in them: spirits who go to form the mystical body whose Head Jesus is, and their Crown as well. "For all things are yours," says St. Paul, speaking to the faithful at Corinth, "whether it be the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, for all are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."* "To Him be glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus."†

History and reason confirm this teaching of the Scriptures. Although during the lapse of centuries He has opposed the furious and unceasing attack of the passions, Jesus, with His Church, is gloriously sustained and made known by His own innate power. All things, then, here below, be they prosperous or adverse, make for the glory of the Church and of Jesus. And it is a fact, historically undeniable, that Jesus has been a sign both of resurrection and of destruction. Because, as we have said before, no one can approach with a worthy intention to receive of the Saviour's bounty without growing in holiness and truth; and, on the other hand, no one can withdraw from Him without being made poorer thereby. This law binds both nations and individuals.

And, in fact, it could not be otherwise, since, even by the standards of reason, the man never was, nor is, neither will be, in whom is found an example of perfection higher than in Jesus. Jesus, as Renan himself confesses, "will never be surpassed." No, among the names of good men and great, there is none on earth in which mankind can more readily or reasonably confide than in that of Jesus. Finally,

Jesus is the Prince and Head of the created order, the perfection of all things. And it were meet that all things should terminate in Him, that when all things are, as it were, summarized in Him, they may be with Him subjected to God, and God shall be all in all.‡ Then all creation, especially when its mission is fulfilled, or on the way towards fulfillment, will be a sublime hymn, a canticle of glory, a resonance of God's providence, love, and power; and in their universal harmony the dominant and final note will be the Christ-Child.

IX.

HE IS THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN.

We must now consider the Christ-Child as the highest symbol of those things which form the foundation and are, as it were, the very heart of the Christian life. This symbol corresponds to a real need of mankind. For man here below is held a prisoner by the bonds of imagination, and his intellectual activity can not manifest itself except through the imagination and the senses; therefore he knows the invisible only through things visible. Thus we have, in the nativity of the Word Incarnate, a wise purpose; to exemplify under the sensible veil of an assumed humanity, and by His life, those invisible bonds which unite God to the soul and the soul to God in mutual relationship.

Of these bonds the first and greatest is God's love for man; "God so loved the world." Words can not express how necessary it is for man to know that he is surrounded and protected by God's love. Most miserable, indeed, is the state of that soul who does not believe in the existence of God, or, if he admits that He does exist, believes that He is enclosed and concentrated within Himself and cares not for us. A soul in such a state knows neither whence it came

* 1 Cor. iii, 22, 23. † Ephes. iii, 21.

‡ 1 Cor. xv, 28.

nor why it exists: it feels itself abandoned to its own weakness and vanity, with no hope of aid either from within or without. Whatever the soul does, whether it be wholly engrossed in visible things or in a sense of its own sufficiency, yet it always realizes that life is in reality only a succession of moments full of affliction, without permanence and without reward, although not perceiving that its end is darkness and annihilation.

On the contrary, he who believes that God exists, that He is good, that by reason of His love He is a giver of good things, that He is the Creator both of the order of nature and of the order of grace, and that His love is full of tenderness towards man that He may ask a return of love—who so believes, knowing that he is surrounded and protected by God's living love, lives bravely, and in peace. Though he live amid briars and thorns and be annoyed by every adverse fate, he yet feels confident that he is not alone; nothing casts him down, nothing disheartens him. And then the inexplicable scene of the world, when judged by this criterion of Divine love, unfolds itself before his eyes in an order of justice and mercy; and his soul rests serenely and with a holy confidence on God. "And we have known, and have believed the charity which God hath to us. God is charity; and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him."* It was fitting, then, that this deep and solid base of human life, although itself invisible, should be visibly manifested to us.

Certainly each and every part of creation is an effect of God's love and manifestly demonstrates that love, the works of grace even more than the works of nature. But what is that work of God which, better than all others, signifies God's love for men? It is the Infant Jesus. Since this Divine love which has given us Jesus is not only a love which

creates and gives being and makes us by adoption sons of grace, but it is a love which creates a personal union of the Word with human nature, and confides to God Incarnate the mission of priest and victim for mankind, therefore Jesus is the most signal and wondrous token of God's love for man. "By this the charity of God appeared to us," says St. John the Evangelist, "because God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we may live by Him."† Such is Jesus Christ for the Christian; but for the worldly man, who has never considered the treasure of grace hidden in the bosom of God nor the dignity of his own soul which is His image, all this seems incredible, nay, mere folly. Truly, then, does God love man; and in the mystery of His Incarnation He has exhausted, if we may dare say so, His wisdom, His power, and His love. The Incarnation is the highest expression of God's infinite love for man.

X.

HE IS THE EXEMPLIFICATION OF MAN'S NOTHINGNESS IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

If the Incarnate Word was born as a concrete and sensible exemplification of what God principally is in relation to man, He was born also as a manifestation of that which man is before God—nothingness.

The annihilation of which we speak is not inaction and apathy, nor does it express the infinite distance that exists between the Creator and His creature; but it is a real recognition of what man is in relation to God, that is to say, nothing. And in truth, man in himself, although he is really distinct from God, is nothing. There was a time when he did not exist, and whatever he is now is due not to himself but to God. Consequently, if God had not first created man, man would

* I St. John iv, 16.

† I St. John iv, 9.

have remained in his original nothingness. "My substance is as nothing before Thee."‡ And whatever any man, or any other finite creature may be, or possess, all has been received from God; and consequently he is a Divine dependant. "And my substance is with Thee."*

This recognition, when it is sincere, determines, in the moral order, the true and original relation of man to God, which is that of a humble subject to an absolute master. It assigns to man his ultimate end and gives him a supreme rule for his acts; for God is Lord of all and their ultimate end, so man should direct all his acts and his very being towards God. It establishes that true worship of the Almighty which is the recognition of His supreme and universal dominion, and our subjection and entire sacrifice to Him. It reconciles man to God, and is his justification; for it places man in a just relation to his Creator. Verily, it may be said that the recognition of our own nothingness and of all that God is, is the first law of morality and religion. Now Jesus, who is the beginning and the end of all that appertains to the religious and moral order, expresses even from His birth this law of nothingness; for He takes the form of a servant, accepts from the beginning, death, yea, the death of the Cross.†

XI.

HE IS THE PLEDGE OF GOOD-WILL TO MAN.

When man humbles himself before God and is subject to Him, he recognizes that he sprang from God, that God is his highest good, the source, the destiny of all he possesses. And the human will thus informed and inspired, believes that God is the bestower of that

good-will by which the rational being consecrates himself to his Creator.

Good-will is an expression of the first and basic principle of man's religious and moral perfection, and the pledge of his eternal salvation.

Where will exists, there is found the exercise of the two highest faculties of man, the intellect and the will. Where there is a will which is good, or rather perfect, having a fulness and integrity of existence, there the intellect and the will are principally occupied in the manifestation of the love of God; for He is absolute Being, the principal of every intellectual and moral good, and of every law that deals with the rational and voluntary motions of the soul. Good-will, therefore, as it conforms itself and is submissive to God's supreme truth, goodness, and justice, loves and adores Him, and is on this account a moral and religious bond.

It forms a mystic union, an ineffable communication between the consciousness of God's love and man's. It is an intimate penetration of holy familiarity, of light divine, and love celestial. It is a relation of friendship and sonship expressed by God Himself with these words: "And now I no longer call you servants, but My sons and friends."

Good-will cannot remain shut up in itself; it must diffuse itself. It influences all the motions of mankind, both intellectual and animal; it purifies the base and egotistic aspirations, and elevates them in the degree in which it corresponds to the impulses of divine love. And, then, in accordance with the impulses of charity, it turns itself outward upon its neighbor, laboring in prayer and work to hasten the kingdom of God.

Who can say what heights this good-will may attain! Borne up by its union, in perfect conformity with its Creator, it may ascend even to God; for it is warmed by His charity and nourished

‡ Ps. xxxviii, 6.

* Ps. xxxviii, 8.

† Phil. ii, 5-7.

by His wisdom, love, and power, and, making its own the will of God, is expanded infinitely, and, if we may say it, divinely. Above all changes and impediments which might hamper it in life's journey, good-will endures all with loving equanimity.

Such, in its perfection, should be man's will in relation to God, that such may be its good and consoling effects. Hence, it is just that the Christ-Child be given us as a concrete example that appeals to the senses.

And this example was expressed in a signal and most perfect way by Jesus. There was never a movement in the inferior part of Christ's humanity that was not controlled by His reason and will; and no motion of His reason and will was there that did not conform most fully to the Divine will. "In the head of the book it is written of me that I should do Thy will: O my God, I have desired it, and Thy law, in the midst of my heart."† "Because I came down from heaven, not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent me."* He willed to be born most destitute and despised, in a manner as an outcast, as a worm of the earth, to show us His humility and entire submission to God; destined for sacrifice and death, He abased Himself and became obedient even to the ignominy of the Cross. He was filled with the spirit of God. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, that I may perfect His work."† On which account God proposes Him to the world as, above all others, His servant, His anointed, the object of His complacency, the clear and perfect reflection of the Divine will. God, therefore, who raised Him to His throne, choosing Him "for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles,"‡ decreed, as a law,

that the blessings of His divine good-pleasure should not descend upon mankind nor should they be saved but through the will of Jesus.

Such is the Divine Infant in Himself, and such is His will in our regard. He is the simplest and most perfect representation of what man's will should be towards God, namely, a will which freely resigns its own imperfect and transitory plans to correspond with the will of the Almighty, which is to love God and cooperate in His grand and universal plan. The will of a Christian is very different from Nirvana, from that depressing and sterile inaction which is the conception of the Hindoos, and still different from a continued and indefinite endeavor of the soul that was without beginning and will have no end. A Christian's will is not a vain and ineffective energy, as the pessimists of our day would have it, born to struggle and be conquered. No, the Christian will supposes, necessarily, a last end that will stimulate action. If man is born to struggle, he is born also to conquer. He exists to be made conformable to the supreme and universal Will, and to be crowned as victor. The final end towards which the will should be directed is not his own person, loving and seeking self either in sensible or intellectual things; nor is it a mechanical liberty working independently of any foreign motive; nor as some say, is it entire devotion to the good of society. Nothing finite should have place in the great and ultimate aim of man; but the Infinite, God alone. To love God in and for Himself—this is the crown of the human will. In this submission of the intellect and will to God, in union with God and His works, man finds his perfection. And God on His part will fill the intellect with light, the heart with love and heavenly joy, and the will with holy and effectual desires.

† Ps. xxxix, 8-9.

* St. John vi, 38.

† St. John iv, 34.

‡ Is. xlii, 6.

XII.

IT IS FROM HIM THAT PEACE DESCENDS
ON EARTH.

If man is reconciled to Jesus, he is at peace and lives tranquilly and established in good. That we may well understand this proposition we must remember that man is endowed with many and diverse powers. They are exercised, though imperfectly and disorderly, by personal inherent disposition, and are, as it were, aids to personal perfection. Whence there exists in the soul a multitude of impressions, sensations, imaginings, appetites, and affections, a well-nigh numberless crowd of thoughts and desires. These forces differ from each other and are sometimes in opposition. Therefore each one seeks, through his own inclination, to accomplish his aim; and the soul, delivered to their dominion, is confused, disturbed, disintegrated and annoyed. It is necessary, then, that this multiplicity of diverse and antagonistic elements which constitute human life, be given some unity and ordered in some permanent way. Now to compose opposing elements belongs to the voluntary activity of man, and it is necessary that man who ordains and commands, should do so gently, without violence and despotism. But this voluntary activity, before it can control the other energies of the soul, must first order itself; it is, therefore, incumbent that it turn itself faithfully and lovingly towards God, the supreme object to which both by nature and grace it is directed. Intellect was given man that he might know the Absolute Truth, and will was bestowed upon him that he might love the Absolute Good. So a harmony results from the soul's judgment and desire, from free-will and from God. This is a primary and fundamental agreement; failing in this, intellectual activity is disturbed in all its acts. On the contrary, this harmony firmly estab-

lished in the soul, man lives in tranquility; for a correspondence of the human will with God is comprehensive and all-embracing. It is a compact and submission made unreservedly to the Supreme Truth; to the living and universal Good; to God, the Prince of Wisdom; the Founder of the just order which governs the universe. Now, he who thus corresponds with God lives above all troubles and personal miseries. His judgment and will comprehend a multitude and diversity of conflicting forces, their progress, and their final outcome. In every event and change they recall the thought and desire of God. They embrace Him and love Him and rest securely in Him.

And if it happens, as it sometimes does, that good-will encounters the opposition of the passions, or its neighbors, or untoward events, for the evil which it would not, it does, and the good which it would accomplish it cannot do; then should it take courage in God, manifesting an activity that would overcome resistance, and resting only at the insurmountable, not that it is discouraged, but because it recognizes even in contradiction the will of God. It is an adoration which elevates the soul and brings it closer to God.

It is otherwise with the godless; for these there is no peace. Their heart is as a stormy sea. Their restless endeavors are like the waves—but wasted energy. They beat upon the shore and only wash the sands.

Good-will, then, is justice, practically loved, and begets peace. Nothing can disturb the man of good-will; for God is his shelter, his strength, and his support; "God is in the midst thereof; it shall not be moved."†

Jesus Christ, in the midst of contradiction and violence, lived in peace. Prince of Peace, He is its author; "Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you."‡

† Ps. xlv, 6. ‡ St. John xiv, 27.

He works in us by His grace, increasing the energy of the will, and leading the way in penance and charity. In His public life and ministry, in His passion and death, He showed Himself ever the Model of peace; but it is in the grotto, under the serene aspect of an innocent babe, that He is its perfect embodiment.

XIII.

ON THE BEAUTY OF THE NATIVITY.

After the consideration already made about the Nativity, we must now speak of its beauty, a beauty of such splendor that the intellect, although it is the image and likeness of God, perceives in it, as it were, a reflection of primal beauty.

And, truly, the story of the birth of Jesus, as given by St. Luke, is not without corporal beauty. In reading it there seems to be before us a scene which appeals to the senses, but does not disturb them. The Evangelist places before us many and diverse things; Joseph, Mary, the Infant Jesus, the Angel of God, the shepherds, the multitude of angels, the grotto, the manger, darkness and silence of earth, light in the heavens, and the harmony of celestial voices. There is a just proportion between persons and things; everything there is revealed in order and harmony; everything breathes simplicity and a holy calm, tenderness and a perception of the divine. In this scene, so beautiful in the sensible order, faith reveals a glorious splendor of true and of intelligible good. Yet, that this splendor may impress one, one must, in the first place, recall the things said about Jesus, enter again into one's self, descend into the depths of the soul, and, rekindling the light of faith, contemplate the Divine Child. It is only from this intimate viewpoint that you will be able to comprehend His plenitude of grace and truth.

And, in fact, when we behold Jesus in His birth, we see in a singular and

striking manner the Divine wisdom, love, justice, and omnipotence that willed it and brought it to pass.

The Nativity is the Nativity of the Word made flesh. Now, in this birth we have the Word as He is, the infinite Glory, born from eternity in the mind of God the Father; the Example and infinite Pattern according to which God created and sustains all things. Christian theology has ever attributed a Divine beauty to the Word, since He contains in Himself its essential conditions of beauty, that is to say, integrity of perfection, justness, proportion, true splendor; for the Word is God, the expressed Image of the Father, a clear, infinite, and unspeakable refulgence.

He also possessed at His birth a human nature. A nature ineffably beautified by grace and adorned with every virtue and heavenly gift.

There was also the personal union of the Word with human nature. It is the person of the Word that bestows that quality on His human nature which makes it Divine. This union of which we speak is most intimate; it is, as it were, the embrace of the Infinite, drawing to Himself the human creature. "Unto us is born a Child." He is born a Virgin of a Virgin; born not of the will of man, but of God.

The circumstances of the birth of Jesus have a perfect and ever beautiful symbolism. Jesus came into the world as a light, to illumine minds immersed in the shadows of sense. He was born at an auspicious moment. He came to heal corrupted hearts, hearts that seemed by their very nature hostile to God. It was on this account that He was rejected by men and could find no resting place save a stable. He came to destroy the reign of Mammon, and to establish in the hearts of men the kingdom of heaven. And this is why He willed to be born in direst poverty and in a manger.

Many centuries before Jesus was born, Abraham longed to see His day; he saw it and was glad. The other princes of the old dispensation also saw Him in vision, as a bright ray of the eternal Light; a column of smoke and a burning flame; as the flower of the field and the spotless lily of the valley. They saw Him from afar and hailed Him the Desired of Nations. The New Born is preeminently the object in which God is well pleased; for He is beautiful beyond measure; so pleasing is He in the sight of God that He wills to save every one who is like to Jesus. The Nativity is beautiful because of the beauty of Him Who is born; it is a sovereign archetype of beauty.

But we should not stop here. For Jesus is the Saviour, and His birth the birth of man's salvation. Hence, to appreciate the beauty of the Nativity it is necessary to understand the beauty of man's salvation in its purpose, its fitness, and accommodations to the world where man's salvation was to be accomplished. A fitness that must be considered first, in regard to God; secondly, in regard to man; thirdly, in regard to its effect, and fourthly, in regard to the Force that accomplished so great a result.

The purpose of man's salvation was to reestablish order in the soul, both according to nature and according to grace; between God, spirit, and matter, which order is founded upon relationship, and necessarily carries with it a dependence of existence. Spirits are, from their nature, dependent on God, and matter by its nature is dependent on spirit; for it is the general law of being that the more perfect should sustain the less perfect.

This law should, also, practically work itself out in the free movement of spirits, in their judgment, in their will and in their work. If the intellect of man in its judgments places itself above, or even makes itself equal to, God, or loves itself

more than God, or even as much as God, false will be its judgments and sinful the disorder in its will.

This order is most beautiful, because it represents the victory of God over spirit, of spirit over matter. It represents, in other words, God impressing His image on the spirit, and the spirit placing its imprint upon matter. It is a victory which does not oppress, but elevates; the spirit with which God rules becomes Divine, and matter, under the dominion of spirit, is spiritualized. Certainly there is nothing fairer in nature than a body governed by a beautiful soul; nor, in the spiritual order, is there anything more beautiful than a soul in thorough harmony with Truth and Beauty. This is the principle which inspires the fine arts.

If we consider the perfection of the mode by which man's salvation was accomplished, it is also seen to be best and most beautiful. Granting that there were many possible ways for God to restore the human race, surely a mode more consonant with God's goodness than that Jesus should become man can not be conceived. Truly there could be no higher manifestation of the Divine goodness than the Incarnation of the Word. In it the Infinite Person of the Son of God becomes united to human nature to sustain it in being, and yet suffering no loss to His own greatness, becomes man. A more splendid manifestation of God's perfection there could not be than the Incarnation of the Word.

Likewise in respect to man, there is not nor could there be a way to establish order more suitable than the advent of Jesus. We have a pressing and continual need of God. Without God the soul is entirely disturbed, and finds itself in miserable want. Yet God is invisible in Himself, and, in His natural effects, appears in a manner vague and obscure, even as light appears in darkness; whence arises a fitness, as it were, a

necessity, for the Incarnation of the Word of God. Because in His Incarnation He adapts Himself to our senses; and, by the things of sense, to our intellect. We were not born to the sonship of God until the Son of God was made man. Without Him the human race could not well be raised to good nor delivered from evil. And, indeed, to illumine the mind of man, to inflame his heart, to cheer the downcast, to humble the proud, who had made themselves like to God in their presumption, to conquer the body, to provide us with a model, to vanquish the powers of darkness, to raise the sinner, to reconcile man with God—for this there is no mode more suitable than the birth of the God-man. All, therefore, that makes for grace or proportion between Jesus Incarnate and man's salvation, constitutes the beauty of the Nativity.

What a wondrous proportion, what adjustment, what order and wisdom is manifested in the humility, the suffering, the obedience of Jesus, and the singular and wonderful exaltation of His body, and the glory of His name. Although the soul of Jesus, united to the Word as though by nature, was full of grace and glory, nevertheless it was just that He should win for Himself at the price of His humiliation and obedience this glory of His body and exaltation of His name.

And, now, finally, we must consider at once the greatness of the Power which can produce such an effect, and the imperfect and helpless appearance in which this Force manifests itself to us. The Power which was to save the world appeared, as it were, impotent, for this mystery of humility required it. This Power did not possess the prestige of the old religions of Egypt and Chaldea, nor the power of the Graeco-Roman religion. It seemed a force rejected and condemned by the very people for whom, and in whose midst, it was born. And within us, in the feeling of each one of

us, it is born again and ever seeks for recognition. Nevertheless, it is as the proverbial grain of mustard—insignificant in appearance, and yet it holds within itself the restorative virtue of the reign of God on earth and in heaven; it is the virtue of Him Who brings existence from nothing; and, like Him, it can from the least produce the greatest.

The Nativity is, indeed, beautiful; beautiful in itself; beautiful in its scope; beautiful in the method of its accomplishment; beautiful in its effects and beautiful in the efficacy that produced them. It is a sublime manifestation of the Divine art of man's redemption. Three glories show forth in this art: the society of the just; Jesus, their Ruler, shines in it; in it we see God the all-powerful, the all-wise, and the infinitely loving Maker. It is, in a sense, an aggregation of the elect of the world; a circle of heavenly light and Divine love.

Before this beauty of the Nativity the senses are powerless, for it is a spiritual glory of supernatural faith. The man of faith, who views it under the Divine light, receives from it a beneficent influence that elevates the mind, purifies and strengthens the will, and invigorates the spirit; it is a force both powerful, instructive, and educative.

CONCLUSION.

And now, from what we have said, it must be concluded that the lesson of the Nativity would be lost to us if Jesus be not born in our hearts. Hence, we ought to excite in ourselves a true sense of the sublime, a true yearning for heaven, which is incontestably the first of all man's needs. We must spurn pomp, despise riches, repress our passions, cast from us everything that hampers the spirit and is inimical to it. So may we enter into the freedom of the sons of God, and humbly approach our Infant Saviour in the manger at Bethlehem.

THE GARDEN BENCH

TO my dear friends, greeting!
 May the New Year be good to
 all of us! He finds some
 changes here and there. Where,
 when his predecessor was born, were
 two, he meets but one; where was level
 turf on the green hillside, he sees many
 narrow ridges; where was silence in
 hearts and homes, now beats the pulse
 of young life. Innumerable are the
 changes that have crept over, or burst
 upon, us; but whether our voices have
 learned higher notes of joy or deeper
 tones of sadness since last we listened
 to the pealing of those old bells, still, as
 of yore, we stand on the threshold and
 breathe the dear wish:

Be good, New Year, to those that we
 love and those that love us; and those
 that love those that we love and those
 that love those that love us!

* * * * *

You know what I am going to say,
 for is it not New Year's Eve, and doesn't
 every one, whether in Orders or not,
 preach on this night and from one text,

RESOLUTIONS?

As the angel of time stands before us
 to-night and demands what we have
 done during the past year, we are
 abashed, regretful, repentant. As in
 retrospection we go over the days that
 have been gathered up by the past, as
 the harvester gathers up his bound
 sheaves, and remember the possibilities
 which we disregarded, the blessings we
 threw away, we realize the bitter truth
 of the poet's words:

"The lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the
 street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of
 wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?

Or golden coins, squandered and still to
 pay?
 Or drops of blood, dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt waters as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of hell, athirst always?
 I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low, last
 breath,
 'I am thyself—what hast thou done to me?
 'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith,)
 'And thou thyself to all eternity!'"

That is the deepest depths of the mis-
 ery—those ill-spent days are as much of
 the soul as the beneficent ones. We
 cannot remove one act, one word, one
 thought from the past. They are there
 for eternity! Nevertheless, we close the
 door on the past and turn our faces to-
 ward the future. We will begin over
 again! "Man's life is a warfare." Yet
 we love the struggle; there is a joy we
 would not miss in overcoming our ene-
 mies, whether these are material con-
 ditions or spiritual temptations. If
 there is one among you discouraged, as
 he thinks to-night of his failure in the
 conflict, I would say to that soul:
 "Friend, take up your sword again! Get
 into your old place in the fighting line!
 Do not be ashamed because you failed
 once, twice, yea, even unto the seventy
 times seven. If you lift your eyes, you
 will find none but kindly glances, for ah!
 you may not know how often those sea-
 soned warriors whom you perchance
 envy, have cast down their weapons, too,
 how frequently they still find them all
 but fallen from their hands; neither can
 you tell how many are held in the ranks
 solely by the courage of their comrades;
 for the heart that has never had its mo-
 ments of weakness, its feelings of de-
 spair, is more, or less, than human. Up
 again, brave heart! 'Fight till you fall,
 and fighting, die!'"

Last year we made a number of resolutions; suppose this year we make but one, and that one To Be Good to Our Own?

But you say that this would be easy enough if they were in truth your "own," these people among whom your lot is cast; they are not, however, and though bound to you by the cords of family, they are aliens; your "own" you have not met, or if you did meet them it was only for the pain of separation. Your parents do not understand you, your sisters and brothers are at the antipodes from you, and whatever sympathy, encouragement, and appreciation you have received in your life came from the outside world, never from the home circle. This is a sorrowful condition, and, unhappily, not an uncommon one. As a condition, I ask you to meet it; and ignoring it is not meeting it, my dear friend. Has it ever occurred to you that in the beginning you helped to dig this gulf between yourself and your family, or allowed one always existing to widen, instead of trying to fill it up, or at least bridge it? If you were older or in any way superior, did you not drift into dictatorialness or selfishness, either of which course of conduct will drive off, rather than attract love? Did you not accustom yourself to think, in your young vanity, that your parents could not or would not follow you into the realm of thought by the new road you were traveling, and, in consequence, you withdrew your mind from theirs, until finally all mutual interests were hopelessly severed? Now, as you grow older and begin to realize what you have missed in this home affection, you are unhappy.

Always, when I hear such complaints, I think of what Emerson says on accepting our places in life and those with whom our lots are cast as the will of the great God towards us, and making that will ours. And how is this done? By

withdrawing yourself from the family circle of an evening, which, in our industrial age, is the only time it meets in completion, to give yourself to other friends or intellectual pursuits? By taking no interest in the concerns of the other members of the family, or refusing to share yourself with them? The State would quickly disintegrate if the bond of mutual interests were thus snapped, and you can not expect the family, which is the State in miniature, to remain solid under such circumstances. And though you are godly, and give of your possessions to the poor (and these possessions need not necessarily be worldly goods, nor the poor those lacking material things; for of our talents and intellectual gains we can give largely, and the poor of mind whom these can help often are most deserving objects of benevolence), is not that work which Christ declared supreme—doing the will of the Father—undone? Would you not find more happiness in your life and its work if home were your refuge, your place of sweet rest and peace? And though your work be high and far-reaching in its influence, is it entire when, in the little spot where that influence should be most deeply and sweetly felt, a stranger is more of a power? But, you may say, my family is most antagonistic on the subject that is as dear to me as life. The only way I can avoid inharmoniousness, is to avoid them. There is a snag in the river; because of it, does the pilot refrain from sailing his craft, with its rich cargo, down the stream? No, he watches for the hidden snag, and steers his boat clear of it. In domestic life there are many such snags, and daily we see precious human happiness being hurried against them for destruction. Suppose this year you make one resolution—to be good for, and to, your own?

* * * * *

But I hear some one exclaim that that is selfishness. The command to

love our neighbors as ourself, and the parable of the man who fell into the hands of the Jericho robbers, show that we should not be so narrow as to recognize only the line drawn around the family as the circumference of our goodness. If the rich were not so good to their own, the Christ-spirit would prevail more powerfully on earth to-day. Did you ever consider what a marked change there would be in this sorrowing old world if the members of all the families on earth would make and keep the resolution to be good to their own? The father would do nothing to bring a pang to the heart of his wife, the wife would keep strong and true her early love and comradeship for her husband; neither parent would conflict with the happiness and interests of the children, who, in return, would brighten the lives of their parents instead of blasting them, as many children do. Do you imagine that the inhabitants of such a realm of love could ever be numbered among the world's robbers, its scribes, pharisees and hypocrites, its stoners of sinners, hirelings and Judases, its crucifiers of right, justice, and holiness? And if the State stood on such homes—ah! you say, that is Utopia! We could not have even such a foreshadowing of the ideal community if it did not first exist in the idea, and what is possible in thought is not impossible in actuality. Suppose you begin now to do your little part toward hastening that happy time by being good to your own? Suppose you bestow on the small world of home your sweet smiles and pleasant words and keep for the outside world your frowns and cruel bickerings? Such a line of action would cost you your popularity, your position, ruin you. Though you search the world over, you will not find such priceless wealth as is yours within the four walls of home—yet you risk its loss, and ultimately destroy it, by methods you would not use in dealing

with the unfeeling stranger! But (I have heard this said) you must smile and be pleasant all day, no matter what are your feelings, and the charm of home is that it is a place where deception need not be practiced. So you relieve an overworked brain, overwrought nerves, by words that pierce like dagger-points, and loving souls draw into themselves as the sensitive plant closes up its leaves at a touch. And some day or night an hour strikes; and then from out the silence that no soul clothed in the humanity hath ever penetrated, you will hear the soft tread of the Black Camel's feet drawing near and nearer, until he kneels at the door of your dwelling; and then—when you sit alone in the void of one drawn up by God, you will find those arrows flying back into your own heart, poison-tipped.

As for the selfish tendency of this resolution I suggest, recall one who is really good to his own, and must you not admit that he is also good to others? The man who speaks pleasantly to his wife at all times is not going to snarl at his stenographer; the father that treats his own children with courtesy is not tyrannical with the office boy; the sister and brother who are kind and loving to each other at home, are kind and gentle in their intercourse with their classmates or co-workers. They carry the atmosphere of their happy home with them, and all who fall under its influence are benefited.

* * * * *

But what is being good to our own? Does it consist solely in surrounding them with all material comforts, giving them all advantages, spending present life and marring life to come to ensure their happiness? Is the father good to his wife and children when he drains the life-blood of his employees to increase his wealth for the sake of his

family? when he barter his honor for material gain or position to elevate those he loves? when he forgets God and his own soul in the mad race for gold? There is nothing good in this for himself or others, and he may live to see the fortune or place he spared nothing to secure, snatched from him and his children, or else find it become a curse for him and his. And in how many homes of the rich are the members of the family really good to one another? The other day one whose professional work takes her into the homes of the rich said to me: "Of twenty families of which I was, for intervals, a member, I can recall only one whose home life was really happy." Yet in every case those people had all that the heart could desire, as far as wealth and position were concerned. Happiness has not her abode in material things, but in the mind and heart of man; this being so, it is in the power of each and every one of us to possess that which, in its final analysis, is the object of all human endeavor.

* * * * *

In being good to our own, the first to be considered is ourself. This statement may appear a little droll, in the face of the selfishness that distinguishes the age—but are we really good to ourselves when we are selfish? There is no growth for the selfish man, and as the purpose of our being here is this growth, by pursuing such a course we defeat the object of our existence. Is being good to ourselves the gratification of every wish and desire for material things and pleasures? Our greatest enemy could not do us worse injury, for satiety treads on the heels of gratification, and one does not have to be very wise or greatly experienced to know that the glass of material pleasures, so fair and deep when viewed from afar, has a false bottom, soon reached and strewn with bitter dregs. You may

think, my dear girl,—as I have heard others say, and as we may almost daily see others do—that to secure an income which would place you in possession of an elegant home, a fine wardrobe, and a position in fashionable society, you could marry a man you do not and could not love, and, because of these material things, never regret your loveless lot. Of all folly this is the rankest, as many a woman, would she open up her heart to you, would say. Looked at, they appear substantial, as does the image reflected by a mirror; but the image will not speak to you, and when it smiles or weeps it only reflects your own emotions. Material things are as intangible to the soul as that image to your grasp. To sink ourselves in these, to make them the "summum bonum" of life, is to do ourselves the greatest possible harm.

Nor are we good to ourselves when we seek revenge for a wrong, real or fancied. Revenge is a two-edged sword, and if one edge finds your foe, rest assured the other cuts into your own life. This is the law which decrees that the injurer harms himself when he tries to harm his brother. Equally great is the harm we do ourselves when we permit ourselves to be driven from the port of reason into the high seas of anger. Our passion may bruise the heart of our opponent, but we have hurt ourselves infinitely more. No matter what opinion we may have, we are really only good to ourselves when, without undue anxiety regarding it, we take care of our health by keeping within the bounds in all things, look on the material in as far as it is useful for our needs to-day, knowing that we shall have outgrown it by to-morrow, hold our souls in serenity no matter what tempests may blow, and have love for all living creatures.

This is being good to ourselves. It is easy, then, to be good to our own, whose circle, we shall soon come to find, is as wide as God's creation.

Confraternity of the Holy Rosary

A LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR.



THE merciful Providence of God has permitted us to witness the dawn of a new year. The old year with its opportunities and graces, its trials and combats, defeats and victories, has faded into eternity. Our own hearts will tell us whether it leaves us farther advanced on our road to God or rather fallen back. Divine goodness has prolonged our probation that we may correct the past and perfect the future. Surely, we are not unmindful of so great a goodness on the part of God. We can best prove our gratitude by making for the coming year such resolutions as those reflections inspire.

Perseverance depends on strong resolves. But, however fervent our intentions, they will soon be lost sight of and disregarded if prayer does not accompany them. This is the reason why so many sincere and earnest resolutions are broken, why so many souls are shipwrecked on the sea of life. "For," to use the words of Fr. Monsabre, "whatever may be the relationship of our correspondence with the renewal of graces, it depends on the good will of God to give us the grace of perseverance." Not being able to make ourselves worthy of perseverance, we must obtain it by humble and fervent prayer. Jesus has said: "Ask and you shall receive." Confiding in this promise, we should make known to Him our deficiencies and wants, begging the grace of fidelity through the intercession of His holy Mother. Then, indeed, will our good resolutions be fruitful, for Mary cannot turn a deaf ear to our prayers, and is it not perseverance we ask for in the prayer so oft repeated in the holy Rosary, "Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death?"

Especially, then, is it incumbent on *us Rosarians*, whose special heritage is

this Psalter of Perseverance, to invoke through it the benediction of Mary upon our good intentions. We know from the history of our Confraternity that volumes have been filled with accounts or miracles wrought through the intercession of Mary's beads—sinners converted, the lukewarm made fervent, temptations overcome, and heroic sanctity practiced. St. Alphonsus and other Doctors tell us that, as Jesus is the Mediator of Justice Who reconciles us to heaven, so is Mary, by the will of God, the Mediatrix of Grace who intercedes for us with Jesus; and that, consequently, God dispenses no grace, not even the great gift of perseverance, except through Mary. How powerful and prompt an assistance, then, must not the Rosary be, since it is the shortest road to Mary, and her favorite devotion? These thoughts, which the new year suggests, are admirably expressed by St. Bernard: "Oh, man, whoever thou art, thou knowest that in this miserable life thou art rather tossing on the tempestuous waves than walking upon the earth; if thou wouldst not sink, keep thy eye fixed on this star, namely, Mary. Look at the star, invoke Mary. When in danger of sinning, when tormented by temptations, when doubts disturb thee, remember that Mary can aid thee, and instantly call upon her. May her powerful name never depart from the confidence of thy heart nor from the invocation of thy lips. If thou wilt follow Mary, thou shalt never wander from the path of safety. Commend thyself always to her, and thou shalt not despair. If she upholds thee, thou shalt not fall. If she protects thee, thou need not fear ruin. If she guides thee, thou shalt be saved without difficulty. In a word, if Mary undertakes to defend thee, thou shalt certainly arrive at the kingdom of the blessed. Thus do and thou shalt live."

THE NAME OF JESUS HONORED IN THE ROSARY.

January, the month of the Holy Infancy, is also the month of the Holy Name. Rosarians practice an excellent devotion to the adorable name of Jesus by reverently pronouncing it in the Hail Mary. Pius IX granted an indulgence of five years and 200 days to members of the Confraternity for each time they thus devoutly utter the name of Jesus whilst reciting the Rosary.

THE FINDING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

This feast will fall on January 8th. Although the Church has not numbered it among the Mystery Feasts, still it should be to Rosarians a day of special devotion and special meditation on the Fifth Joyful Mystery. The following homily of the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, constitutes the second lessons of this feast in the Dominican Breviary.

"Since what is loved much is not lost without great sorrow, painful beyond measure must have been the dolor that afflicted Mary's heart when she was deprived for three days of the sweet presence of her Jesus. When overcome with the fatigue of the day's search, the afflicted mother had no rest, but through the long night wept and prayed that she might find again her missing Son. When the third day put an end to that bitter martyrdom and Mary beheld again the gracious face of Jesus, how her maternal heart bounded with joy. But let us listen to her words. They disclose to us her very soul, and teach us how the Christian should speak, think, and act when Jesus seems to have abandoned him and left him a prey to sorrow.

"In words of loving expostulation she addressed Him: 'My Son, why hast Thou done so to us?' Notice the sweetness of that salutation, 'My Son.' Jesus was indeed a good Son, the joy and gladness of His Mother's life, and Mary knew

how well He deserved her gracious address. By her interrogation she did not wish to reprove Jesus, but only to make known to Him the grief she had experienced during His absence from her, on account of the love she bore Him, as her next words testify: 'Behold I and Thy father have sought Thee sorrowing.'

"Ah, glorious Virgin, can we wonder that thy soul was plunged in an abyss of sorrow and desolation, thou who hadst lost thy Beloved? For, though thou didst experience many dolours, none was to thee more painful than this one. The three days' loss pierced thy soul with a triple sword: it snatched from thee the presence of thy Child, making thee suffer alone, at a distance from Jesus, thy Comforter, and without knowing where He was; it racked thy afflicted spirit with forebodings of the terrible Passion; it renewed with special vividness in thy mind the sad prophecy of Simeon, that thy nation should contradict thy Son and be rejected.

"But the sorrow of Mary was not morbid or hysterical. It did not deter her from duty. 'We sought Thee.' Jesus had not been lost through negligence, but he was found by diligence. Carefully the silent, sorrowful mother sought her Son, blaming only herself as unworthy of so great a treasure. Not for an instant during these three long days did Mary's belief in Jesus waver, her love for Him diminish, or her hope of finding Him become less confident."

HOLY ROSARIANS.

January 7.—V. Paula of St. Teresa, O. S. D., a member of the Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, in Naples, a woman illustrious for sanctity and miracles, was one of the most zealous clients of the Rosary of her age. She had a particular devotion to St. John the Evangelist, and it was her lifelong prayer to him that the devotion of the Rosary might be rescued from the neglect into which it

had then fallen. On the night of the Nativity, in the year 1617, the holy apostle appeared to her in a vision, assured her that her prayers had been heard, and that Father Timothy Ricci, a holy Dominican then preaching with great success in Naples, would become the apostle and restorer of the Rosary. The prediction was fulfilled. Father Ricci became the founder of the Perpetual Rosary, and propagated the devotion of Our Lady's beads with such wonderful success that Fr. Nicholas Ridolfi, then Master-General of the Dominicans, spoke of him in an encyclical letter as "a second blessed Alanus." All of his contemporaries affirm that his vocation to preach the Rosary seemed certainly divine. Sister Paula died in the odor of sanctity in the year 1657.

January 9.—V. Mary of the Blessed Trinity, of the Third Order of St. Dominic, while kneeling before the Rosary altar in the town of Arcena, near Seville, was commissioned by our Blessed Lady to found a monastery in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. The community was to consist of fifteen nuns, living under the rule of St. Dominic. All were to be called Mary, with a surname added from one of the fifteen mysteries. Each day the Rosary was to be recited in two choirs, just as monastic communities chant the Divine Office. This foundation was approved by the Superiors of the Order, but the monastery was not built till after the death of the holy foundress. Through the Rosary, V. Mary liberated many souls from purgatory, among them her father, who appeared to her on the Saturday before the first Sunday of the month, three weeks after his death, and asked her to recite for him with her mother and sister the entire Rosary after the Rosary Procession of the following day, on which he would be admitted to eternal joy. After having drawn up wise rules for her community, V. Mary de-

parted this life in 1660 and was buried in her convent cloister.

January 10.—V. John Lopez, O. P., Bishop of Monopoli, in Italy (1524-1632), illustrious for his profound piety and vast erudition, is no less famous for his devotion to the Rosary. Among his numerous ascetical works, he has left several excellent treatises on the Rosary that are much prized to this day.

January 23. — Authors commonly agree that it was St. Raymond of Pennafort, O. P., (1175-1275) who induced Pope Gregory IX to extend the celebration of the Feast of the Annunciation to the whole Church. Until the reign of Pope St. Pius V, this feast was also the feast day of the Rosary Confraternity.

January 29.—When St. Francis de Sales was a youth of seventeen years, at the University of Paris, one of the most remarkable and critical events of his life took place. A terrible temptation to despair suddenly assaulted him, and lasted not less than six weeks. The idea took possession of his mind that he was not in a state of grace, and that, consequently, there was a frightful probability of his being eternally lost. The gulf of hell seemed to open before him at the very time when scarcely a deliberate venial sin had stained his soul. His health began to fail. He became wasted to a skeleton, and went about haggard and trembling, like one whose energies were breaking up. At length this great cross disappeared as suddenly as it came. Francis had entered his name in the Confraternity of the Rosary, and, going one day to the Church of St. Etienne-des-Grés, he vowed before the altar of Our Lady to recite every day of his life her Rosary, if through her intercession it might please God to restore peace to his mind. All at once he experienced tranquillity of soul. The dark thoughts that had hung over him for so many weeks seemed to depart from his mind, even as the scales fell from the eyes of St.

Paul when his sight was miraculously restored. He came out from the church in sweet and profound calmness of mind which he ever afterwards preserved. His vow of reciting the chaplet was faithfully fulfilled. Every day he devoted a whole hour to the recitation of the Rosary, a practice which even the manifold cares of the episcopal office never interrupted. As Bishop of Geneva, he greatly edified his flock by always wearing his beads suspended from his girdle and by devoutly joining in the Rosary procession on the first Sunday of each month. In his dying moments, when his power of speech was leaving him, the saint requested the Rosary to be recited in a loud voice, he himself meanwhile holding his beads and meditating on the loved mysteries. During life he had imitated what those mysteries contain, and shortly he was to obtain what they promise. Thus died a saint of the Rosary. Francis de Sales is ranked among the Doctors of the Church, and yet the Rosary, that simple prayer—which scoffers sometimes call “the prayer of the illiterate”—was his favorite devotion.

CALENDAR OF CONFRATERNITY INDULGENCES FOR JANUARY.

January 1—First Sunday: (1) C. C., prayer for Pope during attendance at Rosary Processions, visit to Rosary Chapel (plenary). (2) C. C., prayer for Pope during visit to Confraternity Church or Chapel (plenary). (3) C. C., attendance at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Confraternity Church, prayer for Pope in Confraternity Church (plenary). (4) Presence at Rosary Procession (7 years and 280 days). (5) Additional, for taking part in Rosary Procession (160 days).

Feast of Circumcision: (6) Visit five altars of any church or public oratory (or, if it has not five altars, make five visits to one or more altars), and say at each visit five Our Fathers and five Hail

Marys for the intention of the Holy Father (station indulgence of 30 years and 1200 days).

January 6—Feast of the Epiphany: (1) C. C., prayer for Pope during visit to Confraternity Church or Chapel (plenary). N. B.—The time for this visit extends from noon of January 5 till sunset of January 6. (2) Station indulgence of 30 years and 1200 days on same conditions as for January 1st.

January 23—Feast of St. Raymond of Pennafort, O. P.: Attendance at the singing of the Salve Regina in Confraternity Church. If it is the custom, a lighted candle should be held in the hand. Otherwise one Hail Mary should be substituted (3 years and 1200 days). N. B.—Those who are legitimately impeded from being present at this devotion may nevertheless gain the indulgences by reciting the “Hail, holy Queen, etc.,” on bended knees before an altar or image of the Blessed Virgin.

January 29—Last Sunday of the month: Recitation with others at least three times within the week, of five mysteries of the Rosary, either at home or in church, C. C., prayer for Pope in any church or public oratory (plenary).

January 1-31—Rosarians who meditate for at least fifteen minutes every day during the entire month, may gain a plenary indulgence once, the day to be chosen by themselves. Conditions, C. C.

January 1-31—Rosarians who regularly celebrate or hear the votive Mass of the Most Holy Rosary (it may be said twice in the week) may gain a plenary indulgence once a month, the day to be chosen by themselves. Conditions, C. C.

January 1-31—If the feast of the titular saint of a Confraternity Church (the saint whose name the church bears) should occur, Rosarians may gain a plenary indulgence on that day. Conditions, C. C., prayers for the Pope during visit to Rosary Chapel or image of the Blessed Virgin in the church.

WITH THE EDITOR

To our friends and readers all, a Happy New Year!

Among their new year's resolutions we ask our friends and readers to include this: "For God's honor and glory, and love of our Lady of the Rosary, I shall say five decades of the Beads daily." Such a resolution can easily be kept, even by those most occupied with worldly cares; its fulfillment shall certainly be rewarded by blessings abundant, spiritual and temporal.

We ask each of our readers to endeavor to extend the influence of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE during the coming year. You know the purpose of the magazine; you realize, dear reader, the pleasure it has afforded and the service it has rendered you. Will you not, then, kindly speak of it to a friend and ask him to subscribe? Doubtless, many of your friends are not familiar with the ROSARY and its merits—some, even, may not know of its existence. You can call their attention to it, and impress upon them the importance and the necessity of their cooperation in the work that we are doing for the cause of Catholic literature. Our labors during the past year have been singularly blessed and largely rewarded. Thousands of letters from grateful subscribers have come to us, commending and praising our aims

and achievements and wishing us God-speed.

Our plans for the coming year contemplate improvements along every line—and the future progress of the magazine shall be commensurate with its substantial approval and support. The more subscribers we have, the better able we shall be to produce a periodical in every way worthy of the Catholic name, a periodical which shall reflect and measurably embody the highest Catholic ideals.

It is not surprising to those who are accustomed to look beneath the surface of things to learn that crime is rapidly increasing in America. Nor does it require deep philosophic insight nor extraordinary penetration to perceive the reasons for this lamentable state of affairs. It is, indeed, a sad commentary on our social system, and a rude shock, withal, to our complacent notions of national superiority, to be assured by statisticians that America enjoys the unenviable distinction of being first among the nations of the earth in the perpetration of high crimes, and is out-ranked in criminality only by a small section of Italy. But history repeats itself. And these terrible conditions were inevitable. No nation can long endure which is not builded on the strong and sure foundations of morality, and

morality is impossible without religion. When shall the eyes of our statesmen and true lovers of their country and their kind be opened to the light of reason, and when shall the state grant substantial recognition to the sound and logical Catholic contention regarding religious instruction in the schools?

Strange and inexplicable is the attitude of some Catholics in regard to the Catholic press. They subscribe for neither Catholic magazine nor paper, on the plea that either they have no time to read them or can not afford to pay for them. They find means, however, to procure, and have abundant leisure to devour, the sensational daily paper with its record of crimes and scandals—they have hours to waste over the ponderous Sunday journals with their colored supplements of pictorial nonsense and low and indecent and degrading caricatures; they have time and money to squander on the theatre—and the cheap and vulgar and demoralizing vaudeville, perhaps; money they have to gratify their dainty or perverted appetites, and indulge their extravagant tastes; they have money for the latest and silliest novel, and time to ponder it. But for Catholic literature they have neither time, money—nor inclination. Fortunately, however, and to the honor of Catholics be it said, this class is constantly growing smaller; and intelligent Catholics everywhere are manifesting a keener appreciation of Catholic literary effort, and are making greater sacrifices to encourage and support it.

Much has been said and written of late on the so-called "yellow peril." This "round, unvarnished tale" from the

Reverend Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., is simple truth, and indicates the real peril that confronts the American people to-day:

"Speculations are rife as to the probable outcome of the struggle at Port Arthur. If the Japanese are successful in the war now being waged in the East, will there be a 'yellow peril?' Will there be a tidal wave of pagan invasion that will shake the foundations of civilization? Probably not. But if the people of America keep on in the way they have been moving for past years, so far as marriage and divorce are concerned, there will be no civilization to destroy. Where there are no Christian families there is no Christian civilization. France is now engaged in a relentless war against Christianity, but America is doing more in the matter of divorce to destroy Christian civilization than all Europe."

If our separated brethren would abandon their impossible and altogether untenable position on the question of marriage and divorce, and cease to temporize with God's eternal and inexorable laws, the vexed and serious problem would promptly solve itself. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Modern religionists and American Solons can not improve on this Divine decree.

For the information of numerous inquirers we desire to state that the delightful story, "The Way of the Transgressor," which appeared in the November number of THE ROSARY, was written by Mary E. Mannix.

If you present your friend with a year's subscription to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, your kindness and consideration shall be gratefully recalled every month of the year.

BOOKS

THE RULER OF THE KINGDOM, AND OTHER PHASES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Grace Keon. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 12mo, pp. 270. \$1.25.

The short story is, no doubt, that form of fiction which to-day has most devotees, and invites most egregious failures. This comes from the fact that padding, literary musing, and what is known as "sermonizing" must, of sheer necessity, be left aside. Storiettes are apt replicas—as good fiction must needs be—of the hasty, uneventful life lived about us. The present volume, however, contains some good things. Its dominant note is the reminiscent. But there is sufficient action to give each of these fourteen stories interest, without any approach to the strained or spectacular. Thoroughly Catholic in tone, they will effectively serve as antidotes to the moral poison and irreligious stuff that floods the market. This bright repertoire of stories, running almost the entire gamut of man's feelings, gives unerring presage of future good work from the same pen. We heartily commend this volume and congratulate the publishers on its typographical perfection.

THE MIDDLE AGES. By Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. D. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 12mo, pp. 432. \$2.00 net.

The Middle Ages are well-nigh unintelligible from any other than a Catholic standpoint. With reason, therefore, the learned author opens this book with a study on Gregory the Great. Few, if any, of the Popes have left a deeper and more lasting impression on subsequent times. If he stands at the head of medieval religious history, he finds a counterpart for its secular aspect in the great Justinian. Aside from the studies on these two men, the remainder of the volume is little else than a devel-

opment and view of the varied and multitudinous details of those eminently personal times. As the Middle Ages are mirrored in the sources of the double current of life, Gregory and Justinian, so the volume takes consistency and logical coherence in the consideration of these men. The essay on Islamism gives a key to much of the chivalry and moral defection of after times. For the Renaissance, which forms the last study, were impossible if many weak Christians had not been scandalized at the success of the Mecca seer. Many details of domestic and social life are brought out admirably under the topics "Catholicism," "England," "Schools and Teachers," "Baths of the Middle Ages." The study on the Medieval Cathedral-builders is as fine a piece of literary composition and spiritual insight and artistic appreciation as can be found in any professional treatise, be it from the hand of a Rio, Enlart, or Gietman.

Few books of this or last year contain more varied and beautiful matter than the present. It is the quintessence of thorough historical investigation, embracing studies in six languages. Over all, a sound, philosophic statesmanship keeps watch, teaching lessons for life and social conduct. The author speaks authoritatively and with the finality of a master. His style is grandiose, imposing, supple, and pervaded with an aroma of classical perfection. Only, perhaps, in W. S. Lilly does the author find a rival. There is in these pages the religious enthusiasm of an Ozanam, and the patriotism of a thoughtful and candid American who sees dangers ahead. If the language is somewhat redundant, it is never tedious, and would be read, even at that, for the elegance and charm of its style. The learned doctor has certainly achieved another success in this twin-volume and sequel to the "Beginnings of Christianity." As he evidently has a

scholarly clientele, he should have added a bibliographical appendix to each single chapter, aside from the footnotes, especially since each chapter can be viewed as a distinct and independent whole.

LETTERS OF BLESSED JOHN OF AVILA.

Translated and Selected from the Spanish. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 12mo, pp. 168. \$1.10 net.

This book is made up of twenty letters selected from the writings of Blessed John of Avila. They are written in plain, familiar style and with one or two exceptions treat entirely of spiritual matters. Blessed John was remarkable for sanctity and learning, and his direction was sought by such souls as St. John of God, St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Teresa, whom he effectively helped in the way of perfection. His counsels are just as effective now, and will be found of great assistance to those striving to serve God.

SOCIALISM: ITS THEORETICAL BASIS AND PRACTICAL APPLICATION. By Victor Cathrein, S. J. Authorized Translation of the Eighth German Edition, with Special References to the Condition of Socialism in the United States. By Victor T. Gettlemann, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 8vo, pp. 419. \$1.50 net.

The word timely is often applied to a book, but none can make juster claim to this term than the work before us. Socialism is the topic of the day; for a certain few it is becoming a religion. It is certainly making rapid and alarming progress, and more than ridicule will be required to check it. The Socialists study the economic questions; they arm themselves with statistics, with certain facts and conclusions so ingeniously manipulated that properly and effectively to expose their fallacy a more than superficial knowledge is necessary. No more thorough

work on the error of Socialism has yet appeared than the present one. All the phases of Socialism are discussed, their tenets set forth, and their sophistry exposed. Certain statistics are explained, others contradicted and shown to be false. In a word, there seems to be wanting nothing that would further improve and strengthen the work. The translation is well done. The learned Father Conway's translation served as a fitting model. The work is indispensable to any one who wishes to make a deep and thorough study of Socialism. It is to be hoped that an abridged edition will follow; it would be more acceptable and useful to the general reading public.

SHADOWS LIFTED. A Sequel to Saint Cuthbert's. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. (Cuthbert). New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 8vo, pp. 262. \$0.85.

Father Copus possesses in an eminent degree the happy faculty of imparting life and interest to the characters he portrays. His are not studies from still life. His characters are instinct with life and naturalness. Evidently he has studied human nature, and youth especially, to some purpose. He leads his readers into the charmed circle of joyous youth—he paints with master-hand youth and boyhood as it is. Books without number have been written for boys. But we know of none more delightful and interesting to young and old alike than Father Copus' books. In our opinion "Shadows Lifted" marks a distinct advance over our author's previous efforts, creditable and notable as these were. The present work deserves, and is certain to receive, enthusiastic welcome from every one capable of appreciating real literary excellence. Those of our readers not familiar with Father Copus' inimitable art will have the opportunity and the certain pleasure of acquaintance through the medium of "That Boy Gerald," which opens in the present number of THE ROSARY.

THE GOSPEL APPLIED TO OUR TIMES. A SERMON FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR. By Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1904. 8vo, pp. 473. \$2.00.

The veteran editor of *The Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, has just brought out a volume of sermons which includes a sermon for every Sunday in the year. We do not believe, with the Reverend author, that an apology for this book is necessary. The sermons are excellent, as might be expected, and will be especially welcomed by busy pastors. Father Phelan has been an editor for more than forty years, and no one has ever accused him of inability to clearly and vigorously express himself. He has been a parish priest for over forty years, and has averaged during that time more than one sermon every Sunday. Surely, a man with such a record and with the splendid mind and equipment of Father Phelan, is eminently qualified to write sermons that are readable and preachable. The book is destined to be extensively read and studied—and it richly deserves to be.

VERA SAPIENTIA; or, TRUE WISDOM. Translated from the Latin of Thomas a'Kempis. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D. D., V. G. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 8vo, pp. 204. \$0.75.

The name a'Kempis is sufficient guarantee of excellence when there is question of devotion and spiritual reading. His "Imitation" has been, and ever shall be, a solace to souls the world over, and stands alone, unapproached and unapproachable in genuine spiritual worth.

The present work will prove highly serviceable to souls in their warfare against the powers of darkness and the world. The translator has done his work in a creditable manner, and has rendered a distinct service to the Catholic cause in placing this veritable treasure in the hands of the faithful.

FABIOLA; or, THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS. By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. 8vo, pp. 324. \$0.25.

Any comment on this English classic would be superfluous. Interest in this splendid tale never wanes, and generation after generation of Catholics read it, and this is well. We rejoice that the publishers have brought out this cheap (paper) edition. It will ensure a larger reading, and enable many to procure the book that perhaps could not afford it in more expensive form. The cheaper our Catholic books and general literature, the better.

HEREAFTER; or, THE FUTURE LIFE, ACCORDING TO SCIENCE AND FAITH. By Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D. Translated from the French by Rev. J. M. Lelen. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$0.30.

The author aims "to throw upon the great question of the 'Hereafter' the light which emanates from the threefold source of experience, reason and revelation." After considering the question in its historical aspect, he discusses it from the point of view of philosophy. But since philosophy manifests to us only one side of the question of human destiny, he calls to his aid revelation, to add its superior light to the light of reason. The arguments are convincing and marshalled in an interesting and readable way.

THE LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS. By Herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1904. \$2.20 net.

This life of the great Carmelite saint, penned by herself, is so well known and appreciated as to need no special commendation. The particular merits of this edition (the third enlarged), however, are its excellence of translation, additional notes and an introduction by Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D.

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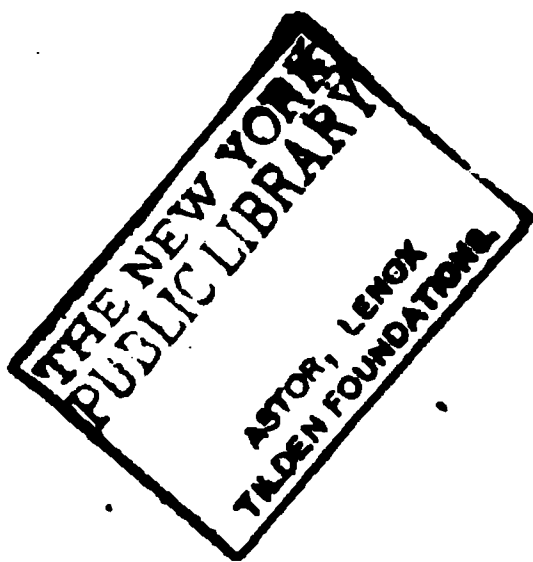
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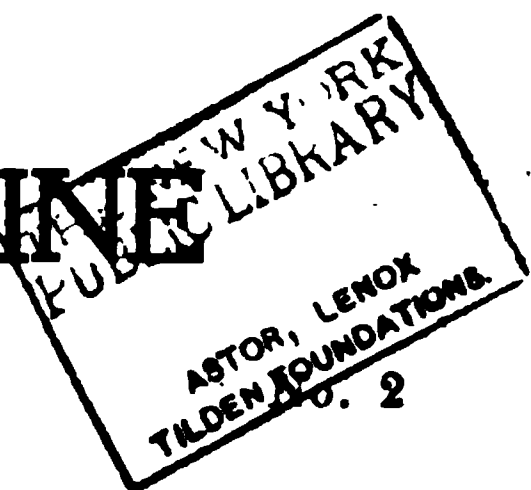


FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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Catholic Literators of Chicago:

By CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

THE mayor of Chicago has charge over more people than has the governor of Kentucky, and the position of the one is about as honorable as that of the other. The wife of Chicago's mayor, Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, is a practical Catholic, an upright wife and a self-sacrificing mother. The first lady of the city, in her own home she reigns the beloved of her household. Although a member of the Catholic Woman's National League and many social and philanthropic clubs, Mrs. Harrison's tastes are very domestic. She is a home-loving woman in the highest sense of the phrase. It is curious that a book should grow out of this quality, yet such is a fact in her case. From young girlhood Mrs. Harrison had the gift of improvising fairy-stories and telling them for the entertainment of her friends. As a mother, she told many during quiet evenings to her young children gathered about the fire-side. As they grew up, she was induced to write out several of these little tales for their benefit. Thus the stories got into manuscript, and later, through the instrumentality of a friend, got into the hands of a publisher. The result was the story of "Prince Silverwings" in book-form, beautifully illustrated by an artistic conspirator. The reception given the work was a genuine surprise to the unintentional author. It became the best-selling Christmas book of the year, and won high praise from many of the leading critics of the country. The quaint

imagination revealed in such stories as "The Ice-Queen's Palace," "The Golden River," "The City of the Sea-King," and "The Cloud Maidens," appealed to all who revel in tales of morning gladness and freshness. These, together with "Prince Silverwings," the initial story, seem to come straight out of the heart of some new fairyland, an Arcady full of happy sunshine and blithe bird songs. Since then Mrs. Harrison has produced another volume which in a measure fulfilled the promise of the first. Her next, it is understood, will strike a more serious chord. Those who are capable of appreciating beautiful work believe that the future has much in store for Edith Ogden Harrison, who is at once a woman of genius and a helpful wife and mother. Mrs. Harrison was born on a plantation at Thibodaux, Louisiana, and was educated in the academy of the French Sisters of Notre Dame, New Orleans. In addition to her literary talent, she is a musician of distinct ability and a brilliant conversationalist. Those in a position to know say that her charitable deeds are not the least among her good works; but these are done without the world's knowledge and its applause is unsought.

It is not generally known that one of the most distinguished of modern novelists is a Catholic who lives in one of the fashionable suburbs of Chicago. Nowadays who is not familiar with the name of Frank H. Spearman? If you take up Harper's Magazine you are apt to find

him a contributor. If you examine Scribner's, The Cosmopolitan, or The Century, ten to one he appears in one or the other. If not, then look in the current Saturday Evening Post and find his name that of one of the leading contributors. Frank H. Spearman can write the biography of a great railroad man and produce a piece of work as fascinating as Boswell's "Johnson." He can tell

headed business men seek out his work every month in the current periodicals and frankly admit that he conveys a wealth of information in a style almost as picturesque as that of Lafcadio Hearn. Why? Because the man is one of the country's leading novelists, and carries his graphic touch into special work. Read his singularly powerful novel, "The Daughter of a Magnate," and attempt

to deny that this writer has genius. Read "Doctor Begson" and ask yourself if we have not an American Thackeray. His latest is "The Close of Day," which possesses a wealth of uplifting beauty, close analysis, and dramatic power. It is a problem-novel, but one intensely fascinating. You see his people, saints and sinners, as they are, and they arouse your sympathy or awaken your disgust pretty much as some of Dickens' characters do. All told, Mr. Spearman is author of six popular novels and of an equal number of volumes on special subjects. He is an indefatigable toiler, notwithstanding poor health, and those who know him well say he is a walking encyclopaedia on such abstruse topics as finance, political economy, civil engineering, geology, botany, math-

MRS. CARTER H. HARRISON.

the story of the rise and completion of a great railroad enterprise, and you will find it as interesting as the history of a nation. He writes on all sorts of dry subjects, railways, mines, colonies, financial transactions, and yet produces articles that are singularly attractive. Hard-

ematics, and half a dozen things besides. He has a fine knowledge of literature, and his style is that of a poet—a genuine artist who uses words instead of pigments; but his knowledge of men is as great as his knowledge of books, and is found even more necessary

years ago by the Benzigers. She has, also, five or six lengthy serials to her credit, and a multitude of exceedingly graceful poems and graphic short stories. She has written many short stories for Benziger's Magazine, a number for The Catholic World, several for Donahoe's and two or three for THE ROSARY. Earlier in her career she contributed much to Wide Awake, of Boston, The Youth's Companion, The Round Table, and The Southern Magazine—all these secular. As a writer of boys' stories she is inimitable. Her boys are real boys, and you feel their warm hands and hear their glad young voices before you have read a page. In dealing with those who are older—men who struggle and women who toil—the graphic touch of her hand is not absent. She knows the world—its joys and sorrows, its laughter and its tears. She has seen much of life and has always been a keen observer. At her best, no American Catholic writer can leap so suddenly yet naturally from mirth to pathos.

MRS. S. M. O'MALLEY.

has few equals in the country. His style is vigorous and a marvel of clearness. Ill-health forced him to relinquish his editorship, and the review was discontinued just as it was beginning to obtain deserved recognition and support. Aside from this, Father Judge is author of a large work entitled "Lives of American Prelates," and of numerous published essays and critiques. None of his work belongs to that class usually designated "light literature," but in his especial field he has few rivals. Personally, he is sunny as morning and democratic as any parish priest of your acquaintance.

It is safe to assert that at least one-half the Catholic people of the United States have heard of Mrs. S. M. O'Malley, even if they have not read her stories. Mrs. O'Malley is author of two books, one, "*An Heir of Dreams*," published a few

MISS MARY CURTIN SHEPHERD.

Mrs. O'Malley is of Kentucky-Virginia ancestry and is a convert of many years' standing. Her father was one of the Hills of Virginia and a lineal descendant of Claiborne, "the scourge of Catholic Maryland;" but his mother was a pure-blood Spanish woman, named Ballardo. Her mother was a Miss Wilson, of Lexington, Kentucky. Mrs. O'Malley herself was born in Indiana and completed her education in the University of Missouri. She has been a resident of Chicago about two years, and the care of a large family has kept her busy. Of late, however, she has again returned to literature and will make herself heard before many months pass. In cold truth, the work she has already done has given her an abiding place in Catholic letters; but she is still young, and urged forward by that spirit of genius which fears not toil. The fact that her work is instantly republished shows that she touches the hearts of men. Personally she is exceedingly versatile. She not only writes stories and poetry—the latter of that quiet, heart-resting character, to-day so seldom found in books or magazines, but which is always accepted gratefully as a parched field accepts the dew—but has written music and done graphic work as an artist. Her stories in *Wide Awake* and *Birds and Nature* were illustrated by herself. At home with her children she is play-

mate, friend, mother, teacher and guide, and is repaid with a love that is more desired than the world's applause.

Another writer of genuine poetry writes over the pseudonym of "Anneke Jans." She is a German-American, but her verse has traveled far and won much recognition. Still another genuine poet

REV. LEON M. LINDEN.

is Miss Mary Curtin Shepherd, who has the distinction of being related to Jeremiah Curtin, the famous translator of Sienkiewicz' novels. Miss Shepherd is a very young, young lady, but her poetry is marvellous, her age considered, and

the recognition accorded it is almost as remarkable. Some months ago one of her poems, entitled "The Palace of the King," went the round of half our American Catholic papers, crossed the sea, was republished in England, Ireland and Scotland, and, finally, in the Catholic papers of India and Australia. Other work of hers has found frequent reproduction in this country. She has the gift of finding new subjects and treating them after new methods. The melody of her verse is as distinct as its thought is unusual. Much may be expected of this young writer as the years pass.

Father Leon M. Linden is a poet. If it were possible for such a frank, amiable, buoyantly-hopeful young man to have

enemies, even they would be forced to concede his right to that title. He was born in Germany, but educated chiefly in this country, although several years of his later training were spent abroad. His poetry is full of melody, light, and color, and the poet is also a musician. He speaks several languages fluently and has a passion for poetry, music, and flowers. Although still a young man, he has written a great amount of English verse, and much of it has attracted wide attention. Unlike most German poets writing English, he does not present echoes of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Freiligrath and Franz Von Weber. His thoughts are his own, and so is his method of expressing them. A volume of poems from his pen will probably appear next spring.

God Is Love

By C. W. T.

If, in the hurrying tide of strife,
 The ceaseless roll of time,
 The weary, toiling march of life,
 Some angry hand with passion rife,
 Some cruel foe,
 Deal on thy shrinking heart a blow,
 Then smile and look above,
 For God is there
 To hear thy prayer,
 And God is Love.

And if the world seem dark and drear,
 And life but weary toil,
 Thou long'st to feel thy rest is near,
 Cast off thy robe of doubt and fear,
 Trust thou in God,
 And follow on where Christ hath trod;
 Smile thou and look above,
 For God is there
 To hear thy prayer,
 And God is Love.

FLORAL VISTA.

Beautiful Scilly

By J. FRANCIS ADAMS

THE breezy isles of Scilly, off the southern coast of England, present many pictures of varying beauty.

The seekers after flowers will find Treco a most interesting island; here resides the Lord-proprietor, Mr. Smith-Dorrien, whose love for gardening is characteristic of his race. The gardens were commenced by the late Mr. Augustus Smith and developed by the present Lord-proprietor, who has devoted a useful life to the improvement of these sea-girt isles of the blue Atlantic.

The ruined abbey near, and quaint churchyard, are features of mournful in-

terest to which the broad expanses of the great American agave offer small relief. On every hand, at Treco, memorials of the dead remain to tell the sad tale of terrible wrecks along the rocky, treacherous coasts. Hundreds of big wooden pegs in the sunny churchyard mark the place of burial of poor sailors thrown up by an angry sea on Treco, unknown, yet at rest in a beautiful land. The hill upon which the house is built has been transformed into a beautiful Alpine garden, part of which is shown in one of our illustrations.

Here are aloes, dracaenas, tree-ferns, agaves, eucalyptus, and a thousand other tender plants brought from

countries which agree in climate with the Isles of Scilly. The flora of Australia, New Zealand, Algeria, Mexico, South Africa, and other countries is represented, and affords keen delight to the true lover of the world of flowers. There is nothing monotonous in the gardening at Tresco. A glorious avenue of palms leads into another distinct phase of vegetation, and in this maze of tropical splendors are many plants that we have tried in vain to coax into respectable behavior in the home countries.

The tree-ferns are magnificent, but even at Scilly protection is needful; not, however, from the winter frosts, but from the winds, which sweep over the isles with relentless fury, wreaking vengeance on the strongest plants. The protection of reed shelters is not removed until May. On a summer day in Tresco, one may revel not merely in the rich luxuri-

ance of palm, pandanus, phormium, and other delicate plants, but in the cool retreats and pathways adorned with tropical vegetation.

This garden has not been formed without considerable expenditure of time and money. The soil of Tresco is naturally shallow, and to bring the ground into condition for the plants, the top soil was taken from the Cromwell Castle end of the island to Tresco Abbey.

Ground is highly prized in these islands, and farmers may frequently be seen covering a hillside with earth. Wind, as we have said, is more destructive than frosts upon the mainland. It sweeps furiously over the gardens, and, if not checked, would uplift every shrub that dared to face its anger. Strong shelters of pine surround the gardens to protect them from the winds. Occasionally, however, even this strong bar-

THE AVENUE OF PALMS.

rier is unavailing against the winds, which will at times form a kind of cyclone which descends straight from the clouds of heaven. The Scillonians playfully call this "the fifth wind."

Chilian gum-box and "Fuchsia riccartoni" are made to play a useful part in these defences. Shelters made from thin laths, varying from seven to twelve feet in height, and stone fences are also largely used.

Wild flowers are not so plentiful in the Scilly Isles as upon the more sheltered mainland. Tree life is stunted, and the gorse is scarcely six inches above the ground, cropping out of the rocks and gilding them with golden hue. When heather and gorse are in bloom the uplands of the islands are brilliant with color, beautiful as the deep blue of the sea, lapping the shore on still summer days.

Mesembryanthemum adorns many a cottage wall with color, if some brilliant geranium has not monopolized the surface even to the roof, peeping, like climbing roses, into the bedroom window. The geranium flowers appear almost throughout the year.

"Escallonia macrantha" colors the scenery with its pretty crimson flower-clusters, succeeded by berries, used, we believe, by the Scillonians for preserving. Its bright, glossy foliage glistens in the sun and intensifies the flower-coloring.

In the damp places in the gardens the New Zealand "Phormium tenax" has almost naturalized itself, and the great American agave forms splendid groups, one of which we illustrate. This reveals the distinctive nature of the gardening here, and the big stems (twelve feet or more), of sombre coloring, add picturesqueness to the scenery. The fragrance

from the "*Dracaena australis*" entices the honey-bee to a rich harvest; and it is worth mentioning that the "*Corydoline indivisa*" will live only in these islands. This garden reminds one of many a fair Riviera domain, where the air is redolent with tropical fragrance, and blue skies and seas make life gladsome. In it, too, we find mournful relics of the fury of the sea—ships' figure-heads, and various objects thrown upon the rocky shores.

Tresco has many strange features. In walking over the island, a natural way of perfectly fresh water arrests our attention, and the Piper's Hole must not be forgotten. The sea at high-water reaches the mouth of it, but at low tide one may enter this strange subterranean passage, which leads to a small lake of

fresh water. A boat is stationed there, and one may row across with the aid of candle-light. Rambling on, the visitor reaches a large cave, the bottom of which is as smooth as if made level by hand, supposed to be connected by an underground passage with St. Mary's.

The Scilly Isles are the home of a rare family of sea-birds. They cluster closely on every uninhabited isle and fill the air with their distinctive sounds. Other rare birds, even from the West Indies, are found, and an ostrich farm has been established with happy results. In the Isle of Annet the puffin abounds in countless numbers. Birds nestle on every rocky ledge, and their weird and varied cries create strange, uncanny feelings in those unused to these dwellers by the mighty deep.

Banks and Banking

By JAMES I. ENNIS, LL. B

III.



DEPOSITOR doing sufficient business to warrant making deposits daily, naturally gets into the habit of making his visits to the bank at about the same time each day. This is a good plan to follow, and if he would avoid vexatious delays it would be better for him to make his visit early in the day, so as not to be in the rush at or near the time of the bank's closing hour. If he has checks which he fears may not be good, it is advisable for him to get them through the clearing-house on the same day in which he receives them. In most of the large cities the clearing-house meets before noon. It is a good plan for the depositor to ascertain from his receiving teller at what time the clearing-house meets, and what is the latest time his receiving teller can "put through the clearing-house" checks received by him. If the clearing-house meets at eleven o'clock in the morning the receiving teller will probably put through the clearing-house all checks received by him up to half past ten o'clock. Some time must be allowed to the bank for the necessary listing, adding, and proving of the checks in time for the clearing-house meeting. If in the course of business a depositor receives a check of some business man or firm which he fears may not be honored on account of lack of funds, it is a very wise precaution for him to take the check to the bank on which it is drawn and request the bank to certify it. The teller stamps across the face of the check "Certified," or "Accepted," followed by the name of the bank and the date of the certification. Under this stamp is written in ink either the signature of the teller or of one of the bank's officials.

As soon as a bank has certified a check the amount of the check is immediately charged against the account of the person who signed the check, and this amount is held for the redemption of that particular check. The holder of the check need give himself no further concern as to the financial standing of the maker of the check, since the bank has guaranteed to pay it when presented, properly endorsed. If, however, the holder of the check is satisfied as to the financial responsibility of its maker, but is concerned as to the soundness of the bank on which it is drawn, it would be very imprudent for him to have the check certified; he should demand payment. For, were he to have it certified and the bank should fail, he would be the loser, and the maker of the check would not be held liable. It sometimes becomes necessary for a depositor to have his own check certified. Checks in payment of drafts drawn on business men are required to be certified. Checks accompanying bids for public work must be certified. In such cases if the checks are returned to the makers, it is necessary to treat them like the check of some other party and deposit them in the bank, for it must be remembered that the bank has charged the maker with the amount of the check, and this amount will not be credited back to the maker unless he produce the check. An amusing instance of the annoyance caused a Chicago business man by his ignorance on this point might be told. This man had done business for many years, had been a bank depositor and had handled hundreds of certified checks. One day he went into the bank and had his check certified for several thousand dollars, almost to the extent of his entire bank balance. The

next day his check for almost the same amount was presented by a messenger of another bank for certification. The second check would have overdrawn the customer's balance. He was a man of scrupulous honesty, and would not under any circumstances intentionally overdraw his account. He was telephoned to and the situation explained. He replied, "Why there must be some mistake, I have several thousand dollars' balance." "But," said the teller, "you forget the check you had certified yesterday." "No, I don't forget that check either, but I didn't use it. The amount was not correct, so I tore it up." Explanations followed, and the frantic depositor, after a search through his wastepaper basket, finally managed to get enough pieces of the torn paper together to enable him to satisfy the bank and have the amount of the cancelled check credited back to his account.

Many customers of banks have formed the bad habit of cashing at the paying teller's window of their own bank, checks drawn on other banks instead of depositing them. A person's bank account should as nearly as possible explain itself. In other words, his bank deposit of each day should include the amount received in currency, checks, and drafts. If he need money he should draw his check for the amount needed. If this were done a man could have in his bank account a faithful mirror of his business operations in the matter of receipts and expenses. Besides this advantage the customer of the bank can always trace a check which he has deposited, but it is very difficult to trace a check which he has had cashed. The reason for this is very simple. When the check is deposited it is listed on the deposit-slip and marked, so that at any time a person may ascertain whether it be drawn on a local bank, or whether it be a bill of exchange on New York, Boston or some other point; but when the check is

cashed no description of it is taken in the teller's cash-book, and to trace it is very difficult. Then, again, fraud is easily committed when the customer by his careless habits makes it easily possible. A case in point occurred in Chicago not very long ago. A gang of letter-box thieves formed the plan of robbing the letter-boxes at street corners. Their scheme was to open the boxes by means of keys which they had obtained, rifle the letters, and confiscate all drafts and checks they could negotiate easily. Many business men make it a practice to buy drafts at a bank payable to themselves, and after endorsing them in blank, to mail them to creditors in settlement of bills. Then, again, many depositors mail their deposits to the bank, when the deposits contain checks and drafts only. If these depositors had endorsed their checks to the bank instead of merely endorsing them in blank they could have lost nothing, because the thieves were smart enough to re-mail all such checks; but the checks endorsed in blank, being payable to bearer, were cashed by the various banks on which they were drawn. It may be stated parenthetically that endorsing in blank means the simple writing of the name on the back of the check. When this is done the check is payable to bearer. One depositor was in the habit of sending his clerk into the bank with all the checks which came to him in the course of business and getting cash on them. The teller protested against such unbusiness-like methods, but the customer, who was a lawyer, asserted that as he had endorsed them in blank they were payable to bearer, that he was the endorser and liable, and that he knew his business and needed no dictation from the teller. Nevertheless, the words of the teller made some impression on him, for he determined thereafter to deposit all drafts and checks and to draw his own check when he needed money. But he

did not say anything of this to the teller, who continued day by day to cash checks for the lawyer's clerk, until there came a day when the clerk could not be found. He had fled after having embezzled several thousands of dollars. He had taken advantage of his employer's egotism and carelessness, and had systematically diverted to his own use each day the amount he should have deposited, forging in the pass-book the receiving teller's initials to the receipt. No one was liable but the lawyer. Had he endorsed his checks to the bank he could probably have recovered from the bank, but he neglected that precaution even. If he had not made it a custom to cash outside checks, the paying teller would have refused to cash them, even though a check endorsed in blank is payable to bearer. The practice of cashing checks drawn on other banks is not good business, nor is the practice of endorsing in blank, safe. If a depositor will persist in the practice of cashing checks on other banks at his paying teller's window, the teller should insist that he endorse on the back of every check the words, "Pay in currency," and sign his name. Then the wish of the depositor would be clearly indicated.

Not infrequently a depositor is requested by some friend or mere acquaintance to identify him at the bank. If the check be on the bank with which the depositor does business and be made payable direct to the man who holds the check, the depositor will incur very slight risk in introducing the man to the paying teller; but in any other case the depositor must be prepared to incur the liability of an endorser, as the paying teller will undoubtedly refuse to cash the check unless the depositor endorses it. So that unless the depositor feels sure of the integrity and financial worth of his friend to the extent of endorsing his check, he should refuse to identify him.

After drawing money from a bank, a

person should always count it before spending any of it. He should—if the amount be not too large—count it before leaving the bank. If the money is in bundles he should at least prove the total amount he received, counting the bundles at their marked value. When he gets back to his office he should verify the amount of each package of bills. If the amount be incorrect, he should notify the bank immediately and, if possible, take to the bank the bundle incorrectly marked. If it be necessary for him to use the money at once, he should save the paper strap which enclosed it. This paper strap will enable the bank officials to locate the person who put up the package, and the depositor will have no difficulty in recovering the amount of the shortage, if shortage there be. If it be an "over" difference, it is just as desirable that the strap be returned, so that the paying teller may know from what teller he received the package and return it to the right person. Depositors, sometimes, detecting an error in a package, will say nothing about it for two or three days, and then casually inquire of the paying teller, "How did your cash balance on the third of this month?" If the teller says that his cash balanced, the depositor feels that he is entitled to keep the amount over. He does not think of the poor receiving teller who was short that amount on the day mentioned, who has been checking up his accounts and worrying himself sick trying to find his shortage. It must not be forgotten that the paying teller receives all the packages of currency from the receiving tellers at their face value and pays them out at their face value. Should any package contain one hundred dollars more or less it would not affect the paying teller's cash in the least, but the receiving teller would be out of balance. Furthermore, any depositor claiming a shortage in a package must have proved his money before paying any of it out.

CUTTING THE WILLOWS.

A Canadian Industry

By WILLIAM BURKE



OSIER-BEDS are commonly found near rivers, especially in parts where the ground is flooded in winter. But osiers may be grown anywhere on good ground and give little trouble, though they need some attention even on the banks of tidal rivers. A bed averages three tons of rods per acre, and the value of the crop is about \$75.00 per acre. The shoots are cut yearly for making baskets, hoops, lobster-pots, eel-traps, etc. Properly managed, the crop pays well, is very ornamental, and for the whole of the summer, autumn, and winter forms an excellent covert for game. As fruit cultivation is immensely increasing, there is a corresponding increase in the demand for baskets to contain the

fruit. Immense quantities are now being imported from Belgium, France, and Germany, because the American crop is not nearly sufficient. The osier does not require a wet soil; but the land must be good, and not too dry or sandy. Stagnant, boggy ground does not suit the plant at all, though they will grow well in light loam. Many species of osier are of the most brilliant coloring in winter and early spring. In some the rods are golden-yellow, in others the bark is almost scarlet, with a bright polish, and the osier-bed forms a brilliant object from December to February, just before the rods are cut. The kind of willow grown varies from the slender, tough withes used in making small baskets and eel-traps to the large, fast-growing rods

suitable for making into crates for heavy goods. The land needs thorough clearing and trenching to the depth of from twenty to thirty inches. The plants are taken from a nursery in which they have been "schooled" for one year; they will produce a crop fit to cut in that case one year earlier than if the cuttings were planted at once in the new osier bed. The cuttings are placed twelve inches apart in rows, two feet distant from each other. Hoeing is necessary to keep the ground open. This will cost from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre for the first two years, and this should be done before the middle of June. When the osiers are well started they grow so densely that they kill out the weeds themselves. The rate of growth, even on ordinary field land, is astonishing. They will add eighteen inches in a week! February and March

are the months for planting the new crop and for harvesting the old.

In the Fens, the harvesting of the rods begins earlier. But this depends usually on the season, as they must be cut before the sap begins to rise. In the Fen country, and by the sides of rivers which overflow in winter, the crop is cut three years after planting. Elsewhere from four to five years must elapse; but then, instead of being cut once every seven years, like ordinary underwood, they are cut every year, and yet every year they sprout up to a height of from five to ten feet, according to the species. According to a pamphlet issued by the Board of Agriculture in Canada, the cost of preparing and planting varies from \$75.00 to \$125.00 per acre.

The difference is largely due to the cost of manure. But where the land is

flooded in winter no manure is needed. An average crop produces one hundred and fifty bunches of rods to the acre, and a heavy crop two hundred and fifty bunches. Harvesting costs about one and one-half cents per bunch, and the selling price is at present about two shillings per bunch. A willow grower in the Fens states that "an osier holt in a suitable site, well-planted, cleaned and cared for, and filled up and replanted when necessary, has always paid its way, and sometimes gives very good results indeed." This is high praise from a farmer.

When the rods are cut they are tied into bunches according to size, and the lower ends are set in water so that the bark can be peeled off easily; the withes are called "white rods."

Our osiers take the place of the bamboo of the East, though it must be admitted that they fall far short of the bamboo in universal usefulness.

The yard of the rod-maker usually stands near a pool, or river, in which he can stand his bunches of withes to soak.

The illustrations show the preparation of the rods. The first scene shows the men and women at work stripping rods early in the spring, when the bark is loose. The willow is drawn through a

pair of iron springs, and the bark comes off easily. Of the wicker contrivances standing by the trammel-net, the larger is an eel-pot and the smaller a trap for taking fish in. The latter is made of the most delicate little osiers, hardly larger than rushes.

The second illustration shows the freshly cut tops of willows, commonly called "palms," being bound up into bundles. The buds and flowers are bursting on these branches, and their preparation is less economical and more roughly worked than that of osier cutting and peeling. There is a fortune awaiting the man who establishes osier growing and osier peeling on a large scale and finds a proper market in this country for the bark. It contains from eight to ten per cent of tannin, and the quantity is constant. The tannin in oak bark varies from six to twenty per cent. To obtain this an oak tree, instead of a year-old willow stem, must be cut; and, per acre, the amount produced by osiers in a given number of years is very much greater than that of oak. It is osier bark that is used to tan Russian leather, though it is a decoction of the bark of the birch which gives it its agreeable aroma.

The City's Poor ♪ **By William J. Fischer**

The wintry winds are blowing through the willows in the street,
And up the snowy pavement comes the tramp of weary feet.
O footsteps of the homeless, sounding far into the night!
The stars, God's little angels white, are listening with delight.
O hearts, with hunger breaking for the sound of some kind voice,
Hark! hark! the winds are calling!
"Christ is near—poor ones, rejoice!"

O eyes, tear-stained and longing for the smile on some kind face!
O lips, in prayer glad moving in yon dismal market-place!
O souls, in love now yearning for that peace—eternal rest—
High o'er you, there is watching from the dear home of the blest
A mighty King and Father, standing at night's jeweled door,
His eyes a-flame with pity,
As He watches o'er His poor.

Seville and Cordova

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

"Fair is proud Seville, let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient
days."

—Byron.



THE traveller who approaches Seville from the south is prepared gradually for the wealth he will find in this city of 150,000 people.

The train passes many villas in the suburbs, where fine mansions, well-kept lawns, and beautiful groves indicate the great riches of the *Grandeos* whose names he may read on the great gateposts which flank the spacious drives. As we walked the streets of Seville, we gazed into many open courts, which form the center of the houses of the wealthy. The marble pavements, the walls in mosaic, the fountains in the center, the statues, flowers, and the rich ornamentation of these dooryards, told of the luxurious surroundings of the owners in their city palaces as well as in their country residences.

Seville, past and present, is an intensely interesting city, and

"Who has not seen Seville
Has not seen a wonder."

I have referred to its freedom from beggars. This is due to a stringent law, recently passed and widely published, prohibiting begging on the streets. As a result, not once during our visit to the city were we approached by beggars. It was a unique experience during our travels.

The tourist who walks the well-paved, well-lighted streets of Seville, between fine, modern business blocks, sees stores

as fine as those of any American city of the same size, and can scarcely realize that the Phoenicians of the time of Solomon traversed these same streets, and that the Carthaginian moored his vessel in this beautiful Guadalquivir. Indeed, so far into the dim past extends this "Paris of Andalusia," that its citizens will calmly and confidently assert that Hercules and Bacchus were wont to visit it in search of pleasure. In the face of such antiquity, the advent of Julius Caesar to Seville in the year 45 B. C., seems almost modern, and the departure of Columbus from the Golden Tower, en route for Palos and America, seems a thing of yesterday. At every turn we met mementoes of great men like Scipio, Africanus, Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius. Traces also of the occupation by the Goths after the fall of the Roman Empire, and of the Moors, later, are to be seen, till the conclusion is reached that proud Seville, from the very dawn of history, has occupied no mean place in the records of mankind. To-day it is famous as the home of the gayest, most light-hearted, most hospitable, care-free, yet, withal, most religious people in the world. Its gaiety is not that of Paris, but the innocent ebullition of a people not born to be serious even in prayer, for even their Holy Week processions, full of pomp and adorned with elaborate floats with statues covered with priceless gems, have their side of child-like gaiety; while on the great feasts, like Christmas and Corpus Christi, the most notable feature of the celebration is a dance by the altar boys before the high altar in the cathedral. In other lands,

such ceremonies might easily become sacrilegious, but in Seville, as in Oberammergau, a simple people of deep faith preserve their sacred character. A description of this dance and the impression left upon a non-Catholic may be of interest: "I entered the church with my mind prepared for a feeling of indignation at the profanation of this sacred place. The church was dark; only the principal chapel was illuminated;

given by a priest, a low music from violins broke the profound silence of the church, and the boys moved forward with the steps of a contra-dance and began to divide, interlace and separate, and gather again with a thousand graceful turns. Then all broke out together into a lovely and harmonious chant which echoed through the darkness of the vast cathedral like the voice of a choir of angels, and a moment later they

GALLERY OF THE COURT OF ORANGES, CORDOVA.

a crowd of kneeling women occupied the space between the chapel and the choir. Several priests were seated on the right and left of the altar. Before the steps was spread a broad carpet, and two rows of boys from eight to ten years old, dressed like Spanish cavaliers of the Middle Ages with plumed hats and white stockings, were drawn up opposite each other in front of the altar. At a signal

commenced to accompany the dance and chant with castanets. No religious service ever moved me like this one. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by those small voices under that immense vault; the little creatures at the foot of the enormous altar; that grave and almost humble dance; the ancient costumes, prostrate crowd—and all around, the darkness. I left the church

with my soul as peaceful as if I had been praying."

The cathedral itself is a marvel. Built on the site of an ancient temple of Venus, which gave way centuries later to a beautiful Mohammedan mosque, the present church, the second largest in the world, is the result of the following resolution by the Cathedral Chapter in the year 1401: "Let us build a church so large and beautiful that coming ages may proclaim us mad to have undertaken it." As far as I could learn, praises and blessings have followed their memory, rather than questions as to their sanity. Being Gothic in design, with all the light tracery which the Moors left as a rich legacy to those who drove them back to Africa, its high arches upheld by great clusters of slender pillars, it is entirely unlike glorious St. Peter's and affords no single point for comparison. The great fresco pictures, the masterpieces of Spain's noble band of artists, which adorn the walls, are equal to the pictures in St. Peter's, but those in Rome are all mosaic except one, which is in oil.

Seville was the home of Murillo, and his finest paintings are preserved here. The most recent addition to the interior of the cathedral is the tomb of Columbus, whose remains were brought here from Cuba at the close of our war with Spain. It occupies a conspicuous place under one of the great arches, not far from the spot where the dust of his son Ferdinand has reposed since the middle of the sixteenth century. In the pavement, above the body of Ferdinand, are carved models of the three caravels in which the voyage of his illustrious father was made. Beneath is the well-known inscription, "A Castilla y a Leon, Mundo Nuevo Dio Colon." The ashes

of his father lie in a large marble casket, supported on the shoulders of four gigantic bronze figures. On the marble base, which is about ten by twenty feet square, are the words: "When ungrateful America deserted the mother country, the city of Seville erected this monument." I desire to bear witness to the unfailing courtesy of this most polite of all nations, and this was the only word of reproach we Americans met with during our stay in Spain. It is very mild, indeed, when we recall how we shouted ourselves hoarse with "Remember the Maine," only to turn to some new excitement, to the neglect of the vital question as to who was really responsible for the destruction of that vessel. The words "mother country" started an argument as to which was our mother country. We finally decided that Spain was our mother and England our stepmother, and there were those among us who feel that the latter has lived up to the part.

At one corner of the immense building rises the famous Giralda tower, three hundred and fifty feet high, begun by the Moors and finished by the Christians, who more than doubled its height. Its massive walls of rose-colored brick are lightened in appearance by the usual filagree and arabesque, set into them in great panels. So massive are they that through their center runs an inclined plane so wide that two horsemen may ascend to the top abreast. One beautiful Sunday noon we stood in the belfry, watching the boys ringing the Angelus. One urchin allowed the rope he held to wind around the axis of the revolving bell till it drew him swiftly from the floor and swung him far out into the open archway over the pavement a dizzy distance below. When we recovered from our fright we found him perched on the rim of the bell in grinning expect-

tancy of a fee. None of us cared to encourage such daredevil tricks, nor could we approve of such an ending to the beautiful prayer. The Alcazar, or royal palace of Seville, would dazzle any one who had not seen the Alhambra. It is very like it, only smaller and not quite so rich in ornament. The Columbian Library and the Archives of the Indies, great buildings filled to overflowing with the records of Spain's colonies, contain a mine of information about America. Some day, I trust, these volumes may be thoroughly searched by American scholars, for I feel sure they contain many a secret of historical value. The very walls of these buildings, covered as they are with the autograph letters of

himself, make the place a shrine for Americans. Ponce de Leon writes from Porto Rico, February 10, 1521, just one hundred years before Plymouth Rock; De Soto, from Florida, in 1539; De Bazan's letter, reciting the glorious victory of Lepanto, in 1571, is there also. We spent an afternoon wandering through Triana, named Trajana, after the Emperor who was born here. It is the portion of the city occupied by the Moors, gypsies, and bull-fighters. The manners and costumes are quite different from those of the people just across the river. While it was midwinter and the bull-fights would not commence till after Easter, the bull-fighters wore their picturesque costumes, and the "torea-

dors," the stars of the arena, could be distinguished by the lock of plaited hair just projecting from beneath the wide "sombbrero." Spain is on the point of abolishing the brutal national sport. The American tourist who ventures to inquire about it will not meet resentment on the part of the ever-affable Spaniard; but the conversation will be adroitly turned to the question of prize-fights and burning negroes at the stake. Sevillians approach nearest to the typical Spaniard. More cultured than the people of Granada, more removed from outside influence than those of Madrid, their ways are purely Spanish. Here is the home of the Spanish dance and serenade; here the most beautiful "senoritas," not one of whom ever degraded her

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

Amerigo Vespucci, Cortez, Cabot, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Pizarro and, most revered of all, of Columbus

beautiful locks with a modern hat or anything less graceful than a lace mantilla, which in her nimble fingers

becomes a "fascinator" indeed. The men, also, of Seville are handsome fellows who seem to do little except pose, which they certainly do to perfection. When one of them wraps his short, velvet cloak over one shoulder in such a way that just enough of the red and green plush lining shows, tips his ridiculous cap on the side of his black, curly hair and hoists his red, blue, or green silk sunshade (in February!), he is, as the American girl would say, "just too killing for anything!" And no one knows it so well as does this modern Don Quixote himself. Cervantes and his hero were of Seville.

Some one has said that the Sevillian breakfasts on a glass of water, dines on an air on the guitar, and sleeps in a hammock suspended by cobwebs, a picture of contentment and sweet idleness. This is indeed the ideal capital of the Land of Manana. I have said the people of Seville are a pious people and follow, perhaps somewhat too literally, the Biblical injunction not to be solicitous as to what you shall eat or wear. It must have been a pious Sevillian who wrote:

"I have nothing to do with to-morrow;
My Saviour will make it His care;
Should He fill it with trouble or sorrow,
He will help me to suffer and bear

I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its burdens then why should I share?
Its grace and its strength I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care?"

A mixture of the Andalusian's nonchalance and American feverish restlessness would enable the American and the

Spaniard both to get more out of life than either does at present.

The Spaniards are not only a people of great faith, but also of strict morals. The Spanish gallant stands on the side-

SQUARE IN SEVILLE.

walk and talks to his "dulcinea" through a barred window. All the world may see them, and never are they together in private till after marriage. Spain may congratulate herself upon being behind the times in some things.

From Seville to Cordova is a ride of four hours. Cordova, replete with memories of the past, is uninteresting as a modern city. Two hundred years B. C. it was the most important and the largest town in Spain, and was the first to be conquered by the Romans. Later, it was the Moorish capital, and at that time was said to be a city of two hundred thousand houses, six hundred mosques, and nine hundred public baths. It was, says O'Shea, the center of European civilization, the seat of learning and the repository of art—the Athens of the West.

Its principal attraction for us was the great mosque, which has no counterpart in the world. It is a forest of marble columns spanned with slender, grace-

ful arches of many colors. The arches are low, and the columns of different colored marbles are about twenty feet apart.

The entire space covered is six hundred and forty-two by four hundred and sixty feet, and at one time over twelve hundred columns upheld this great roof. I say at one time, because religious fanaticism in the sixteenth century tore out the central portion to build a church, to typify the triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism. It is curious to note how love of God has so often prompted men to mar or destroy works of godlike beauty. Spaniards mutilated this mosque and whitewashed its golden mosaic walls at the very time that the sixteenth century "reformers" were destroying priceless masterpieces of Catholic art, and the Moor himself had set them both the example by cutting and slashing every Christian emblem, from the carved statues at Baalbec to the bronzes and mosaics in the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. We might pardon the fanatics for killing each other, for they have been replaced, we trust, by a higher type of man; but when they destroyed that which "was unique in all the world," as Charles V said of the mosque of Cordova, they perpetrated a crime that is not easily forgiven by one who gazes in sorrow and

regret on what remains of the grandeur of this glorious temple.

To wander through the streets of this ancient city—ancient when Pharaoh's daughter found the infant Moses amid the rushes of the Nile; to cross the great stone bridge of seventeen arches built by the Caesars; to pass through the square named for Seneca, the tutor of Nero, and gaze on the house where Lucan, the stoic philosopher, lived before Christ was born—and then to turn away and step into a luxurious apartment of a twentieth century sleeping-car to be awakened at Madrid, the modern capital of Spain, is a transition indeed; but not more startling to the imagination than to go to bed in fair, tropical, sunny Andalusia and awake in a rain-storm that would drench the soil, if soil there were to hide the nakedness of the bleak, rocky country around Madrid, which reminds one of the lava beds at Vesuvius in its barrenness.

The people of Seville and of Toledo, which was also for centuries the capital of Spain, declare that Charles V is still in purgatory for selecting Madrid as his capital. On the other hand, the citizens of Madrid have a saying: "After Madrid, heaven, and then in heaven a little window for looking back to Madrid." There is some foundation for both theories.

UNENTERED PORTS

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

V.

HOWE had spoken truly when he expressed no sense of fear if Talbot's loyalty, and incidentally his own, were left to the decision of the people; but he knew Brady too well to hope for that. The man who in working in our interests shows no scruples so the end is achieved, is not going to improve his morals when he begins to work against us. Brady's defense of a candidate was well known to Howe. It consisted almost wholly of attack upon his opponent, an attack carried on unscrupulously and with a relentlessness that was brutal. If truth could not be found to work for him, he employed falsehood, and being devoid of fear, he uttered his lies with brazen calmness. He possessed a versatile talent for editorial writing. Even though his pen were dipped in vitriol, his readers were forced to admire the brilliancy of his utterances. Added to this, he was a man of deeper learning than is ordinarily found in the country editorial chair, and in philosophic or purely literary pursuits he might have achieved a more than passing renown. But the poverty incidental to rearing a large family without sufficient income had left him a mere newspaper hack. This consciousness of lost opportunities had done much to embitter him and make him rancorous. If he might not be a light in the literary firmament, he would be a scorching flame on the journalistic ground; if men might not admire his ten talents, they should feel his one; so the "Sun" had for many years been a power in local affairs, and was not altogether unconsidered in matters of wider import. Much of his work was

spectacular, but, as people must be amused as well as instructed, the paper enjoyed a wider patronage than it deserved.

When it trumpeted forth its first note of opposition to Howe's support of Talbot, there was a perceptible stir in the ranks. When the second issue contained a severe denunciation of Talbot, with a side opinion on all who espoused his cause, the stir grew into a murmur of protest. When the third number came out, openly opposing Howe and Talbot and calling for another Democrat to come forward to represent the district in Congress, the war was on. Scott County soon responded to Brady's call for a candidate, and the "Sun" took up his cause with a zeal that swept that gentleman off his feet. Unfortunately for Howe, his new opponent had been an ardent Goebelite; but when that claim was made all was said. The product of a backwoods school and the graduate of political treachery and fraud, he was illy adapted to sit in the hall of Congress. His home county recognized this, and with Brady not against him, Howe could have conducted the campaign without thought of defeat. As it was he recognized that the battle of his political life was before him. He had no doubt of his ultimate victory in the nomination; he knew the great trial would come afterward, when the Republicans would be strengthened by the disgruntled Brady followers. Then it would be lifted from a purely local affair into one with national bearing. It was necessary that Kentucky should swing back into Democratic line, with a Presidential election approaching.

As the weeks slipped by and Brady, making good his promise to Howe, pro-

duced his proof of Talbot's defection from, and Howe's own unenthusiastic support of, Goebel, and the old trite appeal to the people's love for the martyred Governor began to meet with a faint response, it is little wonder if fear commenced to creep into the hearts of the campaign leaders. While their own organs vehemently denied the charge of infidelity and brought forward indisputable facts to show that neither Howe nor Talbot had failed to support the Democratic nominee, they could not prevent the minds of men from harking back to those days which showed them their present candidates for office if not actually in the opposing line, quiescent in their own. They recalled speeches that had been made during that memorable year by Howe, wherein instead of asking for loyal devotion to the leader he had pleaded for union in the party. It was virtually saying that the leadership could eventually be disposed of; the sole object to be considered was the preservation of the rank and file.

As thus the pendulum of popular feeling swung back and forth, Howe preserved his usual calm. He had ever been equable. It was a character into which he had schooled himself, but that calm, it appeared to his co-workers, had never been so pronounced as now, when the soul was most severely tried. Howe did not deny to himself that the strength that was nerving him to such great endurance was, in large part, due to love for Mrs. Delgare. For a time he had struggled against the knowledge. He would not accept it as an ultimate fact that he was in love with one of whom he knew no more than her name and present occupation. All the pride of a proud race rose up at the thought. Ever the wives of the Howes had been chosen from the flower of Kentucky womanhood, and each had left her father's roof for her husband's hearthstone. Their brief years of life, apart from them, lay

before their husbands' eyes as a lake lies under the rays of the sun, and the records of their fathers were as clear as those of the men they had espoused. But love, from his secure place, bade him to look on Mrs. Delgare's brow and ask himself if she did not carry there the story of a womanhood as stainless as those others. It told him that that brow had nothing to hide, and that when he had lighted the flame of affection in her heart she would lead him through all the now locked chambers of her life, and he would find them swept and garnished, waiting for the coming of her lord. So love spoke, and it triumphed.

Yet he saw but little of her, although they were under the same roof, and except on Sunday mornings, when they met it was always in the presence of others. Now that Mrs. Delgare was familiar with the town, she, too, took a Sunday morning walk. However, she walked alone. He felt that it was her wish, and though the desire to accompany her was strong in his heart, he restrained his ardent longing. Some time the right to walk by her side would be his. He had waited all the years of his youth and early manhood; he could wait a few days longer: but, as the fever of the approaching election rose higher and these perplexities and dangers of the situation increased, he yearned for close companionship with her.

One evening they met in a book-store. She was looking over some juvenile literature when his greeting drew her attention. As she looked up at him, thus suddenly drawn from the misery of her thoughts, she mistook the light of his eyes for sympathy, and there came over her the swift recollection that thus, from the first, they had shone for her. Something in her heart gave way.

"Ah, Judge Howe!" she said, with the first laugh, for him, that had broken

from her lips, "do you always come thus opportunely when your friends are in need of advice?"

The laugh in his heart answered hers. He became conscious, then, that some one who was standing behind him, at the other counter, had turned and was watching them. "I want to buy a book for a little boy—what do little boys like best of all?"

"It is a long time since I was a little boy," he said, with his low, soft laugh. "From that time, two books stand out prominently—'Robinson Crusoe' and a volume of 'Leatherstocking Tales.'"

"He has 'Crusoe,'" she observed.

"We have no 'Leatherstocking Tales,'" supplemented the clerk.

"What sort of a chap is he?" inquired Howe of Mrs. Delgare. "Inclined to be wild, want to run off to fight Indians or be a showman?"

"Oh, no!" she said, a sudden shadow falling on her face. He noted it. It gave her countenance the same expression it had worn when he had talked to her of Boone County. It puzzled him.

"Then buy him a stirring detective story," he said. "One with plenty of dash and danger in it, hairbreadth escapes from the pursuing foes, daring deeds, golden-haired heroines and black-eyed villains; with the good triumphing in the end, and the bad completely overthrown."

He spoke lightly, but the shadow deepened on her face.

"Because he is not a wild child, but a very quiet, patient little fellow, do you not think it might be cruel to give him a glimpse of a free, glad life such as is not for him?"

Her voice had sunk so low that he had to bend his head to catch the words; but he did not comprehend the poignancy of their meaning, and replied:

"Those quiet boys often surprise us by leaping into a life of too much free-

dom, thus showing that they are not a foreign graft on the human tree."

"You do not know this little boy," she replied, handing to the salesgirl the volume which she had been holding during the conversation.

"With that book, Miss Nettie," he observed to the clerk, "wrap the best detective story in the house—yes, you must permit me," he said, against Mrs. Delgare's swift protest. "I want to prove to you that I know the likes of boys. I am ready to state that, when he gives you his opinion of the two books, he will decide in favor of mine."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Judge," remarked the girl. "We sell more detective stories to boys than anything else."

"I do not deem it advisable to express the opinion in the presence of youth," he said, as he selected his magazine, "but I feel sorry for the boy who has never had the pleasure of reading a detective or Indian tale."

"If the book is between the pages of his geography, that pleasure is intensified?" she questioned, and when he replied:

"Does not Holy Scripture tell us that stolen waters are sweetest?" she smiled, and said:

"I rejoice that my pupils are not listening to such heretical teachings from the lips of their judge."

When the girl laid the packages on the counter, Howe, taking them, said in a voice that made refusal almost impossible, so decisive was it:

"May I walk home with you?"

She murmured her assent, reluctantly. As they moved toward the door he turned his eyes to see who had been standing behind them, watching them. It was Brady.

They spoke little until they left the main street; then he said:

"Mrs. Delgare, permit one who is interested in you to ask a question; why are you averse to making new friends?"

She was evidently taken back by his words. Never before had he touched on personalities in conversation with her. She lifted her face to him.

"I might say that to make new friends invites more pain by reopening the doors of the past for new sympathies; but I feel that a question prompted by such sincerity, demands like sincerity in its answer. I make no new friends because I do not want them."

"But do you not need them?" he asked. Under his eyes she could not fling forth her heart's proud defiance. Her soul answered "Yes," before her lips said:

"It is human to desire friendship, and," she added, with an abandon, "I am humanly human! But," she went on instantly, to cover over that weak confession, "the fewer cogs there are in the wheels of our nature, the easier we make the journey of life."

For a few paces they walked without speaking. She thought the rebuke of her words had stung him into silence, and experienced a pang of regret that this should be. Why could he not understand that she wanted nothing more from man or woman? If she sent forth no wail of loneliness, why must he try to wring it from her? She felt this much was a right she could demand—to be let alone. The man, far from knowing the rebuff she imagined, was holding his first communion with his love for her. Her indifference was now broken down, and he had received a glimpse of her true nature in that cry of her necessity. Her heart was not dead and buried as he had feared. But oh! that other man!

They had reached the gate. As he paused, with his hand on the fastening, he said:

"Do you think it is right to shut off from yourself all sympathies?"

"I answered your question awhile ago.

It is easier to get along without them," she said.

"I have not found it so," he urged. "Ever I have longed for the sympathy of a comprehending friend."

"Have you not discovered that, when found, the counter-call it made on you overbalanced the satisfaction which you thought you derived, and, perchance, did derive, from that comprehending sympathy?" she asked.

"I cannot say. I have not, as yet, found that sympathetic friendship. I believe one—at the farthest two, such congenial spirits are all that the soul may hope to meet in this phase of its existence. Some never meet them."

There was a tone in the voice that was as gall and wormwood to this woman's heart; but when she raised her flashing eyes their anger died as they rested on his face. A woman, unless she is very young or ignorant, can never mistake his reverence, or lack of it, in the eyes of a man.

"I wish," he said, "that I might see more of you. I wish you would permit me to make your sojourn in Paris pleasant. It would give me more pleasure than you can imagine."

"That is generous," she said, "what one might expect from Judge Howe. But I am not altogether unhappy, as my solitary mode of living may have led you to think. I am always employed. After my duties in the college are over, I give my time to the translation of stories for magazines and publishing houses. Not only," she added, "is such work agreeable, but it is necessary; since, you know, besides myself, there is my little son to think of. While my step-mother lives he wants for nothing; but the property reverts to her first husband's children at her death. I must provide for him against my taking off, too. He is a cripple, you know," she finished, with her eyes on the western sky.

His fingers were tightened on the iron rod. Her son! Mechanically, when she made a movement forward, he held back the gate and followed her up the walk to the door. Her little crippled son! It was for him the book had been purchased, and what blundering words had he uttered? She had spoken of it as if he were aware of the circumstance, and he knew nothing. The negro opened the door. In the hall, she held out her hand for her parcel. He gave it to her without a word, and turned to the library, with a sense of defeat.

VI.

The confidence, slight as it was, that Mrs. Delgare had placed in Howe, made it impossible for her to retain her former attitude toward him. Her approach to friendliness, even though so slight as to be unnoticed by others, lifted the despondency that had fallen on his heart. Certainly, never did a man stand more in need of the friendship of the woman he loved, than did Allen Howe.

As the weeks brought nearer that fateful May election and the ranks showed no signs of great disintegration, the ire of Brady continued to rise, causing him to overstep the bounds of common decency.

"I do not see how you stand it," said Mrs. Delgare to him.

It was a Sunday morning in the fair young April, and they were walking together. They had met by pure chance, as they were leaving the town, at a point where the street she had taken merged into the country road. She must either go forward with him or turn back. As her mood was companionable, she gave him the desired permission to join her. They had left the town behind and were following the broad turnpike, swept white by the roystering winds of March. It led them under boughs of redbud, hung thick with fairy purple bells; past

clumps of wild plum, that stood like maidens arrayed for the bridal, and kept them always in sight of the roseate clouds of the peach orchards. The grass along the border was gemmed with dandelions, while frequent tufts of violets sent up fragrant greeting.

Notwithstanding the loveliness of the morning and the fact of her presence, Howe's face was grave, his brow overshadowed. The last issue of the "Sun" had been insulting to a point almost past endurance. She had opened up the way for him to speak of what was weighing his spirits, and listening to him, recalling all the bitter and untruthful statements the editor had made regarding the man beside her, had called out her long-entertained wonder at his endurance.

"The worst of it is," he said in reply, "one cannot contradict the statements on which he builds his infamous stories. I was a poor farm-hand. I was reared in poverty. I did spell my way through my boyhood studies by aid of a dip-light in the attic over my employer's kitchen. I have never attempted to conceal any of those facts, although they do not make the happiest subjects for reflection. That poverty was no fault of mine, nor of my parents. Yet that man has the brazenness to speak of me as if my ancestors were never other than poor and ignorant."

"But people know differently," she suggested.

"My father's generation, yes. But the younger one knows only what this man tells them, for on that subject my voice shall never be heard. It is too sacred to me. My father held the honor of the South dearer than wealth, or wife, or child."

"And worthy of his sacrifices for honor were the son's struggles through the adverse conditions made by that devotion," she said. "That reflects more credit on the name than the wealth and

erudition of all who have gone before. That one like Brady should refer to what you hold dear, and in insulting terms, is what galls."

"In another issue, as you may have noticed," continued the Judge, "he asserted that I begged my way through college, and secured my clothes and books by acting the part of a valet to Talbot."

The words were calmly spoken, although the red crept into his face. Mrs. Delgare's fingers closed so tightly over the twig of redbud which she held that it snapped in two. The momentary silence that followed was intensely painful to her, who understood the proud nature of the speaker.

"Those statements were false," he said quietly. "It required the persuasive force of our friends," he added, with his soft laugh in his voice, "to prevent Talbot from calling on Brady because of them. I paid for my board and tuition, and clothes and books, with the money received for my services as a farm-hand on the plantation that had belonged to my father. Talbot was my friend. Many inestimable services he rendered me, but they were such as gentlemen offer to gentlemen. Generous he was and is, to a fault, and, had I permitted it, he would have made those days less arduous for me. But I preferred to begin life unencumbered by any obligations. Apart from the claim of friendship, which I hold sacred, I am entirely free from Talbot; yet Mr. Brady does not scruple to say, and repeat with persistence, that I could not avoid supporting Talbot; to do so, was to leave him at liberty to ruin me."

"Why have you kept silent under these misrepresentations?" she inquired.

"Because I cannot bring myself down to his level to deny them," he said. "Do you think I should?"

"I think you owe it to yourself and your friends to give publicly the lie to

his utterances in every speech that you make. As you have said, there are many ignorant of the exact truth of the matter. These should be enlightened. I need not say to you, so well versed in politics, that a candidate cannot afford to despise the good opinion of a single person. There are others who judge a man's manliness by his constant effort to defend himself against attack—in other words, they like a fighter. This is the first time, I take it, that you have had to meet such blackguardism?"

"It is," he said. "The editors who hitherto opposed me were gentlemen, and while they were merciless in their attacks on me politically, as a private citizen I was unassailed. I did not think that there was such black malignity in the human heart as this man has shown."

She lifted her eyes and searched his face. She noted the traces left on it by the years in the lines about the mouth and the streaks of white in the hair.

"Ah!" she said, "God has led you softly."

His eyes met hers inquiringly, but as she vouchsafed no explanation, he said:

"Of course, I have met with falsehood and deceit—who has not? I have been betrayed where I trusted, and found dross where I thought was pure gold. But the conduct of Brady is a revelation to me of the depths of the depravity of humanity."

She made no response, and for several minutes they walked under the blossoming boughs in silence. Then she paused.

"We have gone far enough," she explained, but she made no step toward beginning the homeward walk. Almost at her feet was a bed of violets. He stooped and began to pluck the flowers. On a post of the fence, eyeing them, was a bluebird. From the field came the bleat of a lamb and the tinkle of a bell, as the mother lifted her head in response to its call. She looked on the

landscape with intensity in her gaze. She was photographing the scene, in its dewy freshness, its tender possibilities, on memory. The Judge offered her the bouquet, reserving a few of the blossoms for his buttonhole.

"Thank you," she said, laying them against her face. "Deep down in my heart there is a place reserved for violets."

"In mine, also," he said.

"I have a feeling," she then began, and her voice was rather hurried, "that this man Brady is going to cause you more trouble than you think. I have encountered him several times lately, and I do not like his face. I think he is a man who will be deterred by nothing to gain his end." She paused for an electric moment before adding: "May a—friend ask you to do nothing rash?"

A light, such as rising suns diffuse, illumined his eyes at her question, but the reserve of her face and voice forbade him to give any other significance to her words than the utterance of friendship.

"When first I put on the judicial robe," he said, "I vowed to my soul that I should be guilty of no act to dishonor it. Now, in receiving your friendship, which is more sacred to me than any office, I promise that I shall do nothing that will prove me unworthy of it."

Again she searched his face earnestly. He thought that a rarer glory shone on her brow when, her eyes meeting his, she said, as if to herself, "I can trust you."

VII.

When the next issue of Brady's paper appeared, there were level-headed men among Howe's friends who expressed the conviction that it was time to call a halt on the editor. In Howe's moral character, not even his bitterest enemies could find deflection from rectitude. Whether because his nature was unimpassioned or his will supreme, he had

never swerved grievously from right living. Yet when younger, mixing with gay companions, he had had his part in many a harmless escapade. One of these was now made a serious charge against the man who ambited to represent the people in Congress. With a number of young friends, he had attended a party in a neighboring village. Passing a country store on the way home, they decided to stop for a glass of the good brandy which this merchant retailed for his friends. It was late and the man had gone to his home, which stood across the road. While one member of the party went to summon him, another made bold with the latch. Whether he employed force or the door had been left unbolted, it was not known. Suffice it, when the owner arrived, he found the company making free with his liquor and such eatables as appealed to their appetite. He was a jovial person, notwithstanding his fifty years, and joined the young gentlemen in their frolic. As they remunerated him well for their entertainment, he would have welcomed a second nocturnal visit. This was the trifling incident which Brady now took up. Suppressing the truth of the occurrence, he showed it in the glaring ugliness of a midnight raid, by a band of young rowdies, on the store of a terrified country merchant. The readers were left with the picture of the crowd, headed and urged on by Howe, breaking into the house, destroying what they did not want, intimidating the helpless old man, who, roused by their orgies, had appeared to remonstrate with them. The names of his associates were purposely omitted, and the bad odor of the escapade was thrown entirely on the Judge. This, following what had been repeatedly stated concerning his early poverty, and the attempt to give lowliness to his origin, was made to illustrate his natural baseness, which he had successfully hidden under the cloak of hypocrisy. As

usual, the editorial closed with reference to his defection from the Goebel ticket, and Talbot's open opposition to it. An additional paragraph, which seemed to be an afterthought of the conscienceless writer, stated that before he had finished his exposition the people of the first district would see, in his true colors, the creature who had foisted himself on the Democratic party.

As Howe walked home that evening he was paler than his wont. Mrs. Delgare was waiting for him in the library, her fine face aglow with feeling.

"My promise to you Sunday helped save the day for me," he said to her, after returning her greeting. "Reading that—that—I otherwise might have forgotten my office in defense of my manhood. I don't want ever to do that," he finished earnestly.

Then he related the incident which had given foundation to the story meant to throw obloquy on his character.

"How did he learn of it?" she asked.

"I do not know. He has ferreted out so much about me that I had forgotten, that I frequently find myself recalling all the sins of my life, wondering which will next be exposed by the 'Sun.' I am getting my general judgment in advance of the last day," he finished with a laugh, for he was not altogether miserable, with her sympathy enfolding him like sunshine.

"Perhaps you were more intimate with Mr. Brady than you now think," she suggested.

"I was never really intimate with him," he replied. "I could not trust him."

"Maybe a secret enemy is furnishing these balls for him to fire," she pursued.

"I think not," he answered. "My enemies are always avowed ones. Even Brady is such. Before he printed a word against me, he showed me what he had written. No, he has laid his plans deliberately, and my evil genius led him to

such material as he uses. And I cannot deny it to myself that it is all beginning to have effect, especially his repeated declaration of my indifference toward Goebel Democracy. I am powerless. I cannot stultify myself. I was not in my heart a follower of that man. I foresaw what every day is graphically proving, that it was the insertion of a weak link in the political chain, which requires only a severe strain on it to snap, and disunite the party. This constant harking back to that unfortunate struggle is disastrous, both to the future of Kentucky's Democracy and to Goebel's fame. Do not his admirers see that by continuing to make his name the synonym of bitterness and disruption they are destroying whatever consideration they might hope for for him, from the historian? His last words to his followers were pleadings for union. Why can they not reverence that appeal and respect his memory? I am half tempted," he added, "to retire from the race, for the sake of the party."

"You must not do that!" she said, quickly, a flash coming into her tranquil eyes. "Kentuckians never forgive the deserter. I do not deny that your motive is worthy of you, and I honor you for it; but all would not know what inspired your action, and, were you to declare it, such is the venality of politicians, it would be questioned by many and disbelieved by more. No, come what will, you must stay in the race. Your reputation, all your future, demand it."

He mistook her mild enthusiasm, her interest, and the friendship which prompted them. He was weary of the struggle, weary of his loneliness, weary of all the things of life; then, when this spirit of hers rose to conquer his dejection, he felt a new power springing into his heart.

"Oh! you will never know what this means to me—this friendship of yours!"

he said, unconsciously moving toward her. She raised her head quickly and looked at him. At sight of her face, thus uplifted to him, love rose majestically and asserted its divine right.

"For I love you, Lenore! I—"

"Judge Howe!"

She drew back, her half-raised arm between them. It appeared to him that she towered into an angel's height. As her eyes continued to dwell on his face, she shrunk from her attitude of outraged womanhood, and crouching back, cried, chokingly, her clinched hands across her breast:

"I thought you knew! I thought Mr. Boyd told you! My husband—is living."

"Living! My God!"

He staggered backward, white-faced, speechless. Thus they gazed at each other across the black abyss that separated them. The woman was the first to recover.

"Oh! I thought you knew my miserable story. I thought that was why you wanted to be friendly. I thought you wanted to overthrow my unnatural hatred of men by proving that there are some who are strong and good and true. Oh! it is cruel! It is cruel!"

The sight of his face wrung the last words from her lips, for it told of the dearest hopes of a lifetime overthrown, demolished. But the habit of the years revealed itself in this crucial moment. Though his hand clutched the edge of the table, his voice was quiet when he said:

"I need not say that I knew nothing of this! Mr. Boyd, no one, ever spoke to me of you. I thought that you were free to have my love offered to you—free to accept it if you found it worthy."

His eyes dwelt on her. She felt the wild cry of his passion beating against his calm words, although he would have flown shame-faced from her presence if he thought that his love was turning

tempter. She paused a moment to gather her failing strength for the ordeal that awaited both. When she began to speak, his eyes were meeting hers, but as she progressed, he found his glances drawn up to her forehead where they dwelt.

As a proud heart, that breaks but cannot bend, speaks, she spoke to him; and the few broken sentences sketched him the story of a young and ignorant girl made the scapegoat of a man's venality and of a woman's worldliness. After the death of her father, her stepmother, desiring that her ward should make a brilliant marriage, had introduced her into society, and when the son of a prominent Cincinnati family had offered himself, the girl had been advised to accept him. What she took for the voice of her heart seconded the advice; she thought she loved him, believed that he loved her. Afterward, she was shown her mistake—he had married her not knowing that the wealth which permitted them to live in such splendor belonged to the stepmother during her life only, and would then revert to her first husband's heirs; while the baseness of his nature, now fully shown, made it absolutely impossible for the girl to regard him with even the semblance of respect and love.

Then her child was born—a misshapen little child. When she paused with some words all but spoken, Howe dropped into a chair, and throwing his arms on the table, hid his face in them. The sight of his silent suffering for her misery touched her to the core of her being. When next she spoke, her voice lost its pitched key of woe and flowed more easily.

She had prayed for death for herself and helpless child, but was destined to live for further sorrow. Her stepmother, angry at the conduct of her husband, refused longer to support them; then he heartlessly abandoned wife and

child. The stepmother resumed her old place of parent and protector, and with her she went to Europe to consult specialists about the little boy. Nothing could be done for him, so they returned to Boone County. The future of the child became the object of her solicitude, and all the money she had earned at teaching and translating during the past eight years had been invested for him, who would never be able to earn a livelihood.

Her voice sank into mournful cadence and died. For a long minute silence filled the room. Presently Howe rose. His haggard face showed how fearful had been his struggle, but the dark eyes bore the light of victory as he bent them on her in silent farewell. Without a word he walked to the door. At it he paused an instant; then, went out without looking back.

VIII.

Never, in the memory of men then living, had there been in that Congressional district, a contest full of more bitterness, more suggestive of tragic results. Unrest spread, anxiety increased, and all waited in expectation of the tragedy they feared must come. Up to a certain point a man may go and the public will uphold him in his right of freedom of speech; but Brady had overreached that point; if, finally, the wrath of the maligned should pass beyond their control, it would have to be admitted that the provocation almost condoned any act. The next issue of the paper was more insulting than ever. The epithets that were heaped upon Howe—for singularly enough the Judge, not the opponent of his son-in-law, had become the chief object of Brady's attack—were the worst and vilest that can be applied to men. He was alternately reviled for the poverty of his youth and scorned for the wealth of his manhood, sneered at for his refinement and social standing and

taunted for his friendship with the lowly-born. When the editor laid aside the scourge, it was with the promise that the final veil would be lifted next week from the life of this man, and then let the people judge for themselves if they wanted high power placed in the hands of such as he.

Howe read the editorial with a dull sense of fear. He knew not why this should be. There was really nothing so grievous in his political life, and his private life, if not as blameless as he would have had it, was at least free from turpitude. But he knew that he was waiting for the following number of the "Sun" as the man in the dock waits for the verdict of the jury. When, on the night on which the paper went to press, Brady appeared in his office, Howe knew that he was ruined.

After all a man has much to thank his ancestors for. A heritage of gentlemanliness spares him humiliation before his enemy—the cruelest portion of defeat. At the entrance of Brady, Howe rose, and greeted him in a voice that marked the vast difference that lay between their respective ideas of manhood.

"I presume you read the 'Sun?' " said Brady.

"Yes, I read the 'Sun,' " replied Howe, the gleam of a whimsical smile in the tail of his eye.

"Then you are aware that I have another charge to bring against you. I am here to tell you what it is." He paused, his blunt face alive with hate.

"I am listening, Mr. Brady," said Howe, cool and icily courteous.

Brady's lips twitched and his eyes blinked—the ancient heritage of savagery betraying itself before the spring.

"I believe you know Mrs. Delgare?"

It broke on Howe, like a peal of thunder, what was coming. Without an instant's hesitation, without the movement of a muscle, he replied:

"I have the honor to know Mrs. Delgare."

"You are her friend, I believe?"

"I am further honored in being permitted to call myself her friend," Howe answered.

Brady broke into a harsh laugh. Though it was like the point of a knife in his flesh, Howe preserved his inflexible front of calm.

"There's a hunchbacked boy, in a farm-house down in Boone County, who calls that lady mother: where is the father?"

"You had better put that question to the lady," said Howe.

"I doubt not her friend can tell me," he sneered.

Howe's jaws were set hardly; otherwise there was no apparent change in him.

"Then, I'll tell you!" cried the editor, enraged at the immovableness of the defeated man. "He is living with another woman at No.— West Seventh Street, in Cincinnati."

"I presume you are acquainted with Mr. Delgare?" said Howe. The irony was not lost on Brady.

"No, d—n you! I'm not! My friends must at least be decent."

"Take care, Mr. Brady!" warned Howe.

"Of whom? Her? I'll let you do that!"

"Leave this office!" It seemed to the astonished Brady that the man before him towered into giant height as his voice, resonant as the cannon's blast announcing the onset, broke on his ears. He half expected to be fallen upon and rent in pieces, although Howe had not so much as moved his hand from the back of the chair on which it had been resting. Recovering from his momentary alarm, Brady replied:

"I will leave when I am ready! I shall be ready when you have learned the object of my visit. The people of this town

look upon Mrs. Delgare as a widow. She holds a position of importance in our leading college. She is supposed to hold an equally high place in society. In to-morrow's paper I intend to show her as she is—a woman separated from her husband. I shall also show that, without even the formality of a divorce to give lawfulness to your love, you have been courting this woman for months. You know the idea the people of Kentucky entertain regarding the sanctity of the marriage tie. You know that our women hold that a wife should suffer daily death rather than violate it. They, men and women, find no excuse for the wife who does not cling to her husband; while for the man who usurps that husband's place—"

"Leave this room!"

Howe's face in death will not be whiter than it was in that moment, and in his voice was the surge of passion, approaching, with awful force, to that barrier which loyalty to his high office had set against the natural emotions of man.

"Do you want this to appear in to-morrow's paper?" asked the editor.

"I do not."

"You will withdraw from the contest?"

"Yes!"

As Brady, unable to take his eyes from the face before him, was moving, with backward slides, to the door, Howe commanded:

"Stop! This action of mine is not prompted by fear of what you might say or the public think. As God reigns, there was never baser lie sent up from the pit of hell than that uttered by you when you accuse me and that virtuous woman of even entertaining a desire to set aside or forget the obstacle that separates us. I do it solely to save her from your unutterable vileness. And mark me, one hint, and you die! Now go!"

(To be continued.)

An Irish Novelist

By KATHERINE McANDREW



HAVE never been successful except where I have depended entirely on my own exertions," were the words of the well-known Irish novelist, Gerald Griffin, when speaking of his work at the time success was assured. His life was not a long one, but the thirty-seven years were full ones. He was born in Limerick, December 12th, 1803. His childhood was passed there at a country house his father had secured, which was known as Fairy Lawn, not far from the city. There was a large family, Gerald being the ninth son, and needless to add his young days were happy surrounded by so many playmates.

At the age of nineteen he went to London; this was the beginning of his literary career. He had done some newspaper work in Limerick, but he discovered what a difference there was working in one's own city, and working in a strange country. It was a season of trials for him—alone in a large city, so much wealth on one side and so much misery on the other, where ability is little recognized, and where the worthless in literature is lauded and the good passed by—all this he met, and many dreary days he waited for success. During his sojourn in London he became acquainted with the literary personages of the time. He formed a strong friendship for John Banim, to whom he was deeply grateful for many kindnesses. It is always interesting to note one writer's attitude towards his fellow-writers, and how good it is to know that petty feelings of jealousy are foreign to the nature of some. He was a great admirer of Moore, and the simplicity of Gerald Griffin's nature is shown in the delight he evinced on his first visit to the poet.

The very fact of having an opportunity of a visit filled him with joy. Little did he then think his name would be equally well known to the world. All know what a song-writer may do for a nation, and no one can listen to Moore's melodies without highest patriotic sentiments, but Griffin felt that at the time his countrymen did not fully realize how much they were indebted to the poet. He attributed much of O'Connell's success to the love of country which had been fostered by Moore's glowing verses. The "Life of Gerald Griffin," written by his brother, contains a letter of the novelist to one of his friends, in which he gives his impressions of the first visit to Moore. "I saw the poet, and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me 'get out of his way' as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me, 'how I did, Mr. Griffin?' and to speak of 'my fame.' My fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah! the rogue, he was humbugging."

Griffin was also delighted to hear that Maria Edgeworth read his works and was pleased with them. But this was after the probationary months of authorship were at an end—he was of a rather independent disposition, and not many knew all the hardships he endured during that time. His extreme sensitiveness made him unwilling to seek help from his brothers, though when assistance came, as it often did, it was gladly accepted. In a letter, speaking of professions, he says: "There is none that has not its drudgery, and perhaps it is as well they should. * * * I am working away like a hero at a new book, and in better spirits than I have been in for years, because I have at last discovered

a clue to contentment, which I sadly wanted before—that a man need not fear disappointment in this world, provided he does not care too much whether he is disappointed or not.”

In 1820 the family emigrated to America. The “Life” contains some lengthy letters to his mother, to whom he was much attached. From her he inherited his love for literature and his fine sensibilities. His brother says: “In personal appearance Gerald was tall and well-formed, and though rather slender, possessed considerable muscular strength * * * he was a person of rather quick temper—much more so, indeed, than one would readily be brought to believe from ordinary intercourse with him. His usual demeanor was that of mildness and gentleness, and even on those occasions when the influence of his natural temperament seemed about to appear, he showed a degree of self-possession which prevented it from giving him any serious disturbance.”

And when his career was at its height, when he was enjoying the fruits of success and the good fortune that could well be appreciated after the early struggle—he left it all. The worldly mind cannot conceive such sacrifice; only to the few is it given to admire a like act. Not a thought did he give to what he was leaving behind, nor to the good he could still accomplish by remaining in the midst of the bustling world. His sorrow was great at parting from his friends. Even during his religious life there were times when thoughts of those he had left would fill him with the deepest emotion; and

on one occasion when some one had called to see him, he turned away, his eyes filling with tears, and refused to be seen. In the new life he was particularly happy. We can fully credit what he says in regard to it. “The more I see of a religious life, the more I feel the truth of what is said by one of the Scriptural writers: ‘If God did not please to keep its happiness secret the whole world would be running into it.’ Those miserable years I spent in London! Whatever it may prove for the next world, it has been to me, through God’s infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor, poor and dastardly as my own efforts have been to correspond with His high graces, would I exchange the peace of heart they have procured for me for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little, brief play which they call life.”

In later life, he was possessed of great scruples in regard to his own writings, and, indeed, wished his brother to have their publication end; this advice was fortunately not carried out. The best of his novels is “The Collegians,” though the others, “Tracy’s Ambition,” “The Rivals,” and “The Aylmers of Ballyoylmer,” are stories full of interest as depicting life in South Ireland. His books show the charming descriptive powers of the Celt, the ready wit, and true insight into character, with a dash of the weird, a probable inheritance of some far off ancestor who lived in the days when the “good people” held revel in the green Isle.

Of Kings

By Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

Of kings that rule I do not know,—
 Mine is a lot too near the sod
 To dream of kings that rule below,
 And never know their king is God.

The Fall of the Rose Petals

By JULIE CAROLINE O'HARA



LOOK, Fraulein, look! It is the same one we met that afternoon out at Fiesole when I wanted so much to run up and down the stone seats of the old Roman theatre, and you told me it was not dignified. Yes! it is he—don't you remember how he caught for me the little lizard that was darting in and out the ruins, so that I might see the little fellow, and put it in my handkerchief—can't you recall him, Fraulein? By the way, he never gave me back that handkerchief, and it was one of those on which we had my initials embroidered at the Bon Marche.

"How I chatter on, you say? Ah, don't be cross to-day, liebchen, because I am so happy. Oh, dear Fraulein, look, look! There he goes, and what a beautiful profile he has. You know that you admitted that he was more classical even than Thorwaldsen's Adonis, which you taught me to admire in Munich. Oh, I'm afraid we shall never see him again."

The young girl sank back in her seat with a sigh of smothered regret. The train was on its way from Florence to Rome and had stopped at Orvieto long enough for several passengers to alight, one of whom was the handsome young American referred to by the impetuous girl. After a moment she looked out of the window again.

"Fraulein, I believe he has recognized us," and she pulled the sleeve of her companion with great eagerness, to call attention to the fact that the young traveller was raising his hat gracefully and saluting them with evident delight. In a moment he was lost to sight ascending the slope in the direction of the renowned cathedral.

Again Monica Meredith sank in the cushions of the railway carriage and re-

gretted that they had not decided to go to Orvieto before hurrying on to Rome. She fell into a reverie, and did not take into her confidence Fraulein Altenburg, her governess, who was arranging some beads around her prim neck. Fraulein was sphinx-like and severe. She believed in bringing up children along the lines pursued by the father of Frederick the Great—and indulging them was not consistent with that system. So, though she really loved her charge in her own grim, conscientious way, Monica dreamed her own day-dreams without any confidante—quite alone. Her mother had been dead many years, and her father had given up his home in America to wander about European capitals with his only child.

Alexis Thorndyke, the hero of the young girl's reverie, pursued his way, carrying a most un-Grecian looking suit-case, all unconscious of his superiority to Thorwaldsen's statue. He was thinking of Monica and became so absorbed that he forgot he had come to Italy to study architecture. "There is no use," he said to himself, "I've lost interest—what do I care whether Orvieto's cathedral is one of the noblest Gothic churches in this country or not? And as for the Signorelli frescoes here—oh, why didn't I stay on that train! If I had only had an inkling that she was so close! It's all nonsense that one can feel the presence of another. I'm out of patience with myself!" and he threw a coin at a deformed beggar with more irritation than charity. In a moment he softened. She, that unknown one, always soothed and uplifted him. He went on musing. "If she would only give a thought to me. I would like to be worthy of a girl like that. There is

not a face in the paintings of the old masters that I like as well as hers—and she is a saint, too, I know. What was the little service I did for her at Fiesole compared to the sacrifices I would make for her if only the opportunity were given me.” He took out a filmy handkerchief and looked at the initials. “‘M. M. ;’ I wonder what they stand for. That is the only clue I have, except that the Gorgon Fraulein grudgingly told me that they should very likely go to Rome upon quitting Florence. I must get out of this place. I shall have no peace until I reach Rome, where I hope to meet her in some of the churches or palaces.”

It was time for the eight o'clock dinner at the Pension B—in the building attached to the Palazzo Rospigliosi in Rome. At each place there was an individual bottle of Chianti wine, more or less emptied, with the owner's cork to identify his own property. Several dishes of fresh figs were set at regular intervals on the long table. The guests straggled in tardily. Fraulein Altenburg marshalled in Monica, who looked like a gentle white dove in the power of a great eagle. There were German professors, and American tourists, and people of every nationality staying at the house. But Fraulein so drew up her forces that her charge was in a sheltered position, with herself on the right flank and an empty seat at the left of the young girl.

Fraulein was so absorbed with her soup that she did not hear a delicate gasp of ecstasy from Monica, or notice how deeply she was blushing. At the door of the dining-room stood the stranger. His eyes fell on Monica with an enraptured look. “She is a poem,” was the first thought that came to him. Disregarding the servant, who wished to put him at the other table, and taking advantage of the Fraulein's absorption, he

seated himself victoriously beside the young girl.

When Fraulein saw that she had been outgeneralled she was inclined to be angry, and gave a stiff, military sort of salute to their former acquaintance. Alexis replied in his University-acquired German that it gave him genuine pleasure to meet them again, and that perhaps he could be of some service to them. While priding herself on her pure Bavarian-English, Fraulein was nevertheless mollified on hearing her native tongue. The rigid expression of her mouth relaxed so that Monica knew that the young man had pleased her. Then Fraulein again concentrated her attention upon her dinner. The young man turned to Monica.

“How fortunate I am to find you,” he said in a low voice.

“There is no train from Orvieto to Rome at this hour; how could you possibly reach here this evening?” she answered.

“Oh, I took the first freight train southward,” said Alexis.

The girl began to wonder.

“What a hurry you must have been in, or—did you have any live stock under convoy—lizards, for instance?”

Alexis laughed light-heartedly, saying:

“You remember me then?” He knew it was arrant hypocrisy in him to ask such a question, for he could tell from the light of her eyes that she was overjoyed to see him again.

“Do I remember you?” She could only echo his question with wide opened eyes, and he decided, once for all, that she had the bluest eyes he had ever seen. As if fearing that her eyes had confessed too much, she lowered them, and went on in as matter-of-fact tone as she could command:

“How do you like the scenery of Italy in summer?”

"Oh, sizzled landscapes and shadeless cypress trees, like those we used to play with in our Noah's Ark toys when we were children, are not so refreshing to me as the vivid green of Ireland—but," waxing earnest again, he said—"why didn't you stop over at Orvieto?"

"You will discover before very long that Fraulein is unsparing in her use of the veto power, and she decided against it, though I felt a strong inclination, for some unknown reason, to stay. Perhaps, because—because—you—" she hesitated in confusion, and Alexis began to believe that a woman's power of intuition is unfailing, while a man's is conspicuously absent.

Fraulein Altenberg was exercising all her dexterity to keep her spaghetti on the fork without spattering the tomato dressing on her immaculate but ugly Fedora blouse, and she little dreamed of the romance which was progressing at her side. A line of the red juice stained her ample shoulder, and her eyes were fastened on her plate. She did not notice that Alexis had taken from his innermost breast pocket a tiny handkerchief. Monica blushed.

"You kept it," she said with the delicious satisfaction that he had done so.

"'M. M.,'" he said, "what does that stand for?"

Mockingly, she began: "A for the apple that grew on the tree, B for the—"

"Will you reduce me to the necessity of asking Fraulein?" he asked banteringly.

And so they babbled on, words meaning less than glances, the subtle influence of love drawing these two young hearts together. For many weeks they met at the morning and evening meal and always sat side by side. It frequently became necessary for the pure Greek profile to lean a little over the head of the dark-haired girl to whisper some very important nothing. Sometimes he would hold the door open to allow her to

pass. Occasionally he laid fresh flowers at her plate. Only a few delicious trifles these, but it was enough to feed the flame. Fraulein never permitted him to accompany them—she was too severe for that. Whenever he did happen to meet them in their sight-seeing of course it was purely accidental—on their part. Monica often fervently wished that her father were with them. He would have been more sympathetic, but matters of importance detained him in Munich. She felt sure that he would have sanctioned her being with Alexis, but Fraulein was inexorable.

The weeks passed by: Alexis forgot just why he had come to Rome, for all his movements were regulated by the hope of meeting Monica in some church or of stumbling across her at some ruin. Modern, ancient, or medieval Rome—he only saw it as the background to a fair young girl.

It was the fifth of August. Fraulein Altenburg had said not a word about their day's plan. Alexis was completely in the dark. "This is going to be one of my restless days," he predicted. Some days he felt as if he had been wrenched—as if the repeated disappointments crowded into one day were too bitter to be soothed when he and Monica should meet in the evening. If he went to the Forum he was inconsolable because Monica failed to appear under the Arch of Titus. He looked for her everywhere. He could not admire the majestic beauty of the granite columns of St. Paul's Outside the Walls because he had hoped to see the girl wandering in and out their towering heights, and she was not there. He should ever cherish a hallowed remembrance of the Trevi Fountain because together they had drunk of its waters and had thrown in a penny like children, in order that they might again return to Rome, as tradition has it. Every monument, and temple, and work of art

was fair or otherwise in his eyes only in accordance with the presence or absence of one being. Pleasure and pain were equally divided—he could take nothing tranquilly.

This August day dawned bright and beautiful. Fraulein conducted Monica to the Scala Santa. Fraulein's religious inclination made her strongly desire to mount the Holy Stairs on her knees, but her material proportions rendered this act of piety an impossibility. She decreed that Monica should be her substitute. Monica was dispirited.

"These twenty-eight marble steps," explained Fraulein Altenburg in her best Bavarian-English, "were brought from the house of Pilate to Rome in Anno Domino three hundred and twenty-six, by Saint Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine."

"Saint Helena must have had more luggage than even we have," said Monica. Her chaperone frowned.

"Irreverence is usually punished—take care, Monica."

Fraulein always forgot that her charge was no longer a child, but was past eighteen.

"Forgive me, Fraulein; that was a wicked speech—I shall do as you wish."

"While you are ascending La Scala Santa on your knees," said the Altenburg, "I shall go to the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano, close by, and you must meet me there. It will take you a long time if you piously say a prayer on each step."

As soon as she was left entirely alone Monica felt strangely uneasy. Tranquillity did not come to her even while she was making her devotional ascent. She was thinking of the crowds of people that were thronging the Piazza San Giovanni outside, and she thought with terror of the possibility of her missing the Fraulein. And this was exactly the thing which did happen, for Monica, leaving the Scala Santa and making her

way over to the Church of the Lateran, by some unfortunate mischance failed to meet the Fraulein, who had decided to return to the Scala Santa and find the young girl there, fearing she might be lost.

Monica, with stifled anxiety, searched the Lateran in vain for her chaperone—no, she was not there. She hunted even in the lovely cloisters, but no Fraulein could be seen. Each moment added to the terror of the timid girl; for how could she find her way home all alone through the crowded streets of Rome, to-day there being a street pageant and great excitement everywhere.

Panic-stricken she rushed outside to the Piazza, and there again stood the Italian soldier whose rude stare she had tried so hard to avoid while she was slowly mounting the Scala. Tilted on one side of his head was his hat with flowing coque feathers, and his bold and insolent mein and the admiring look in his black and forbidding eyes frightened the young girl to the last degree. She must escape from him. He approached her as though he would address her, and Monica, terrified, fled, she knew not whither. The soldier followed her at a brisk pace. "These American girls are very beautiful," he said to himself.

Monica soon reached the open space in front of the Church Santa Maria Maggiore. Her soft hair had become loosened about her temples and she was very pale. Under the shadow of an arch there was leaning a tall, athletic young man with indifference written on every feature. Suddenly he draws himself erect—he tries to believe his senses. Does he see Monica—his Monica, he liked to call her—alone and unprotected in the streets of Rome, pursued by an insulting soldier? He clenches his fist in a mad rage and falls upon the insolent coward in a blind fury, and leaving him

senseless upon the ground, he follows the frantic and almost fainting girl.

Monica, unconscious of the vengeance and the victory of Alexis, or of her own safety, fled into the church. Here she would find refuge. In days of old even malefactors found sanctuary at the altar, and she would be protected. But what was this? Trembling violently from fright, she was almost beside herself. She heeded not the motley crowd in the Basilica; she must reach the altar at all hazards. The jostling throng could not restrain her. It seemed to her as if a whole brigade of Italian soldiery were at her heels. In her excitement and terror she failed to perceive the character of those who were standing and moving about in the church. The feast of the fall of the rose petals was being celebrated, and there was nothing more beautiful in Rome than this exquisite ceremonial. But the frightened girl knew naught of this. There were countless old women with veils on their heads, fans in their hands, and shawls crossed on their breasts; there were bare-legged

boys and Raphael-eyed children; there were elegant dames and courtly men; there were beggars; there were nuns of every order, and ecclesiastics robed in all the different colors, white, and black, and gray, and brown, and red. All was one mass of color. It added to the bewilderment of the little refugee who was struggling to reach the side chapel, to behold gently descending from the dome a shower of rose petals. And that celestial music, those angelic voices—what did it all mean? "Snow in August?" she thought abstractedly, as she drew closer to that part of the church where the air was filled with floating flower leaves, and knelt within the chancel. Alexis, too, was coming nearer. In a moment he was at her side, and on him, too, there descended the flowery benediction, while he said: "Come away, Monica, I am here to take care of you."

He handed her gently from the carriage at her home and whispered:

"Nothing but rose petals will do to be strewn in your path at our marriage, for I owe you to their blessing!"

The Unbeliever

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

What night is his; what narrow scope to range;
 Prisoned within Self's dwarfing, unlit cell.
 Soul-pinions clipped, never to know a change;
 In Godless gloom he must forever dwell.
 Barred from the mercies cast with Croesus-hand
 By Him whose promises are built on truth;
 Roaming, an outcast, in an arid land,
 Dried up and sealed the holy founts of youth!
 A stranger to the truths which urge the soul
 To struggle up the stony hills of hope;
 An alien to the balm the faithful know
 Who, after battle, rest on Zion's slope;
 To holy heights unable to aspire;
 Doomed now and aye to creep amid the mire!

A Garden Enclosed

By A DOMINICAN SISTER

Being Leaves from the Monastic Chronicles of St. John's "Unterlinden," in the Thirteenth Century

"Hortus conclusus est Soror mea, sponsa mea; hortus conclusus, fons signatus."

—CANTICLES.

INTRODUCTION.

MIRABILIS Deus in Sanctis suis." Wonderful is God in His saints! Often, indeed, in the history of the Church have these words been verified, not only in the lives of those whom she has raised to her altars, but also in the little hidden flowers of sanctity, whose retreat, like that of the violets, is only disclosed by their fragrance. Many such holy lives will never be known until the last great day; but of others we happily possess the record in the monastery chronicles unearthed from the dust of ages, such as for instance, in England, the "Chronicle of Jocelyn," monk of Bury St. Edmund's; made to live again for us by the graphic pen of Carlyle, in his famous essay, "Past and Present."

It has been the present editor's good fortune to come across some publications in French and German, dealing with another most interesting chronicle of monastic life; the "Liber Sororum," or record of the lives of many holy religious of the famous monastery of St. John, at Colmar, Alsace, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These were written by a certain Sister Catherine von Gebwiler, or Geberowir (we find the name stated in both ways), for many years their prioress, and the confidante of their spiritual secrets. The truth of her relations, wonderful as they appear, was attested to by Brother Reinher of the Order of Preachers, who was for forty-four years the confessor of the whole community, and who died at the age of eighty, after fifty-seven years of

religious life, and experience of spiritual ways. The chronicles were written in excellent Latin, and speak well for the cultivation of the cloister in those days. They give us a remarkable picture, indeed, of courageous perseverance in a life of austerity which few, even religious, in the present day, would consider possible. But they had their reward in supernatural favors, which to our colder charity and feebler faith, seem almost more fitting to angels than to beings of flesh and blood like ourselves.

In the present day, when the tendency is all to action, and material achievement seems the only thing worth striving for, the use and necessity of a life devoted mainly to prayer seems to many of us more than doubtful. Men apparently think they can do without God—that a miracle is somewhat in the nature of a superfluity. Above all, the cloistered nun seems a mere anachronism, and her life almost an insult and a defiance to practical common-sense, or at the best, the refuge of weak spirits, unable to cope with the needs of the hour. They forget, perhaps, that while the armies of Israel fought on the plain, Moses was praying on the mountain to the God of battles, who gave the victory to the prayer of His servant quite as much as to the active efforts of the warriors. And yet, when we are weary of the strife, and glare, and noise, it may be refreshing to turn aside, for awhile at least, to the consideration of the contemplative life, as into some cool old library, or tranquil cathedral close, and see how the daughters of some of the noblest families in Germany, seven hundred years ago, prayed, and wrought, and loved, in the hidden life of Unterlinden.

The community originated in the pious thought of two noble ladies living in Colmar about the year 1230. Intimate friends, on losing the husbands to whom their early womanhood had been devoted, they determined to consecrate themselves and their worldly goods to the service of God.

They confided their design to a certain Friar Walther, prior of the Dominicans of Strasbourg, who highly approved of it. We may suppose it was by his advice that, instead of entering some religious house already founded, they took up their abode in a house belonging to one of them, Agnes von Herkenheim, known as "Unterlinden" (under the lindens), in a faubourg of Colmar. This house is still in existence—or was, some years ago, the only specimen of the domestic architecture of the time remaining in Alsace.

The other holy widow, Agnes von Mittelnheim, whether through superiority of age or natural force of character, seems to have taken the lead in the affairs of the little family, and later, when the growing community had received a regular religious form, she was elected their first prioress.

They were soon joined by the sister of Agnes von Herkenheim, Benedicta von Egenheim, likewise a widow, and her two daughters, Tuda and Hedwige. Almost at the same time another Benedicta, originally of Mulhausen, was received, who, through a vocation which in our days might be ascribed to mistaken piety, but which was then usual enough, felt called to leave her wedded life and become a religious. With her husband's consent she entered Unterlinden, taking with her their only child, a little girl named Odille. The chevalier entered the Cistercian Order, where he lived and died like a saint. A similar instance in England, after the Reformation, that of Sir John and Lady Warner, will be recalled by our English readers.

Two other noble ladies, Agnes von Ochenstein and Hedwige von Laufenburg, soon afterwards devoted themselves and their fortunes to the holy work.

Two years later, in 1232, at the desire of the last-named ladies, they left Unterlinden in order to re-establish themselves at a spot known as "Uff Muhlen"—the place of the mill—where was a famous chapel, belonging to the Benedictine abbey of Val-Saint Gregoire, Munster. The mill was at first rented to them by the Abbot Frederick, "for an annual rent of ten sacks of grain, good measure, five of wheat and five of barley." As to the chapel, it was probably a small affair, founded by some private benefactor of the abbey, and a place of local pilgrimage; it was dedicated to St. John Baptist, and had formerly contained a statue of the saint, considered to be miraculous, but which had disappeared during the invasion of Alsace by the Hungarians, many years before.

The move was made on the eve of St. John, June 23d, 1232; and the same year the eight sisters obtained from Friar Walther, who still continued to be their director, the privilege of putting on the habit and adopting the rule of St. Augustine; Agnes von Mittelnheim, as has been said, being elected their prioress. This important step was taken on the feast of St. Andrew, Dec. 30th, 1232. In the course of the same year the work of erecting a regular monastery had been commenced; and the means of the community allowed the work to be pushed rapidly forward. A considerable tract of land was also secured, and the sisters were soon obliged to engage a number of farmhands to cultivate their crops and vines, and guard their sheep and cattle; for in those primitive days we may well suppose it behooved a community to be self-providing as well as self-supporting.

It was not, however, until 1234 that they were assigned a regular chaplain, to celebrate Mass daily in the chapel. They were then under the direction of the Friar Preachers of Basle, instead of the fathers of Strasbourg. Finally, in 1276, the Dominicans being lately established in Colmar, they were definitely placed in charge of the Fathers of that community.

Ten years after their installation at Uff Muhlen, the two Agnes', von Mittelnheim and von Herkenheim, started on what was then a difficult, and even perilous undertaking, a pilgrimage to Rome. They longed to visit the convent of St. Sixtus, where St. Dominic, twenty-two years before, had wrought such a marvelous reform by his preaching, example, and miracles. It may even be that the charming little Sister Cecilia still lived, to whose faithful chronicle we owe so many particulars of the life of St. Dominic in Rome, his traits of character and personal appearance. At all events the memory of his miracles and teaching must still have been fresh at St. Sixtus. Prioress Agnes and her companion made a stay with the community sufficiently long to become thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and familiar with the traditions of the Order of which they were eventually to become shining members, and then addressed their humble petition to the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent IV, begging him to protect them, and to constitute them a regular congregation. The two Bulls obtained from Innocent in 1245 are still in existence, and confer on the sisters many important privileges. They were confirmed in the observance of the rule of St. Augustine, guaranteed entire possession of all property accruing to them, accorded the right to receive novices, enjoined to keep strict cloister, which they were never to break except in case of extreme necessity, allowed the privilege of hearing Mass with closed doors, in times of interdict, and

left free to elect their own superiors. The "right of asylum" in the convent church was also recognized; which last we might consider rather a doubtful privilege, since by it criminals might take refuge in the church, and be secure from the pursuit of justice. This, in the language of the time, was called "taking sanctuary," and was a privilege attached to the very precincts of a cathedral or abbey. In 1257, however, under the pontificate of Alexander IV, the sisters exchanged the habit and rule of St. Augustine for that of St. Dominic, in virtue of an act emanating from Hugues, Cardinal-priest of Santa Sabina, and legate of the Holy See; but just why the change came to be made we are not told.

Their stay at Uff Muhlen, moreover, was not destined to be permanent. In 1252, Germany was delivered to the disorders following on the extinction of the Hohenstauffens. Pillaging hordes ravaged the environs of Colmar, and the burghers, alarmed for their safety, made haste to surround the city with a double wall and ditch. The Uff Muhlen community found themselves isolated in the open country and exposed to the greatest danger. It seemed only prudent to abandon the convent and return to Unterlinden, now secure within the new defenses. But some of the aged religious, averse, like all old people, to change, could not endure to bid adieu to their beloved chapel of St. John Baptist, and flatly refused to leave the place; when their opposition was at once vanquished by a miracle.

One evening, greatly alarmed by the noise of battle which resounded outside the walls, the sisters were gathered in the chapel, fervently imploring the protection of God and St. John. Suddenly, the saint appeared to them, radiant with light, and said: "Return to Unterlinden, my children; I will there be your protector and defender. You will meet with

trials and afflictions, no doubt, for nowhere on earth can man be exempt from sorrow, but I will come to your aid in every distress." Then the vision disappeared; but a voice was heard, seeming to come from the depths of the earth, which said: "Take care not to leave here without taking me with you." Accordingly a search was made beneath the floor of the chapel, resulting in the discovery of a niche containing an image of the Baptist, carved in wood, and having at each side a lighted lamp. Two angels appeared to be guarding it, but they immediately vanished. Full of joy at this discovery of what was evidently the ancient miraculous statue, the sisters next day carried it in procession back to Unterlinden. Through the influence of Cardinal Hugues, titular of Santa Sabina, an appeal was made to the charity of the faithful; abundant alms flowed in, and the sisters were enabled to build a fine monastery and church, which was placed under the invocation of St. John Baptist. As for the buildings at Uff Muhlen, the citizens found it necessary to destroy them, as well as the chapel, since they became a refuge for the enemy and a real danger to the city, and no one now can say exactly where they stood.

The statue so wonderfully recovered was placed with due honor on an altar in the new church between the figures of two angels bearing torches. It soon became an object of veneration to the people, whose devotion was rewarded by many miracles. A superb statue in bronze was placed on the summit of the church, and it is said that on several occasions when the monastery was threatened with destruction by fire this image of the Precursor was seen to extend its mantle, and drive the flames far away from the house of his predilection.

It may perhaps be a matter of conjecture to those unacquainted with the course of life in a cloistered community, how the religious passed their time, if

they had neither poor-school, academy nor hospital under their charge. The familiar phrases, "lazy monks and nuns," "sunk in superstition and ignorance," at once occur to some minds when the cloister is mentioned. What a strange mistake! The sisters of Unterlinden, in common with other religious of those days, were not only devoutly pious, but also highly accomplished women. They were well versed in Latin, both writing and speaking it fluently, they excelled in the beautiful arts of manuscript and miniature painting, as the magnificent choir-books and missals still preserved in the town library bear witness. The sciences, as then understood, were added to the domestic arts, in which they were highly proficient; but above all they excelled in the chant; and their singing of the Divine Office left nothing to be desired. We can think of no community of the present day comparable to them in these respects but the Benedictine nuns of Solesmes, and those of Stanbrooke Abbey, in Worcestershire. But this was not all—their charity to the poor was unbounded; every day crowds of unfortunates assembled at their doors, who all received abundant alms. In times of scarcity, their granaries and cellars were freely opened to relieve the public want, and never did they hear that any other house of the Order was in need, without hastening to offer assistance. In 1278, they contributed largely towards the building of the Dominican Friars' convent at Colmar, and when in 1488 the same convent was greatly damaged by fire, they did everything in their power to relieve the trouble of their brethren in religion, even to cooking their meals for a long time together.

But if the riches of the community permitted of their exercising generosity, at the same time these possessions exposed them to the covetousness of the evil-minded, and in times both of peace and war heavy contributions were exacted

from them, in spite of the exemptions from both lay and ecclesiastical taxation which had been granted them by the Holy See. Even the gentlemen of the neighborhood scrupled not to lay hands on their possessions, and from time to time some noble or royal visitor would quarter himself upon them with his suite, and expect to be entertained for as long as it pleased him; much as the chronicle of Jocelyn describes the highly inconvenient visits of King John and others at Bury St. Edmund's. Rodolph, landgrave of Alsace, favored them with a six-weeks' stay in 1288, accompanied by a crowd of men-at-arms and a hundred horses, which had to be domiciled and stabled in the dependancies of the monastery; but we do not read that he offered to pay anything for the accommodation. Albert, King of the Romans, spent six days there, and carried off a number of wagons and horses belonging to the convent, besides levying a tax of four hundred silver marks on the citizens of Colmar, "which they paid," says the chronicle, "not without grumbling"—naturally. Doubtless both burghers and community felt inclined to add an extra petition to the litany—"From princely and royal visitors, good Lord deliver us!"*

But all these were passing difficulties; on the whole, the nuns were held in great esteem and respect throughout Alsace for full three centuries, when the storms of the so-called Reformation brought them their share of suffering, in common with the other religious bodies of Colmar. There is a letter addressed to the magistrates of Colmar, dated May 1st, 1525, and signed by the prioress and all the sisters, which throws light on the changed condition of affairs. Though the state of religion was, on the whole,

* However, though they had to suffer through the nobles, we find, in epistles still preserved in the archives, that they frequently received timely aid from noble protectors at critical moments for the community.

better than in neighboring places, there were not wanting false brethren, who had gone over to the enemy. Other religious had suffered persecutions and the confiscation of their goods, and the nuns of Unterlinden, fearing the utter destruction of their community, thought it wise to conciliate the powers as far as might be. We quote a letter preserved in the archives of Colmar:

"To the Magistrates of Colmar:

"We are told every day that the citizens of Colmar complain of us, and say that in spite of our great wealth we contribute nothing towards the expenses of the city. Yet we have always shown ourselves submissive and obedient, and every time there has been question of levying contributions, of taking part in the 'corvies' (forced labor), or of other services, we have done our part together with the rest of the people. We believe that we have never been a charge on the community, but on the contrary, have maintained and nourished by our alms a crowd of people who now load us with outrages and injuries. But it is to God alone that we remit the care of justifying us.

"However, seeing that the people complain, and that they consider us immensely rich, we, the sisters united in chapter, have resolved to place ourselves under your protection; begging you to remember that the members of our community are also members of the pious families of this city, or of the most noble houses of the province. We place only this condition on our submission—that we should be left free to inhabit our monastery, mistresses of our life, as we have lived up to the present, in the faithful observance of our rule, and that we should be furnished with what means are necessary to live from day to day. This being admitted, we remit to the magistrates all our goods; our rents, and titles to property without exception; to be disposed of in the same manner as the goods belonging to the city of Colmar."

However, after some weeks, things calmed down; the magistrates, perhaps rather ashamed of themselves, left the sisters in possession of their property, only obliging them to take a lay superintendent, and to verify their accounts annually in presence of two delegates sent by the magistrates. But in 1535, the reform being established in the seigneuries of Requewihr and Horbourg, some of the Colmar people began to fre-

quent the preachings, and three years later, the magistrates, following their lead with easy hypocrisy, "in the name of religion and morality" opened that war on the monasteries which was to end in their total destruction for the time being. The community of Unterlinden were not left without their share of suffering, but they still continued to recruit their members and observe their rule, while their generosity towards the poor rendered them dear to all the Catholics of Colmar till the last days of their existence as a body. In 1790, they were at last summoned by the authorities either to leave their monastery and unite with the Benedictines of Steinbach, or to disperse altogether. Their response was unanimous: "We desire to remain in our own Order, and in our house of profession of this city, on the footing which exists at present." It appears their firmness was respected for some two years more, but the revolution meanwhile made further advances, and in 1792 another decree was issued again commanding that the religious of Unterlinden and the "Catherinettes" (sisters of the Third Order, engaged in teaching) should unite with the religious of Schenensteinbach in the space of three weeks. The religious of Unterlinden, at that time numbering only thirty-three members, once more protested that, having made a vow of living and dying in their house and Order, they would rather return to their families than go to any other monastery. They were finally turned out the 11th of August, 1792, to the great regret of the Catholics of Colmar. The last two members of the community died, one at Ligsdorf, in 1855, at the age of 87, the other at Colmar in 1834. The convent was devastated in 1793, and turned into cavalry barracks. Its church served to stable the horses, and for a long time it was put to profane uses. Finally the buildings were carefully restored, and now serve as a museum. The church is util-

ized as a picture-gallery, and the cloisters shelter a collection of sculptures. The municipal archives, the fine city library, and many other treasures find a home at Unterlinden; certainly a more noble destiny for the old monastery than to serve as a barracks, which, nevertheless, cannot make us forget the yet more noble use to which it was once consecrated.

But it is time that we leave the general survey of the fortunes of St. John's, and come to the chronicle of Catherine von Gebwiller; a record covering a period of nearly a hundred years (1260-1330). This excellent religious entered the convent as a child of ten years, in the year 1260. She was very learned, and had made a profound study of the Scriptures; and we may remark, in this connection, that nothing could be more false than the prevalent notion that the Bible was practically unknown in the Middle Ages. We have only to read a homily, or sermon, of those days, to see how brimful it is of Scripture quotation—a feature which our modern preachers would do well to imitate; while the frescoes covering the walls of English pre-Reformation churches, as well as those on the Continent, which the hand of reform(?) carefully whitewashed over, were a whole Scripture in themselves for the benefit of the unlearned.

Catherine died at Unterlinden in 1330, aged eighty, having been its prioress for a number of years. We have taken the liberty to re-arrange the order of the "Lives" contained in the "Liber Sororum" (Book of the Sisters), in order to present first, the lives of the various prioresses, as far as recorded, afterwards those of the other choir nuns, then the children brought up in the house, who eventually became members of the community, finally, the lay sisters; to whom our Lord was not less prodigal of His favors than to their more learned companions.

(To be continued.)

The Gift of Tears

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

I.

HIGH up on the side of a broad plateau it stood—a long, low building, painted white. In front it was set off by a wide gallery that stretched the length of the house and over which ran luxuriant creepers and long, trailing vines.

Westward was a sublime view of misty blue mountain and bluer sky. North and south, valley, river and hills made a fair picture of enchantment, while eastward the hot morning sun was tempered by dark, leafy cypresses and gigantic live-oaks, that stood like sentinels on the hill above the ranch.

The house door opened, and forth came two elderly women, ladies unmistakably, though forty years of Texas sun, wind and rain had passed over their heads since they left the green shores of Ireland—two young girls radiant with hope—and set their faces toward the new world.

Nor had hope been unrealized. Settling in southwestern Texas, the father of the family had bought several hundred acres of land at a time when land was cheap. His live stock—the source of his income—had gradually increased, until at the time of his death, the ranch was in a flourishing condition. The mother died soon after, leaving the two daughters to manage the ranch, as sons there were none.

Faithfully Eileen and Mary fulfilled their trust. At the time of emigration they were fifteen and seventeen respectively, and when John O'Neill died Eileen was thirty-seven and Mary thirty-five. Even then lovers in plenty were not wanting; but to one and all the same answer was given—what love the

dark-haired Irish girls had to spare from the devotion each gave to the other was, later, all poured forth on the fair head of their adopted son. One January night when a "norther" had descended on them, and the two women were sitting near a stove in which blazed a cheery wood fire, a knock came at the door. Visitors so late were unusual, especially on a night when most Texans prefer to remain indoors. Eileen arose and crossing the hall, opened the door.

"Is any one there?" she called; and receiving no answer she stepped out on the wide gallery, trying in vain to pierce the dark, starlit night. Silence profound reigned, and presently, beginning to feel the intense cold and hearing no sound, she returned to the house, bolting the door after her.

Locks and bolts on a Texas ranch are usually unknown, and considered superfluous even where they exist; but since the death of John O'Neill, a year ago, their isolated position had made the sisters cautious, hence the fastening of the door. For an hour longer they sat over the warm fire, which was now dying out, until the clock struck ten, when Eileen arose. Lighting a lantern, she threw a shawl over her head, and emerging from the house took her way to the barn, accompanied by a magnificent Irish setter, who, in the darkness, manifested an unholy desire to trip her up by getting between her feet. Eileen tried the barn door, and finding it locked turned away satisfied. Two Mexican boys slept in the loft, and it was the nightly duty of the elder sister to see that they were inside the barn and the door fastened, before retiring herself.

The setter had disappeared, so turning around Eileen began picking her

way over the stony, uneven path that led back to the house.

Suddenly the dog began barking furiously.

"Brian," she called. "Brian," and as he still continued to bark, she raised her voice. "Brian, Brian—Born, come here."

The tawny hide of the setter suddenly appeared alongside of her, then disappeared again, returning almost instantly, his handsome head bent toward the ground, every movement of his eager, quivering body showing that he had something to impart. Eileen understood.

"Mary," she called, "Mary," and as the younger sister appeared, framed in the open door like a silhouette, the elder rapidly explained: "Brian has found something," she said. "Come with me, and we will look." Aided by the light of the lantern the two sisters followed the dog around near the front of the house, and presently made out that he was sniffing at a small, dark object that lay on the stones near the brow of a hill that sloped to the road below. It was Mary who bent over what proved to be a bundle of red flannel, the while Eileen held back the excited dog. Feeling the flannels carefully, Mary exclaimed:

"Oh! Eileen! it's a baby."

"A baby!" said the elder sister in amaze. "A baby here, and at this hour. Some Mexican's child, I suppose, though it is not like them to abandon their offspring."

"It may be dead," said the younger sister. "It is cold, and does not move, and God knows how long it has been here."

Light broke on Eileen as they hurried back to the house, Mary holding the little one in her arms. "That knock," she said; "it was over an hour ago, and the baby must have been out in the cold since then."

Once in the house, Eileen put fresh logs on the fire, and then joined her

sister who had laid the little bundle on the lounge and was rapidly untying the knots.

Mary's soul was in her deep blue eyes as the last knot came undone, and unwinding the mass of flannel, a beautiful infant, apparently about six months old, was revealed to their astonished gaze. No Mexican baby this, but rather such a child as any one, from a king down to a peasant, might have envied. The sisters uttered a cry of amazement, and then the mother instinct, strong in both, told them what to do.

"He is not dead," said Eileen, "see, his little heart still beats; but he is numbed by the cold."

Quickly she set to work, and their combined efforts were not long in reviving the child. Reanimated by the vigorous rubbing and warmth, the little one finally opened his blue eyes and stared around with the beautiful far-off gaze of early babyhood. Who could he be, how came he there, and why? Questions that long remained unanswered, as the most diligent inquiry and advertising failed to reveal his parentage.

How had the child been left near the O'Neils' door? Some said the mother, or whoever brought him there, must have passed through the country in a trail wagon. Others that the man or woman must have hid in a freight-train that passed north every morning, and that went south again about half past nine every night. There would be just time to run up the hill from the station, leave the child, and board the freight again on its journey south. Eileen remembered hearing the whistle of the departing locomotive about five minutes after the knock at the door had called her out.

Happily indifferent to his present or future, little Raymund stayed with them, and grew and flourished.

Mary had so named him because he had been found on the feast of St. Raymund Pennafort. With their devout

faith any other name would have seemed a misfit, so Raymund he was baptized by the Padre Paul in the little Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Thus passed twenty-two peaceful and happy years. Educated entirely by Padre Paul, himself a fine scholar, living the free outdoor life of the ranch, surrounded in his home life by the refining influence of his foster-mother and aunt (as he called Mary and Eileen), gifted, moreover, with some inherent nobility of character, Raymund at the time our story opens, on that summer morning when the two sisters, now fifty-eight and sixty years old, stepped out of their front door, was a young fellow to be proud of.

He is coming around the side of the house now, mounted on a handsome bay, a wide Mexican sombrero on his head, his naturally fair skin tanned by the sun, his blue eyes full of intelligence and sweetness, every line of his handsome, clear-cut face showing noble and commendable traits. His foster-parents, as they looked their fill at him, may well have felt a glow of pride.

Handsome Eileen, whose raven-black hair had now turned snowy white, saw with satisfaction how well the boy looked; but in the milder blue eye of her sister Mary shone the same soft love-light with which the Virgin Mother must have gazed upon her Son.

Some divine instinct had told little Raymund in his childhood that whereas Eileen loved him dearly, her thoughts turned most to his bodily needs, hence it was to her he went for material things; but to Mary he turned in childish sorrow or joy—from her he had learned to love God and the Blessed Mother. Some remembrance of this seemed to stir him now as he rode up, booted and spurred for his ride.

"You are my spiritualities and temporalities," he said, as he sprang off his horse and doffed his sombrero. "You, Mother Eileen, must wish me good luck,

and you, dear Mother Mary, must pray for my safe journey."

To the one sister his tone had been affectionately playful; but as he turned to Mary, his sonorous voice was full of love and tenderness. The two ladies smiled. It was clear they saw no fault in him!

He bent his fair head as the sisters, each in turn, bade him farewell, then, after some parting words on both sides, he sprang lightly into his saddle.

A dark-eyed Mexican boy, mounted on a shaggy burro, cantered down the road after him, holding his master's grip-sack on the pommel of his saddle. The sisters watched them until they disappeared from view. How well Raymund sat on his horse, how dear he was, and already how helpful about the ranch. They would miss him, though it was only for a few weeks.

Meanwhile Raymund was galloping along the hard, uneven road, over which the horse picked its way skilfully. He was bound for a town thirteen miles farther north, partly on business, partly for a reason that will appear.

II.

Just beyond the railroad, in the little town of W— stood a small one-story building, painted green. A large sign-board, that covered all the upper part of the structure, set forth that here August Haas sold general merchandise. Von Haas it had been in the Fatherland, where August and his brother Arno had been born and brought up. It was when they were young men, just graduated from the University of Heidelberg, that their father had lost his fortune, and the two sons, too proud to stay and face poverty in the land where they had known only wealth, had emigrated to America.

Settling first in San Antonio, August, after two years of poverty and struggle, had prospered, married, and with the help of his wife's slender fortune, had bought the store in W—, stocked it with

general merchandise, and then had built the little cottage near-by with its grey roof, white walls, and broad gallery, where he and his wife settled down in contentment.

Having no children they had early taken a little niece to live with them—the child of August's brother Arno, who was supposed to have been lost in the Civil War, in which he had enlisted soon after reaching America. From that time nothing had been seen or heard of him, nor had his remains ever been found. The wife had died at little Helen's birth.

There was little to distinguish W—from a frontier town as Raymund rode through it that afternoon. Wide roads, heavy with mud and flecked with cotton; Mexican and negro shanties, huddled together in the fields or standing desolate in a garden patch, broken-down fences, and a dozen unsightly wooden buildings of more pretension than the cabins, completed the general scene. The Haas cottage, with here and there a more picturesque adobe that antedated the white settlers, somewhat mitigated the general forlorn air of the place. It was when the eye travelled to the distant blue mountains, to the fertile valley and fields of cotton, above all when one breathed the clear, dry, brilliant atmosphere, that the beauty of nature triumphed over the mean ugliness of the little town.

August Haas stood in the open door of his store as Raymund rode by.

"Ach Gott," he said, "the O'Neill!"

The young man caught the words, and laughed as he touched his sombrero in passing. Well August knew where he was going. It was his own dark-eyed niece, Helen, who was the attraction that drew Raymund toward the white cottage that stood in its garden of blooming flowers.

"I can only stop for five minutes," said Raymund, as he drew rein and greeted Helen, who, clad all in white, with a pink

sunbonnet on her dark hair and a smile of welcome in her brown eyes, had come out to greet her lover, for such he was.

He vaulted out of his saddle and, handing the reins to the Mexican boy, followed Helen up the gravel walk to the wide, cool gallery that seemed infinitely gratifying after his long, hot ride.

"I have to hurry on to C—on important business," he said. "I may have to stay three weeks. When I come back, Helen, I hope you will be ready to set our wedding-day."

She turned on him a laughing look.

"How will Christmas week do?" she said. "Would that be a long short time, or a short long time to you, Raymund?"

"Riddle me no riddles," he answered, and then his gaze wandered from the lovely face, half earnest, half quizzical, before him, to an old-fashioned miniature that lay face upward on a small table near his chair.

"What is this?" he said. "What a sweet face, and how like you, Helen. Surely it must be your grandmother."

"Yes," said the young girl, coming to his side. "It is my father's mother, Charlotte von Haas. My uncle and aunt have both seen the likeness you speak of, Raymund."

"Wonderful!" he answered, and then he arose and made Helen a low bow, his laughing blue eyes full of pride in her beauty.

"I must congratulate you," he said. "No doubt Madame von Haas was a noted court beauty, admired by the Emperor, and the toast of all the great men."

"As I would be, I suppose, if I lived in Germany," answered Helen demurely; and then she came nearer to him, her dark eyes full of appealing sweetness.

"I have been talking to my uncle and aunt, Raymund," she said, "and—well—if you wish, they think we might be married before the summer is over."

* * * * *

It was half an hour instead of five minutes, when Raymund again mounted his horse and recommenced his ride northward. The Mexican boy, more wide-awake than most of his race, noticed his master's joyous looks as he waved good-bye to his fiancée.

"We will be married at the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe," thought Raymund, "with dear Padre Paul to say our nuptial Mass. How happy my foster-mothers will be. They both love Helen."

Pure and untried was the heart of the boy as he rode on through the purple hills. Simple was his creed; but in his simplicity, and the absence of evil in his past life, lay his strength. Right and wrong were capable of only one interpretation to Raymund.

* * * * *

Half a mile farther on his horse suddenly shied violently, and had he not been a good horseman, he would have been unseated. As it was, he barely saved himself from going over the animal's head; at the same time a groan reached his ears. Recovering himself almost instantly, he hastily dismounted and looked around. Lying in the shadow of a rock, near the trail he was following through a canyon, Raymund saw the outline of a man's figure. The Mexican boy rode up, and also hastily dismounted. Together they reached the man's side, and saw that he seemed in some way to be mortally hurt. The place where they stood was near the river. Raymund turned to the Mexican by his side.

"Run quickly, Pedro," he said. "Bring some water."

The boy was gone like a flash, and kneeling down Raymund placed his coat under the man's head. So covered was the face with blood and dirt that recognition would have been impossible; but the younger man saw that the elder was undoubtedly a stranger and a gentleman; his age seemed to be about fifty.

A second later and Pedro was back with water. Carefully Raymund bathed the unconscious man's face, and then with the aid of the Mexican began gently moving his limbs to try to find out where he was injured. The movement, combined with the refreshing cold water, seemed to revive the unconscious man; he groaned and presently opened his eyes.

"Mein Roslein roth," he said; and then in English; "Surely it is you, my Rose, 'nicht wahr?'"

"His mind is wandering," thought Raymund, whose own mind was moving rapidly. Something must be done quickly, for the wounded man seemed to have relapsed into unconsciousness again. For a moment the younger man hesitated, then his decision was made. It was only half a mile back to W—, and seven miles to C—, the nearest town northward. His business, such as it was, must wait.

"Help me make a litter, Pedro," he said. "We must carry the man back to W—."

They were young and strong, so it was only a little over an hour when they reached W—, carrying the stranger on an improvised litter.

August Haas, who had just come out of his store, was locking the door preparatory to going home for dinner when the little cavalcade appeared. Raymund's doubts as to where he should ask for shelter for the stricken man were settled by the man himself. Opening his dark eyes, they fell on Haas.

"August," he said. And then followed rapid words in German on Haas' part, with feeble responses from the man on the litter, from which Raymund, who understood the language perfectly, speedily made out, to his own astonishment, that the stranger was none other than Arno von Haas, August's brother, and Helen's father, who was supposed to have perished at Gettysburg eighteen years ago.

III.

They bore the injured man to his brother's house, and the doctor was summoned. He gave the comforting intelligence that there was no serious injury, and that a few days' rest would probably see the patient himself again.

"He has had a bad fall, and at his age a shock is trying to the nerves; but be comforted, Fraulein Helen, there is no real injury," said Dr. Amend, as he hurried away.

Helen, who as yet knew nothing of the stranger's relation to her, sat down in the cool, darkened room, where the now thoroughly conscious man lay. Her orders were to moisten the bandage on his head, and give him medicine at regular intervals. How still he lay! Was he asleep?

Presently she arose and left the room a moment to speak to her lover. The motionless figure on the bed stirred ever so little; and a cry went up from the depths of the man's soul.

"Did I dream?" he thought. "No, I am alive—but that face! It was Rose's face, and I thought I was dead and she had come for me. Oh, my God! My God!"

Charlotte von Haas had been as pious as she was beautiful, and a long-forgotten prayer that she had taught her sons, came back to the stricken man.

"Almighty and most Merciful God, Who, to quench the thirst of Thy people, madest a fountain of living water to spring out of a rock, draw from our stony hearts the tears of compunction, that, effectually bewailing our sins, we may, through Thy mercy deserve to obtain Thy pardon for them, through our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen."—(Collect for the Gift of Tears. From the Roman Missal.)

A stony heart! Ah, yes, that had been his too long; but it was not yet too late for the gift of compunction and of tears.

* * * * *

Again Raymund was riding through the cool, shady canyon; but this time he was alone. His business had detained him a month in C—, and now he was on his way to Helen, to arrange for their wedding.

How lovely the warm, southern sun that shone down through the tall, leafy trees of the canyon. How sweet the air, laden with the scent of dozens of tropical flowers and fruits! Raymund involuntarily broke into song. He had a clear, sweet, tenor voice of unusual power and beauty. His horse pricked up his ears and arched his beautiful neck. Well he knew that voice and responded to it, as a war-horse does to the music of its regiment. The sound reached the ears of a man coming through the canyon toward horse and rider. He, too, recognized the clear, young voice, Raymund having spent ten days in the Haas cottage before going on to C—, during which time they had become well acquainted. Now, the man on foot, thinking of all he had to say to that young soul, shuddered and trembled.

Then a turn of the road brought them face to face, and Arno von Haas stepped forward.

"I have come this way on purpose, Mr. O'Neill," he said, "to meet you. What I have to say is best said here."

Wonderingly Raymund sprang down from his horse and fastened the animal to a tree.

"I am at your service, sir," he said. "I know you are my Helen's father," and then with a lover's anxiety he added:

"Surely Helen is not ill?" What else could explain this strangely planned meeting in the canyon! There are those who think that a sudden and drastic use of the knife produces less pain and is a more radical cure than a nicely planned and careful approach to the disease, whether moral or spiritual. Long after, Raymund thought of this, seeming to see von Haas as he stood before him now, the whole face haggard and worn,

the dark eyes, so like Helen's, sunk deep in their sockets, burning with intolerable remorse, the mouth set firmly in a fine line of pain. Then the mouth relaxed and there came forth a cry of supplication and an appeal for forgiveness.

"You have called me Helen's father," he said. "Know, then, Raymund, that I am your father also—that the dearest one of your heart is your sister."

The whole world seemed to whirl around Raymund, and only his vigorous young manhood saved him from losing consciousness; then pride, love for Helen, the desire to combat this awful revelation, came to his aid. Surely the man must be mad!

But alas, no! As soon as von Haas proceeded, which he did hurriedly and brokenly, there came over Raymund a sickening sense of certainty. His young face lost its youthfulness, and by and bye he ceased to speak, only listening with bowed head and motionless figure while von Haas talked on.

Very humbly the man spoke; but what passed between them, or what was the nature of the elder one's communication about his past life, no one but the boy's foster-mother and aunt ever knew. The proofs von Haas gave, and claimed, were of such a nature that even Mary, heart-broken though she was over the wreck of Raymund's happiness, could not doubt that father and son had found each other. To adjust themselves to the new relation of brother and sister—that both Raymund and Helen felt was impossible—and so they parted—with what prayers and tears.

* * * * *

It is ten years later. In the large garden of a southern monastery a priest paces back and forth—to-morrow he goes on a mission, to-night his mind is concentrated on the necessary preparation. So busily engaged was he in deep thought that he did not notice that the sun had set over the distant mountains. Slowly he paced back and forth, with a

regular, almost rhythmical tread; then his meditation was broken by approaching footsteps, and a lay-brother drew near.

"Some one to see you, Father," he said. "The Prior told me to say I could bring him here if you wish."

"Yes, please do," was the answer.

The priest turned toward the direction in which the old lay-brother had disappeared, and presently a dark, soldierly figure appeared in the twilight, and then paused.

"My son," said a well-remembered voice, "the Prior told me I could seek you here. Ten years ago you could not grant me the forgiveness I craved, and I went far away again to foreign lands; but I have come back to try once more. Do you forgive me now?"

In Raymund's mind was no surprise. He had long expected this. Very simply he answered:

"Utterly, entirely, even as I hope to be forgiven. I forgave long before I entered here."

In his voice was a tone that his younger, and unclouded manhood had lacked.

"Amen," said von Haas.

Long they talked—the father and son—separated by ten years, and now brought together again.

Overhead the twilight deepened, the birds sought their nests, and the moon flower opened her pure petals to the night winds, but still the two men talked on, until softly the Angelus bell rang out from the monastery tower.

The father and son knelt down and repeated aloud the sublime invocation. In the heart of one burned a divine renunciation and consecration, born of long hours of struggle and pain—in the other man the gift of tears had wrought repentance and peace.

* * * * *

And so, to Raymund and Helen was given, in place of their love, the sublime gift of vocation. They found "a higher

than happiness, which is blessedness." Church, like a true refuge and mother, Far apart they worked—the priest, offers that divine consolation in tragedy who labored early and late for the sal- and sorrow that first breathed on an un- vation of souls; and the young nun, happy world nineteen hundred years ago: "Come unto Me, and I will give whose tender hands ministered to the sick and dying. To such as these the you rest."

Jesus Only ✱

Written for a Novice, by Soeur Theresa l'Enfant Jesus,
and Translated by S. L. Emery

Oh, how my heart would spend itself, to bless;
It hath such need to prove its tenderness!
And yet what heart can my heart comprehend?
What heart shall always love me without end?
All—all in vain for such return seek I;
Jesus alone my soul can satisfy.
Naught else contents or charms me here below;
Created things no lasting joy bestow.
My peace, my joy, my love, O Christ!
'Tis Thou alone! Thou hast sufficed.
Thou didst know how to make a mother's heart;
Tenderest of fathers, Lord! to me Thou art.
My only Love, Jesus, Divinest Word!
More than maternal is Thy heart, dear Lord!
Each moment Thou my way dost guard and guide;
I call—at once I find Thee at my side—
And if, sometimes, Thou hid'st Thy face from me,
Thou com'st Thyself to help me seek for Thee.
Thee, Thee alone I choose: I am Thy bride.
Unto Thy arms I hasten, there to hide.
Thee would I love, as little children love;
For Thee, like warrior bold, my love I'd prove.
Now, like to children full of joy and glee,
So come I, Lord! to show my love to Thee;
Yet, like a warrior bold, with high elation,
Rush I to combats in my loved vocation.
Thy Heart is Guardian of our innocence;
Not once shall It deceive my confidence.
Wholly my hopes are placed in Thee, dear Lord!
After long exile, I Thy face adored
In heaven shall see. When clouds the skies o'erspread,
To Thee, my Jesus! I lift up my head;
For, in Thy tender glance, these words I see:
"O child! I made my radiant heaven for thee."
I know it well—my burning tears and sighs
Are full of charm for Thy benignant eyes.
Strong seraphs form in heaven Thy court divine,
Yet Thou dost seek this poor weak heart of mine.
Ah! take my heart! Jesus, 'tis Thine alone;
All my desires I yield to Thee, my Own!
And all my friends that are so loved by me,
No longer will I love them, save in Thee!



By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

"Fair Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine,
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
Within whose mosques Almanzor hung
As lamps, the bells that once had rung
At Compostello's shrine"

MAGNIFICENT as Damascus, more splendid than Bagdad, equalled only by the Acksah of Jerusalem, Zeca, or House of Purification, Mecca of the West! Such shall be my mosque of Cordova, and to its Mihrab shall come pilgrims from far and near, as to the Caaba of the Prophet himself—" thus spoke Abdurrahman I, Caliph of Cordova, in 784, and he spared no expense to make his favorite mosque the finest in the world.

When the city was entered by the Moors, they, as was always the case, assured to the Catholics the freedom of their worship, and permitted them to use this cathedral, dedicated to San Vincente and built upon the site of an ancient Roman temple to Janus. But the Moors increased and multiplied, and soon so outnumbered the Christians that half the cathedral was converted into a mosque. Then it was that Abdurrahman desired to erect his grand temple. With rather more fairness than is generally shown by the upper hand, he gave the Christians 100,000 dinars (\$2,200,000) for their share of the cathedral, and he granted them the privilege of rebuilding all of their churches which had been destroyed in the capture of the city.

From the day of the transfer, His Royal Highness set to work with untiring zeal. So great was his anxiety to see the building completed that he worked with his own hands for several hours each day, and gave up a large portion of his revenues for its beautification. Slowly it rose, each block, perfect in form, slowly swung into place; each tower and minaret rose like magic; each carved fret-work, each curious horse-shoe arch, graceful belfry, and matchless azulejo wrought out, a beautiful poem in air, until, ten years from its inception, the edifice was completed. Not, however, until its founder had gone from earthly temples, and his son, Hashem, reigned in his stead. And what a perfect whole was thus rounded into completion!

The most marvellous example of the religious architecture of Moorish Spain, this cathedral is considered the finest specimen in all Europe of the temples of Islam. Differing widely from those cathedrals which have grown with generations, its general plan in all its details is one harmonious whole, and this is agreeably expressed in the evident unity of design. A basilica in shape, as suited to the Moorish form of worship, an English writer says that its characteristics are "vastness, originality, great simplicity in the distribution, solidity severe and massive, great elegance in the curves and profiles, a happy combination of lines."

Viewed from a distance, the general

effect is massive, immense; its contour rugged rather than graceful. Approaching Cordova from the Guadalquivir, the white walls and white houses of the town, with the range and palm raising their stately heads over the soft-hued tiling of the roofs, are strongly in contrast to the grim pile of the cathedral, whose beautiful tower rises above all, crowned by a golden statue of St. Raphael.

tranquil shade one may dally for hours in happy dreams, kissed by the southern zephyrs, laden with the delicious scents of orange and jasmine. Here one might lazily

"Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream,"

and gaze at the belfry against the Andalusian sky, a belfry which a harsh critic has recently called "bastard architecture," but which the beauty-loving

TOWER FROM THE COURT OF ORANGES, CORDOVA.

Perhaps the finest view of the tower is obtained from the Court of Oranges, a charming "patio" with magnificent trees, many of them dating from the sixteenth century. Restful and quiet is the spot, one of the finest "patios" in all Spain, with its fountains, its cistern—used for ablutions and built by Abdurrahman in 945—its gallery of circular arches supported by marble pillars, its palms and cypress. Under this

dreamer finds fair enough in its quaint style and graceful outlines. What calls that bell has rung to the faithful! Its tocsins peal

"Of many a tear and many a prayer
On the far hills of Spain."

The walls of the building are six feet thick and are strengthened by square buttress towers, and the "almenas," or indented buttresses, which crown the

walls and conceal the roof are triangular, save on the towers, where they assume the shape of huge flower-vases. Those toward the "patio" look like great "fleur-de-lys," but they are of modern addition, while the others, from Persian models, are very curious and interesting.

The chief beauty of the exterior lies in the entrances, for the Moors seem ever to have adopted for a motto the verse of Scripture: "Let his own works praise him in the gates." They have always peculiarly beautiful gateways, whether to city, mosque or palace, and as fine as any of Saracenic architecture are those of Cordova's cathedral. Originally there were sixteen entrances (all now closed save one), and of them the Gate of Pardon is perhaps the most famous. Such a gate is found in nearly all Spanish cathedrals, and it is so named from the indulgences granted to those who pass beneath its portals. Not so handsome as the Puerta del Pardon at Seville, the one at

Cordova is well carved, ornamented with the arms of Castile and Leon, and it bears the inscription: "On the second day of the Month of March, of the era of Caesar, 1415 (1377 A. C.), in the reign of the Most High and Puissant Don Enrique, King of Castile."

Far more striking is the Door of the Canons, with a wonderful horseshoe arch, a square tower above it set with gargoyles and ornamentations, and some well-preserved statues in delightful little niches. The great doors are triumphs

THE WONDERFUL VISTAS OF THE ARCHES.

of the goldsmith's art, with bronze "artesonillos" in varying patterns, the word "Deus" in Gothic letters, and the motto, "The Empire belongs to God and all is His," interwoven in Arabic characters.

Interesting as is the exterior, it little prepares one for the glories within! At

CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL, CORDOVA.

first one is almost bewildered by the mazes of pillars, the vistas of archways, the kaleidoscopic hues of this roofed-in forest, for in every direction there stretches before one graceful vistas of pillared beauty.

"What this edifice must have been in its palmy days," writes O'Shea, one of the best authorities on Spain, "when the roof was higher, and glistening with gilding and vivid colors and thousands of gold and silver lamps; when its walls were worked like lace and looked like cashmere shawls illuminated from behind, and its arches like so many gigantic bows, studded with emeralds and rubies, resting on mosaic trunks of porphyry, jasper, and precious marbles, may only faintly be imagined."

Even to-day it is gorgeous enough, although one regrets the disappearance of the Moorish roof, which was flat, its beams painted and gilded, and made of

arbor-vitae, as sound after eleven centuries as when it was first put up.

There are over one thousand pillars in the interior, all monolithic, and brought already shaped from many lands; from Roman temples, from Seville and Tarragona, from Nismes and Narbonne, from far-away Carthage, and even from Constantinople, whence one hundred and forty were sent as a present by the Emperor Leo. This diversity of origin accounts for the differences in size and style. The pillars are of white and colored marbles, of green and blood jasper, of tawny red breccia, from Cabra. The capitals are of varied architecture; some Corinthian, some composite, and some pure Saracenic. The pillars form nineteen spacious naves one way and twenty-nine the other, thus forming by their intersections, multitudinous vistas of perspective simply marvellous in beauty. The horseshoe arch in its perfection is found here; one arch is placed upon the

other, and used thus for the first time in this mosque adds with their originality to its architectural value.

Most remarkable of all are the arches of the *Mihrab*, the sanctuary of the mosque, in which small and beautiful recess the Caliph, "Prince of the Faithful and Defender of the Faith," performed his "*Chotba*," or public devotions, turning toward Mecca.

The sanctuary is a heptagon but thirteen feet in diameter, the pavement, of gleaming white marble, the roof, a conch shell of one block. At the side are three-lobed arches on marble pillar-ets, and within was the pulpit of Al-Hakim II. It was a gem of ivory and gold and fine wood, inlaid with gems and studded with gold and silver nails, and here was kept the famous copy of the Koran which Othman made and stained with his blood. This was kept in a box covered with gold tissue and embroidered with pearls and rubies, and

placed upon an aloe-wood lectern. At the hour of the *Azalah* this book was read, and wonderful must have been the scene described by an Eastern writer:

"The blaze of a thousand colored lanterns, fed with perfumed oil, played like gems on the glittering surface of the *Mihrab*. Vases and gemmed censers filled with musk and attar made the air heavy with fragrance; golden candelabra illuminated the Kharassanic carving of the *Zeca*, the crescent banners of Islam floating as the green-turbaned Almuedans mounted to intone the *Selan*, while the Caliph, emerging from a subterranean passage leading from the *Alcazar*, treading on Persian carpets and glittering with jewels, took his place upon a golden throne within the *Maksarah*.

"Within the *Mezquita* are gathering swarthy Africans, bare-armed, veiled in white burnous, gay-turbaned Berbers, helmeted knights bristling with daggers

texture. They accepted the cordial invitation—kings' invitations were usually commands—and came to Cordova, bringing three hundred and twenty-five quintals of the wonderful enamel. With Byzantine designs, the soft beauty of the coloring vying with its richness and depths, and shining under the myriad lamps of the mosque, made the interior gleam like a palace of the Arabian Nights. One lamp alone had fourteen hundred and fifty-four lights, and a housewifely soul fairly gasps at the amount of perfumed oil necessary to fill them; seven hundred and fifty arrobas a month, so says the "Book of Al Makkari."

The mosque was converted into a cathedral in 1238, and named Santa Maria in honor of the Blessed Virgin, beloved of all Spanish hearts. In 1520, Charles V gave permission for the building of the choir, but when he came to the cathedral

GATE OF THE CANONS.

and scimitars, Numidians with fringed bands and armlets on elbow and ankle, superb Pashas, wandering Kalenders, the Dervish of the Dessert, and hoary Imauns in full-gathering robes. Then, as the talismanic words mount to the arched vaults, 'There is no God but Allah and Mahomet is his prophet.' reverently the awed multitude bends, and striking their foreheads, each voice echoes, 'Allah achbar' (God is great)."

Of the Mesquita, after the archways and their vistas, the most wonderful thing is the mosaic ornamentation. Delighting in this Greek "Psephosis," the Moorish "Sofeysafah," the Cordovan Hakim sent an embassy to Constantinople, requesting that there be sent to him artists skilled in this method of making glass, flint, and metals appear of a velvet-like

in 1526, and saw that a portion of the old edifice had been destroyed, he exclaimed indignantly:

"I was not aware of this! Had I known that you intended to touch the ancient portion, I should never have permitted it. You have built here what can be built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in all the world."

There is nothing remarkable about the choir, though its style is effective, but the stalls are fine, sixty-three in number, carved by Pedro Duque Cornejo. The details are elaborately finished and the carving is fine, though it is excelled by that of the cathedral of Burgos.

Of the forty-five chapels scarce any are worthy of notice, though in the High Chapel is a remarkable "retablo," the

work of the Jesuit, Matias Alonso. It is of the fair rose-jasper Carcabrey and is ornamented in gold, very delicately but elaborately.

But if the Moorish artisans gave beauty to the cathedral, since Christian times there is much of interest attaching to its walls. The great of Spain have gathered here, and it was the Cordovan chapter which sent such valued aid to the great Cardinal Ximenez when he was preparing for his expedition against Oran.

Cervantes heard Mass in these dim aisles, whose light falls so wierdly upon the Azulejos as to deepen their soft blue almost to indigo. Lope de Vega sought this quiet spot, and pacing through the orange-bordered walks gained local color for his wonderful plays, so full of nature's touch which makes the whole world kin. Here, too, Juan de Mena knelt, "that great Cordovan poet" whose three hundred stanzas of "El Laberinto" so pleased the king that he demanded sixty-five more, that he might have one for each day in the year.

Warriors and knights, kings and statesmen, all here have bowed in devotion, and a lingering spirit makes itself felt within the quiet gloom of the stately aisles.

When the French stormed the city they ruined much and carried away much of its treasure, but left the cathedral intact, for which the world should thank them.

Now all is still, the scream of shot and shell no longer bursts about the portals. From the deep recesses of Our Lady's Cathedral comes but the soft murmur of the Vesper chants or the triumphant sound of the "Laudate."

TOWER AND COURT OF ORANGES, CORDOVA.

"No longer round its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

While one regrets the glories of Moorish days, with their splendid luxury of artistic taste, one cannot but rejoice that to-day from the Muezzin's tower the Angelus rings the praise of Mary Immaculate, ever beloved of the chivalrous Spanish heart. For the building of the cathedral, Christian slaves were forced to toil 'neath whip and lash. Upon one pillar is etched the rude figure of a cross, scratched with a nail by a Christian captive, yet to-day the Cross reigns triumphant over the cathedral of Santa Maria, as it does over all Spain, "La terra del Virgen Santissima."

Ramona's Home

By **LYNDALL CHARLOTTE BURDEN**



ONE fine day in September I left Los Angeles on a train bound for Santa Barbara. I was en route, however, not for that beautiful city, but for a lonely ranch nestled among the green hills of one of California's fairest valleys, a place made famous by the pen of the gifted author, Helen Hunt Jackson.

I need not say it was Camulos Ranch, Ramona's home.

My visit to California was drawing to a close, and all summer I had promised myself this pleasure before going to my southern home.

The sun sank lower in the west as the train sped onward; I stood on the rear platform inhaling the cool sea air and watching the lovely, receding hills with their tall trees and trailing vines.

The sky was blue and serene; the earth richly carpeted with Nature's glorious green, here and there dotted with flowers of red and yellow, swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze as if to bid one welcome to their beauty and fragrance.

In and out between the hills we moved, keeping in the low valleys; now crossing a clear stream, now winding round a steep slope where we could almost reach out and touch the great ferns hanging in picturesque disarray from between the rocks on its jagged sides, for they grew everywhere, from the delicate maiden-hair to great sweeping ones several feet high, in such profusion that one forgot that to have one or two such in great eastern conservatories was the pride and boast of their owners. Here, indeed, was their home; they

needed no false culture—the sun and rain gave them all the warmth and life they required.

Amid these surroundings, hastening northward to the home of the proud Senora Morena, one could think only of Ramona and Allesandro and their flight on Baba and Benito.

Indeed, in my imaginative mood, I picked out the very valley, walled in by high wooded hills, in which they sought rest for the night and where Ramona slept on a bed of ferns.

Certainly no description in any novel can be truer to nature than this, the journey of Ramona and her Indian lover.

My reverie was interrupted by the kind-faced conductor who now stood by my side. He asked me if I had friends at Camulos, and when I explained that I was only sightseeing, he hastened to warn me that I would probably have a very cool reception, as many preceding me had experienced.

The family, who were Mexican, would entertain no strangers under any circumstances. They would make excuse that there was smallpox or some other disease in the family, but stay over night you could not.

Now this is what I had hoped to do, so I was much distressed, but was reassured by my companion that if the worst came I could take another train, in an hour, and return to Los Angeles. I hoped, however, by speaking their language and being forewarned, to be able to stay the night.

The sun was setting as the train stopped at the small station marked Camulos. The house was a hundred

yards distant, and you approached it from the rear.

I walked quickly down the well-worn path, where trees and flowers grew on either side.

The chirruping of birds and the lowing of a few cattle were the only sounds to be heard till I drew nearer to the house. Under a huge tree, around a table, were sitting a group of servants paring fruit. I turned into a side gate and walked boldly to the front of the long, low, white adobe; green vines were trailing over windows and along the front of the portal. Here, indeed, was Ramona's home, just as described in the story. There the room of Father Salvierderra, at the end of the porch; here, Ramona's, near where Felipe lay ill on the rawhide bed, and Allesandro watched through the night.

The landlady stood before me; no, she could not accommodate me for the night, there were three very sick people in the house.

Forcing back a smile, I sympathetically inquired what ailed them, having made up my mind to declare I had had smallpox; but it was fever this time.

Oh yes, I was most welcome to see the place—a train would pass in an hour.

A boy was called to show me around, whose escort I gladly accepted, for this woman grated upon me and dispelled the illusion of the kind hospitality of the Senora Morena and her household.

How different the present inhabitants. The very walls might be the same—the inmates, never. The courtyard was a bower of roses and honeysuckle, with a gay fountain playing in the centre.

Supper was in progress in the great kitchen and the chatter of Mexican voices floated out. A woman stood in the door; old Marda came to my mind,

but no old Juan Can, with a broken leg, sat grumbling on the porch. We passed out by an orange grove and again around to the front of the building, where beyond a low, vine-covered fence nestled the little chapel surrounded by tall trees. A long, latticed porch covered with trailing honeysuckle led to the door. Near by hung the three bells, tarnished and old. Everything whispered, "Ramona," "Allesandro."

I knelt before the small altar where once had knelt these lovers; the rich perfume of the flowers floated in through the small windows. My few moments in this peaceful place, the ideal private chapel, were all too short. •

Outside my eyes took in every detail—the arbored walk, the roses, the pomegranates. Twilight was beautiful at Camulos Ranch.

My hour was drawing to a close; one thing more I must see, the willow tree. I had passed it coming from the station. We paused now at the spot; only the stump of the great willow remained for some time ago it had been destroyed by fire, but the waters of the stream rippled softly and the tiny rocks could be seen clearly in its bed; as clearly as when Ramona, with bared arms, dipped the torn altar-cloth up and down among them, and Allesandro, from across the stream, saw and loved her.

Walking on, we met a fair young girl whose face reminded you of Ramona as your mind pictured her.

Darkness was now creeping over the valley, the lumbering sound of the train was heard, and five minutes later I was aboard and the white walls of Ramona's home were soon hidden from me.

The last thing I saw as the train sped onward was a wooden cross on the highest hill, marked darkly against the pale sky.

The **Great Catholic Composers of Italy**

By LORNA GILL

DURING the first four hundred years of the Christian Era, the melodies used in the service of the Church were transmitted by ear from one generation to the other. As churches increased, it became difficult to establish a common usage in all. Therefore it was at this period that Saint Ambrose made the first arrangement of sacred music, and Saint Augustine tells us, in his "Confessions," that he was moved to tears as he heard these hymns sung by the great congregation in the church of Milan. The names of the monks who composed these hymns are lost in the obscurity of centuries.

In the sixth century, Saint Gregory made another collection of hymns, together with many additions to the work of Saint Ambrose; he established more comprehensible musical forms; wrote music to the antiphons for the entire ecclesiastical year, and reversed completely the Greek keys, or modes, which are thenceforth called the ecclesiastical keys. Gregory chose this manner of chanting as the one best suited for worship in a large Christian congregation.

The great influence of this majestic and solemn chant cannot be too highly estimated. It was the central point from which all the older compositions of the Church proceeded, and upon which they rested; and it is the foundation upon which all true Catholic church music must remain.

The great period of ecclesiastical music culminated in the sixteenth century in Palestrina, who is called the "Homer of Music." In 1557, we find him in

Rome as teacher of the choir in the Vatican, and

composing for four and five voices, Masses which he dedicated to Pope Julius III. The latter showed his gratitude by appointing Palestrina to the Papal choir, and this in violation of the rule that the singer must be a celibate. Palestrina was so devout a Catholic that he hesitated before accepting an appointment all the requirements of which he did not fulfill, but, considering that the Pope knew better than himself, he finally entered on his new duties. His good fortune was of short duration, as Julius died six months later and the new Pope, Paul IV, ambitious to reform the Church within, would not permit married singers in the choir, and so dismissed Palestrina from what had promised to be a life position. Later he became the director at the church of Saint Maria-Maggiore, and it was while there that the event occurred which spread his fame throughout the world. Church music for a long time had suffered many abuses, mainly through the Flemish composers who, in order to display their contrapuntal skill, would select in the composition of their Masses some secular song as their "cantus firmus." Scores of Masses were written on the old Provençal song, "L'Homme Armé." Many of the melodies chosen were, in their origin, coarse and bacchanalian, and it was no uncommon event to hear the tenors roar out the words of some folksong, while the rest of the church sang a "Kyrie," a "Gloria," or a "Credo." The custom lasted for a long time, but

in 1562 the Cardinals met at the famous "Council of Trent," and measures were taken for the removal of the abuses of the choirs. The whole matter was eventually referred to a committee of eight Cardinals, who chose eight papal singers to assist them in their deliberations.

Two of the Cardinals were men of especial musical culture—Vittellozzi and Carlo Borromeo, who was later to be proclaimed a saint. As the works of

Palestrina were frequently mentioned during the debate, it was decided to commission him to write a Mass to prove that counterpoint was consistent with the most earnest expression of religious feeling. Palestrina, diffident of his own powers, wrote three Masses and sent them to Cardinal Borromeo, who selected the third, "The Mass of Pope Marcellus," as the finest.

It was a great victory for Palestrina, and he was rewarded by being appointed composer to the Pontifical Chair. He had many devoted friends and admirers, the close companionship of that saintly and musically gifted priest, Philip Neri, who was afterwards canonized. In order to induce youths to attend church more frequently, the founder of the Congregation of the Oratory arranged sacred songs to be sung alternately with his teachings, and to render these meetings still more attractive, he dramatized

in verse and set to music stories from the Scriptures, such as "The Good Shepherd" and "The Prodigal Son." These sacred dramas were performed in a room adjoining the church called an oratory, or, in Italian, "Oratorio," and ever since this name has been applied to this form of composition.

A greatly admired composition of Palestrina is the "Impropria," (The Reproaches) which is used on Good Friday morning instead of

GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

the Mass. Mendelssohn considered it Palestrina's most beautiful work, and Goethe was greatly moved by its dignity and pathos. With what reverence he regarded his art may be shown by his own words: "Music exerts a great influence on the minds of mankind, and it is intended not only to cheer him, but also to guide and to control him—a statement made by the ancients, but also true to-day. The sharper blame do those therefore deserve who misemploy so great and so splendid a gift of God in light or unworthy things, and thereby incite men, who of themselves are inclined to all evil, to sin and misdoing. As regards myself, I have from youth been affrighted at such music, and anxiously have I avoided giving forth anything which could lead any one to become wicked or godless. All the more should I, now that I have attained to riper years and am not far removed

GIOVANNI BELLINI.

from old age, place my entire thoughts on lofty, earnest things, such as are worthy of a Christian."

Palestrina broke the fetters which kept music a mere mathematical science, and showed that true emotional quality was consistent with the profoundest contrapuntal skill. Force, solemnity, repose, and deep religious feeling are the most prominent characteristics of his works. He drew his wonderful inspiration from the Gregorian chant, and spoke the last word in the pure style of church music.

At the close of this epoch in musical history, though secular music was cultivated by different composers, it was modelled on the style of church music, and did not begin to have a development of its own until it received its first impulse from the Villanelle and the *Madrigal*, inspired by the poetry of *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and *Boccaccio*. In the

Madrigal, the composer strove through adequate music to express the meaning of the poet. A little later, the efforts of a society formed by Count Bardi, of Florence, to revive the Greek drama, gave rise to the first opera, and as a result of their discussions and experiments we find the embryo of what is now called opera in the "*Euridice*" of Peri. It was composed in the year 1600, to celebrate the marriage of Mary de Medici to Henry IV of France.

A very great figure in the foundation of the new school was Claudio Monteverde, considered a great revolutionist in music. In his operas we first hear dramatic effect; for it was he that said that "harmony was only the lady of the words." The most admired of his operas seems to have been "*Arianna*," particularly the lament of the deserted heroine. He is considered the originator of the art of orchestration, and was the first to give the place of honor to the violin in the orchestra. His compositions written for the church already marked a decadence in style when compared with the classic works of Palestrina, yet they give evidence of great invention. In 1643, when he was sixty-five years old, he became a priest.

The Italian church composers, seeing the brilliant career of the opera, took hold of it with ardor.

Carissimi, at this period, devoted himself to the development of the sacred cantata, and wrote many noble oratorios, the airs and recitatives of which are imbued with vigorous dramatic spirit.

A pupil of Carissimi, Alessandro Scarlatti, was the founder of the Naples school of music. A century had elapsed from the time of Monteverde, and many reforms had taken place which are attributed to Scarlatti. His compositions comprise oratorios, one hundred and fifteen operas, and two hundred Masses; they require great virtuosity on the singers' part. He was gifted with a mag-

nificent voice, was a great vocal teacher, and the founder of the Italian school of singing, which his pupil, Niccolò Porpora, brought to its highest perfection. Unlike some of our modern Italian composers, Scarlatti's attainments rested on a most solid foundation. His church compositions are monuments of learning fit to be placed beside the greatest in the ecclesiastical period of music. The most celebrated are a four voice requiem, "Ave Regina Caelorum," and "Tu es Petrus," a famous motet sung at the coronation of Napoleon I by thirty specially imported papal singers. In his operatic works, he brought the recitative to perfection and gave it a classic value. His daughter was one of the greatest, if not the greatest singer of her day; his son, Domenico Scarlatti, was the greatest "virtuoso" upon the clavier, and composed many valuable works for that instrument.

Pergolesi, the composer of the beautiful opera, "La Serva Padrona," made no innovations in operatic forms, but beautified existing material as he found it. Other eminent names in this closing period of Italian opera were Piccinni, Paisiello, Zingarelli, and Cimarosa. The latter wrote the best overtures the Italian school had yet produced. His opera, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," is one of the masterpieces of Italian opera; his talent lay in comedy, in the inexhaustible humor and merriment of his scores. His church compositions were also much admired in their day.

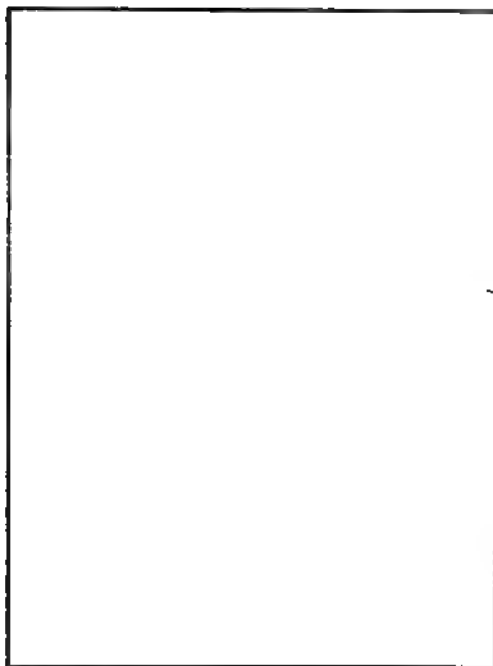
With the dawn of the nineteenth century begins the greatest period of Italian opera—the time of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and the age of that most brilliant array of singers—Grisi, Mario, Rubini, Mara, Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Persiani, Garcia and Sontag. Rossini always preserved a distinct advantage over his contemporaries. He was born two months after the death of Mozart, on February the twenty-ninth, 1792, and

MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI.

the main incidents of his life are connected with music.

When Prince Eugene Beauharnais was viceroy of Italy, Rossini, then a young man, would have fallen a victim to the conscription but for the proofs of his rare musical genius. He married the famous singer, Colbran, who interpreted his greatest parts. In temperament he was winning, full of life, witty, and well informed. He was not given to worry over the failure of his operas. A story is told of him that after the ill success of one of his operas his friends went to his house to console him, but instead of finding him tearing his hair with disappointment, they heard him snoring very lustily in bed. He was said to be very lazy, doing most of his composition in bed, and if, by chance, his manuscript fell to the floor, instead of rising to pick it up, he, with true musical activity, would begin a new score.

When Rossini began to write for the stage, the music-drama was classified as



GUISEPPE VERDI.

serious and comic opera. The melodies of the composers were used as a background by the singers, who embroidered them with all sorts of ornaments, so as to leave them scarcely recognizable. He found the "opera seria" to be too serious, as he found the "opera buffo" too comic. In writing in the latter style, he kept above the level of the farce, and rendered both styles more lifelike and dramatic. He was the first composer to write a series of operatic overtures; to the basso, formerly kept in the background, he gave one of the principal parts; to the contralto he gave, in most of his operas, the principal female role. In 1813, with the composition of "Tancredi," his career really begins. In this opera he began the use of the "crescendi," which he never afterwards abandoned. When he visited Paris the comic papers never called him anything else but "Signor Crescendo." "The Barber of Seville," his greatest comic opera, was written in thirteen days, on the same

theme used by Paisiello, from whom Rossini received permission to reset it.

Rossini was inimitable in the field of light opera. Gaiety, marvellous imagination, and original instrumentation are the remarkable features of "The Barber of Seville" as well as of his other comic operas. His success in England and France was tremendous, though it was in Paris that he accumulated his vast fortune. About this time, Balzac described a hero as being devoted to Byron's poetry, Gericault's painting and Rossini's music. Wherever there existed an operatic stage, there has been heard "Otello," "Semiramide," "Tancredi," "Cenerentola," "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Barber of Seville." After the composition of "William Tell," the last and greatest of his operas, Rossini retired to live upon his great fortune. At this time he was still a young man, and for the next fifty years his pen was almost completely idle, except for the composition of one great work of sacred music, "The Stabat Mater," which, while rather operatic in style, is replete with melody and grace.

Always generous to his fellow artists, Rossini was the means of bringing both Bellini and Donizetti to Paris. The former had a brief but splendid career; his gift for melody was very great, but he could not express the tragic emotions in song. He had, however, sufficient feeling for character to make them musically distinct. The purity, tunefulness, and the repose of his style are felt in "La Sonnambula" and "Norma." With "I Puritani," he achieved equal success, though his death, resulting from the excitement caused to his enfeebled constitution by its composition, soon followed when he was but thirty-four years of age.

As Bellini was the outgrowth of Rossini, so was Donizetti the logical outcome of Bellini. On Donizetti's appearance in the operatic field, he had two powerful rivals in Bellini and Rossini,

whom he saw it would be impossible to surpass; so he set about creating an independent style, while adhering like them to the idea that the melody of the human voice is the first consideration in lyric opera. His training in composition was more solid than Bellini's, though his gift for melody was not so great.

"Lucia de Lammermoor," written in the very florid style, is very popular with prima donnas on account of the opportunity it affords for vocal pyrotechnics. A splendid example of the best Italian "buffo" writing is his "L'Elisire d'Amore," which deserves to stand beside Rossini's "Cenerentola." The latter years of his life were overshadowed by insanity, due, perhaps, to his excessive use of coffee.

Another contemporary of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, was Cherubini who, though a native of Florence, spent most of his life in Paris. His successes were achieved in very different lines from that of his countrymen, and though he wrote some operas, it was in church music he won his chief claim to fame. He never became a popular composer like Bellini, whose highest aim was to write tuneful melodies. Cherubini wrote more in the German style, giving equal attention to both the vocal and instrumental parts. In disposition he was very aggressive, and it is told how on one occasion Napoleon I was praising in his presence the work of Zingarelli and Paisiello, and characterized Cherubini's as overladen with ornament. "Your Majesty," replied Cherubini, "loves the music which does not prevent you from thinking of affairs of state." "Médée" and "Les Deux Journées" were his best operas. His church compositions consist of eight Masses, two requiems, one of which is the celebrated "C. Minor Requiem." Cherubini, in music, stands apart from his countrymen and leaves no successors. Rossini, Bellini and

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

Donizetti, together with the author of "Rigoletto" and "Aida," combine in making their period the greatest and most brilliant in Italian opera.

At the time when the last great representative of this school began his musical career, Lombardy groaned under the Austrian yoke, and the city of Milan was rife with conspiracy. It was the fire and passion of Verdi's music that gave voice to the aspirations of Italy, and the life and movement of his early compositions are in full accord with the spirit of those turbulent times.

The brilliant period of his career was marked by the production of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata." Apropos of the production of "Rigoletto," there is a story told which illustrates the quickness of Venetian ears. When the parts were given out, the tenor, who was to sing the part of the Duke, found a blank in his part at the beginning of the third act. He went to Verdi and asked what it meant. "Don't

be in a hurry," the "maestro" said, "there is plenty of time." Every day it was the same story; the tenor petitioned in vain. At last, before the final rehearsal, Verdi gave him the manuscript of the famous "La donna e mobile," but not before he had made a promise to refrain from whistling or singing a note of it to a soul. Verdi knew the quickness of Venetian ears, and that if the melody were once heard outside the theatre it would be all over Venice in a few hours.

From "Rigoletto," his development progresses to "Aida," one of his greatest operas. It has an Egyptian theme, and was written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt. The temple scene is considered a very fine example of local color, the two principal melodies being original oriental tunes made, of course, Verdi's own by his individual treatment of them.

When, after years of silence, his career was thought to have ended, the libretti of "Othello" and "Falstaff," which are considered the two finest libretti in existence, were given him to read by their author, Boito, the poet-composer and the writer of one opera, "Mefistofele." As a result, he produced two operas that contain the best features of modern music, and without losing sight of the great masters of the past, he showed the possibility of combining truthfulness of declamation with a flow of characteristic

melody. The tragic situations find an exact counterpart in the music of "Othello;" in "Falstaff," the merriment and rollicking humor are wonderfully realized.

A remarkable thing about these operas is that they were written when Verdi had already reached the years of four score and ten, and was still in the full vigor of his power and unarrested development. Verdi was not a revolutionist in music; his genius consisted in putting existing material to its greatest advantage, rather than in exploring new fields. Though he may have been influenced by Wagner, his music always remains essentially Italian. Without imitators, he leaves no disciples.

Italy has some very promising young composers, but it is too early in their careers to predict whether they will reach the fame of their predecessors. Puccini has written some successful operas; Mascagni has gained a world-wide reputation with his "Cavalleria Rusticana," though he was actually starving before he secured an independent fortune through its popularity. Leoncavallo is the composer of "I Pagliacci," a strikingly original work, whose author many consider as the head of the Milan school of composers. These composers are free from an idolatrous worship of Wagner, though they are musical realists, and, like their predecessors, cling strongly to the melodious song-phrase so characteristic of their race.

At Night

By Denis Aloysius McCarthy

Often at night my little daughter stirs
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,
But when she feels her father's hand on hers
She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.

Often at night I, too, from dreaming start,
Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,
But when Thou lay'st Thy hand upon my heart,
O Christ the Comforter, how sweet it seems!

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

III.

THE JUDGE'S DISCOVERY.

JUDGE ALBURY sat in his office in the rear of his court room a week later than the episode related in the last chapter. He had some little time to himself between the morning and afternoon sessions of court. He was a tall, spare man whose large head was covered with rather long straight black hair. His piercing black eyes were overshadowed by strong bushy eyebrows.

His Honor sat in his rotary chair before his littered desk. His head rested on his hand, his elbow supported by the arm of his chair. His mind was not on cases and precedents and decisions, but there was a look of worry on his face. His thoughts had escaped from office and court room with their sombre surroundings, and had centred themselves on his eldest son, Gerald.

The Judge was beginning to believe that he did not understand his oldest boy—that he was to a certain extent a stranger to his own household. The long hours of professional life at court, and the necessary, close study of cases at home practically alienated him from domestic and family life. He realized this inconvenience, but saw no way of changing it. He was a middle-aged man with a growing family to provide for and educate. He could not afford to give up his position, and yet that very position was depriving his family, his boys especially, of a father's guidance and influence. Gerald was now of an age when it required a strong hand to manage him, and a wise head to mould him. The father recognized that mere whippings as immediate punishment

were inadequate, and generally ineffective. A strong, steady guiding hand was necessary for such a boy. Willie and Johnny were growing up. They would be sure to model themselves on their elder brother. The father saw the immense value of giving the rest of his children an example in his eldest son, but just how to turn the fun-loving, erratic Gerald into a pattern for the others he could not see.

In justice to the Judge it must not be supposed that he desired Gerald to become a namby-pamby. His thoughts and desires were far from that. Albury had been a boy—a real boy—himself in his youth, and was still an admirer of all manly sports, and—perhaps a good thing Gerald did not know this—he was not averse to seeing the boy indulge in harmless jokes, providing there was no tinge of meanness nor dishonor in them. But just there was the difficulty. Gerald seemed unable, in his present stage of development, to discern the difference between a bit of harmless fun and an exhibition of what might be termed meanness.

While he could not help laughing, at least secretly, at the humor of the old rags incident, and duly recognizing, as we say in modern phraseology, the "smartness" of it, yet he regretted that it bore evidence of his son's lack of moral sense. The boy, he argued, must have known that in the transaction there was cheating and stealing; not to any large extent, it was true, nevertheless it was there, and therein lay the danger: How was he to inculcate correct principles and at the same time not make them distasteful to the boy. This puzzled him. He realized with regret the limited time he had at his disposal for so important

a work. He also regretted that he knew so little of his son's real character and disposition. Owing, perhaps, to the nature of his professional work, he was in the habit of taking a dark view of everything with regard to Gerald.

He had heard of the cup-custard incident by this time, and he had been informed of many another misdeed of the young scapegrace. He certainly looked upon the dark side of things, and the more he meditated on them the blacker they appeared. He was, however, soon to gain a knowledge of a phase of Gerald's character the existence of which he had never so much as dreamed.

The afternoon session of the court closed about three o'clock. The Judge immediately left the bench and retired to his private office, and at once attacked a somewhat voluminous correspondence. He had written steadily for about three-quarters of an hour when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," sang out the Judge clearly.

"Good day, your honor," came the hearty voice from a somewhat fleshy lawyer well known to Mr. Albury.

"Good day, Mr. Watson; fine day."

Lawyer Watson was well known among his legal brethren for his outspokenness and his general enthusiasm always accompanied by an optimism of expression.

"Good day is it, Judge; why its good, better, best. Finest day of the whole year! Splendid! Couldn't be better if you and I had the making of it."

"When you came in you merely said good day; why did you not say best day?" said the Judge laughingly.

"Good! that's decidedly good!" replied the lawyer.

"Not better, best?"

"Good again! I declare you are growing quite humorous. Say, Judge, I saw the finest thing on the street just now that I ever saw in my life. It was great! That young fellow—he could not be more than twelve or fourteen years old—

deserves a leather medal. He'll be president of the United States yet, you mark my words. Yes he will, sir. Bound to be if he goes on in this way. Talk about 'in days of old when knights were bold,' and all that! Why! what I saw just now beats all the stories of knights I ever heard of."

"Really, Watson, you interest me very much."

"I should like to know that boy's name, sir, that I should. I'm proud of him, whoever he is. Makes one think more of human nature; yes, sir. It was splendid, sir, just splendid!"

"What was, may I ask? Kindly remember that, as yet, I am totally in the dark as to the cause of so much enthusiasm, but that commodity with you, you know, is—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I've got enthusiasm to burn; at least my friends tell me so. Well, I'm all the better for it if I have. I hate long faces, and the dark side of life. God made the sunshine for us, and I think, Judge, it's our plain duty to bask in it. But that boy! I tell you, he's a prince. I would like to own him for a son, that I would."

"Who is he and what has he done?"

"Done! he punched the head of a boy almost big enough to eat him!"

"Faugh!" said Judge Albury, in no good humor, "all this effervescence over a street brawl. Really, James, I'm surprised at you. You seem to be almost incorrig—"

"No, I am not. But the Lord Almighty has endowed me with a power which He seems to have denied to some otherwise very respectable people, even including the judges of some of our courts."

"Please explain. How is it possible that a street fight can arouse in you so much enthusiasm?"

"How? Easy enough. I have the power, which you seem to lack, to enjoy and appreciate even to every fibre of my being all that is great, and noble,

and generous, and good. I am enthusiastic this afternoon, but look here, William, it was nobly done!"

It was not an uncommon practice of these two law cronies to call each other by their Christian names in the privacy of their own offices.

"For goodness' sake tell me what was nobly done. Are you not afraid I might get heart failure from suspense? You are worse than the typical female giving evidence."

"Of course I do not mean that the brawling or the fighting in itself was good," continued Watson, "but the motive which prompted it is what I regard. A young fellow—I believe I have seen him before somewhere—was coming down the street towards the court house. Close to the sidewalk was a little weakly cripple on crutches guarding a tiny portable apple-cart. A good sized bully—looked like a hobo—must have been eighteen—came along. My! didn't he look swagger-tough! He had a jaw like a flange, and you know the shape of the cheek-bones of the ordinary hobo. You ought to. You have had enough up before you in the last ten years.

"Well, the drama opens by Mr. Hobo sauntering up to the miniature apple-cart. Enter young knight from opposite direction. In passing the cart the tough helps himself to a red, rosy apple. The little cripple boy shouts to him to put it back and looks anxiously around for a policeman. Of course there is not one of the valuable functionaries in sight for five blocks in either direction.

"Then the dramatic action becomes rapid. Our young knight, or squire, or whatever you like to call him—he's a prince—saw the whole affair. The blood of his fighting ancestors—Irish Kings, Norsemen, or Normans—I don't know which, showed itself. The young fellow stiffened up, and there was 'fight' in every muscle and movement.

"Put that back," he said.

"Hobo the younger, simply laughed and buried his teeth in the apple. The lame boy began to cry.

"Put that back," cried the knight, 'or pay for it.'

"The answer made by the candidate for the state prison could not well be read in the family reading circle; he took another bite at the stolen apple.

"I have often said to you, William, that blood will tell. All the fighting blood of a long line of fighting ancestors seemed aroused in the young hero. As quick as a wink, almost, his coat was off and hanging on one of the iron railings of the court-house. The youngster rolled back the wristbands of his white shirt. Dainty, wasn't he?

"Pay for that apple?" he said.

"The tough laughed and continued to eat, little dreaming what was in store for him. With one bound the little fellow planted a blow squarely between the eyes. The apple—a real apple of discord, wasn't it—rolled several yards along the gutter. Before the big boy had time to defend himself the young knight had jumped back and then again to the attack. This was repeated again and again amid the cheers of the gathering crowd. Science and blood will tell. The big fellow hadn't the ghost of a show. The youngster was too quick for him, although he did not escape without occasional punishment. At length the apple-sneak sued for mercy.

"Pay!" was the only word the younger boy uttered. Mr. Hobo at length threw the little stall-keeper a nickle and slunk off, amid the audible sneers and disapprobation of the bystanders. Wasn't it fine, William? Wasn't it?"

The Judge caught just a little of the lawyer's almost boyish enthusiasm.

"Very noble indeed."

"Very noble indeed," said the lawyer, mimicking the Judge's accent. "Oh! you

are an iceberg. I think it was magnificent! Yes, yes, all this effervescence over a street brawl. But wasn't that boy a—a—a daisy! I wish he were my son!"

The conversation was interrupted at this stage by a rap at the door, and in walked Gerald Gregory Albury, with a bleeding nose, a black eye, and a bad scratch across his cheek. His coat was thrown over his arm.

"Gerald!" exclaimed Judge Albury in most unfeigned surprise.

"The hero! the knight! the prince! come here, boy," shouted the lawyer, in his enthusiasm. "Judge, here's the boy I have been talking about! You ought to be proud of him."

If the Judge were proud of his son's exploits, history sayeth not, nor could Lawyer Watson discover, for the father of the battered boy had thrown himself back in his chair and was almost in a state of collapse over the unusual occurrence. His face indicated the blankest amazement.

"Come," said Mr. Watson, "come to the bathroom. We will soon fix you up. Bring your coat. We will make everything all right in two minutes."

Gerald Albury had been standing nervously before his father, busily engaged in endeavoring to staunch the flow of blood. In this he was not very successful. As his handkerchief became saturated he merely succeeded in spreading it over his features.

As the boy turned to the bathroom his father chanced to look up and caught sight of his disfigured face. He gave a groan. There was no question but that his ideas of propriety had received a severe shock. When Watson heard the groan he gave a hearty laugh, and hurried the youngster out of the room.

The enthusiast attended to the boy's hurts as carefully as his mother would have done. Gerald's father heard, at first, the rush of water from the tap, and

then a spoken word or two: "There! it will be all right in a minute or so." "Does your eye hurt you much?" etc. After this there came a sound of whispered conversation.

"Do you think papa is very angry?"

"No; he is surprised, that's all."

"Will he punish me for fighting?"

"No; I am sure he will not."

"Did I do very wrong, sir?"

"No; you did just what I would have done in your case."

"Thank you, sir."

"Served the rowdy right. Say, boy, where did you get that science?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How came you to be able to strike such a powerful blow?"

"I play baseball, sir."

"Oh!"

Then followed an undertone dialogue, not caught by the father in the next room. This was succeeded by a merry chuckle from Gerald. Then a long monologue in a man's voice, ending with Gerald's famous peal of musical laughter.

"There, lad, the blood has stopped flowing. Let's look. That lip is cut only a little. Your right eye is going to be black for a week. You will have to refuse any invitation to a state dinner at Washington, that's sure, but you will be all right in a little while. Let me take you back to Albury pater."

Lawyer Watson brought the young fellow out from the bathroom, looking much more presentable than when he entered it. His father looked up and Gerald was encouraged to see his face brighter and much less stern than when they first met. The Judge looked long at his son without speaking.

"I guess I had better go home to mamma now, papa," said the boy, not knowing what else to say.

"Why—" began the Judge.

"Because, perhaps you are busy, papa."

Is it not wonderful how solicitous some boys suddenly become concerning the convenience of their fathers! Of course Gerald had no ulterior motive. Lawyer Watson gave a finging laugh, and even Judge Albury could not forbear to smile.

"All right, Gerald," said the lawyer, "glad you are so considerate. Come with me, boy. I'll see you home safely. That's all right, Judge. I know. Yes, it's all true, he is not very respectable as to looks, but we will get a cab. I have business in your part of the city anyway. I'll break the news gently to his mother."

We are not going to describe that journey homeward. Suffice it to say that the Judge had arrived long before his son and heir made his appearance. Suffice it to say that when Gerald did reach home he had lost his appetite completely. Suffice it to say that there were candy stores on the way, and ice-cream places, and certain fruit shops. The fact must also enter into our considerations that Lawyer Watson, notwithstanding a rather surplus supply of adipose tissue, was as much of a boy as Gerald Gregory Albury had ever been, or was ever likely to be. He had admired the boy's chivalry and courage, and had made up his mind to reward them in a way, and perhaps the only way, a boy of Gerald's age would appreciate. And did not these two boys have a glorious time of it! Small wonder that Gerald's appetite at supper was practically a minus quantity. Most boys know how it would have been with themselves had they been lucky enough to be placed in similar circumstances.

IV.

CHERRIES.

Had it not been for the timely patronage of Lawyer Watson, affairs would have gone hard with our young friend. Gerald's father, notwithstanding his

many fine qualities, was a rigorist in matters of home discipline. He was strict, even stern. Every delinquency—at least every delinquency that came to his knowledge—met with condign punishment. In spite of his old friend Watson's enthusiasm over Gerald's conduct that afternoon, Judge Albury could not regard it in any way but as disgraceful. He looked at the boy's action and not at the motive of the action, and that, in his judgment, merited punishment. The event certainly caused him no little annoyance. He debated with himself the nature of the punishment he should inflict. It would be useless to make an analysis of the reasons by which Mr. Albury arrived at the conclusion, which, however, being arrived at, put Master Gerald in great danger of experiencing a most uncomfortable time that evening.

It was after six o'clock when the boy reached home. Wise from past experiences in late arrivals, he made no mistake on entering the house. He did not thoughtlessly rush up to the front door and bring Martha up from the kitchen to answer it. He quietly walked around, instead, to the kitchen, and as quietly placed a paper bag of peanuts and a smaller one of candies—parting gifts from the lawyer—on the kitchen table.

"Martha, I have brought you some peanuts," began the young diplomat. He knew that the mistress of the kitchen was particularly fond of peanuts.

"My! Gerald! but you're good! Where did you get—"

She stopped short in her thanks. The sentence was never finished. She had caught sight of Gerald's cut lip and black eye.

"For goodness gracious! what on earth have you been doin'?"

"Papa knows, and it's all right, Martha, and I brought you some peanuts."

"But Gerald, what on earth—where could you—how did—what have you been doing with yourself?"

The domestic was so amazed at the boy's condition that she seemed incapable of finishing any sentence.

"I licked a big fellow—a bully, and it's all right and papa knows all about it."

"Does your mother know?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you better not let her see you, then. You'll give her fits."

Now Martha had not the remotest notion of indulging in the slang which was in vogue at that day. She meant that, as Mrs. Albury had been slightly unwell and inclined to hysteria that afternoon, the sight of the battered face of her darling would certainly have the effect of completely shattering her nerves for the rest of the day.

"I expected pa would give me fits when I went to his office after the combat. Say! Martha, why do knights, when they have a fight, always call it a combat?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"They do, though, and Mr. Watson, the lawyer, called me a knight, and so I suppose I've been in a combat. I punched a fellow for stealing, and Mr. Watson put a cold key on my eye to keep it from swelling, and wasn't pa surprised when he saw my face all covered with blood, and Mr. Watson gave me lots and lots of ice-cream, and coconut candy, and apples, and bananas, and oh! everything, and I've brought some peanuts for you, Martha."

Gerald was fairly out of breath.

"My! what a boy you are, to be sure!" said Martha dubiously, divided between sentiments of praise and blame.

"Gerry, are you there? Come here at once."

It was the voice of the boy's mother.

"It's me, ma. I have just come home."

"Come up stairs at once."

"All right, ma."

In a hurried whisper, Gerald asked Martha whether his father had yet ar-

rived. The domestic assured the boy that his father had been home for nearly an hour, and added, "and you may be sure he has told your ma of your goings on."

There was a grain of comfort in this, for the boy knew that now he would not frighten his mother very much by his disfigured appearance.

Lawyer Watson had telephoned Mrs. Albury during the afternoon, a full and highly colored account of the 'combat,' and had insisted to the mother that her son was something very nearly approaching a hero. This, of course, Gerald did not know. He went upstairs from the kitchen in fear and trembling.

Mr. Watson's enthusiastic account had captivated the fancy of the lady. Judge Albury, instead of having to break news to her of an unpleasant nature, was surprised to hear his wife, if not praising, at least excusing her son's exploit.

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear; it was a disgraceful thing," said the Judge.

"Now, William," said his spouse, "do be reasonable. Gerald acted, according to Mr. Watson, quite nobly. Surely you like to see the weak defended, and wrong righted."

"Oh! yes, yes; but that my son should engage in a street fight!—and he so young! What will he do when he is a man!"

Mrs. Albury laughed.

"He will have more sense, at least, more prudence than, and of course, will not be fighting men. I am sure Gerald acted from correct motives, and that is the essential point. The means adopted were not the most gentlemanly, but they were the only means at hand, and," continued the lady with some spirit, "I really do not know, had I been a boy in similar circumstances, whether I would not have done the same."

"Dear me! dear me! Laura, you shock me," said Judge Albury.

"I do not see why, my dear. Surely you admire courage, and valor, and knightly-courtesy."

This and much more like it was said in Gerald's favor, so that matters in the parlor were brighter for the boy than he imagined. Even Judge Albury could not help smiling at the extreme care with which Master Gerald entered the room. How carefully he closed the door behind him! How particular he was not to knock down any of the ornaments around the room.

"Gerald, come here."

"Yessur."

Gerald Gregory Albury came around the table in such a way as to partially hide his left eye—the black one—and the left side of his lip which had received the injury, and which was now very much swollen.

"Come here."

Gerald approached his father's chair fearfully.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"The big boy robbed the little cripple, sir."

"And were you appointed to right the wrongs of everybody?"

"N-no, sir. I don't think so, but I hate to see a bully, and I thought I would punish him."

"Who taught you to do such things?"

"I dunno, sir."

"Do you know it is wrong to fight, Gerald?"

"Yes, sir, when—"

Gerald could not readily formulate his ideas.

"When?"

"When you are in the wrong; but it is not wrong to punish a thief if you can, is it, sir?"

"Well, no. I am doing that myself on the bench every day. Why did you not have him arrested?"

"There was no time, pa; and there was no policeman near; and a policeman would not arrest a fellow for steal-

ing an apple. They often help themselves to peanuts."

The Judge smiled. He saw that, whatever else his son was, he was observing. He saw, also, that Gerald was not in the least of the opinion that he had done anything deserving of punishment. Owing to Mr. Watson's praise—and treat—the boy evidently imagined that he had accomplished a deed of which he might be proud. The father was, therefore, convinced of the inexpediency of inflicting any punishment. He said to the boy: "Gerald, turn your face which you are hiding from your mother, towards her and let her see how disfigured you are."

The boy, somewhat reluctantly, turned around and faced his mother. To his surprise she indulged in a musical laugh.

"Is that my boy?"

"Yes, mamma, but I had to do it."

"Why, my son?"

"I couldn't help it. I could not see the little cripple boy cheated."

"Good child."

"And you are not angry, mamma?"

"No, not angry, but I am not pleased to see your face so bruised and black."

"They are the scars of the combat, ma. All the knights in my story-book are proud of their scars."

"Well, are you proud of this black eye, and of that cut on your lip?"

"No, 'cause they hurt, but I am glad I licked the big bully."

"Well you cannot go to the matinee with the children to-morrow."

"All right, ma, I don't mind."

"And you cannot go to the children's lawn party at the Waldron's next Monday."

"I—don't—care."

But Gerald did care a great deal, for he had been looking forward to this gathering for a long time. It was not the pleasantest thing in the world for Gerald to see Willie and Johnny and Blanche and little Charlotte march off

to the party, and be forced to stay at home just because his lip was puffed and his eye still black. All the pleading—he was a past master in this—was of no avail. The word had gone forth from both father and mother that he must remain at home.

Never did an afternoon appear so long or so tiresome. Just because a poor boy had a black eye he couldn't go to a party! The boys there wouldn't care whether he had a black eye or no. What was a black eye! The idea! But the girls would laugh at him. Well, let them laugh; he did not care!

Yes, life was particularly dreary that afternoon to a certain young fellow named Gerald Gregory Albury, and this same young fellow being of a naturally active disposition, set about finding some amusement of his own.

It happened that the rear of the lawn of the Albury residence abutted the lawn of a Mr. Tomlinson. This gentleman was an enthusiast on the subject of raising fruit-trees on his property. A few years ago he had planted some white-heart cherry-trees, many of which were now bearing a crop of luscious fruit. Gerald's father had repeatedly warned him, under threats of direst pains and penalties, to let these easily attained, but strictly forbidden delicacies severely alone.

It was strange—well, perhaps, not so very strange, for Mother Eve and most of her descendants had suffered from a similar experience—that Master Gerald grew to imagine that these particular cherries were just the most desirable thing in all the whole wide world. Pears, plums, apples, melons, grapes, everything with which the table of Judge Albury was supplied in season, had no charm, or at least not one tenth the charm for Gerald as did the forbidden fruit in the rear of neighbor Tomlinson's lawn.

On this afternoon disconsolate Gerald

had no relish for story-books. He could not go fishing, because he was not allowed to go alone, and all his companions had gone to the lawn party. He might have sought an afternoon's companionship with his mother, but she was out driving and calling. His father was at the court-house. Martha, too, was unusually ungracious. He had been driven ignominiously from the realms of the kitchen. Martha was busy with her scrubbing, and, of course, did not want "boys with dirty boots a traipsin' around."

Gerald was thus thrown on his own resources. He knocked the croquet balls about the lawn in a listless manner for some time, and then threw the mallet down in disgust. Going into the summer-house, which was covered with luxuriant Virginia creepers, he threw his cap on the rustic table and stretched himself on one of the seats, locking his fingers behind his head in the absence of a pillow. The boy did not do much thinking. Had he done so it is certain that the following facts of this chapter and their consequences would not have to be related.

He did not know what to do with himself. His feet were towards the low dividing garden wall, over which spread the branches of one of the famous cherry-trees of Mr. Tomlinson. Through the leaves of the creeper Gerald could see the large, enticing cherries. How inviting they looked on that hot afternoon. He gazed a long time. The fruit seemed to have a particular fascination for him. He could not take his eyes off them. How sweet and cool they appeared. Everything else around him was lost sight of, or seemed to sink into insignificance in comparison to the forbidden luxury. Why should a neighbor be so stingy about a few old cherries! Why could not a poor boy with a poor, black eye help himself to a few of them! Why couldn't—pshaw! there could not be

such great harm in tasting a few—just a few of them—from one tree only. Mr. Tomlinson would never know, anyway, nor ever miss them, and probably wouldn't mind.

"My!" said Gerald, alive with a sudden idea, "I will just get on that wall—it is not more than three feet high—and see if there are any on the ground. The stingy man cannot object to my eating them, sure."

Gerald squeezed himself through the creepers of the summer house—it was well, he thought, not to be seen going out of and around the arbor towards the wall—and was soon on the low, broad dividing wall between the two gardens.

He searched under the cherry-tree, and, although the white-hearts were fully ripe, his disappointment was great at not finding even one lying on the ground. He jumped down into the neighbor's garden, and leaned rather heavily, but really quite thoughtlessly, against the small bole of the nearest tree. His awkward motion shook the tree, and probably a dozen overripe cherries fell to the ground. Gerald was on his knees in a moment, busy picking the fruit out of the long grass which grew near the wall.

"I am not touching the trees, anyway," said the young sophist.

When he had crawled around and picked up all the fallen cherries, he arose to his feet and again leaned against the tree, this time, it must be confessed, with no little premeditated force. Again there fell a small shower of ripe fruit, much to the boy's satisfaction.

Albury chuckled to himself at what he called his luck. His subconsciousness—had he known anything about such a thing—could have told him that he was doing wrong, and was taking that which did not belong to him, as well as securing it in a very cunning way. But the delicious sweetness of the fruit kept his conscience, or his subconsciousness,

or whatever one likes to call it, in abeyance, as it kept away also the thought of punishment should he be discovered.

A hedge of lilac bushes hid Mr. Tomlinson's house, and Gerald thought he was secure from observation. Still on his knees, he was laughing to himself at how nicely he had secured the desired treasure without actually robbing the trees. Just as he was about to kick the tree deliberately, he looked up. Instead of more cherries falling, the angry Mr. Tomlinson, with an uplifted stick, stood over him.

The young depredator was much frightened. He expected immediate chastisement. Realizing the predicament into which he had almost deliberately plunged himself, he would have been entirely satisfied had the man towering above him administered corporal punishment, and then considered the affair settled. Unfortunately for Gerald, Mr. Tomlinson stood somewhat in awe of Judge Albury, and was afraid to punish the boy himself.

"So it is young Albury, is it, of all boys in the neighborhood. I shall inform your father, sir, as soon as I shall see him this evening."

Once more we must draw a veil over what occurred during that stormy interview between father and son. It is too painful to relate. Blanche and Willie visited the sobbing Gerald, before they retired to rest, but he refused to be comforted.

"That boy Gerald," remarked the Judge to his wife later that evening, "is becoming incorrigible. I believe it will be necessary to send him to St. Mark's College in September. He seems to be getting beyond your management. It requires a strong hand to manage him."

"I agree with you," assented his wife. "I think it would be a good thing for him to be sent to St. Mark's."

(To be continued.)

Eastern Women and Their Strange Life

By MARY CAVANAUGH

THE problem of the social state of woman and of her education has long been discussed. That women should be properly educated, that they may be enabled to grapple successfully with the problems of life, is now considered to be a vital necessity proved by time and experience.

Men saw, and rightly, that "the hand that rocks the cradle sways the scepter;" and they argued that if the scepter is to be held by woman, she should be taught how to wield it aright. Hence arose the schools, colleges, and institutions which are now the glory of the West and the pride of its nations. But to teach effectively the lesson was a matter of long time and arduous effort. Refinement in art, science, literature, and politics, and the reverence for womankind which was inspired by the teachings of Christianity, contributed towards the attainment of that social position which woman now enjoys.

Unfortunately, these causes and their consequent effects, have always been lacking in the East. With inherited notions of the inferiority of woman and a strong conviction that woman is merely man's chattel or belonging, the Oriental youth grows up imbued with an aversion to the education of his sister or mother. He even scorns as unworthy every effort from without that tends to elevate them: not through wickedness or jealousy, but because the idea never enters his mind—he simply thinks it improper for a girl to be educated. He may love his sister and wish her every prosperity, but he earnestly believes that the preservation of her existing relations to his

sex is a great safeguard and a kindness to her. Naturally enough, woman has come to hold similar views of herself; and here is where reformers in this domain meet with the greatest obstacles. When one is self-satisfied and thoroughly believes in things as they are, it becomes a difficult task to make her think otherwise. Woman, in some parts of the East, presents a stronger obstacle in the way of her own education than man.

Things are, however, assuming a different and more encouraging complexion nowadays. As the people come into closer contact with Western thought, principles, and social influences, the great truth is slowly revealed to them that woman's educational, social, moral, and religious standards are low and unworthy of her.

A strong proof of this upward tendency in the nation's ideals is the recent publication of a book by a Mohammedan writer in favor of the new system. In it he claims for woman equality with man. To this end he proposes, before all things, the abolition of the veil. If woman is, or ought to be, man's equal, why should she go about with her nobler part obscured and masked? He deplores, moreover, polygamy as an obnoxious and woe-begetting system. A man with two wives, he maintains, is a husband of neither. Two wives of low ideals cannot exist without conflict under one and the same roof.

The papers and magazines have taken up the cry, and the consequence is that in every part of the country schools for girls are being established, and the subject of their training is engaging the

thought and attention of many men and women.

But this step forward has not been attained without resistance. "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." The old school grieves and mourns over the passing of its time-honored system; but the new repeats, as it hews down the gigantic monument: "Bad customs are not binding."

But I have digressed from my subject. My purpose is to paint the Eastern woman as she is.

Women in the East may be divided into two classes, women of the city and village and country women. With the first may be classed the women of the harem—the veiled women; and in the second are included the peasant and Bedouin women.

To convey a clear idea of the city woman, let me introduce the reader to a Moslem harem. No men are allowed here, not even near relatives, for the Mohammendan law forbids a woman to uncover her face before a male stranger; hence the veils and white shrouds in which the fair sex moves in Oriental towns. Even Christians, by a kind of sympathetic law, have adopted the custom and consider it an essential of womanly propriety.

As we knock at the door, a voice within asks, "Meen?" (Who is it) and we answer, "Ana" (I). This indefinite reply seems satisfying. The cord is pulled, the low-arched door squeaks open and we walk in. "Ahla-wa-sah-la, ya sit, shar-rof-teena, tafad-dali" (Welcome, O lady! You have honored us. Come in), are the words of greeting, to which we answer, "Tahar-raf-na" (We have been honored).

A Moslem harem consists mainly of a large open or vaulted quadrangle, surrounded by rooms where the wives of one Moslem dwell. The term refers not only to the house, but also to those who dwell therein.

The first room in the porch is the salamlik, where the master receives his men guests. Then come the rooms of his wives. Polygamy was not forbidden by the Prophet, so that a Moslem is allowed to keep as many as four wives together. With the higher classes, however, it is now the custom to keep only one. Of course, the wives never agree and are always fighting. Each wife lives alone with her own children in a separate room, and expects her husband to treat her as if she were his only mate.

The first three-quarters of every visit are taken up in greetings and pleasant gossip. "How is your health?" "How are you?" "How are your children?" "It is a long time since we saw you. You have honored us by coming." "God forbid! we are honored." "Welcome! welcome!" These words are said and re-said a dozen times over. The Eastern mind, like the climate, is flowery indeed. Women all sit on the ground in the East, but in very old-fashioned families padded lounges are placed all around the inside of a room and form very comfortable seats.

As soon as we are seated, a servant enters with a "nargileh." She bows, hands the pipe, and gracefully retreats. Then coffee in little cups is presented on a tray. The eldest is always served first, as a sign of honor. The coffee is sipped with a noise, which is considered a compliment to the host. Then, as the cups are drained, the servant goes around, removes them, and kisses the hands of the visitors.

Education being yet in its early stages, the subject of conversation always turns on dress, beauty and marriage. Some of the women seem to have nothing else to do in this world but to gossip over marriage banns. They go from house to house, investigating the question of the birth, rank, means, etc., of marriageable women—and their information is cheer-

fully given to the anxious mothers of eligible youths.

Smoking is an innovation in Western female circles, but a fast dying custom among Orientals. As a rule, the Oriental city woman smokes tobacco and tombac from the "nargileh," takes snuff, and is an ardent drinker of coffee; but the drinking of intoxicants is unknown. The men alone drink, but nothing in comparison with Westerns;

you travel away from civilized towns the more pronounced and wholesome will be the type of beauty you will meet. There are types of faces that are exquisite. Some of the Bedouin lasses or Bethlehem maidens are simply the perfection of beauty, and this beauty is, as yet, unmarred by the terrible effects of vice. A sense of propriety reigns supreme in the Oriental family circle. There is a reserve here which the nations of Europe, as a whole, have utterly lost. Flirtations, love-makings, heart-breakings, do not form topics of conversation. At social evenings the men keep together, and even in church this rule obtains. Like oil and water, the two sexes never mix. It is true that with the better educated nowadays this conservatism is giving way; but with the masses it is as binding and strict as ever.

There are no theatres or places of public amusement where women may spend their evenings. The day is their time of pleasure. And what are their pleasures? Very simple indeed. Living in crowded city quarters, the open country is a veritable treat to them. On certain festivals you may see them in groups of tens and twenties, sauntering along to their resorts under the trees. They take their children, young and old, with them; they carry their provisions for the whole day in baskets. Their fare consists of

A TURKISH WOMAN.

they are never found, for instance, wallowing in the gutters.

Like every other work of nature in these radiant climes, woman in the Orient is beautiful. She has not yet attained to that state of civilization where beauty can be acquired by studied means. Even in the East, the farther

bread, cheese, dried thyme, oranges, cooked lentils, dried water-melon seeds, a "nargileh," some tobacco, and a jug of water. Arrived at the field, they take off their white coverings, spread them out around the branches of a tree and nestle quietly under its shade. Soon a fire is made and coffee prepared. Then

the pot with raw lentils goes on the fire, and while it is cooking the party enjoys some music, and loud singing is not distasteful to them. Passing through those picnic haunts, you will be surprised at the strange mixture of sounds. Immediately after sunset they begin to disperse, and the wood resumes its usual solitary state. Sometimes, however, a whole fortnight or more is spent in the open air. During the forty days before the Feast of the Blessed Virgin, in Jerusalem, the whole valley of Jehosaphat is turned into a busy camping-ground. Tents are set up, and men, women, and children simply live there in uninterrupted happiness. The curious thing about these outings is that they are enjoyed by Christians, Jews and Moslems alike. Indeed, one cannot help being struck with this oneness among these people, which manifests itself most clearly in their language, dress, customs, and social entertainments.

The peasant woman may be described in one word as the hard-working slave of man from the cradle to the grave. Her portion seems to be one of labor and sorrow. Pleasures she has, but they are very few and far between; and when they come, her spirit is so broken that she cannot appreciate them. Immediately she begins to lisp and walk, her mother sets her to work. As she grows older, more and more of the house duties fall to her lot. She cooks the food, kneads the flour, fetches the trusses of hay from the field, fills the pitcher at the fountain, and washes the family clothes at the spring. The tenderness of her age and feebleness of her constitution do not secure for her the

assistance of the male inmates of the house. Her brother or father would never think of sharing with her the burden of the water-skin or truss of hay. They would rather bury themselves alive than bear the infamy of rendering such menial service. Even work which God and Nature seem to have apportioned to man exclusively falls, in the East, to the portion of woman. Ploughing the fields, reaping the corn and barley, tending the trees and gardens and selling their produce at the distant market, all these woman has taken upon herself to do; and she does them all willingly and cheerfully, believing it to be her duty.

TURKISH FAMILY.

Never does she ask man's help; and should he forget himself and offer it, he will find her acceptance of it hard to obtain. Time and precedent have so arranged it; both parties are mutually agreed, and neither desires a change.

As man's companion, as his partner in the joys and sorrows of life, as his solace in times of pain and distress, in none of these capacities does woman present herself to the peasant mind. They do not occur to him or form part of his existence. His wife is his slave, or, if a little better, his servant. Some, better edu-

cated, may consider her as the mother of their children and treat her as such; but this class of men is small, and finds few adherents among Moslems.

It is needless to say that household servants are unknown. Immediately a child is born, its mother resumes her daily routine. The little one is placed in a wooden cradle or an improvised crude hammock stretched across the room. Should the new-born be a girl, anything but joy is manifested by its parents and relatives. With the townspeople greater sorrow even is expressed. At least a peasant girl spares her parents the expense of servants; but the city girl, is she not a burden to her kith and kin? She cannot work as peasants do, she may not go to school and learn some art by which to earn a livelihood. If she is ugly, no man will look at her—I ought to have said, she will please no man's parents, for she has nothing to do with the choice of a mate.

On the contrary the advent of a baby boy is always the occasion of great rejoicing. Relatives come with gifts of coffee, sugar, etc., and wish the father good luck. For days they are treated to every dainty that the father's purse can purchase. The mother, too, is held in great esteem; and as the infant advances in years to youth and manhood he is in every respect preferred to his weaker sister. While he is bent on pleasure and frittering away the time, she is hard at work.

A girl is considered marriageable at the age of twelve—and her husband is not infrequently her junior. If she have a fair and comely face, a large price is set upon her. She is practically sold to her husband by her ambitious father. Her own wishes are not regarded. If the choice pleases her, well and good; if not, she is forced to comply. One hundred dollars is an ordinary price for a wife, but her value is determined by her age, beauty and rank.

More liberty is allowed to the betrothed among the peasants than the townspeople. They may see each other—speak together; sometimes even a private talk is allowed. But this is always done stealthily. There are, indeed, cases where real love exists for one another, but such cases are the exception and not the rule. A marriage is really a contract between the parents of the parties concerned.

It is hard for English readers to realize the masculine elements that women's constitutions possess in the East. Their faces, hands and feet present no striking difference from those of the men; and were it not for their head-dress, a foreigner might easily mistake one for the other.

But what seems very peculiar is the fact that woman is looked upon as an inferior being in matters of religion. It is the exclusive right of men to pray publicly in the mosques and harems. Women, if they show any inclination to pray, must pray at home and unobserved. In all my experience I have never seen a woman praying either in the village or in the great mosques at Jerusalem. Nothing like family worship is known. Even at the important festivals, where prayer is regarded as a binding duty, woman is not taken into account. The townspeople are, however, a little more advanced in this respect. They allow their women a small, secluded quarter within the mosque, where they may call upon God unseen by the eye of man.

Besides her daily domestic duties, a woman is now and then called upon to manufacture her home furniture and kitchen utensils. The latter are all made of burnt clay mixed with straw; no mould of any sort is employed. The woven products of women in the East deserve careful attention and much praise. The spinning-wheel consists of a smooth, tapering shaft of wood, with two

A TYPICAL FAMILY GROUP.

nails at the extremities. The wool is held in the hand and tied to the roll. As this is rapidly revolved, the raw wool is drawn into thin threads, and is wound onto the shaft. Sometimes the raw wool is placed between the woman's toes. Carpets and rugs are woven at home on old-fashioned and slow-working looms. Their products are of close texture and impervious to rain.

One of the most interesting of woman's occupations is bread-baking. For this purpose every family owns an oven. A low-roofed dome, in the center of which stands a similar but much smaller hemisphere, is the only requirement of the bakery. In the centre of the small hemisphere a fire is lit. Upon this cob-

ble-stones are laid. When these become heated, the dough is spread out upon them. One set of loaves after another is thus baked and laid out to cool. Deep indentations cover the lower surface of each loaf because of the stones. In this way every part of the bread is more or less exposed to the fire, until no part of it remains damp or doughy.

A great feature of feminine life in the East revolves around the city market. Being for the most part agriculturists, the peasants around the cities bring all their produce to the cities. Their main beasts of burden during these trips are women. With large baskets poised carefully on their heads and filled with fruits and vegetables, these poor crea-


VEILED ARAB WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

tures steadily keep pace with the brisk brutes that carry their lords and masters. Sometimes, besides the heavy basket, they carry an infant child. This they place in a small hammock, tied round the forehead and suspended on the back. One might wonder at first sight the meaning of this curious burden. But as one draws nearer and hears the suppressed cries of the half-suffocated child, he will learn to his great surprise that it is a cradle, and a most uncomfortable one.

Another interesting department of woman's duty is dairy work. This, like all other operations, is performed in a most primitive way. To make butter, for instance, a small sheepskin is filled with milk and tied to a ring in the wall. The woman then sits flat on the floor

and rocks it to and fro till little balls of butter begin to form within. These grow larger and larger and are finally brought out as one big lump. The remaining milk is then boiled with bits of meat. The male members of the family now come together, a large dish of cooked rice is placed before them, and the boiled milk poured over it. Then, making balls of the mixture with his hands, each member quickly swallows his share and rises to wash. This done, the mother and girls sit down and eat what the men have left. Sometimes, even a regular meal is taken; but usually the different members of the family eat out of the skillet as the feeling of hunger prompts them.

Let us finally observe women at the spring. They supply the family with



drinking water, and cleanse the family clothing. On a certain day in the week or month, the women proceed together to the spring, carrying their laundry and water-skins. Laying the skin aside, they squat round the spring and begin their work of washing. The article to be cleansed is first drenched with water, placed upon a smooth stone and beaten with a stick or round stone, and then rinsed and wrung out. The water-skin is next filled, tied at the opening, and swung upon the back. Sometimes

jars instead of skins are used. In such cases the jar is carefully poised on the head, and the bearer walks away with a firm and fearless step.

The sight of women at the fountain recalls the scenes of olden days. Rachel was at the fountain when Abraham's servant first saw her. The Samaritan woman was at the well-spring when Christ asked her to drink. And so, to-day, the scenes of old are repeating themselves among the poor and simple peasantry of Syria and Palestine.

Sunset

By Katherine L. Daniher

Soft are the last rays descending
Over the woodland and wold,
Bathing the earth in their glory,
Tinting the hilltops with gold.
Gorgeous the sky in its splendor,
Ere the proud monarch of light,
O'er the dark crest of the mountain
Slowly makes way for the night.

So may our lives, all illumined,
At twilight descending the slope,
Steadily gleam through the shadows,
Aglow with the brightness of hope.
After the toil of the midday,
May clouds of dissension and strife
Fade in a glowing horizon,
The glorious sunset of life.


An Answer

By Mary Elizabeth Blake

Through the long dark she watched beside her dead:
"Grant me a sign, O God of life and light!
Lest in the ocean of despair and dread
My lost soul sink to-night!"

Then in the east the dewy roses stirred;
A soft breath crept amid the whispering corn;
And the sweet shrillness of the piping bird
Hailed the awaking morn!

THE GARDEN BENCH

 ONCE I read, in a newspaper, a story, the impression of which is almost as vivid now as the day I read it. It was of an engineer of a night express. The moon was shining brightly, and under the light the steel track glittered as it ran, mile after mile, through the silent, level country. Usually those watchful eyes at the window are fixed on the distance, but this engineer's glances chanced to fall on the bed of the track, a few feet from the engine, where a small, flying dark object showed. Some little wild thing, a young rabbit, perhaps, fated to lose its prized life beneath those cruel wheels, and the man felt regret for its fate. But it was not going to yield up that life without a struggle, and it sped on before the iron horse, keeping well out of its reach. For a while the engineer watched the race with no other thought than admiration for the fleetness of the creature and the wish that it would turn aside and thus save the existence it valued so highly. Gradually he observed that the distance between his engine and that object always seemed to be the same; it neither advanced nor lost in its race from death. He became possessed of a desire to overtake it, and increased his speed; but the faster the iron wheels revolved, the faster the thing seemed to fly. Many engineers are superstitious, and this one's heart began to quake. When he reached a long and narrow cut he supposed that now the race would be terminated, as it could not run so well *in the gloom*; but as the engine sped on

he saw the object still running before him on the track. The sight, and the fear it awakened, angered the engineer; where before was pity for a fated creature, was now a desire for its death. He was determined now to kill the thing, and, never doubting that ultimately he would wear it out, he sat waiting for the end; but as the miles slipped past, and still it ran before his terrified eyes, anger grew into fury. He knew he must overtake it or go mad, and, heedless of the danger, he increased the speed of the engine until the fireman's face showed alarm and some of the waking passengers trembled in their places; but blind and deaf to everything else, the engineer leaned from the window, fascinated by, and yet enraged with the strange object ahead. On, on, on, still it never wearied, however fast behind the engine tore, until the next station was reached. Even before the wheels had stopped the engineer flung himself from the cab, and snatching up a pickax, with maniac strength struck at the object that had defied him through that wild ride; when the pickax passed through it without resistance and was imbedded in the railroad tie, he gave the shriek of a madman. A leaf had become fastened on the headlight, and its shadow was what he had been chasing.

The story has many a deadly parallel in human experience. No sane, thinking person, certainly no Christian who really in his heart believes and practices the teachings of Christ, can view with other

feeling than sorrow the mad race of the age after the material, the shadows. However optimistic we may be, we must admit that this spirit is abroad more largely, perhaps, than ever before in the history of mankind. It pervades our commerce, our politics, our society, and it is coming to be the dominant power in our art. "Art for art's sake," our Elder Brothers cried; with their successors it is "Art for gain's sake," and the artist's success is measured, not by the quality of the work he does, but by the money it brings him. But perhaps the greatest recoil we feel is when we meet with its deadly influence in the home. It is only natural that parents should seek to advance the interests of their children, that they should wish to see them spared the struggles and hardships which they have endured, but if this is accomplished in blind obedience to the mercenary spirit, and with the sacrifice of higher principles, good cannot come out of it. Grapes are not found on thorns, nor will happiness play the handmaid to greed. There was a horrible custom in ancient days of offering children to appease the anger of mighty gods, but the altar-railing of the modern Christian church is too often transformed into an altar for as unhallowed a sacrifice. It is not right, it is an offense against the highest instincts of our nature to thrust a man or woman into a union that is to last as long as life; they should enter it not only of their own free will, but in obedience to the promptings of higher impulses. Mothers and fathers, who attempt this, you are sowing evil, and you and those you love best will reap a deadly harvest. Advise but do not persuade your children in their selection of a life-partner.

And the same words apply, with equal force, to their selection of their life-work.

You may think you know what is best, but there is only one way of proving that opinion; and when that is accomplished, it is too late to mend mistakes. How true is this in the ardent desire of some parents to see a child embrace the religious state. Yes, it would give you the greatest pleasure you hope for this side of heaven to see a son a priest, or a daughter a nun; but did it never occur to you that that son, that daughter, is in duty bound to consider one thing before even you—his or her own life? We cannot conceive that in the judgment hour God will demand of the soul how well it conformed to the behests of the finite minds of father and mother, but how it held itself true to His commands written on the conscience. God has His own work for each human being, and I think if we could see deep enough, we should find that the reason of so much failure to perform it is partly due to this blind, prejudiced interference of others, as well as a criminal negligence on the part of the individual to respond to it. Because others have reaped wealth following a certain pursuit, do not insist upon a child's adopting it unless the bent of his mind is toward that occupation. There is something infinitely better than the money we receive for our work, and that is our love for it; and the effort to foster a liking for what is uncongenial means the division of our powers. The man who must struggle to overcome his distaste for his occupation or profession, rarely attains the success of the one who brings to it a deeply planted love.

We keep our vision in too short a range. While the engineer looked far ahead, he missed the shadow flying a few feet from the locomotive; while we keep our minds filled with the ideal, which is the true, we escape the snare of the material, the false, and though we may not

become rich or famous, we are happy; and when we test the object of our quiet pursuit, we shall not find it—a shadow.

* * * * *

February, or a portion of it, at least, is Cupid's own time. Now, my dear girls, with those new rings on your fingers, you have no need to pucker your pretty brows at the prospect of some more advice, for I have no intention of bothering you. I am addressing myself to your friends, the invited guests to that great event drawing near. What do you intend giving the young couple in the way of presents? Before you answer, let us consider the young couple for a moment. They are not the children of wealthy parents; hence they will begin life on a scale in accordance with the salary of the bridegroom, which means a home of from three to six rooms, which rooms must be furnished somehow. Two or more expensive lamps and clocks may always be found among bridal offerings, and in the new parlor there is no place for these, while bare walls stare blankly upon the picture-loving young wife. In the dining-room the profusion of china, silver, and cut-glass makes the simple furniture look plainer than it is, while the kitchen—well, the kitchen is generally a desert place. I recall so well the situation of one girl. Her presents were most elaborate, and though she took all a woman's pride in these marks of love and affection, I knew she was perplexed by the question which to take, which to store away; for in that tiny flat to which she was going there would not be room enough for the gifts and the recipients, as she laughingly assured me. Off of the room where this array of presents was spread was her father's library, and as we passed through it, and her eyes wandered lovingly around the book-lined walls, I recalled the picture this girl had

so often made, seated under a tree or on the piazza with one of these treasured volumes in her hand, and I remembered she had not received a single book! I spoke of this. "No," she said, laughing, "and I have four sets of silver spoons! How many books those unnecessary three dozen would have bought! Those four extra clocks—I tell Dick he'll lead a strenuous life keeping all the clocks wound!—would have laid a solid foundation for the library that of course we shall have to begin to build up, for we are both book-lovers. Hereafter, my bridal gifts will be books."

There are few nowadays who do not read, and those few, we hope, have pride enough to conceal their deficiency of literary taste and give books an honored place in their home. The carpets may be of velvet and the furniture Chipendale, but they never suffice for the absence of books, and though the floor is covered with matting, and the furnishing plain, one must feel the inspiring influence of that room whose finest music "is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the hanging shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume, or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear."

So, girl-friends of the prospective bride, suppose instead of clubbing together to buy her some material thing that use will ruin or a careless touch destroy, or make individual offerings that others will be certain to duplicate, you unite your love and gifts into one whose charm time will only heighten and use endear. You

might take some male relative of the bride or bridegroom into the plan, who, instead of the usually stupid presents uncles and their sons give, would provide a fitting case for the volumes. Select bindings that recommend themselves to you for their durability as well as their beauty.

* * * * *

Quite appropriate is it that Love comes a-wooing in this month of February, and St. Valentine chose his day wisely—if the dear old saint had any voice in the matter; for in February the scillas dot the border beds with azure, and the snow-drops gleam among their long, slender green leaves. There are other harbingers of spring—the floral catalogues. Year after year, with the regularity of the early blossoms, they come, those dear, old, delightful books, with their glowing descriptions and splendid illustrations of shrubs, trees, and flowers, wiling from us our hardly-earned dollars in the vain hope of gaining similar results in our spot of earth. We never quite come up to the originals; sometimes we fail to produce anything even faintly similar, but I never knew a true flower-lover to blame the seedsman she has faith in. It is always due to some mistake or carelessness on her part that her plants did not come up to her expectations, for the deeper our affection for an object, the sharper our realization of our lapses from proper care and attention. In February we plan our gardens, and they rival, yea, surpass anything the catalogues show. With the record of much failure and many disappointments behind us, enough to discourage us in any other undertaking, we still look trustingly forward to the approaching season, fully convinced that this year, at least, a happy combination of soil, weather, and other circumstances

will result in a glorious return for our labor.

When the balmy days come in February, it is pleasant to walk in the old garden, with eyes fastened on the bare, brown earth where the gold of roystering March lies buried and all the wealth of April hidden. There is only one thing that gives me keener joy than the sight of the daffodils,

“That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty,”

and that is the bluebird perched on the hollow post that stands in the down beyond the garden. Despite the many signals of spring's approach, we are doubtful while the air is silent; but when, some morning, there comes that sweet, sad song calling us quickly, quickly out of doors, and we behold our blue-coated little friend in his familiar place—ah, well! then we know we may get out our garden implements. Then we may plant the sweet-peas. If you have been growing them in the same place for several years and the results have not been encouraging, give them a new bed this year. But do not go without them. Twenty-five cents expended in the seed of the sweet-pea will insure you a wealth of bloom as far into the summer as you can keep the vines alive. Where water is plentiful, and a woods near enough to bring up from it in midsummer plenty of leaf-mold to bank around the roots of the peas, you should have flowers until frost comes.

Let us have more flowers this year than before. Let us join the movement that aims to make a beautiful America. If you want a low hedge, why plant the osage, which requires constant trimming to keep it within bounds, and which, as it grows older, develops un-

sightly trunks that the foliage does not hide, when the lovely flowering-almond would answer your purpose as well? It comes in white and pink, grows in a shapely bush, and you will travel far until you find anything surpassing in beauty a hedge of these blooming almonds. The common wild-rose is another plant that may be usefully employed instead of the osage that is in such favor in some parts of the country. It will require some care, at first, to get it into good shape, but how lavishly it repays this attention when its thousands of pink, fragrant blossoms sway in the June breezes! There is nothing more unsightly than the slat fences, painted a glaring white, that surround the yards of so many country houses. If they must be shut off in this style instead of standing in the lawn, why not build a pretty fence—better still, why not set out a hedge? Sometimes a side fence starts from the corners of the house to join this main fence, and it, also, is straight, white, and ugly. If this division is necessary, why not set out lilacs against the side fence? There are enough sprouts around that ancient bush in the yard to hedge in the entire farm, and the lilac is one of our handsomest shrubs, with its dark-green foliage and long, fragrant blossoms. Until the bushes are tall and thick, hollyhocks will transform that fence into a line of splendid beauty. It is worth while to buy seed of the improved varieties, and once started this fine old flower will take care of itself. The flags that make a

yard look so disorderly when allowed to spread after their own fashion, would show to advantage if transplanted into the background. Have you a path through the orchard? I hope you have, for there is no walk so quiet and restful as one under those trees that in spring delight us with their beauty and in autumn droop their luscious fruit above our heads. If there is no such orchard-way, lay one off this spring; and then when you thin out the clumps of tiger lilies, instead of throwing the bulbs in the ash-pile, plant them thickly near the end of the path; and, as those banners of gold greet your eyes from the cool distance, you will find new grace and beauty in this old flower, too often disregarded because it makes no demand on us.

Now, before the actual work begins, is the time to formulate your plans. You will not be able to carry all of them through, for if all "fireside crops" were planted we should be at a loss for houses in which to store our wealth; but the most practical will remain, and we may expect from them a share of success. But let this year see an effort on your part toward the beautifying of that portion of the earth which you claim as your own. We should always remember that by his appropriation of Nature's domain, man has destroyed the charm that she threw over it; when, besides destroying this charm, he sweeps away every vestige of its beauty, we cannot but hold him unworthy and question his right to his claim.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man? Three treasures,—love and light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

CURRENT COMMENT

Apostolate of the Press

**General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart,
Recommended and Blessed by His Holiness Pius X**

Bishop Ketteler is reported to have said that if St. Paul were alive to-day he would be a newspaper man. Of course that is a rhetorical exaggeration. Faith comes through hearing and not through writings, not even through the Sacred Scripture. Christ sent His apostles to preach, not to edit newspapers, not even to write the Bible; and even St. Paul could never put in his writings the fire that burned in his spoken words. Nor would his words have been as clear. St. Peter tells us that some of St. Paul's expressions are hard to understand; and theologians have been busy ever since he wrote them in making out their real meaning. But there is no doubt that if St. Paul were living now, he would make a very vigorous use of the press; for there never was an instrument with such a terrific influence in swaying men's minds. As a matter of fact, it not only sways but manufactures minds. It supplies judgments, convictions, impressions, suspicions, which are devoured with men's breakfast foods and made into new meals at every edition that is reeled off the press, which is now about every hour of the day, and late into the night. Like the words of the apostles, the words of the newspaper men are heard at the ends of the earth, and perhaps with greater, and certainly with more immediate universality. A little brown editor in Manila or the Fiji Islands will utter a sentiment which is foolish, or make a statement which is false, and by the help of telegraphs, telephones, and telautographs, which actually let us see him crossing his t's and dotting his i's thousands of miles away, will make the whole world listen to him, even if what he says is of no importance.

If he is indicting a calumny the evil is immediate and universal, and can never be remedied. Photography, too, with its instantaneous processes, and its geographically infinite reproductions, helps to make his thoughts more vivid and lasting. For good or for evil the mighty machine is grinding incessantly, and on account of the downward tendency of fallen nature and the fierce energy of bad men, it is doing incalculable harm. Even papers that are not professedly scandalous, chronicle so many crimes, and, under the pretext of news, furnish so many vile details that the edge is worn off the public conscience, and even respectable people will now discuss horrors from which they would have turned with loathing a few years ago. Putting it at its lowest level in harm-doing, who can reckon the expenditure of time exacted by the newspaper habit in poring over the interminable sheets that are put into our hands, and which give us not only delight, but get us into tempestuous moods if we are not promptly supplied at the appointed and expected time every morning and evening. For the large majority of people divine service on Sundays is now supplanted by the Sunday editions which have grown to be as big as folio volumes, and are read with more devotion, and accepted with greater faith than was even accorded to pastor or pope. The immense power thus put at the disposal of men who hate Christian teaching and defy Christian morality will explain the wreckage around us. They use the power unsparingly and unrelentingly, and if there ever was an occasion where the children of light can learn from the children of darkness it is in making use of this power. Would that we had some editorial St. Paul! But the trouble is that even if we had, Catholics would not buy his paper. The

apathy about Catholic reading matter, and sometimes the open flouting of Catholic literature by Catholics who consider themselves intellectually above it, suggest that if there are not Pauls there are Jobs in the Catholic editorial chairs of our own and other countries. If one-twentieth part of the money that is given yearly for a yellow journal, not to speak of the innumerable extras, were contributed to a Catholic paper or magazine, we could easily have an efficient and even brilliant Catholic press. Catholics need a sharp awakening to the sense of their dereliction of duty in this respect; and perhaps a sharper one to their infractions of the moral code in patronizing and bringing into their families the horrible sheets as vilely printed and edited as their contents are offensive, and which do so much to warp the moral sense, to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong, and to fill the minds and imaginations of young and old, men and women, with thoughts that should never be allowed admittance. If ever a boycott was permissible it is there; and members of the League cannot be too zealous in avoiding such contamination and inducing others to follow their example. What is true for papers is also true for books in which doctrines against Catholicity are broached. No one has a right to read them for curiosity, to find out what they say, to be able to answer objections, unless delegated for the disagreeable work. There are other ways for the uncommissioned to find that out without the accompanying danger, and they are not called upon nor expected to be electric lights for the world. Trifling with live wires may end in a disastrous burning. There is enough and to spare of good and useful books, and we are guilty of wrongdoing if we waste our life as many do in idle reading, or besmirch our conscience with what such books put before us.—The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Combes Out

Press Dispatch

The Combes Ministry presented its resignation to President Loubet this morning, and the President accepted it, but asked the Ministers to carry on their functions until a new Cabinet is formed.

M. Loubet conferred with the president of the Senate, M. Fallieres, and the president of the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Doumer, and then announced that he would also consult the leaders of the majority groups. This will postpone the selection of a new Premier for several days, it is thought. These conferences will determine the personnel of the new Ministry.

M. Rouvier continues to be considered the most likely candidate for Premier, but his chances are less certain than at first, owing to the belief that a Rouvier Cabinet would not last long on account of the internal divisions of the Parliamentary groups. Other names prominently mentioned by men familiar with Parliamentary affairs are those of M. Brisson, M. Miller and M. Doumer.

Premier Combes took office on June 5, 1902.

New New England

New York Sun

For more than two centuries New England was practically a homogeneous community. The ruling strain in her blood was English, or, perhaps British would be more exact. No really great stream of immigration had poured in since the Puritan exodus from Laud and trouble, 1630-40. The Irish Famine made New England. Her manufacturing system, her railroads, her canals in the days of canals, the public works, the multiform prosperity, were due, so far as the labor was concerned, largely to "the Irish." Into the cotton factories, meanwhile, came also English, Scotch, Welsh and French Canadian operatives.

The race of the elder settlers, having done its work and now demanding a higher standard of comfort, grew less

fertile. "The Irish" increased and multiplied. They possessed the land. The temporary early prejudice, natural in a provincial commonwealth, passed away. In Boston and some other cities they became the rulers. They were thoroughly acclimated. They became Americans of Americans.

Wireless Telegraphy

Saturday Evening Post

On the last day of the old year the Naval Observatory accomplished the unprecedented feat of sending time signals around the world, and it hopes soon to be able, by the help of wireless telegraphy, to keep ships supplied with the time every day in any part of the ocean. If this is accomplished, it will be the greatest advance in the art of navigation since the invention of the chronometer, a hundred and forty years ago. The subject of wireless telegraphy has been taken up systematically by an Inter-Departmental Board, which has recommended that the government shall have a complete system of wireless telegraph stations along the coast for the national defence, that private marine stations shall be operated only under license, to prevent interference with the public system, and that all private stations in the interior shall be under the supervision of the Department of Commerce and Labor. A chain of stations has already been established along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

Marvellous Growth of the Church in Australia

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

In the cities and towns, Catholic churches and schools have largely increased in numbers, and there is far greater vitality and earnestness displayed by the Catholic community than by any other religious denomination. Besides building churches and schools they have established hospitals and reformatories in all the large centres of population, and it is really marvellous

what has been accomplished within the last few years. As soon as the statistics laid before the congress are printed, I shall deal at greater detail with this branch of the subject; but in the meantime I am in a position to assure our co-religionists in America that the progress which is being made by the Catholic Church in this part of the world is little short of phenomenal.

New Sulpician General

N. Y. Catholic News

The Company of St. Sulpice has once more a Superior General in succession to M. Lebas in the person of M. Henri Garriguet, head of the seminary. Until 1898 when he was summoned from Bordeaux by M. Captier to take up the important post he has held for the last six years, M. Garriguet was almost unknown in Paris. But his qualities for rule were quickly recognized, and Cardinal Richard acquired the assistance of his counsels by appointing him vicar general. His record as a student, professor and head of the seminary is an assurance that he will do the best for his devoted Company in the difficult days upon which it seems to be entering.

Consecration of Bishops Carroll and Lillis

The Reverend John P. Carroll, former president of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, was consecrated Bishop of Helena in the Cathedral of St. Raphael, Dubuque, by Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, on December 21st. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis preached the consecration sermon. Twenty prelates and about two hundred priests attended the ceremony.

The Reverend Thomas Francis Lillis, V. G., of Kansas City, was consecrated Bishop of Leavenworth on December 27th in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Kansas City. Archbishop

Glennon was the consecrator, and the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Milwaukee. —

Funeral of Bishop Phelan

Western Watchman

All that was mortal of the Right Rev. Richard Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburg, was laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery, December 23, in the presence of an immense throng who had gathered to pay a last tribute of respect, admiration and affection to the great and good prelate who had been closely identified with the spiritual progress of Pittsburg for half a century. —

A Colossal Statue

Ave Maria

On the summit of Corneille Rock, at Puy, a French city famous for the antiquity of its devotion to the Blessed Virgin, there is a colossal statue of Our Lady of France. It is fifty-two feet in height and stands on a pedestal twenty feet high. Eighteen hundred thousand subscriptions, of a penny each, taken among the Christian Brothers' pupils, paid for the building of the pedestal. —

A Catholic Philanthropist

Syracuse Catholic Sun

The will of the late John Dunfee, of Syracuse, N. Y., filed for probate in that city recently, bequeaths an estate of \$1,200,000. After making a number of minor bequests, amounting to \$206,000, it provides that the balance be divided equally between Mrs. Anna Dunfee, the widow, and the Catholic charitable institutions of Syracuse. —

Reciprocity

New World

If newspaper statement be correct, the United States is now preparing to repay her obligation to Russia, for services rendered during the great civil war, in a quaint manner. She is sending Amer-

ican battleships into Asian waters to overawe the Czar in those designs he is alleged to have upon China. In private life fidelity in friendship is loudly praised, but in the world of diplomacy a nation may cut the throat of a friendly nation and receive the world's applause. It is all very queer. —

King Edward's Private Secretary

Boston Herald

Should you by any chance receive an autograph letter from King Edward or Queen Alexandra, the royal signature may be there, but they know nothing of the contents, beyond the fact of having said to their secretaries, "Write thus and so."

To be the private secretary of popular sovereigns is no sinecure. Fifty or sixty letters a day is the average of her Majesty's "correspondence," while the King's "duty" is doubled by state papers for his signature, which no one, of course, can save him the labor of writing. Royalty reads a letter and often limits its supervision to a laconic "no" or "yes," scrawled on the margin; then Lord Knollys, and Miss Knollys, the Queen's confidant, will take it and do the rest.

King Edward's skilful right-hand man expands this into the diplomatic style with which most people are familiar and long believed direct royal dictation. —

Valuable Paintings

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

Several valuable paintings have been given to the Bohemian Catholic Church, Seventy-second street and Second avenue, of which the Rev. Father Prout is the pastor. The pictures are a \$50,000 painting by Alfonse Mucha, called "St. John Nepomucine;" "Eastern Morn," painted by Zimmerman and valued at \$40,000; "Three Martyrs," a \$40,000 painting by Albert Marx, and "Mary Magdalene," by the same artist, said to be worth \$100,000, which is on the way from Prague.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

The Last Picture of a Great Artist

By Martha Lowell

LOOK at your map of Spain. In the southwestern corner you will see a little point of land that juts out from the province of Andalusia. It is, in fact, a long, slender peninsula of sand that thus tempts the fickle waves of the southern Atlantic. It was here that in very ancient times, those dauntless travellers and explorers, the Phoenicians, founded the city which to-day is called Cadiz. Cadiz is in some respects different from any city in the world. A great Italian writer has said: "To give an idea of it, one can not do better than to write the word 'white' a thousand times with a white pencil on blue paper." It is truly the whitest city in the world, and no sea could be bluer than the Atlantic is here, which at high tide completely surrounds the city.

In 1681 the great painter, Murillo, was invited to Cadiz. He was at that time a man of sixty-four years. He had passed a youth full of labor and had lived to see that labor rewarded. The harvest he gleaned had been rich in honor, wealth, and the peace which only a pure and moral life can bring.

Murillo was born in the beautiful city of Seville. Though surrounded by the beauties of nature, Murillo enjoyed none of those comforts which to-day we think so necessary. His family were poor. Murillo, however, was made of the stuff that knows not the word defeat. He overcame the strongest obstacles that opposed his artistic genius, and when twenty-five years old he had

managed, by incessant labor, to save enough money to take him to Madrid. There he attracted the attention of the famous court painter, Valasquez, and through him gained that opportunity for the study of the Flemish and Italian artists which he had so much desired. By constant, persevering labor, he won in two years the attention of the king and his court. Murillo's way was now clear; but he rejected the attractions of Madrid and the gay court life, and returned to the quieter city of his birth. In Seville he made a home with his beloved sister, and later in life married a woman of the nobility.

The achievement of fame did not destroy the love of labor which had so distinguished Murillo in his early youth. He continued as before, not only to perfect himself, but also to aid other artists who desired his teaching. He succeeded in founding at Seville the first Spanish academy of art, and he became its president.

Of Murillo's industry we have ample proof. There is scarcely a gallery in Europe which does not contain some of his pictures; but Spain is the country above all others where he can best be studied. His art was essentially religious. He delighted to paint the Holy Virgin, especially at the moment of her Immaculate Conception. St. Anthony was a favorite subject of his, and in those pictures where the Divine Child appears to the Paduan saint, we cannot but marvel at the artist's depth of religious feeling.

astery, above the high altar, hangs Murillo's great painting. It is a masterpiece, and yet an unfinished work; for while working upon it, Murillo slipped from the scaffolding and fell heavily to the floor. He never recovered from the shock. Leaving the picture unfinished, he returned to his beloved Seville and died there the following year, mourned by the entire country and the world.

The last picture of Murillo represents the espousal of St. Catherine of Siena with the Infant Jesus, a favorite subject of Catholic artists; Correggio, and Titian, and Tintoretto and a host of others have left canvases depicting this mystic scene of this great Dominican saint.

In this great painting all the splendid and distinctive qualities of the artist are prominently brought out. The composition, drawing and coloring are perfect, the expressions dignified and calm. The light, which shines through a heavenly mass of clouds, is thrown on the three central figures, the Divine Child, the Blessed Virgin, and the saint, kneeling in regal robes

ESPOUSAL OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA—
MURILLO'S LAST PICTURE.

When Murillo was sixty-four years old, he went, as we have said, to Cadiz. It was at the invitation of the Capuchins, who wished him to paint an altar-piece for their monastery.

This monastery is no longer the abode of brown-cowled monks, but has been turned into a hospice for the insane. The neighborhood of the monastery has lost its former respectability and now harbors the outcasts of the city. Innumerable dirty and diseased beggars await the arrival of visitors and unblushingly importune them for money.

In the little church of the mon-

to receive the ring which our Lord is placing upon her finger. Below Saint Catherine are the symbols of her martyrdom, the broken wheel and the sword. On either side are angels, while above in the clouds two charming cherubs hold the martyr's palm of victory and a floral crown. Other groups of cherubs dimly appear, flying through the cloudy mass or holding up the Virgin's robe. To the right are the arches of the cathedral, where the saint was surprised, while at her devotions, by this radiant and glorious vision from on high.

Shadows

Translated from the French of Verner V. Heidenstam

By Olga N. Bjerring

In Jerusalem, in a poor inn, dwelt Hans Alienus. One beautiful evening in winter he stood at the open window. Reluctantly he finally decided to close it.

The air was still and balmy; the city lay in silence. Down in the hilly, narrow street a mule driver came riding by, lazily bending over the tired animal, whose little hoofs resounded on the large, slippery stones as it wearily stumbled along. The man was singing a monotonous dirge with a wailing, sustained tone, as is the custom in the Oriental countries. The sound grew fainter and fainter. As it died away it reminded one of a bagpipe.

On the sill lay a printed treatise, and the southern moon of that February night was so bright and piercing that Hans Alienus could read the fine print without difficulty. The treatise defended age and rest, and would admit of no argument. And now when he tried to read it again, in that city from which the thought of brotherly love had gone out into the world, he could not.

"No, no! Youth with its warm pulsations is the natural enemy of rest. It is youth which now and at all times has spread the Gospel of Peace over the world." While he spoke, he unconsciously raised his hand to his forehead. At the same moment his gaze fell upon his shadow, which the moon cast upon the wall, near the bed. He laughed. Was not that the shadow of an actor, who, with head thrown back and hand extended, was dramatically repeating some hackneyed phrase?

He felt ashamed of himself, and for the first time in his life he realized that among all the precious thoughts which

have gone forth from Jerusalem lay one, unheeded, forgotten—a gem, a pearl without price—humility.

For a moment he closed his eyes. Thousands of little stars glimmered before his vision. Surely it was due only to his heated brain. The minute sparks of light were the stars he had been watching so intently. He was startled by voices beneath his window.

* * * * *

On the other side of the street rose a high wall, and before it burned a bright fire. At the fire sat Christ, surrounded by a few of His loyal friends and followers.

His shadow was plainly visible on the wall behind Him. Then St. John, the Beloved Disciple, took up a piece of charcoal and with it traced the shadow, until the form of the Master was outlined on the wall. Soon he dropped his pencil and resumed his seat at the fire.

* * * * *

Next morning, when Hans Alienus once more stood at the open window, he saw a crowd collecting to look at the drawing on the wall.

"He is mending shoes, for he has a crooked back," argued the cobbler.

"Nonsense," retorted the fruit vender, "by his stooping position I can clearly see he is selling fruit, though they have forgotten to place a basket on his back. Look at his mouth! Can't you hear him calling: 'Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A member of the court passed by, but not deigning to mingle his voice with that of the rabble, thought to himself: "I recognize the student and thinker by that high forehead. One might almost regard it as a portrait of myself. Yes it

is I. Not so badly done either. Probably one of these poor fellows has drawn it. Almost every one knows who I am."

In the meantime a bystander had quietly approached the wall. He was a kindly man, with a friendly face which reminded one of that of a child. No one knew him, and no record has preserved his name for posterity, for he lived alone and avoided all noise and notoriety. Folding his hands before him, he gazed intently on the sketch. "What a noble brow," he soliloquized. "What divine humility is expressed in the lowly posture. Oh! if one could but hope to be like him—but why desire the impossible?"

As he stood there, humble and quiet, he resembled the shadow so much that people began to draw back and whisper to each other. Startled and embarrassed, he walked away without realizing why they had gazed so curiously upon him. He did not resemble Christ, for who is like unto Him? He resembled only His shadow—without knowing it. If he had known it—if, proud of the resemblance, he had thrown back his head for just one moment and boasted of the likeness—the likeness would have vanished.

SAINT AUDREY LACE

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

In the seventh century many holy women lived in the English convents, and none of them had a reputation more saintly than Etheldreda, or Audrey, daughter of the King of East Anglia.

She was a holy virgin and founded the convent and church of Ely, where the magnificent cathedral honors her memory. Her relics are interred in a superb marble sarcophagus within the cathedral walls and her memory is held sacred throughout the length and breadth of England, where many churches are dedicated to her.

Saint Audrey's Fair was one of the most interesting of the English rural fes-

tivals, and the people of England flocked to Ely to celebrate this happy event. Many toys were sold, and necklaces, cheap but highly valued by maids whose sweethearts begged to give them a fairing. The necklaces were first called St. Audrey laces and gradually the name became Tawdry and from this has come our word tawdry, meaning any bit of cheap lace or finery.

Shakespeare and Spencer both use the term and many other of the poets, while Scott repeatedly brings it into his pleasant romances of the olden time.

LA VIRGIN DEL PILAR

By A. de R.

An old Spanish legend relates that when Santiago (St. James) was preaching the Gospel in Zaragossa, the sky opened and a white marble pillar slowly descended to earth. On the top of this pillar was seated the Blessed Virgin, holding her Babe upon her knee. Soon the visitor disappeared, but the Virgin of the Pillar was promptly adopted as the patroness of Zaragossa, and a magnificent church in her honor was built where the pillar had rested.

LITTLE ROBBY'S STORY

By John Tracy Jones

Onc't there wus a little boy
 'At sneaked up-stairs
 En didn't kiss his ma good night,
 Ner didn't say his prayers!
 'Nen when she called him
 He beganned ter snore,
 'Tendin' like he's ist sleep,
 Good enuf, fer shore!

'Nen when its night time
 Heerd an orful noise
 'At ud skeer big men folks
 'At ain't little boys;
 Satan ist whisslun
 'At's ther way he skares
 Little boys 'at's sneaked off
 'Nout sayin' 'er prayers!

HIS VALENTINE

By Margaret A. Richard

Once Mr. Bird, up in a tree,
 Sang to Miss Birdie fair:
 "Oh, hearken to a song from me—
 I love you, love you, dear!
 I hold you in this heart of mine
 My dear and only valentine."

Miss Birdie bowed her graceful head,
 And shyly turned away;
 His wooing made her heart afraid,
 And she had naught to say;
 Yet deep within she could divine
 A wish to be his valentine.

And still he sang and sang to her
 In voice so wondrous sweet
 That love within her seemed to stir,
 And rise his own to greet;
 Yet she replied not: "I am thine—
 Thine own true loving valentine."

But Mr. Bird knew how to woo
 Miss Birdie, sweet and shy,
 And soon she whispered: "I love you,"
 With shining, downcast eye.
 And soft he said: "Then joy is mine
 For evermore, my valentine!"

* * * * *

Now if you doubt I overheard
 This wooing in a tree,
 Come see sweet Mistress Bird at home
 With her dear babies three;
 While Mr. Bird, in tones divine,
 Still sings to her, his valentine.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the academy, and said: "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition,—*"With broad, flat nails."*

+ + +

On one occasion some one put a very little wine into a wine-cooler, and said that it was sixteen years old. "It is very small for its age," said Gnathaena.

+ + +

Epimenides having been sent by his father into the field to look for a sheep, turned out of the road at midday and lay

down in a certain cave and fell asleep, and slept there fifty-seven years; and after that, when awake, he went on looking for the sheep, thinking that he had been taking a short nap.

+ + +

In an old romance a prince bearing the name of Crispin was compelled for a time to become a shoemaker, in honor of his namesake, that good St. Crispin who was a shoemaker by trade. And from this arose the custom of calling shoemaking the gentle craft.

+ + +

The question was once put to Aristotle, how we ought to behave to our friends; and the answer he gave was: "As we should wish our friends to behave to us."

+ + +

Aristippus being asked what were the most necessary things for well-born boys to learn, said: "Those things which they will put in practice when they become men."

+ + +

Solon gave the following advice: "Consider your honor, as a gentleman, of more weight than an oath. Never tell a lie. Pay attention to matters of importance."

+ + +

Anacharsis used to say that it was better to have one friend of great value than many friends who were good for nothing.

+ + +

Aristotle was once asked what those who tell lies gain by it. Said he: "That when they speak truth they are not believed."

+ + +

Matteux left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will: "I owe much; I have nothing; I give the rest to the poor."

+ + +

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.—*Jonathan Swift.*

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

VALIDITY AND PERPETUITY OF CONFRATERNITY INDULGENCES.

FATHER JOHN BAPTIST DE MARINIS (1597-1669), the fifty-seventh Master General of the Order of Preachers, was the first who undertook the collection into one work of the Acts of the Holy See regarding our Confraternity. In 1668 was published at Rome under his direction "Sommario dell' Indulgenze Concesse a' Fratelli e Sorelli del Santissimo Rosario in vita et in Morte, per Ordine della S. Congregatione del S. Officio."

This first list of Rosary indulgences ever drawn up, though it was by no means complete, was a perfect boon at the time. For throughout the Christian world great abuses in the matter of indulgences then existed. Through the ignorance or malice of private persons and societies, false and apocryphal indulgences were being propagated everywhere, to the great confusion of the faithful, who could not always distinguish the genuine from the spurious. To remedy this evil Clement IX, on July 6, 1669, instituted the Congregation of Sacred Relics and Indulgences, whose duty it was to correct these abuses by investigating matters and by publishing lists of the indulgences that were authentic. The Congregation, therefore, ordered that all concessions of indulgences hitherto made should be brought to its notice, that they might be certified and submitted to the Holy See for revision and approbation. On behalf of the Rosary Confraternity, the two immediate successors of Father de Marinis, the Most Rev. Fathers Thomas Rocaberti (1624-1699) and Antoninus de Monroy (1632-1715) set to work with

admirable zeal and diligence to collect the various original Papal Bulls dealing with the Rosary, but the work was not completed for twenty years. It was no slight task in those days to collect the various documents contained in the different archives, nor was it easy in every case to distinguish forgeries from authentic grants. But in the year 1679 Father de Monroy had the great happiness of presenting to the Sacred Congregation a list of Rosary indulgences, which, as subsequent events showed, was well-nigh perfect. On July 11th of that same year, Pope Innocent XI in the Bull "Nuper pro parte" solemnly approved the list and declared valid all the indulgences it enumerated. This first officially recognized collection of Rosary indulgences is the famous "Summary of Innocent XI." Such indulgences and privileges of the Confraternity as had been omitted from this summary were recognized and declared valid half a century later by Benedict XIII in the Bull "Pretiosus," which constitutes the "Summary of Benedict XIII" (1727). New indulgences granted by Pius VII in 1808 and by Pius IX in 1851, made necessary a new list. This was drawn up by Most Rev. J. M. Larocca, Master General of the Dominican Order in 1862, and is called the "Summary of Pius IX." It was very compendious, but incomplete, as the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences admitted (S. C. I. 25 Febr. 1777 and Decr. Authentica S. C. Indulg, Ratisb. 1883, pag. 544); but it was not intended to take the place of the great summary of Innocent XI, but only to serve as its supplement and index. The latest Papal collection of Rosary indulgences is the "Summary of Leo XIII," ap-

proved Aug. 29, 1899. A full translation of this appeared in *THE ROSARY MAGAZINE* for January, 1900. It is by far the best of the four summaries and clears up many points that were before obscure.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Each of the mysteries of the Rosary is, as it were, a milestone, a new volume, a perennial spring of the divinely beautiful life of the God-man.

Christmas carols, like soft music, seem to hover around the fourth joyful mystery. But it is no mere meaningless sound. Immediately there comes the dominant note and explanation. The Purification is but the commentary of the Nativity. It gives us the keynote of the Incarnation. The Word became flesh to lift up fallen man from the depth into which he had fallen in Adam's sin, and on Christmas day begins the work of reclaiming and uplifting. Lest we mistake the purport of the Incarnation, Christ is taken by Mary and Joseph to the temple. No law bound the Virgin to this; but as the Word of God had emptied Himself and assumed poor human nature, so did Mary wish to humble herself and submit to the Jewish rite of purification. Here Christ, as if impatient to proclaim His mission, appeared as the Light of the world; and the blessing of candles on the Feast of the Purification connotes this truth. Redemption was to be purchased at a great and a bitter price, and, as Jesus was truly Mary's Son, so she, too, must become, not indeed an essential participant and victim, but a guarantor of the hard-won purchase. Mary's heart was first pierced with the sword to-day. From the venerable Simeon, who intoned on this day his glorious hymn of departure from this world, we may learn a lesson of confidence and resignation to the Divine will.

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.

February 12—V. John Leonardi was born at Lettere, a town near Naples, in the latter part of the sixteenth century. From boyhood he was a fervent client of Our Lady of the Rosary, and worshippers in the parish church of Lettere saw him every day prostrate for hours before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, as the loved beads glided between his fingers. When he was seventeen years of age, the Rosary Confraternity was established at Lettere, and the first members chose him as the Prior of the Sodality. Not long after, he took the Dominican habit in the Convent of the Blessed Virgin at Naples, in fulfillment of a vow he had made. While passing through the streets of Naples he had fallen into an open cistern and was in imminent danger of drowning; but he was rescued from his peril, after he had called on Our Lady of the Rosary and vowed to her that if saved he would enter the Order of Preachers. In after life he became a celebrated preacher and promoted the devotion of the Rosary with great success in the city of Naples. He died in the odor of sanctity, renowned for prophecy and miracles, Feb. 12, 1621.

February 13—V. Vincent Colegero, O. P., who died in the Convent of Messina in 1677, has always enjoyed, in Sicily, the reputation of a saint. Perhaps the most prominent of his virtues was his zeal for the honor of God and the Blessed Virgin through the Rosary. It is narrated that during more than forty years he preached every feast day on this devotion, ever finding in it new thoughts in which to dwell and ever attracting larger concourses of hearers.

February 17—Holy Church salutes Mary as the conqueror of all heresies; and surely the annals of the Rosary devotion alone prove how truly Mary has merited this title. For nowhere is Catholic faith more vigorous, nowhere does

error more speedily yield to the truth, than in those happy regions where the Queen of Heaven is fervently honored in the Rosary. A striking illustration of this fact is found in the life of V. William Piat, O. P., titular Bishop of Oarsus (†1550). This holy man lived in southern France at a time when the Huguenot heresy was threatening to sweep away the ancient faith. His efforts to stem the tide of error were highly successful, and this he attributed to the Rosary.

February 28—V. Alphonsus de Peces, a member of the Spanish Province of Friars Preachers, is deservedly ranked as one of the great apostles of the Rosary. His sanctity, the fruit by which the true Rosarian is ever known, was so eminent as to evoke special praise from the general chapter of his Order held at Lisbon in 1618. From his Convent of St. Mary, at Barbadillo, he traversed the whole region about, everywhere preaching the Rosary, founding Confraternities, erecting shrines to Our Lady of the Rosary at the street corners and the waysides, and distributing chaplets to the poor. After many years of such apostolic labors, he peacefully departed this life in his convent at Barbadillo (1610), and is there buried under the Rosary altar.

INDULGENCES FOR FEBRUARY.

February 2—Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin: (1) Attendance at Rosary Procession (plenary). N. B.—Those who do not gain this indulgence on the Feast itself may gain it once within the octave (Feb. 3-9 incl.) on the same conditions. (2) C., C., prayers for the Pope during visit to any church or public oratory. N. B.—The time for this visit extends from noon of Feb. 1 till sunset of Feb. 2. But Rosarians may also gain this indulgence once during the octave, as above. Those unable to make the required visit may gain the in-

dulgence by reciting fifteen decades, or, if sick, five will suffice. (3) Recitation of fifteen decades (ten years and 400 days). (4) Recitation of five decades (seven years and 280 days). (5) Indulgence of three years and 1200 days. This may be gained by attendance at the Salve in a Confraternity church, on same conditions as for January 23. (6) Weekly recitation of entire Rosary in accordance with Confraternity statutes (100 days).

February 5—First Sunday: (1) C., C., prayer for Pope during Rosary Procession, visit to Rosary chapel (plenary). (2) C., C., prayer for Pope during visit to Confraternity church or chapel (plenary). (3) C., C., attendance at exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Confraternity church, prayers for the Pope in said church (plenary). (4) Presence at Rosary Procession (seven years and 280 days). (5) Taking part in Rosary Procession (160 days).

February 13—St. Catherine of Ricci, O. S. D.: (1) C., C., prayers for the Pope (plenary). (2) Attendance at Salve Regina as noted for January 23.

February 19—Septuagesima Sunday: Visit to five altars of a church, or in case there are not five altars, five visits to one or more. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys must be said at each visit for the Pope (thirty years and 1200 days).

February 26—Last Sunday of the month: (1) C., C. Plenary indulgence for those who have recited five mysteries of the Rosary at least three times in the week with others, usual conditions. (2) Indulgence of thirty years and 1200 days as for Feb. 19.

February 1-28—(1) Meditating fifteen minutes daily. Plenary indulgence on any day. (2) For celebrating or assisting at the Votive Mass of the Rosary; plenary indulgence once in the month. (3) On the patronal feast of a Confraternity church, plenary indulgence. C., C., visit to Rosary chapel, and prayers for the Pope.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

WITH THE EDITOR

One of the five great feasts in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the feast of the Purification, will be celebrated on the second of this month. The feast is also called Candlemas Day, because of the presentation in the temple on this day of the world's Redeemer, the "*light* to the revelation of the Gentiles," symbolized by blessed candles which the faithful receive to-day. Jesus was indeed the "Light of the World;" and with good reason did the aged and holy Simeon, "just and devout," who had been confidently and patiently "waiting for the consolation of Israel," rejoice and proclaim his "Nunc Dimittis," that divinely inspired and immortal canticle of gratitude and praise. "After the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished," Our Blessed Lady carried her Child, whom the angel had called Jesus, "to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord, and to offer a sacrifice; a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." She comes from afar to the Holy City to satisfy a law by which she is not bound. What a lesson in obedience and humility! "And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary: Behold this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce." The note of Passion-tide is sounded, the shadow of the Cross is upon us. Let us see to it that resurrection shall be our portion and our reward for well-doing and conformity to the law of the "Man of Sorrows."

God's saints are regarded by the modern world as the product of by-gone days and distant ages. Non-Catholics cannot conceive—and even Catholics not a few

find it difficult to believe—that heroic sanctity, such as ever marks God's servants and entitles them to a place upon the altars of the Church, can flourish in the world to-day. But human nature is unchanged and Divine principles are eternal. Sanctity abounds amid much iniquity; and conspicuous examples of preeminent virtue are not wanting in our own age—and country. The process of canonization and beatification goes on in Rome, and new saints are added yearly to the calendar and sealed with the approval of the Church. Last month the venerated name of John Baptist Vianney, popularly known as the Curé of Ars, was added to the long list of the "Beatified." His was a life of singular piety and sanctity, a life of tireless labor for God and souls. The record of that life is an inspiration. It at once encourages and shows the sceptical and faint of heart what lofty heights of sanctity may be attained by simple devotion to duty and correspondence to God's laws—even in our day.

The American people—the English-speaking world, indeed, deplore the serious illness of the Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. No living prelate and few living men of letters have contributed so richly to English literature as the scholarly Bishop of Peoria. But his title to distinction and glory rests not on his devotion to letters or the faithful performance of priestly and episcopal duties. He has prominently identified himself for many years with every movement for the betterment of his countrymen and race. He has long been the recognized

prophet of popular and higher education; and the splendid and distinguished service he recently rendered the cause of labor is borne in grateful remembrance by the toiling masses of the land.

Hundreds of telegrams and letters of sympathy and inquiry have poured in upon him from all quarters since his affliction, all expressive of the hope of his speedy restoration to health. Advances as we go to press indicate improvement in the illustrious patient's condition, and it is our hope and earnest prayer that he may be soon restored to health, and granted long years of life.

The infamous Combes Ministry has "resigned"—and the notorious ingrate Premier with it. France is at last awakening from her lethargy and showing tardy signs of vigorous resistance to the oppressions and bitter persecutions to which she has been so long subjected by the Masonic and anti-Christian regime inaugurated and fathered by the villainous Combes. To escape the inevitable consequences of his own diabolical policy and to save himself from the humiliation and ignominy of ejection from the office he disgraced, Combes handed in his resignation. Whoever his successor may be, and whatever the personnel of the new Ministry, an improved condition of affairs can confidently be expected. An ominous warning has been sounded and the government will shape its course accordingly.

An increasing and gratifying interest in the Society of the Holy Name is seen everywhere throughout the country. The celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name was marked this year in many places by special ceremonies. Inspiring rallies were held, and sermons and addresses on the Holy Name were delivered by noted pulpit orators. In the diocese of Columbus, Bishop Hartley or-

dered a general crusade against blasphemy and profane language and strongly urged the canonical establishment of Holy Name Societies wherever possible. In his own cathedral he delivered an address on the Holy Name to the assembled societies of Columbus and pointed out the advantages of membership in this oldest society in the Church. The vice of profanity is rampant in America; and unfortunately, and in sorrow be it said, too many Catholics are its victims. It is well for Catholic men to organize in public protest and wage unceasing war against this senseless and degrading vice.

We desire to call the attention of our subscribers and advertisers to the high character of the advertising carried by THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. We appreciate the financial advantages of large advertising patronage not less, perhaps, than many of our contemporaries. But we appreciate still more the value of THE ROSARY's reputation, and that we shall not compromise for any consideration whatever. Our readers can rest assured that anything advertised in our pages is thoroughly reliable and worthy of their favorable consideration.

Maurice Francis Egan will resume next month his contributions to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. Mr. Egan is no stranger to ROSARY readers and requires no introduction. He occupies an enviable and most distinguished position in the world of letters, and his brilliant literary work is appreciated wherever the English language is known.

Next month we will publish an important and intensely interesting article on Cervantes; a notable paper on Beethoven will appear, and we hope to present the first installment of the memoirs of Brother Azarias.

BOOKS

STUDIES IN RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By W. S. Lilly. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1904. 8vo, pp. \$3.25 net.

In his "Study" of "Cardinal Wiseman's Life and Work" Mr. Lilly attributes to a brother literateur "a singularity of knowledge, an unusual discrimination of justice, a rare psychological power, and a candor that might satisfy Othello." To this he adds the still more unfrequent gift of "sympathetic diagnosis." Even a cursory view of Mr. Lilly's studies will convince the impartial reader that the writer was in full possession of those rare qualities which he considered indispensable to the conscientious critic. Whether he is discussing the religion of Shakespeare, the poetry of Landor, the personality of Lamennais, the lives of Wiseman, Manning or Newman, or the basic principle of the ludicrous, he shows himself the master of a deep fund of knowledge that manifests itself in so logical and so graceful a literary form that it is above adverse criticism. His present studies cover a larger field than the title would indicate. In his studies of the religion of Shakespeare, the poetry of Tennyson and Landor, the work of Balzac, he touches the principal features of the literary life in the nineteenth century; in those of Lamennais, Wiseman, Manning and Newman, he touches on the questions that were of the utmost importance to the Church in the century past. His picture of the Church in England is particularly striking. He traces its growth from the haphazard existence of the thirties to the vigorous, sturdy life characteristic of it to-day. His appreciation of the character and genius of Cardinal Manning throws a new light on this brilliant ecclesiastic's life. Having had a personal acquaintance with the three men who, more than all others, were the means of bringing Catholicity to its pres-

ent happy position makes him singularly qualified to write its history. The literateur will find in these "Studies" a learned and just appreciation of Tennyson, Landor and Balzac; the cleric can obtain the salient points in Church polity of the last century. Mr. Lilly's work is deserving of wide circulation and we do not hesitate to give it unstinted approbation.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE: CONSIDERATIONS AND MEDITATIONS FOR BOYS. By Herbert Lucas, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 12mo, pp. 298. \$1.00 net.

Father Lucas has succeeded in the very difficult task of presenting in an interesting and attractive form the principal truths of our religion. The work is a series of discourses delivered to the boys at Stonyhurst during the scholastic year of 1903 and 1904. To hold the attention of his audience he had to eliminate what is termed "the dry," yet he had to preach the old truths in a way that would secure deep and lasting impressions. The volume before us would seem to prove him highly successful. There is not a single page but will hold the attention of the reader. Examples of every-day life, familiar illustrations, due consideration for the practical routine of daily experience, the part that religion should play therein, are so cleverly interwoven that the book seems more like a narrative than a religious treatise. The discourses are so many spiritual gems, the brightest of which it were hard to determine. "My Crucifix" would be a guide and a solace for many a devout soul. No better book could be placed in the hands of the young; whoever is desirous of obtaining some strong points for meditation will find Father Lucas' book invaluable. We congratulate Father Lucas on the success of his undertaking.

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The Rosary Magazine

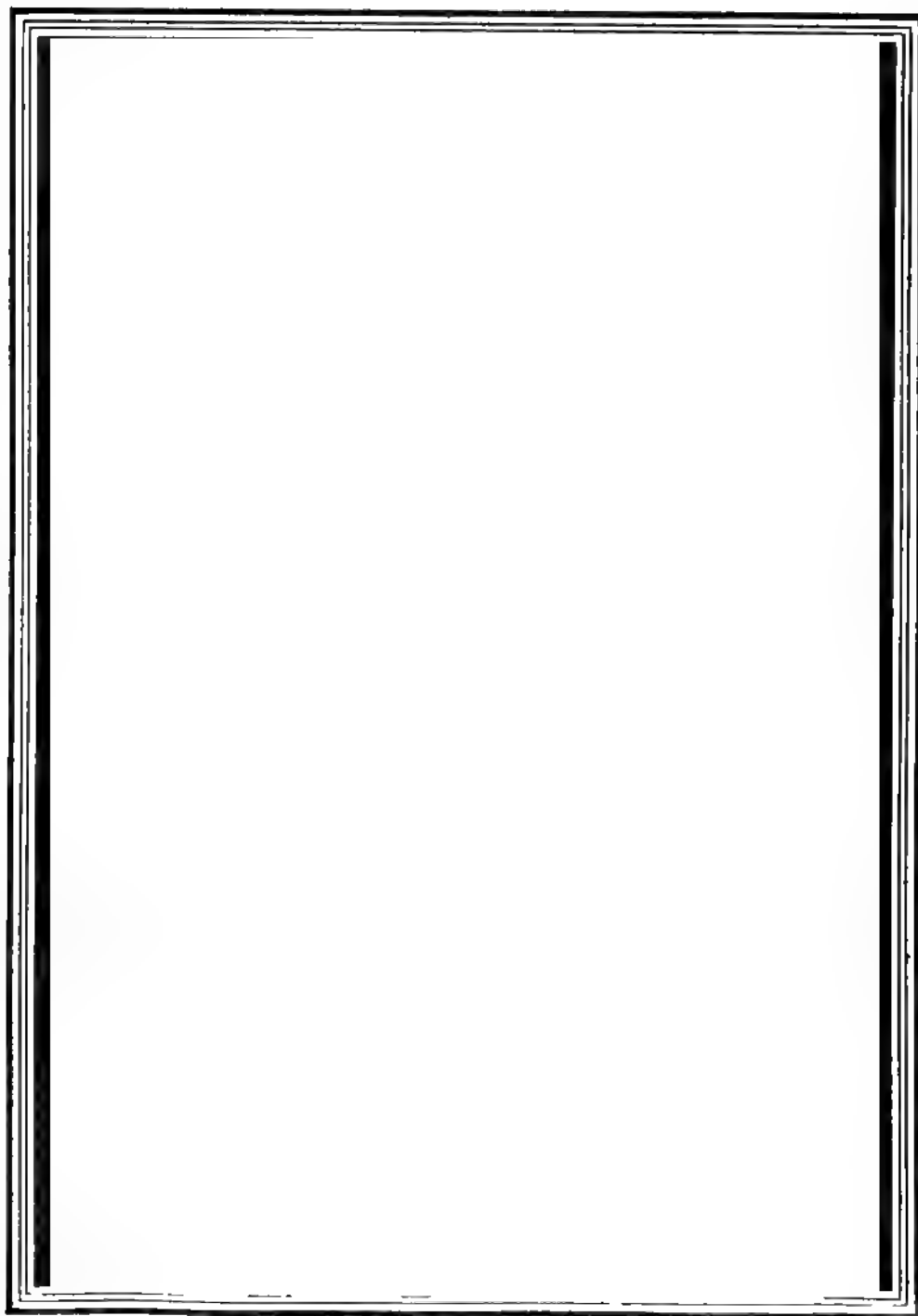
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The Saintly Triumvirate of March

By CAROLA MILANIS



It seems presumptuous for one not of the sacred band to attempt to eulogize a saint.

We are familiar with the so-called lives of the saints, no doubt, and have marveled, in a despairing mood, at the wonderful achievements of these giant souls, but which of us knows, after all his reading and studying, even the mere alphabet of saintliness?

A saint? Would you recognize a saint, think you, were you to meet one? The very meekness and humility which make him a saint hide from us his spiritual greatness. A saint! What broad fields the mind must traverse, what depths the understanding must sound, what heights the intellect must climb, what fervor must burn within the heart, before one can grasp even the smallest fraction of the meaning of that superlatively significant name! Because a saint is not only the result of the eternal Father's creative act: he is the most precious purchase of

the eternal Son's redeeming love, the most noble work of the eternal Spirit's sanctifying grace. A saint is a masterpiece of the divine Artist, a heroic poem by the divine Author, a magnificent chord of music played by the divine Master.

St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, comes first in the order of dates to greet the seeker after saintly companionship in this favored month of March. What noble titles have been conferred upon him! Surely, the name of saint is enough to distinguish any man however great. Not so did holy Mother Church think when she chose to crown her favorite son with a coronet of earthly honor and a diadem of eternal glory.

Remembering his victories over the deadly assaults of evil spirits, she acknowledges his heroism with the title of Angel, synonym of superiority to sensual attractions; recalling that noble product of high-minded piety, "The Office of the Blessed Sacrament," she confirms the title of Angel by the voice of all her saints, as given to one belonging to the company of glorious spirits whose abiding place is the sanctuary and whose all-absorbing joy is the service of the altar. Bearing in mind his "Summa," and ranking him as the colossus among human intelligences, she has proclaimed him by the voice of her Popes, "Angel of the Schools." An angel incarnate, pure of body, the purity that creates saintliness; an angel of the sanctuary, pure of heart, a purity that redeems human nature; an angel of the teaching Church, pure of mind, a purity that sanctifies and exalts the soul; such is St. Thomas by the divine accolade of heaven!

St. Thomas Aquinas was born at Aquino, Italy. He received the Dominican habit at the age of sixteen, and was then sent to Cologne to study under Blessed Albert the Great. Later he went to Paris to teach philosophy and theology. Let these few statements provoke your pious curiosity, and lead you to read what has been written of him by pens more worthy than mine to tell the wondrous story of his holy life and incomparable labors.

In order of dates, again, St. Patrick is the second of our Triumvirate. His mission differed greatly from that of St.

Thomas. St. Patrick spoke to infants in the Faith, and gave a nation to the Church; St. Thomas speaks to adults in the Faith, to those who have grown old, gray and venerable in its practice. St. Thomas, by his teachings, preserves to the Church the nations gained for her by apostolic saints. He was sent to teach the sage and to guide the wise; he has proclaimed not only the name, but the mind of God, and has revealed not only the glory but the very secrets of heaven.

St. Patrick is the spiritual father of a great people; St. Thomas is the spiritual teacher of a universal Church. Both have made a wide-spreading and ever-enduring impression on the world; the one by persuasion of the heart, the other by conviction of the mind; the one through the instrumentality of his scattered people's undying fidelity to the Church's faith and practice, of which he is the teacher and the model; the other through the invincible power of the Church's divine dogma, of which he is the human exponent.

Irish students love St. Patrick for sake of a double motherhood—Erin and the Church; all students love St. Thomas for the motherhood of the Church and the fatherhood of God, as revealed to them through her by the words of the Angelic Doctor.

Highest in the sphere of spiritual labor ranks an apostle. A great king may have a multitude of faithful, virtuous subjects, but among them will be certain nobler intelligences or grander characters who will be chosen to help govern the nation at home or to represent it abroad. In St. Patrick we behold one chosen to represent in the oldest monarchy of modern Europe the monarchy of Heaven.

Erin, a land of kings and princes, the home of poetry and song, the temple of stately Druidism, must have a messenger of magnificent mental gifts and imposing spiritual power. He must come

clothed in pontificals, as the accredited ambassador of God; he must officiate at an altar of such transcendent glory that before it the grandeur of awful Druidism shall pale, and shrink, and die.

Such a one came. Study him, the great Patricius, as he stands in the Hall of Tara with the shamrock in his hand and the light of God upon his face! Can you, with all your study, fathom the depths of soul from which his eye has caught that gleam of fire divine? Can you, with your noblest thought, reach the height whence comes the radiance of his brow? Do you not see that God has sent His angels to minister to this man, to clothe him with the mantle of the prophet, to crown him with the diadem of a dominating faith, to inflame him with an all-persuading charity, to illuminate him with an all-enticing hope? Yes; and to give him for his protection the armor of simplicity and the shield of humanity.

Oh! ineffably great is this man, this saint, this messenger from God to a people of sad but glorious destiny, this apostle of a deathless nationality without a nation, this bearer of the Gospel of Christ to a people who have carried it to the inhabitants of all the earth.

An Angelic Doctor, a saintly ambassador,—can there be any greater, higher, holier office in the kingdom of God on earth? Yes; the earthly shadow of the eternal Father, the human guardian of the Divine

Child, the finite representative of infinite Love, St. Joseph, of whom we know so little; St. Joseph, whose greatness is implied rather than assured in the Gospels. Reverence for those whom he guards teaches us the holiness of the guardian; respect for those whom he guides reveals to us the depth of his wisdom; regard for those whom he so tenderly cherishes awakens our love for his gentle nobility and amiable simplicity. Submission to the eternal Father, faith in the Virgin Mother and Divine Son, love for the Holy Spirit, hope in the Blessed Trinity, all reveal to us the certainty that our frail human life could not survive the merest glimpse of his transcendent interior holiness.

St. Thomas, St. Patrick, St. Joseph,—could men be more unlike than these three? Unlike in life, character and labor—saints of different species—"as one star differeth from another," so do the saints differ from each other; no two of them alike, each of them a stupendous world of grace peculiar to himself—all of them in sublime harmony with the divine plan.

"Eulogize them?" Rather let us prostrate ourselves before their very memory, that dear shade of them which rises, year after year, on their glorious anniversaries. Yes; prostrate ourselves, and beg their pardon that we have dared to raise our eyes to their radiant faces when it is more fitting that we should embrace their holy feet.

Cervantes' Troubled Life

By JOHN J. O'SHEA

SOMETHING like the lot of Homer was that of Cervantes—or to give him his full titular dignity—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Poverty and something like contempt while in life; eagerness to claim him for their own by different places after death. The most certain fact about him is the date of his death—a remarkable date, for on the same day died another genius, but a greater—William Shakespeare. It was the 23d of April, 1616. Cervantes appears to have been born sixteen years earlier than the English star of literature, and his lines of life were cast in more rugged ways.

Many books have been powerful enough to deflect the current of their own times and influence permanently the times that were to follow. Yet it may well be questioned if even such a book as Rousseau's "Social Contract" played so great a part in the alteration of men's ideas as "Don Quixote" did. It was the death-warrant of a splendid survival, beautiful even in its decrepitude—the cult called chivalry. It was the chanticler note of a new dawn which was to usher in the day of the practical and the material. The decline of Spain began with the publication of "Don Quixote." No such coincidence is recorded in the annals of any other country. He who would seek a parallel case in literature may light on the creation of Rabelais' "Pantagruel and Gargantua." He swept away religion in France with a horse-laugh, as Cervantes did chivalry in Spain with a clever satire. His irreverential guffaw was heard all over Europe and has echoed down the ages to this day. The spirits of these two men seem to have interfused and crystallized to

make up the modern spirit, especially in America. It finds its best expression in the scoffing, hard-headed philosophy of Mark Twain and his imitators. It was certainly Cervantes' design to destroy chivalry with the divulsive vinegar of ridicule, as Hannibal did the rocks that blocked his way. He confesses as much himself, and he says his purpose was "to invalidate the authority and favor in which the world, and especially the vulgar, held books of chivalry." He may not have so intended it, but he also, by the same agency, destroyed a powerful auxiliary to religion—the miracle play, or mystery. Upon these popular dramas, or at least the homely poetry found in many of them, he also cast ridicule in the pages of his "Quixote." And yet Cervantes was not irreligious in the generally accepted sense. He was not too strict a Catholic, but he was a sound one. Chrysostom, one of his characters in the "Don," is a poetaster, if not a poet; and the shepherd, in referring to his talents, observes: "I had forgotten to tell you how this Chrysostom, deceased, was a great hand at composing verses—so much so that he made Christmas carols and autos for Corpus Christi, which our young people play; and everybody says that they could not be beaten." Cervantes may have been sincere in despising some of these old compositions and sneering covertly at them thus; yet there were some which were masterly in construction and text. These filled an office in the formation of a moral society which no other class of compositions has since done. It is to be feared that despite his Catholicity Cervantes was at heart a rationalist—or at least the ridiculous side of things was more apparent to his mental vision than

their true significance and tendency in the intellectual order.

It is questionable whether Cervantes is to be credited with the invention of his fantastic hero out of pure imagination, or had in view some ridiculously solemn and extravagant-minded individual whom he had met in the flesh and of whom he had made a study. The strong probability is that he had, in the course of his career as a soldier, met some one whose mind was filled with inflated ideas of etiquette in fighting. Indeed, Spanish pride is such as to hedge round the military idea with those very exaggerations which render the resort to arms, in the last analysis, utterly illogical. Possibly his ideal character was inspired by the chronicles of such a hero as the Chevalier Bayard, the last of the race of the romantic

school of knights—they who would scorn a fight on level terms and never hesitate to attack, single-handed, a whole squadron if it seemed necessary to do so while their comrades made their retreat.

The incident of Bayard keeping the bridge with his single arm against thirteen foemen seems to be ridiculed in more than one passage in the "Don."

And yet the incident is an indisputable fact.

Miguel Cervantes Saavedra—to give his full name—was born in Alcala de Henares in the year 1550. He received a good education, as his writings abundantly prove, but necessity or a love of adventure led him to seek a military career. In the pursuit of the bubble reputation he encountered more than the usual

vicissitudes that "glorious war" entails. The story of his career, indeed, closely resembles the tale told by the Moor of Venice in several important respects. He had many rough experiences in battles and sieges, and had his "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;" and to complete the analogy, had been made prisoner by Algerine pirates and sold into slavery. These experiences enabled him to give his descriptions in

CERVANTES.

the "Don" that vividness which brings into the absurd enterprises of the knight the "vraisemblance" of the actual. He was redeemed from this cruel condition in the year 1580 by the Brothers of the Holy Trinity—an Order formed for the express purpose of rescuing the victims of corsairs—assisted by contributions from his family. The sum paid for his release was five hundred golden crowns.

—equal to five hundred and sixty dollars. To raise their portion of this sum his mother and sister had to strain every nerve, so that when the wanderer got back to Spain it was to a home of destitution. It was when he found himself thus, without resources or employment, that he luckily bethought him of sitting down to write. He found his talent and he was not long putting it to good use. At first he wrote short comedies, for which there was then a good demand. For each of these he received the modest honorarium of eight hundred reals, or about forty-five dollars—just enough to keep the pot boiling. He wrote about twenty of these compositions. It is not stated in what year he began his history of the knight of La Mancha, but it would appear from internal evidence that it was in the later years of his life.

Cervantes married, in the year 1584, a lady named Dona Catalina de Salazar, who brought him a "fortune," in the shape of a vineyard, a garden, a plantation of olive and almond trees, and household furniture—the whole valued at about three hundred dollars. She furnished him with an inventory, it appears, ere she endowed him with her worldly goods. The articles, as they were catalogued, had the price or value affixed to each item, thus: Four beehives, five dollars; five pounds of wax, one dollar; six bushels of flour, three and one-half dollars; one bushel of wheat, one-half dollar; forty-five hens and chickens, one cock, two and one-half dollars; an alabaster image of Our Lady, with the Child Jesus, eighty cents; an oil picture in a frame of gilt, eighty cents; a silver image of Our Lady of Loretto, seventy-eight cents; two images of the Child Jesus, with their shirts and jackets, fifty-six cents; a crucifix, twenty cents; a picture of St. Francis, sixteen cents.

Cervantes was not so unchivalric, however, as he might be thought from

the fact that he made chivalry a laughing-stock. He would not accept this "fortune" for himself, but settled it all on the lady, together with one hundred ducats of his own, earned by his pen. After his marriage he left Madrid to reside in Seville. Nothing is known of his career there for six years, when in the year 1604 he is again found in Valladolid. In that city he and all his household were arrested and flung into prison, because a gentleman had been murdered in the neighborhood of their lodging, which would appear to have been a large apartment house like one of our own. From this disagreeable situation the family were soon released, however, after the inquest, which showed that they knew nothing of the crime. The royal court seems to have been then located in Valladolid, for Cervantes and his family are seen, soon after this incident, following it to Madrid. In that city the author spent the remainder of his life; and it is not unlikely that it was there he composed his great satire.

Petronius, the elegant, remarked that "poverty is the sister of good understanding." Cervantes had his share in both in no small degree. He himself remarks through the mouth of one of his characters, Gines de Pasemont, that "Genius is always persecuted by misfortune." This rather sweeping aphorism must have been forced from him by some particularly severe strain on his patience while he was engaged in the composition of the work. He could get no recognition for his military services, and the republic of letters had so many votaries in his day, abler, some of them—as for instance Lope de Vega, who was much more in demand because more versatile. Disappointed and chagrined, he determined at last to give up court, life and shabby gentility and retire into complete privacy, to cultivate the Muse, almost literally, "on a little oatmeal." He had great difficulty in keeping out

of prison, so deeply was he in debt, and were it not for a small pension granted him by the Bishop of Toledo, and a similar one from the Count de Lemos, he would in all probability, have starved.

However he may have felt about religion in his earlier days, it is certain that, like Wolsey, Cervantes betook himself seriously toward the salvation of his soul when he turned aside from the world to contemplate the higher life beyond. He became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and devoted himself zealously to the obligations thus imposed. It was well that he was thus happily inspired, for in the course of a few months he was taken sick. His illness lasted three weeks. He died in his own home, and so straitened were the family circumstances that his interment was of the poorest kind. It is unknown, in fact, where he was buried. All that is definite about the matter is that it was in the grounds of a convent in Madrid that he was laid to rest. His first biographer, Juan Antonio Pellicer, does not mention the name of the place.

"Don Quixote" was first published in the year 1605, and this is the reason of the coming celebration, the tercentenary of the new age in Spain, as it may be regarded. Pellicer regrets that that new age ever came to Spain. He says in his preface: "A very good book may do much harm—witness 'Don Quixote.' Cervantes extinguished the brilliant ideas of chivalry, and since that period Spain has been on the decline. It is dangerous to cure a people of its chimeras and irregularities when these chimeras form the very essence of its character and that character is a good one. There are certain follies which are worth preserving."

No dictum was ever better justified by the event. Rationalism is the parent of radicalism and materialism, and the progeny of these are, first, infidelity, and then anarchy. Spain has been convulsed

with these again and again since the prognostication was made. So that her fate has frequently been, metaphorically, of that kind described in the first chapter of the "Don" as the knight's dinner on Saturdays—"duelos y quebrantos," which is by some translated "griefs and groans," by others, "sorrows and breakings." For the past century she has experienced more domestic trouble and more foreign disaster than ever before fell to the lot of a single great nation—and all these misfortunes may well be ascribed to the decline of chivalry, if we include in that term a strict adherence to the principles of honor and justice, as we are certainly entitled to do. The several earliest wars, the most fatal of all her troubles, had their origin in a departure from those principles, for had Ferdinand VII not set aside the old fundamental law of the monarchy, the Salic rule, in favor of his daughter, and so shut out the rightful successor, his brother, Don Carlos, there would have been no wars over the matter. It may fairly be deduced that these wars of the succession gave rise to the idea of a republic, for the ferocity with which they were waged by either side was such as to disgust all thinking men with royalty, and engender a desire for that form of rule which enables the people to dispense with such expensive and ruinous luxuries as royal families and courts. Infidelity and Freemasonry, twin curses more deadly even than civil war, have desolated Spain ever since that fatal hour when the example of bad faith was set by a king; and under the laws and ideals of chivalry neither of these plagues could have any serious existence. So that it was no unsound opinion that Senor Pellicer pronounced when giving his verdict on the moral effect of "Don Quixote."

Yet it is strange that the author himself had no intention of writing anything likely to produce so grave a result. His

chief object seems to have been to execute something that was more likely to be successful than the plays and poems—ephemeral things of the day—out of which he had been scraping a haphazard existence. He himself had been a diligent student of the literature of chivalry, and had been more or less affected by its spirit in his early days when he set out to fight against the Paynim. But the stern realities of war seem to have disillusioned him and made him feel that it has a side not altogether noble and heroic. Courtesy is not of much use when fighting cutthroats and pirates; and the horrors of an Algerian prison and the companionship of loathsome wretches in galleys or prison yards must have made him see that the seamy side of life, under conditions of real warfare, was the direct crop and harvest of “glorious war.” His own unhappy experiences figure largely in the pages of the crazy “Don,” and his Sancho Panza would seem to be a study of some other life, one of those whom he had met, probably, in the days of his captivity. To a man of his quick and observant habit there could be nothing more natural than to conceive how strong a picture must be produced by the contrast between the imaginary and the real in the career that seeks “the bubble reputation at the cannon’s mouth.” He appears to have meditated such a work for years before he actually sat down to write it. If he could have foreseen how great a welcome it was to meet, the probability is that it would have seen the light at a much earlier date than it did—for success and money were what he was toiling for.

We hear a good deal, in these unchivalric days, about purpose novels and problem stories. The phrase is misleading, for there never was a story written, or a play, that had not some purpose in view, some problem in life to present. We do not believe that Cervantes had

any deeper object in view than to expose some fallacies regarding military glory, and to exhibit to the world the truth that much of what wars were undertaken to accomplish could be achieved by a recourse to common sense or Christian charity. Perhaps he had a subtle object in view, too, in the drawing of the character of Sancho. He may have wished to convey the lesson that the philosophy which takes life easily and seeks contentment with the things that we have—the simple life, in other words—is more likely to bring happiness than the pursuit of intangible ideas and the yearning for things beyond the grasp of the human mind. A metaphysical meaning may thus underlie the humorous sallies of the gross Sancho—as a profound wisdom is embodied in the animal stories of old Father Aesop.

If “Don Quixote” was an epoch-making book in the overthrow of a moribund chivalry, it does not prove that real chivalry is dead. The unreal lies buried in the Temple churchyard in London, where the mailed effigies of prototypes of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert and Front de Boeuf repose above its tombs. The world was never richer in the chivalry of the Cross than it is now. The full flower and perfection of chivalry was first seen personified in the Redeemer of mankind—since real chivalry means self-sacrifice for the good of others and the succor of the distressed and sorrow-stricken. No land was ever richer than Spain in this sort of chivalry; over all the world it has left its imperishable landmarks. It is the hard fate of noble knights of religion to have their names traduced, their motives misrepresented, their great labors ridiculed and belittled. But so, too, was it with their Divine Master; and they must follow the example set by Him and utter no word of complaint.

In personal character Cervantes would seem to have borne some points of re-

semblance to Shakespeare. Besides being witty he was, despite his vicissitudes and disappointments in life, of a cheerful temperament. His was a brave spirit in more than one sense. He bore his hard luck with great fortitude; and when he was maimed of his left hand in the battle of Lepanto; he jocosely remarked that the mishap made his right one all the better. He never turned his great talents to evil uses—as many a one in similar straits at times has been impelled by hard luck to do; nor does he appear ever to have used his pen to depict his enemies—as the great Florentine did in his poems—as sinners undergoing a merited punishment. There are few literary men who have not secretly paid off old scores, at times, in the depiction of their characters; nothing of this kind seems to have entered into Cervantes' mind; his creatures seem to be,

in the main, purely imaginary and Pickwickian.

But Cervantes was, consciously or unconsciously, an iconoclast. He honestly intended to bring the literature of chivalry into contempt, but in pulling down a pillar he pulled down a national Parthenon. Ideals made Spain great; she was in her zenith when the idealistic was paramount in life. All her really great sons were men of ideals; now she is left alone with the hard and practical, and she has a struggle for bare existence. But she still preserves her religion, and so, as there is life, there is for her still a great hope. She has had her troubles, but they may be—they seem to be—chastening ones. Misfortune, no matter how direful, cannot rob her of her great children—her Murillo, her Velasquez, her Calderon, her Lope de Vega, her Cervantes. These will remain with her as long as the Pyrenees.

The Voice

By Theodosia Garrison

You, at the door of my house,
 From the rage of the storm you call,
 "Open to me, Beloved,
 I falter and faint and fall!
 Open to me, Beloved,
 Set Thy touch on the gate!
 Ah me, that the hand of Love
 Must needs be cruel as Hate!"

Do you think that I do not hear,
 I, who sit housed and warm,
 When the red wine crowns the feast
 And music drowns the storm?
 Only your voice, your voice,
 That I may not answer or wait.
 Ah me, that the hand of Love
 Must needs be cruel as Hate!

ANNUNCIATION—LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTI, FLORENCE.

The Annunciation in Art

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

THERE are few incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin which more plainly show her fitness for the role assigned to her by Almighty God than the Annunciation, and no incident is more appealing to the artistic sense and to religious sentiment.

She was alone, the Blessed Maiden of Israel, some say at prayer, some that she was reading the Scriptures, others that she was engaged in the humble, useful task of mending the household linen. Whatever her occupation, her mind was attuned to the sweet will of God, for when His messenger revealed that will her acquiescence was immediate, her submission complete.

What a perfect picture of the scene is presented by the word-painting of the Gospel story! Its simplicity of language is the only fitting garb for the thoughts

of so great a mystery, and those painters have best expressed the true feeling of the incident who have dealt simply with it. Many have painted it, breathing into it their own conception of its true inwardness. To some its grandeur appeals, to some its sadness, but while many seem to lose the religious significance in the artistic possibilities, others permit the religious depth to overshadow the art, and some combine both religion and art, but these are few.

A favorite subject with the Italian painters of the devotional school, nearly every great Italian of the Middle Ages has left us at least one painting of the Annunciation. From Fra Angelico's brush, dipped in gold, we have three, all similar, all different, all interesting. The one now in the National Gallery, London, is one of his most beautiful works.

Our Lady has been reading the Scriptures and pauses, the sacred volume in her hands, to listen to the words of her angel visitor, who is painted with all the angel painter's skill. The Blessed Virgin is sweet, sad, innocent, quiet; the angel is eager, poising for swift flight; the one is the quintessence of action in doing the will of God, the other of acquiescent hearing of that will. The light and shade is wonderful and the color finer—though the religious sentiment is less marked—than in another picture on the same theme, now in St. Marks, Venice. It is oval-arched, a fresco worn by time, defaced by wind and weather yet still beautiful. The angel is tall and slender, his mantle draped in the stiff lines in which Fra Beato's lines so often fell; his wings are golden, splendid; his halo wrought in such burnished rays as only Fra Angelico's hand could paint; the face so calm as to be almost emotionless. Our Lady kneels, her psalter in one hand, the other folded over it—hands slender and shapely as are the angel's, and with their pointed fingers peculiar to this painter's style. She is a tiny little creature, so small as to seem almost a child, and her haloed head, crowned with closely-bound golden hair, shows delicate features, sweet but far from beautiful and somewhat expressionless. Meek and acquiescent she is, but not so thoughtful as Luca della Robbia's "Angel of the Annunciation," shown as a lunette in the Hospital of the Innocenti, in Florence.

Far removed from the bare simplicity of Fra Angelico's canvas is the Della Robbia terra-cotta, done in that matchless coloring which only that great Florentine knew how to fashion in its fadeless beauty. Around the lunette is a frieze of Della Robbia cherubs, arch, charming little creatures, their childish faces alight with joy. Other cherubs hover about the figure of God the Father, half obscured by clouds, as he sends

forth the Dove of the Holy Spirit upon the chosen Virgin of the Temple.

Bearing a branch of Annunciation lilies in his hand, the angel has surprised Our Lady as she knelt in prayer in one of the courts of the Temple, where, under the cloudless sky of fadeless Judean blue

"The strange, white light that came at morning hour,
The music of the birds, the perfume from each flower,
The soft, gray haze on mountain top and hill,
Nature turned upward to learn the Master's will;
All seemed to herald the dawn of some glad day,
As if fair angels from on high would pass along the way!
Then sweet bud and blossom bent each a lowly head,
Lo, voice of rarest music, 'Hail!' an angel said."

been, and her face is handsome with the well-fed beauty of the Venetian "donna." The background of the painting, superbly done, shows the magnificent columns and arches of the splendid temple, a marvel of perspective with its jasper, marble, and onyx pillars bathed in refulgent light. Fine as are the artistic values, there is little religious sentiment to the painting, and in this respect it resembles Fra Filippo Lippi's "Annunciation," now in the Gallery at Florence.

His Madonna is very unlike that of Veronese, being the simplest of gentle ladies, in her face all youthful innocence, dignity, and gravity. Upon her head is the quaint Florentine head-dress affected by most of the monk-painters' female figures. The lines of the draperies in this painting are particularly effective in long, graceful curves.

ANNUNCIATION—SASSOFERRATO, LOUVRE, PARIS.

Paul Veronese and Luca della Robbia had scarce a point in common save that both were artists, and their portrayals of the Annunciation have as few points of resemblance as the painters. Della Robbia's terra-cotta breathes a sweet breath of simplicity; sunshine and light pervade it, but with a softened glow. Veronese's canvas blazes with riotous sunlight; it is elaborate, gorgeous of color. It is difficult to conceive the stately angel, Gabriel of the Annunciation, as the wildly-flying being pictured by Veronese, albeit the figure is finely executed, virile and alive in every limb. Our Lady, too, is not the gentle maid of Fra Angelico or Della Robbia. Garbed in richest robes, she is older, more matronly than one would ever dream the Virgin of the Temple to have

More devotional, though less artistic, is Giovanni Santi's "Annunciation," a picture in which the chiaroscuro is markedly Umbrian. In the foreground of a fair Italian landscape, where a limpid stream flows between verdant banks upon which grows the stone-pine, beneath a pillared portico stands the Blessed Virgin, in humble attitude, as of one startled to her feet before an unexpected vision. Her hands are meekly folded upon her breast, her head is bowed, her eyes down-drooped; her expression is one of meek acceptance of the revealed word which the angel brings. Unlike the stateliness of Fra Angelico's standing angel or the impetuous flight of Veronese's, the angel of Santi kneels before Our Lady, in one hand the stainless lily, symbol of her spotless purity, the

other raised, one finger pointing heavenward. His hair is dark and cloudy and frames an earnest face full of thoughts of his high mission. Above in the clouds is God the Father, the world in His hand, and—strange conception, seen in no other painting of the Annunciation preserved from medieval times, and indeed in no modern one—the Infant Saviour appears on a cloud, flying toward His mother, bearing in His tiny arms the cross, the sad symbol of His death and man's salvation. Small wonder is it then that this painting of the Annunciation should be sad, that Our Lady's head should be bowed with woe, that her face should seem weighted down with the sorrowful knowledge which makes her acquiescence but more beautiful!

There is a far different spirit shown in the "Annunciation" from Sassoferrato's brush, which smiles down from the walls of the Louvre. Sassoferrato was one who loved strong contrasts. He dealt largely in deep, densely shadowed backgrounds against which his chief figures seemed to stand out with an almost startling distinctness. His Annunciation is no exception to this rule of contrast. Against the velvety darkness of his background, Our Lady and the Angel Gabriel stand out in a rich vigor of color which makes them seem almost alive. They are wonderful figures! Her holy book in her hand, the Blessed Virgin has evidently been absorbed in her devotions when the angel enters with his wonderful revelation of the Divine Will. Her face shows a strange blending of expressions. It is

ANNUNCIATION—MURILLO.

almost Japanese in its type and marvelously beautiful. It is calm without being stolid, dignified without arrogance, sensitive but not emotional, sweet but not insipid, youthful but not childish; indeed, it is one of the most remarkable of all the Virgins of the Annunciation in that it seems to show Our Lady with more sweet cheerfulness of mien than is generally portrayed by the artists who have painted this scene in her life. The angel is a rare creation. What airy grace is his! What perfect beauty of face, pure as the lilies he carries and radiant with joy at the wonderful message he bears. Gabriel the Consoler, happy vocation is his!

Murillo's angel is as unlike Sassoferrato's as is that master's Blessed Virgin. The Spanish artist, too, deals in heavy

clines her head to listen, a sweet expression of submission on her gentle face, which is of a distinctly Spanish type, reminding one a little of Murillo's "Virgin of the Napkin." Painted in Murillo's "calido," or warm style, the picture glows with light, and is one of the most devotional of all his many representations of Our Lady. There is a quaint simplicity about this painting which reminds one of the scene described in the old legend:

"The Angel Gabriel from God
Was sent to Galilee,
Unto a maiden fair and free,
Whose name was called Mary,
And when the angel thither came
He fell on his knee,
And gazing up in the Virgin's face,
He said, "All Hail, Mary!"

Modern painters have little used this subject, its mysticism appealing rather to those devout minds of days gone by, who feared not mysteries because they saw with eyes of truest faith. Some modern paint-

ANNUNCIATION—GIOVANNI SANTI.

light and shade, yet he manages his chiaroscuro differently, using heavy tones at the sides to throw into relief the center of his picture, where all is light, air, breadth. Above, in the refulgent glow from the heavens, float cherubs, enchanting little creatures of light. Gabriel kneels before Our Lady, a fair, angelic figure, winged, beautiful, youthful. Such a tender little maiden is Our Lady, whom Murillo tenderly loved—and loved to paint as young and girlish. She has been reading the Scriptures; beside her the basket of rent linen awaiting repair, as if to show her ready to work as well as pray. With hands clasped upon her breast, she slightly in-

ers, however, have essayed to portray this mystery, most of them regarding it from the artistic rather than the religious point of view, and they have succeeded far better in picturing the angel than in giving us a convincing portrayal of the Blessed Virgin. Burne-Jones' "Angel of the Annunciation" is a beautiful creature, graceful, winged, with earnest face somewhat tinged with sadness, as if feeling the pathos of the message he bore.

Bouguereau's "Annunciation" is pretty, but French—modern French—with scant depth of feeling. Our Lady is graceful, standing clad in soft clinging robes which drape her lithe figure,

but her attitude is affected and her expression sweetly insipid. The angel stands upon a bank of cloud, erect, pointing heavenward with one hand to the Dove which is descending, the other holding an exquisite spray of Annunciation lilies. The figure is far more beautiful than that of the Blessed Virgin, and the face is strong, fine and earnest with purpose, as one of those

"Spirits bright about the throne of God,
Who but to do His sacred will do fly
To earthly climes."

The most satisfactory of all modern "Annunciations" is that by Deger, a German painter of the Dusseldorf school. It is simple and dignified. Both the figure of Our Lady and the Angel Gabriel are graceful, both faces are expressive. There is a sensitiveness in handling the delicate theme and a delicacy of touch which makes the painting appeal to one's senses, religious and artistic.

St. Gabriel stands, or rather floats, upon the clouds, a winged figure of seraphic grace, one hand outstretched as if his message bore with it heavenly benisons. His face, framed in bright, sunny locks, is full of fair thoughts, and its strength is not marred by the sweetness of the lips which breathe the divine message.

Our Lady stands in the glow of light which streams in golden radiance from the Dove of the Spirit in the clouds above. Her attitude is simple and unaffected. Her hands are folded across her breast, her head slightly bowed in reverence; beside her are the Annunciation lilies, fair but not fairer than the lovely face above them, flower-like in its purity. It is the face of the chosen of God, the Virgin Mother, the Queen of Heaven, the glory of all motherhood to the world's end, the pattern and example of all who will to do the will of God and keep themselves, in sweet obedience, "unspotted from the world."

Madrid and Toledo

By REV. M. A. QUIRK



IF it be true that Charles chose Madrid as his capital city instead of beautiful Seville or picturesque Toledo—both rich in glorious memories of his country's past, and hallowed by the footsteps of saints, sages, and heroes—solely because his gout troubled him less in Madrid than elsewhere, he has indeed much to answer for. His choice is the more remarkable since Madrid is admittedly the most unhealthful city in Spain. It is subject to very quick changes of temperature, is swept by cold, bleak winds in winter and is intensely hot in summer. Still, it is a delightful city. Its streets and buildings are all very modern and very clean. Its electric car system is among the best in Europe, and its inhabitants seem to find their greatest pleasure in being helpful to strangers. We quickly learned on our arrival that the city possesses three features which are not surpassed and scarcely rivalled in Europe. The Royal Palace, a third of a mile square, is magnificent and the largest in the world. When Napoleon conquered Spain and was ascending the grand staircase of the palace to install his brother Joseph, he turned to him and said: "My brother, you will be better housed than I." The frescoes in the salons, throne-room, and chapel are by the best artists of Spain. The boy king attends Mass each morning in this chapel.

The royal stables are on a scale quite as extensive as the palace, and contain a fine collection of horses gathered from every corner of the world. We were surprised to see the large number of fine mules in the stables, and later to learn that they are the favorite animals of the Queen Mother—that, in fact, she seldom rides behind horses. The ar-

ray of equipages of every description, from sedan-chairs to grand coaches, included vehicles noted as having been used by many great popes, kings, and cardinals, whose names recalled the glories of the past. As we passed through the stables, we saw a laborer filling baskets with cut straw in a room containing tons of the inflammable material, coolly smoking a cigarette the while. Neither our guide nor the guard with us paid the slightest attention to him, though millions of dollars' worth of rare and priceless treasures surrounded him. Surely, the Spaniards are a placid people.

Near the palace stands the Royal Arsenal, the second of Madrid's most interesting features. Every conceivable kind of weapon as well as all the different styles of defensive armor which men have worn in all ages, are here collected. The trappings of war used during the Crusades and the ages of chivalry are particularly well represented. Armor that no ordinary man could lift is side by side with coats of mail so light and delicately woven that mere boys could use them. Kingly armor is there, inlaid with gold and silver and studded with precious stones. The collection of weapons brought from nearly every part of the globe—from Mexico and Peru to Japan and China—illustrates the standard of excellence attained in metal work by different nations. Curious to know his impressions, I asked an English nobleman how this collection compared with that in the Tower of London. He answered very promptly and frankly: "This is the only complete collection of armor in the world." Among its most interesting exhibits to me were the swords of Cortez and Pizarro, the armor of poor Boabdil, the last of the Moors, the litter

on which Charles V, the most powerful monarch of the sixteenth century, was carried when his feeble body could no longer keep pace with his ambitious spirit, and the coach, fitted like a hearse, in which his demented mother, poor "Crazy Jane," so long carried the dead body of his father, Philip I.

But by far the most attractive spot in all Madrid is the Prado Museum. This art gallery, so little known to the world in general, is conceded by critics to be the finest in all the world. It is not as extensive as the Vatican, the Louvre, the British Museum, or the Uffizzi or the Pitti galleries in Florence, but it contains a greater number of the world's masterpieces than any of them. In the heyday of her splendor, Spain spent money lavishly on art. Churches, convents, palaces, were laden with the best paintings that could be secured. Many of these still adorn the walls for which they were originally intended. La Caridad, a sister's hospital in Seville, has a priceless collection of Murillos, among them "The Thirst," representing Moses striking the rock—one of the very best productions of the great master. Most of Spain's great paintings have been grouped in the Prado gallery. It contains forty-six canvases by Murillo, ten by Raphael, sixteen by Guido Reni, forty-three by Titian, sixty-four by Velasquez, twenty-five by Veronese, thirty-four by Tintoretto, sixty-two by Rubens, fifty-three by Teniers, and a vast number by Zurbaran, Cano, Valdes Leal, and other great artists. Some one has said that if a man knew he would become blind in a year, that nowhere in all the world could he store up so much beauty to comfort his hours of darkness as in the Prado Museum.

Nowhere else is it possible to get so perfect an idea of the Immaculate Conception as from Murillo's marvellous creations at Madrid. The copy in the Louvre is beautiful beyond description,

but those in the Prado are inspired. The paintings of Velasquez, the favorite of Philip IV, are quite as striking as those of Murillo, but are entirely different in character. Velasquez never succeeded in religious subjects, but in portraying the human face he probably never had an equal. His old men seem to live in the canvas, while his dwarfs and caricatures haunt the spectator for days. One whole room is given up to his pictures, and I know of no room equal to it in any other gallery. It was with much regret we learned that, owing to the carnival before Lent, the Prado Museum would be open only for a short time each morning during our last three days in Madrid. We resigned ourselves, for want of something better to do, to the study of the Madrilenos. From noon till midnight, or rather till two o'clock in the morning, all Madrid gives itself up to the carnival. From the king to the beggar, all think of nothing but the carnival. Every kind of work is suspended; all business houses are closed and the Prado is the rendezvous of the entire population. This grand boulevard—over two miles in length and so wide that its name Prado, the field, well describes it—is filled to overflowing with ornamental and fantastic floats representing all manner of queer conceptions; with carriages, from the grand coaches of the royal family and the nobility to the cabs of the tourists. These floats and carriages march and countermarch, six and eight abreast, between two great walls of human beings, half of whom are masked and wear grotesque costumes. The battle of "confetti" and "serpentinās" is kept up for hours with no sign of rudeness and in the best of good nature. The boy king, in a single carriage with one companion, took his chances with the crowd. He was almost smothered with the deluge of "confetti" and wound about with paper ribbons, called "serpentinās," till neither he nor his carri-

age was visible. Yet every day he returned and was among the last to leave the Prado. We saw his carriage threading its way homeward through the crowded streets at dusk, and the ovation he received when recognized, proved his popularity. By no stretch of imagination could Alfonso XIII—the boy not yet nineteen years old, who has been king since his birth—be called handsome. Sallow, thin, and delicate, his bright eyes and kindly smile redeem a face otherwise decidedly weak. Gossip about an alliance for him with an English princess was rife in Madrid during our stay, but a year has passed since then and it still remains gossip only. It would be strange if, after four centuries of bitter national contention, the royal families of Spain and England should again be joined in marriage.

Madrid in holiday attire appeared at its best, and a very beautiful city it is, and scrupulously clean. Every evening, during the carnival, we walked through "confetti" an inch deep. Every morning the streets were glistening from the flood of water with which they had been cleansed during the night. I should perhaps have written morning rather than night, since it is almost daylight before the streets in Spanish cities permit of any cleaning. The liveliest hour in Madrid is two in the morning. The theatres give hourly performances, each hour furnishing a complete play. The first play begins at eight to empty benches; at nine and ten there is a sprinkling of people in the house; at eleven a fair crowd, but the "piece de resistance" begins at midnight and is generally prolonged till nearly two in the morning. At that hour, during the carnival, when the streets were crowded with people coming from the theatres or gathered in the cafes—whose tables filled the side streets until even pedestrians could not penetrate them—bands of musicians from neighboring cities, dressed

in medieval costumes, sang and played in competition with each other and awaited the shower of silver with which the crowd rewarded their efforts.

These musicians were not ordinary beggars, but in many cases staid business men of Saragossa, Toledo or elsewhere, who had cast aside business cares for the nonce and were children again during the carnival. To me the most interesting and impressive part of it all was the absence of all lawlessness, and especially drunkenness. The street cafes were crowded every evening after the parade. The people at the tables drank coffee, smoked cigarettes and gossiped. Aside from coffee, the only other drink seemed to be about a thimbleful of some kind of cordial poured into a goblet of water; this was sipped at intervals, one glassful seeming to last during a whole evening. Even wine, so cheap and abundant in Spain, the natives seem to use very little. They are frightfully intemperate, however, in their use of tobacco and coffee. They drink coffee at all hours and apparently every hour. The clerk who takes his morning cup at nine has another at his desk an hour later, purchased from a street vender. The business men, passing through the streets, pause while a fellow who carries hot coffee, hot milk, sugar and spoons harnessed upon him serves them on the sidewalk. If the Spaniard does not smoke in his sleep, it is his only respite from the habit. I have already mentioned the fellow who was smoking in the king's stables. When leaving Madrid, I was very tired and quite anxious to retire early. Standing in the doorway of my sleeping compartment about midnight, I was making use of my limited command of Spanish to urge the porter to hurry his preparations for the night. Whether my remarks were intelligible or not I cannot say, for his only reply was: "Perdon, senor." Then he

calmly produced a cigarette and lit it, carelessly dropping the ashes on the clean sheets of my bed. Yet he was politeness itself. He simply could not conceive that any one could be in a hurry to retire or could dislike cigarettes.

During our stay at Madrid we made side excursions to Toledo and the Escorial, the one southwest and the other northwest of Madrid, each distant about thirty miles from the capital city. Toledo is another Spanish city whose origin is lost in antiquity. Its inhabitants will assure you not only that St. James the Apostle and Mary Magdalen lived here, but also that it was here Nebuchadnezzar, the great king of Babylon, fulfilled the penance given him by the prophet, Daniel, six hundred years B. C., and for seven years "did eat grass as oxen," and that Tubal Cain, the first blacksmith, founded the celebrated Toledo blade factory. That St. James visited Toledo is quite probable since he certainly preached the Gospel in Spain for seven years. After preaching in Damascus and along the Mediterranean coast, he came in a Greek ship to Galicia, and preached in Arragon, Castile and Andalusia. At Saragossa, legend says, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him poised on a marble pillar, which is still venerated there; a small piece of it is among the most treasured relics of Toledo. The body of St. James, who, returning to the Holy Land, was beheaded by Herod, was brought back to Spain and rests to-day in the shrine of Sant Iago (St. James), at Compostella. Whether Mary Magdalen ever visited Toledo is immaterial. The fact remains undisputed that from the year 67 after Christ, Toledo has been an episcopal see. St. Engenius, who was its first bishop, ruled the diocese from that year to the year 103. He was a contemporary and perhaps a friend of St. John, the beloved disciple.

In the long row of bishops whose portraits line the walls of the chapter house at Toledo, occur the names of Cardinals Ximenes, Mendoza, Don Rodrigo and others well known in Catholic history. The site of the city is most picturesque and reminds one of Jerusalem. Situated on a partially flattened mountain, it is surrounded on all sides by other mountains from which it is separated by the river Tagus, which almost completely encircles it. Before the invention of gunpowder, it must have been well-nigh impregnable. Its climate is so salubrious that it is hard to believe that Charles V found Madrid more merciful to his gouty limbs. The king's decision killed Toledo, which from a city of two hundred thousand people has fallen to a moribund town of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Its royal palace is now a military school. Some one has called Toledo the museum of Spain. Its cathedral, one of the finest in Spain, is still of absorbing interest to the tourist. The main altar, erected in A. D. 1500 in honor of Cardinal Cisneros, rises to the very roof. It is a series of wood panels by twenty-seven artists, portraying nearly all the New Testament. The back of the altar—of strange construction, essentially Spanish—is called a "transparente." It is like an immense sunburst, whose rays are alternately of Carrara marble and gold. Peeping cherubs are seen, and around the edges are grouped angels and saints in marble, while above is a noble group representing the Last Supper.

Separating the sanctuary from the choir is the *reja* (or rood) screen of copper, iron and brass, formerly gilded and silvered. It is the work of an artist of the sixteenth century, who spent ten years in designing it. The Crucifixion which surmounts the center, the royal arms and saintly emblems which adorn the top, the bas-reliefs and statuettes

which stand out on frieze and column, demand close scrutiny to be appreciated. The carving of the choir stalls, seventy in number, was given over to two artists, each taking thirty-five. Berruguete carved the right side of the choir and the Archbishop's throne; Borgona, those on the left. When all was complete, Cardinal Tavera had his decision engraven upon the work: "Certaverunt artificum ingenia; certabunt semper spectantium judicia." (Then did the genius of the artists contend for the victory; forever shall the judgment of spectators continue the battle.)

To this day no one has decided which is the better work. To the cathedral of Toledo were sent for centuries the treasures gathered in Spanish colonies throughout the world. The first gold brought from America by Columbus was fashioned into a monstrance and a throne for it, which was adorned with over two hundred statuettes and incrustated with precious stones—the whole standing ten feet high, and weighing three hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Copes, chasubles and altar vessels, rich beyond description, fill great cases in the same vault, the three different keys of which are kept by three canons of the cathedral. The opening of the vault rises to the dignity of a function. From the treasure-vault we went to the Reliquary, where on all sides, from floor to ceiling, are displayed relics of those, mostly Spanish, who had spent themselves in the cause of religion. Before leaving America I had innocently accepted a commission from a pious religious to touch with a medal all the relics I should see in my travels. In the cathedral of Toledo I resigned my commission, or rather compromised by laying the medal on the relics of some of my favorite saints, such as St. Teresa and St. Ignatius. If Spain never gave to the world any other saints than these and St. Dominic she would be richly entitled

to the world's gratitude. Just beside the Reliquary is a storeroom of the cathedral tapestries, consisting of antependia, various decorations for the sanctuary and church, together with many of the royal tapestries, such as the tent of Ferdinand and Isabella. The few specimens shown us of the great piles of precious embroideries—packed like ordinary goods in one of our department stores—held us in admiration until the caretaker could not be bribed to remain longer. It seems a pity that a wealth of religious ornaments which would reflect glory upon the great functions of any modern cathedral should be hidden away in this dead old city.

Toledo has been called the Pompeii of Spain, destroyed not by volcanic eruption, but by the whim of a monarch! Its deserted streets are as narrow, as crooked and ill-paved as those of Jerusalem. Only foot traffic is possible through most of them, and the tourist without a guide is soon bewildered and lost. We visited a boys' orphan asylum. The little inmates with their long hair, their calico aprons and their gentle, timid ways, seemed more like girls than boys. They were playing with a soft ball, rolling it along the ground or bounding it with a flat bat against the walls. We secured one of the balls and showed them how American boys throw and catch, and also how to play handball. They were frightened at first when they saw the force with which we threw the ball from one to another. Then they became interested, and when we passed the asylum later they were hard at it, trying to learn to throw and catch. We also visited a private school for girls, who were reciting the lesson in common in a sing-song sort of way. Schools in the smaller towns are rather crude affairs, but in the larger cities the academies and colleges are quite up-to-date. In passing through one of the narrowest streets of Toledo,

we found, set into the niche in the front wall of a house, a small statue of the Mater Dolorosa. The statue had become noted in local legend as securing a husband within a twelvemonth for every girl who made an offering at the shrine. The number of bouquets and other offerings became so great that the statue was no longer visible, and the authorities were finally compelled to place a fine wire screen before the niche.

The only specimen of Moorish architecture in Toledo is the church Santa Maria Blanca, formerly a Jewish synagogue; and the dazzling white of its beautiful walls, covered over with delicate tracery, easily suggests its name, Blanca. The church of St. John of the King's, now being restored after the great injury done to its nave and cloister by Napoleon's soldiers, is principally interesting for the great number of chains which hang upon its exterior walls—the shackles stricken from Christian prisoners when the Catholic kings conquered the Moor at Granada.

The Catholic tourist turns away from Toledo with a feeling of great sadness, so much has he seen of the ancient glory of Catholic Spain, and so plain is it that as time goes on these evidences of the past must become obscure or obliterated through neglect or the inability to keep them. The Spanish people, particularly their rulers, seem, like children, to be ever seeking some new toy. Charles V, great sovereign and soldier that he was, must have a new capital. Philip II, his son, must needs have another, and he built the Escorial in honor, it is said, of his father, but it is really the monument of Philip himself. With the grand cathedral at Toledo and the Escorial, either one worthy of the coronation of any prince the world has ever known, the present regime must needs build another, and so St. Francis the Grand has been recently erected in Madrid for coronation ceremonies. It

is a beautiful building, but a mere chapel compared to either of the others. All that is grand and glorious and holy in Spanish history, rises like sweet incense when one enters the noble church at Toledo. The Escorial and its builder, Philip II, stand out in Spanish history distinct from all that precedes or follows. Philip is one of the strangest, and at the same time, one of the most maligned characters in history. The fact that he occupied the throne during the most turbulent period of the Reformation—the period when, as Count Joseph de Maistre says, all history was an organized conspiracy against truth—accounts for the false interpretation placed upon his acts. He was master of half of Europe, and anxious to dominate it entirely. He wished to restore to Catholicity the nations separated from the Church by the Reformation, and he married Queen Mary of England who had once been betrothed to his father. After her death he sought the hand of her sister, Elizabeth, who hesitated for a while, but finally threw herself and England in with the Protestant powers. Then, Philip sent his Invincible Armada. When storms destroyed his ships before they could reach England, Philip took their loss as calmly as he had the news of his great victory over the Turks, at Lepanto.

We were very much interested in the Escorial, which he built about thirty miles northwest of Madrid. It is, indeed, a "mountain of granite," a leviathan of architecture, and Spaniards have some foundation for their claim that it is the eighth wonder of the world. It is at once a royal palace, a cathedral, a monastery, a university, a museum, a library, and a mausoleum. The church is severely plain, but its lines are graceful and its cold stone dome, majestic. The palace, no longer in use, is furnished in royal style, while the tapestries, which cover all the walls, are among the finest

in existence. The designs are by Goya, and the needlework is worthy of the artist's conception of his subjects.

The library is rich in volumes, sacred and profane, of every age and country. The curious custom of setting the books with the backs inward and the title and volume printed on the edges of the leaves is observed through the entire library. The Pantheon, which runs under the sanctuary and nave of the church, contains the tombs of Spanish royalty. Why a Catholic country should call its royal graveyard the Pantheon (dedicated to all the gods) passes comprehension, but the tombs themselves and their settings surpass any I have seen elsewhere. It is a long corridor, intersected by side halls, rotundas and chapels. Floors, side walls and arched ceilings are in beautiful marble, panelled in various colors and ornamented with onyx, alabaster and other rich materials. Statues of angels and saints, crucifixion groups, crosses inlaid with jewels, coats of arms of various Spanish houses, decorate the walls, while several altars are erected in the different chapels. The main rotunda is lined with niches, in each of which rests a black marble coffin containing the remains of a king or the mother of a king. All the other royal personages are confined in white marble with simply the name inscribed within a golden wreath and often a short verse from the Scripture. The whole mausoleum is as simple and chaste as it is rich. Philip II is buried here with only his name upon his coffin, but the whole great structure, which goes by the simple name Escorial, is his monument.

Proud as he justly was of his grand work, he lived in its meanest cell. There he died in September, 1598, and with him went out the glory of Spain. One by one, after his death, she lost her colonies; Belgium, the Netherlands, Naples, Milan, Mexico, Peru, the colonies in Africa and the Indies, slipped

from her grasp, till the list was completed in the loss of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Those with whom we talked in Spain seemed very little concerned over their loss. The manner in which it was accomplished is a wound to their great pride, but they claimed that all the profits of the colonies went to the favored few, while the nation at large bore the heavy taxes resulting from their possession and was constantly sending the best of her youth to defend them.

Taxation in Spain has decreased rapidly since 1900 notwithstanding the expenses of her wars with the colonies and with the United States.

We repeatedly asked the question: Has Spain a future? Everywhere we met an enthusiastic reply in the affirmative. Spain has immense mineral and agricultural resources as yet undeveloped. Her wealthy men have always scorned trade and manufactures; now, however, that their income from the colonies has ceased, they are becoming interested in business ventures at home. Foreign capital from America, England, France and Belgium is seeking investment in mines, manufactures and railroads. The dons and grandes are beginning to wake up. The Spanish laborer is not lazy, but he works in proportion to his pay, which is from twenty to thirty cents a day. At Gibraltar, where the British pay four shillings (the equivalent of an American dollar) the laborers are mostly Spaniards, and they are as energetic as the English and Irish laborers beside them. When Spain discards the crooked stick for a steel plow and the threshing floor of the time of Abraham for an American machine, her fertile fields will compete in the world's markets, and her people, strong in faith, innocent in soul and frugal and temperate in their habits, will win economic victories in the twentieth century as glorious as those more heroic ones of the eighth or the fifteenth.

The Angel of the Schools

Panegyric on St. Thomas Aquinas, by Rev. P. L. Domenico Toncelli, O. P.

Delivered at the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, Rome, March 7, 1903

Translated from the Italian by Edith R. Wilson



MY FRIENDS:

Perchance in your historical reading, you may have observed a fact which, while it might escape the notice of many, could not pass unregarded by those who follow with interest the development of the political, social, and religious life of nations.

Let us premise that the life of a nation is like that of an individual—it has, that is to say, its intervals of conflict and of violent strain, of calm and of ebullition. Now, precisely when a people enters upon one of these periods of transition; when a feeling of revulsion toward the past, restlessness in the present (perhaps under the pressure of a foreign yoke) seizes upon them; when the sense of the near approach of a new era is more or less dimly present to the consciousness of all; if, I say, at such a juncture, there appear before this people a leader, a man fitted to mould, ready to direct the new world of thought, forceful to impress upon it the stamp of a new order, of a new social equilibrium—this man becomes a true centre of force. He is the day-star whose beams irradiate the world. His word is its inspiration. He is the genius to whom the age pays homage.

It was precisely in one of these crises that European society found itself in the thirteenth century. A twofold element contended at close quarters for the supreme dominion of the cultured world. The old element, the heritage of barbarian invasions, not free from debasing customs, leavened by the influences of feudalism; and confronting it, the new, advancing with well-nigh irresistible

ardor. The modern element conquers, the old order changes. Then arise diets, parliaments, communes, republics.

Never were the arts more ably handled; never had science or philosophy been studied with more subtlety or profundity. In this century arose the universities of Paris, Oxford, Bologna, Naples. This century gave to France St. Louis and the French Legislature, to England, Edward I and the enfranchisement of the English Commons. It was, in a word, the century which opened with the birth of Innocent III and closed with the death of Dante Alighieri.

But the age had need of a tutelary genius, a leading spirit, a light whose beams should illumine, sunlike, all lesser lights. Such a personality as should reduce to one single principle, religion, science, politics, and art. This genius it found in our Italian, Thomas of Aquin, flower of the Dominican Order. It is no light task to portray a saint, much less him who was the most learned among the saints and most saintly among the learned—but duty imposes it upon me and I will speak as I am able. I have read his life, I have studied his age, and there appears to me upon the brow of Thomas a twofold light, the light of purity and of learning, the admiration of men and angels—"Spectaculum factus angelis et hominibus." In other words, Thomas is the presiding genius who rises with his learning to direct the trend of his age, already turned towards the good, the beautiful, and the true.

The explanation of this statement will form to-day a wreath of praise for him to whom the Church presents her hom-

age amid the perfume of her incense and her prayer.

Amid all the virtues which, flowerlike, adorn the mystical garden of the Church, Chastity reigns as queen. Purity of life raises the creature above the material world, ennobles and transforms him. Tertullian speaks of it as of "angelic birth;" and St. Paul, with still more forcible phrase, denominates it the "wonder of angels." "Spectaculum * * * angelis." Chastity attracts us sweetly by the celestial perfume which it diffuses. It fascinates and wins us to itself, and when we see upon the face of a created being, the gentle smile, the modest glance, that ineffable touch of the divine, which according to Tacitus shines through the flesh and illumines it, we say justly: "It is an angel."

My friends, so would he have spoken who had visited, six centuries ago, the Castle of Rocca Secca, ancient feudal hold of the Lords of Loreto and of Belcastro. Here was born Thomas of Aquin. He was a child of calm and gentle aspect, and albeit his biographers are sparing of the information they transmit as to his infancy and adolescence, yet all agree in saying that none of those instinctive passions which are the sad heritage of our corrupt and defiled nature, arose to disturb the serenity of his soul. We read of him that one day he held in his tiny hand a scrap of paper to which he clung so tenaciously that it required no little effort to obtain it. Finally his mother, Theodora, succeeded in gaining possession of the card, and read thereon the words, "Ave Maria." Amazed, she returned it to the impatient child, who forthwith swallowed it. You may call this a mere nursery tale; but to me it reveals the first gleam of that genius which was soon to manifest itself to all.

Not far from Rocca Secca may be seen to-day a colossal edifice, of which however only traces of its former grandeur remain. It stands like an ancient oak,

rugged and venerable, stricken and blasted by the lightning of our all-destructive age. What Italian but recalls with noble pride the name of Monte Cassino? Monte Cassino, which stood forth as a beacon through the night of the dark ages; which lifted itself as a rock against the engulfing waves of an approaching barbarism—Monte Cassino, whose very name gives the lie to the traducers of monasticism.

A child of five, Thomas Aquinas, like a new Samuel, entered the calm of that cloister to be educated therein. The wisdom of to-day finds this custom barbarous and illiberal. It would "emancipate" science from piety—say rather, divorce them, separate the instruction of the mind from the education of the heart, the mental from the moral. But what are the fruits of this supposed advance? Where are the tokens of a purer, nobler youth which should gladden the family and the fatherland? Let our magistrates make answer.

In this tranquil retreat within the convent cloister the childhood of our saint was passed. Grace went hand in hand with each opening year. The boy seemed grave, with a quaint maturity of judgment. The breath of the outer world, its promises, its glories, the splendors of the noble family of the Conti d'Aquino, had not thrown their ensnaring charm upon his guileless heart. That solitary mount, that silence, the austerity of that cloistered life, had filled his soul with their secret sweetness.

Nature spoke to him of God with the voice of its winds and waves, the language of its sunshine and shadow, the symbolism of flower and fragrance; all, all were eloquent of God. Harken to the sweet word she first addressed to his childish heart, the solemn problem which holds him agitated! "What is God? Show me His beauty! Speak to me of Him that I may know and love Him!" He treads those silent cloisters,

wanders under those Gothic arches in search of some one who may answer: "Calm thyself, little one, for none can satisfy thy desire. Yet shall that fair day dawn when thou shalt wake to find thyself immersed in that ocean of infinite light. Better than another, thyself shall tell us wisely, 'Who is God' and to whom shall we liken Him, and God Himself from the Cross shall whisper thee, 'Well hast thou written of me, O Thomas!'" But we must not anticipate his history.

After five years of prayer and study, so rapid was the progress of the youthful Thomas that the thought was entertained of sending him to the University of Naples. Then, as now, there lacked not the scandals of a ribald and riotous student life. But all pointed to the young Conte d'Aquino as one who, amidst the luxury and seductions of the gay metropolis, lived an angelic life. For six whole years behold Thomas intent upon the study of letters and philosophy. At Naples he gathers knowledge of the world and its ways, its love of vanity, thirst for riches, brutal license, corrupting slime. Thomas is appalled. He seeks some spot far from the restless world, and a desire already kindled in his heart revives with fresh ardor.

What is this newly awakened impulse? Let us see. One day, at Naples, a youth sought admittance at the convent gate of San Domenico. The gate is opened. With folded hands, eyes modestly lowered and countenance pallid with emotion, the youth prostrates himself at the altar. A white-robed "frate" interrogates him. "What wilt thou?" "I will to follow Jesus Christ." "But to follow Jesus Christ one must renounce the life of the world, bid farewell to the joys of family life and to the pride of titled ancestry. Art thou prepared for this?" "Yes, I wish it so." Then the youth was clad in coarse serge. Do you know him, my friends? This is the son of Landolfo,

Count of Aquin, Lord of Loreto and Belcastro; the great-nephew of Frederic Barbarossa, the nephew of Henry IX of Germany, the cousin of Emperor Frederic II, the descendant on his mother's side, of Norman princes; this youth is Thomas, who, at the feet of St. Dominic, exchanges the sword and coronet of the Counts of Aquin for the humble cowl of a monk.

At home his family await him, but in vain. The father rages in anger and threatens him with his wrath; the anxious mother follows him to Naples and then to Rome. Vain attempt! His brothers capture him on the confines of Etruria. The old tower serves as his prison, his sisters act as gaolers. The tenderness of affection, the potency of tears, stern threats—none of these avail to move his purpose. Another more terrible test remains.

It was a winter's night. The heavy logs still burned in the chimney-piece of the apartment where for over a year Thomas had remained incarcerated. Serene as an angel, he kept vigil reading the Holy Scriptures. Profound silence reigned around. Suddenly a light foot-fall is heard. The door, touched by an unknown hand, opens, and radiant with seductive beauty the temptress stands before him, wanting no charm to bewitch a frail son of Eve. At the sight, Thomas springs to his feet shuddering. What shall he do? Escape? But whither? The night is dark, the brothers watchful, the castle is guarded. On his brow plays a gleam of noble scorn. He who had suffered with patience the trials of imprisonment, awakes, terrible as a lion, in his wrath. A burning brand is the weapon with which he turns upon his seductress. With a cry of terror, the impure phantasm vanishes in the darkness. Thomas marks a cross upon the bare wall with the smoking brand and falls upon his knees before the blessed sign.

Never had heaven witnessed a fairer victory! Angelic purity is a flower that springs spontaneously from a fair and fitting soil; but human purity is a fruit hard-wrung from an ungrateful earth, the result of long toils and combats—sometimes bleeding and cruel ones—the combats of brave souls. Such heroism attracts the admiration of angels. So it happened to the pure spirit of Aquinas. A mysterious sleep steals upon him, a sleep of ecstasy. Two angels sent from heaven bend before him, gird him with the girdle of strength, token of a chastity that shall suffer no stain. Thomas appears truly like a third angel between them. Emulating the purity of the angels has rendered him, in the words of Tertullian, “angelic even as to the flesh.”

But our saint is not only a wonder to the angels through the purity of his life; he is a wonder to men as well. Behold the second crown which the Church has placed upon the head of Thomas of Aquin! Liberated from prison by a stratagem on the part of the two sisters—won over through his influence—Thomas flees to Naples, from Naples to Rome, thence to Cologne. Here the greatest scholar of his age awaits him, Albertus Magnus, who for the number of his scholars was obliged to teach in the public square. His fellow-students noting the heavy frame and modest reserve of the humble “frate,” mockingly call him the “dumb ox.” At length the “dumb ox” spoke. The cloud which had veiled his genius soon melted away and a flood of clear and steady light poured forth, filling master and pupils alike with admiration. Albertus Magnus exclaimed: “The bellowing of this ox will resound some day from one end of the world to the other.” My friends, this master was a prophet.

At the age of nineteen Thomas wrote his “Commentaries on the Morals of Aristotle,” at twenty-two he was ap-

pointed successor to the chair of Philosophy and Scripture at Cologne, and at twenty-five, although under the prescribed age, was proclaimed doctor of the University of Paris. His word is an oracle; the most famous universities of Europe vie with each other to obtain him as a master. From all points his opinion is sought for the decision of the most difficult questions. Popes seek his acquaintance and shower eulogies upon him. Alexander IV calls him a “Treasury of Knowledge.” Clement offers him the highest dignities. Urban names him Archbishop of Naples, and although he refuses the honor, calls him from Paris to Rome and wishes to have him beside him. And Thomas speaks, writes, dictates to three or four persons conjointly, and from his mind proceeds a stream of divine light that irradiates all whereon it rests. Under its luminous action Job, the Psalms, the Gospels, the Epistles of St. Paul receive new clearness. The Sentences of Peter Lombard, the treatise of Boethius on the Trinity, the Mystical Book of the Divine Names, become, through his pen, accessible to all. The “Catena Aurea” is for him a heaven of purest light in which are concentrated the divergent rays cast upon the Gospels from the luminous minds of Greek and Latin Fathers.

But it is not here, my friends, that I would stay your attention. A wider horizon irradiated by the genius of Aquinas opens before us; let us contemplate its charm. Genius has a threefold irradiation. It sees; it synthesizes; it creates. It apprehends the sentiments and needs of its age, and from that combination of needs and sentiments seems, as it were, to strike a spark of light. This is its first endowment. Genius reviews the past, beholds the present and divines the unknowable future; unites the opinions, tendencies, doctrines of all times; organizes them in a vast synthesis. Behold its second endowment. Finally, the

ideal apprehended and synthesized takes visible and concrete form and becomes the monument of its own power, which the centuries cannot touch.

My friends, let us study together this threefold irradiation in Thomas, and the genius of Aquinas will appear in all its splendor. Thomas apprehends the sentiments and needs of his age. The needs of the thirteenth century may be reduced to three. Metaphysical, political, artistic. First of all, let us consider metaphysics. Never has a more spontaneous, universal impulse been felt than in that century to enter into the arena of science and achieve great conquests, but the science of those times was not free from errors. Many tenets of pagan philosophy, imperfectly understood, led to pantheism, materialism, even atheism. The century was too Catholic (pardon the expression) and yet too servile. It was not willing to sacrifice the Gospel to philosophy, nor yet philosophy to the Gospel. So they compromised. It was said that a truth might be philosophically sound and theologically unsound. Which is equivalent to saying there is no harmony betwixt faith and reason. It was needful to disprove this accusation. Thomas apprehended this need and called to his aid the philosophy of paganism, stamped upon it the imprint of his own creative genius, irradiated it with the light of faith, took from it the reproach of scepticism, and consecrated it as the noble handmaid of theology. Thomas did not make science the slave of dogma, nor do we. We approve the autonomy of science. But this does not prevent it from ministering to the moral well-being of humanity, even to its supernatural well-being. The genius of Thomas has so consecrated it. Do not avert your eyes, my friends, nor call me a retrogressionist if I applaud the philosophy of the Middle Ages placed at the service of theology. Plato, Democritus, Pythagoras, Cicero, Socrates,

Seneca, the long train of pagan philosophers, make a cortege around the chair of Christian philosophy, but preeminent stands Aristotle, the supreme master of the thirteenth century, the idol of the schools. To overthrow his influence would have been impossible, so great was the admiration for him. It was necessary to vindicate his teaching from the fallacies and sophistries of the Arabs. To Christianize him was what the needs of the thirteenth century demanded. Thomas girded himself for the arduous task. With giant hardihood he opposed to the schools of Avicenna and of Averroes his own teaching and that of the Master, and so the Aristotle of Avicenna and Averroes becomes the Aristotle of Albertus Magnus and of St. Thomas—the Christian Aristotle. The astonished world beheld this transformation for whose accomplishment two of the most noted Roman consuls, Boethius and Cassiodorus, had vainly labored in the sixth century; which Alexander of Hales had undertaken, Vincent of Beauvais, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, and many another had striven after. But amidst this galaxy, Thomas shone as a sun amid stars.

The second need of the thirteenth century was that of political reform. A halting, ill-conceived legislation, based on the usages of the Vandals and Lombards—the relics of a proud and warlike people,—was the only code of Europe. Thomas undertook the total reform of that code, and wrote a treatise on the laws. He speaks with admirable wisdom of rights and duties, penalties and rewards. Social life takes a new form under his inspired pen. These laws were taught in schools and universities, the only homes of learning in those days. They were given to France by St. Louis and finally applied to the reform of the whole civil world. And there was need of

it, my friends! After the death of Frederic II (worthy heir of the hatred against the Church which characterized his uncle Barbarossa), it appeared as if European society awoke to a new life. God Himself laid His hand upon the nations, shook off the incubus of feudalism, and placed the people on the way of progress. Poland and Hungary became free; Spain liberated herself from the ambitious aims of foreign nations; Prussia, aided by the sword of the Teutonic knights, began to lift up her head; France proclaimed the independence and integrity of her territory and enlarged her frontiers; Italy withdrew herself from the civil war maintained between Guelph and Ghibelline; Naples separated herself from the Empire; Genoa, Milan, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, and Ferrara, jealous of their individual liberties, lifted themselves up to break the chains wherewith the Empire held them bound; Venice, under its aged Doge, Enrico Dandolo, attained to power of the first order by its conquests in the Orient. But all these powers stood in need of a just legislative guidance, whereby to preserve the balance of liberty and good order. Thomas of Aquin, powerful by reason of his scientific achievement, presented a volume on Political Order in which he sets forth religion as the sole principle of progress and life, the prime mover and only curb of the supreme power. He examines all, he discusses all with such vigor and acuteness as to awaken universal admiration. Montesquieu makes use of these principles, and Victor Cousin eulogizes the politics of Aquinas for its marked freedom from all servility of spirit. Honor to the genius who from his cell directed the politics of his age!

The last need of the thirteenth century was the reform of art. The arts, at that period, had perhaps attained the grandeur of the Etruscans, the lively and perfect naturalness of the Greeks, but they lacked that which most concerns and

delights us—the ideal which illuminates them, which is the reflection of the infinite upon the finite, of the Divine upon the human. Thomas brought science to bear upon art, of which the latter is the application. He ennobled them with the types of the beautiful and sublime, of which his theology is full. As science owed its strength and progress to its union with faith under the pen of genius, so the fine arts, associated with theology, reached the highest point of their progress. I do not exaggerate when I say that Thomas, by means of theology, raised Christian art to the pinnacle of its glory. At the close of the thirteenth century, architecture was completely transformed. This is the period in which the Gothic style dominated in the Church. It is the period, par excellence, of that sublime and mystical architecture in which, above all, God is found. Cimabue and Giotto give a new and powerful impulse to painting. Whence do they draw their motifs? From the poem of Dante. But the Beatrice of Dante is more truly the theology of St. Thomas than the daughter of Foleo Portuari. Ah, were I a painter, I would depict the genius of Aquinas, and on either side, as if paying him homage, poetry and painting—Dante and our own Angelico, of Fiesole, the two gifted beings who, better than all others, knew how to grasp and express the ideal of the beautiful in St. Thomas. Dante should stand in the act of offering him the “*Divina Commedia*,” Angelico of presenting him his palette and brushes. From that poem, my friends, and from the painting of the Blessed one of Fiesole, how clear and luminous does the principle become which is the foundation stone of all St. Thomas’ esthetics. “Beauty is the glory of the Divine Word reflecting itself upon the creature.”

The second irradiation of genius is its insight into past and future. Mirror of the first, it becomes prophet of the second, for, my friends, genius does not be-

long to one age or epoch only; the genius is not the man of his age only, but the man of all time, because all share in his luminous action. Thus it befell the genius of Aquinas. He does not, like the authors of profane philosophy, dazzle us with the novelty of the systems which their name recommends. He is not a Plato, a Descartes—a Leibnitz, who proscribes the past. No, Thomas darts therein like an eagle, penetrates the recesses of its thought with undaunted ardor, bringing to light the true in every age and school (for every age and school possesses some ray of true wisdom), be they pagan authors, neo-platonists or Arabic. It matters not since truth suffices. Mathematics, physics, geometry, psychology, he embraces all in his glance, confronts all, harmonizes all. He constrains all to tender homage to the faith. O St. Thomas, why wert not thou born in my age—in the age of progress and science that boast themselves contrary to the faith? Who knows how the genius of Thomas Aquinas would have possessed itself of modern science to render it subject to faith? We strive so to do, but in the immense field of knowledge wherein theology enters, there lacks that systematic information as to what has been done during a half century past which would enable us to realize the proven harmony between progressive human science and the immutable divine; the harmony, I repeat, of those very sciences which are vaunted as subversive of the faith.

We have reached the third irradiation of genius. The ideal apprehended, synthesized, takes external form, and we behold before us an imperishable monument which resists all the attacks of time. A monument! Are not the broad "piazzas" of the fair city, Rome, filled with countless monuments? I do not depreciate them—their beauty—their usefulness. But the fairest monument,

before which my soul inclines, is the one which each prepares and builds of himself. Thus does genius—thus did Thomas. Before his time, theology lacked a truly philosophic exposition; distinct doctrines lay, as it were, scattered, not unified, awaiting the touch of a master-hand which should coordinate them and form of the various parts a stupendous whole. Bearing in his grasp the Bible and Aristotle, the inspired architect constructs the "Summa Theologica," the sublime monument of a wisdom human and divine, "the greatest monument," says Didon, "which theology has raised to the Incarnation." The three parts of this gigantic work form three synthetic "beholdings," or visions. I. The Divine vision: God gazes beyond or without Himself and beholds creation, the angels, the stars, man, His masterpiece. What beauty of form! What wealth of conception! II. The human vision: The gaze of man returns to God and behold the drama of the Passion! The spectacle of humanity that, wearied, disillusionized, yearns after God, its supreme Good. III. The Christ-vision: The God-man beholding God and man, whom He has reconciled, bound in a strait alliance of love. Behold, my friends, the mighty work, which for thirteen centuries the Church awaited. It comprises over three thousand articles (John XII calls them so many miracles), over six hundred points of discussion, fifteen thousand or more arguments and difficulties resolved. Nothing escapes the mind of the Angel of the Schools—neither the stringent forms of dialectics, nor the laws of physiology; neither the profound truths of psychology nor the subtleties of metaphysics. "It is a work for all time," said Albertus Magnus; and here, too, he was a prophet. No rival has arisen or will arise to destroy the work of Aquinas, who for six centuries has extended his sceptre over the realm of philosophy. In the magnificent fresco

of Taddeo Gaddi at Florence, Thomas sits enthroned, surrounded by an aureole of glory. Around him are prophets and ancient sages who crown him with light; human science sheds a feebler ray about his feet, while below, the enemies of dogma stand bound, confused and mute—a beautiful tribute which none has gainsaid, from his contemporaries to the present day. Three centuries later Luther, Calvin, Zwingle arise; but in the Council of Trent the Summa of St. Thomas stands beside Holy Bible as the impenetrable shield of faith, impenetrable against the enemies of Christ. "Destroy Thomas," they said, "and we will destroy the Church." It is a blasphemy, my friends, for the Church of God would endure without Thomas' aid, but it is a blasphemy which demonstrates the power of his genius.

Six centuries have passed, and for awhile it seemed as if the star of Aquinas would be eclipsed by the splendor of modern science. But this science which promised such great things has produced but a few brilliant scintillations. Cousin and Jules Simon are among its brightest lights. But the calm, steady light of Thomistic philosophy irradiates even to-day the world of science and thought, like the beacon whose steadfast rays guide the poor mariner driven hither and thither on a seething sea. To this beacon we must turn our gaze if we would avoid greater confusion in the intellectual world—social and intellectual anarchy. Leo XIII, with deep wisdom, declared Thomas the Angel of the Schools. He is, as it were, the mystic sun whose beams dispel the clouds with which a Godless science would darken the grand problems that interest humanity. Oh, let us welcome the presence of this good angel, this angel of purity amid youthful license, from whom Italy expects so much! Let us welcome him to our schools, our academies, our universities! Let us wel-

come him in our politics and our art, and may he be the sovereign genius of the twentieth century as he was of his own. The need is as great. Science, politics, the arts, leave much to be desired. Much progress has been made in empirical science, and I rejoice in it. Modern thought is nourished on facts beyond which it has no desire to occupy itself, but there are certain questions of vital import concerning which science cannot exempt itself from vouchsafing us some answering word. And in this direction we have made no progress save towards scepticism. In regard to these problems, whose solution interests both the learned and the unlearned, science replies to-day as it did two hundred or three hundred years ago.

Nor is there less need to recall the arts to pure and elevated ideals, to those ideals whence true taste develops. The type is lost—if you will allow me to speak frankly. If you would see to-day a very masterpiece of beauty, you must return to the halls and to the age of Aquinas, where the sublime conceptions of an art founded on religious inspiration expressed themselves in forms of true beauty. Alas, to-day, art in an environment of cold naturalism, draws its motifs from sources low and repellant, and has naught to attract, to elevate it to the stainless beauty of the divine ideal. Even in political life we grovel. I am not in parliament nor a politician, but that does not forbid me to reprove the wrong wherever it be found. With all our efforts of the past forty years, we have not succeeded in making Italy a land of peace and liberty. Factions increase, institutions are imperilled; statesmen are unable to raise a barrier against the advancing tide of anarchism; thirty-three millions of men are not controlled by Utopianisms, but require a basis stable and divine. So Thomas foresaw. But they take no thought of

Him Who dwells on high. They will not acknowledge religion as an essential element of national life. They do not wish to acknowledge what the most ordinary legislators even prior to Jesus Christ perceived: "Without God no society."

My friends, the triple light of genius, the light which directed and promoted science, illuminated political life and elevated art, kindles itself afresh in the dawning twentieth century. Our Italy has no need to envy the stranger—the

stranger has rather need to envy Italy. No one can tear from her the sceptre of thought, the crown of learning and of Faith—two stars which God has placed in our fair Italian skies. Ah, let Italy be grateful to Aquinas, venerate his memory, promote his cultus, raise aloft an arch of triumph to him, beneath which purified science, politics, art, may pass. Aloft engrave in bold characters: "Italy, to her philosopher and theologian, the Angel of the Schools!"

Ireland

By P. J. Coleman

Beneath the silver Northern star,
Where wild Atlantic surges foam,
Green-robed and beautiful, afar
Shineth my heart's beloved home.

Before her lies, with outlook vast,
The splendid sweep of sunset skies—
Her gray face turned unto the past,
But youth immortal in her eyes.

And like a banshee wails the wind
Above her princes' sepulchres,
Where tower and temple call to mind
The majesty that once was hers.

Her voice is sad with sob and moan,
Her harp is broken at her knee;
But still she sings of glories flown,
And dreams of glories yet to be.

And shrill o'er shrieking wind and surge
And loud above the wintry gale,
Rings out her immemorial dirge,
As east and west her children sail.

Rings out her coronach of woe
The billows' angry roar above,
And west and east to exile go
The nurslings of her tender love.

They go, despite her bitter tears,
To blazon broad her spotless name,
To fill with gallant deeds the years,
And write in golden light their fame,

Wherever Truth's or Freedom's cause
Needs falchioned arm or fearless heart,
Unmindful of the world's applause
To play the hero's noble part.

To march abreast with earnest men,
The wrong to curb, the right to shield;
And do with loyal voice and pen
Their duty in the mart and field.

But still o'er wild Atlantic's surge
Rings out her immemorial wail,
Rings out the mournful mother's dirge
As east and west her children sail.

At thought of her, from feeling's fount
How many an eye in exile fills!
How many a heart with pride doth mount,
How many a patriot bosom thrills!

How many a knee to heaven bends
To bless with peace her saintly shore!
How many a fervent vow ascends
Her youth's bright splendor to restore!

What love-songs wreathe her exiles' lips
When dreaming of her tender smile!
And many a hand in fancy grips
The blazing Sunburst of her isle!

For her still falls affection's tear
At alien hearths, by happy fires,
And hosts of lovers long to hear
The battle-trumpet of their sires.

Yea, for its blast would move the waves
To yield her legions there that bleach,
And from a million scattered graves
A million hands for swords would reach.

And noble hearts in noble lands
With generous zeal in her behalf
Would glow, to free her fettered hands
And write her Emmet's epitaph.

The lamp of faith, wherewith of old
She kindled Europe's starless night,
Still in her unrelaxing hold
Doth burn with undiminished light.

She braved the dungeon, axe and rope
For Christ with constancy sublime,
And held her heritage of hope
Through endless agonies of time.

And still, where'er their lot is cast,
Ascends to God her children's cry
That He will guerdon her at last,
And guard her from His throne on high;

Till Freedom from her home above
Shall bid her ancient sorrow cease,
And link with golden bonds of love
The lands in universal peace.

The Defeat of the Shadow

By RHODES CAMPBELL

THE day was hot. I was tired, and my head throbbed. The delicate design over which I had bent all day looked crude and unfinished. It was, in fact, one of the days when everything had gone wrong, and when my philosophy—on which, alas! I pride myself—was failing me. It was then that temptation assailed me.

"Diane," said a voice, low and charming in tone.

I looked up straight into the eyes of the Comtesse de Ninon. I felt that the world—to say nothing of the room—was spinning about.

"Diane, I want you to come home with me at once. Come," she said, in her royal manner.

"My time is not my own, Madame," I reminded her.

"Oh, that is settled; you are to leave all this," she declared impatiently. "Come home with me at once; it is time that I remembered my niece. You are fitted for better things than this. Come." She swept a disdainful glance about my workroom.

How I longed to say: "It is too late; you never have cared for me all these years; I can care for myself now."

But, alas! the day was unfavorable to pride; my health, usually robust, was uncertain of late; and there was Pierre and his hateful persecutions!—these on the one side, and on the other luxury, refined associates, leisure, rest—I rose and said calmly: "I will come, your highness."

As we swept through the building I was aware of curious eyes following us and of whispered comment. Even without, when we entered the coupé with the Comte de Ninon's livery, I was sure that the eyes were piercing my back, so to

speak, and that the whispers said: "She is doubtless to be her maid or governess." I also wondered what I, Diane Crépin, was wanted for, and what part the Comtesse had designed me to play in her life. Perhaps when I was a little child I had been frank and trusting; but who could remain so with my experience? Childhood seemed ages distant—I knew the Comtesse, I knew the world. She would never have come to Limoges for me if she had not some powerful motive behind her apparent awakening to a sense of relationship. What could the unknown, hard working designer in a china factory of Limoges have to do with the proud and courted Comtesse de Ninon? My head lay in grateful repose on the cushions, but strange and unanswerable questions presented themselves. I glanced at my aunt. She was furtively regarding me.

She leaned forward. "You do not trust me," she said in her soft, carefully trained voice. "You think that women like me have no remorse. Why not accept the home waiting for you in the spirit in which it is offered?"

"But where is the home—where are we going?" I asked, rather bluntly.

"We are going to live in Paris; but at present we are going to stop at the Chateau d'Arcadie," she said.

There was silence. The motion of the carriage, the long drive, my fatigue, overcame me, and I slept.

I was awakened by the sudden pause of the carriage and the opening of the door by the footman. We were at my aunt's country place.

I was no sooner within the picturesque stone building than a maid took me in charge. She led me upstairs, down a winding corridor, and into a room, the

sight of which filled me with a sense of delight, of satisfaction. It was large, with quaint odd-shaped windows, scarcely screened by the open yellow lace curtains. The rugs on the polished floor were of rich browns and yellows; the white furniture and bed gave it all, not so much an air of costliness as of cozy comfort, which was so soothing to me who had lacked a home and who loved with all my soul, daintiness and beauty. The views from the windows fascinated me; but Lizette reminded me very deferentially that dinner would be served in an hour, and my bath was ready.

I remembered with sudden dismay that I had no clothes but the very plain ones I wore, and that I should be expected to dress for dinner. But, as if she read my thoughts, the ubiquitous Lizette threw open the drawers of a tall chiffonier to display piles of exquisite "lingerie," and a closet showed gowns of various texture and hue awaiting my pleasure.

Amazed, I wondered how the Comtesse could have known my measurements, and then I remembered that three years before she had sent me dresses of hers which had fit me perfectly. I had told her of the fact when I returned them. We had never had any intercourse, not even the short, formal, annual letter, since. Why had she chosen now to forgive my rudeness? I selected a soft clinging silk of the peculiar green of the poppies, which was becoming to my fair skin and golden hair. It was relieved by the rarest old lace, creamy and full, and Lizette brought me sprays of coral honeysuckle from the garden for my corsage and hair. The mirror showed me a reflection I could not despise, and gave me courage to go down and meet the Comte de Ninon, whom I had never seen.

The Comtesse met me in the beautiful drawing-room and I felt that her swift

glance approved of me. Two gentlemen came forward from the shadows—one blonde, cold, with a certain disdainful smile, and who I knew at once disliked me—the Comte; the other dark, handsome, with a manner singularly direct yet courteous, Mr. Fairfax, an American. It gave me a little start to have the Comtesse introduce me as "my cousin, Mademoiselle de Beranger," for this was the family name of my father.

We passed into the beautiful "salle" where we dined. I sat there in a half-daze. Was it indeed I who was this beautiful creature in evening dress, served with all the viands of the gods, listening to the cultured speech of which I had dreamed, instead of the tired, discouraged worker of the morning, preparing her toast and gruel with a heavy heart? I stifled all remonstrance of my conscience, of my boasted independence—my whole starved nature cried out for the pleasures of youth, the care-free existence so long a thing of the past. I would not think, I would not analyze, I would simply drift with the tide which carried me into such smooth waters. Even the shadow seemed to retire into the background before the light and cheer of the evening meal.

I said little, not from shyness but from content. I was much interested in the American. He spoke in fairly good French of his native land; of his hunting in the far West, of the grand Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, all of which deeply interested the Comte. He spoke also of his work. I listened eagerly. I had supposed him to be a man of leisure. His work I found to be not scientific or literary, but the running of large stock-farms. He had come abroad for the purpose of buying stock. I glanced at my uncle, but his face expressed merely interest. Truly the Americans are a strange people! Here was this gentleman, a man of some wealth and culture, a graduate of Yale—

of which I heard for the first time I am ashamed to say—full of business and proud of the fact. My aunt's (or rather my cousin, as she wished me to call her) departure was delayed, which vexed her unaccountably. I fancied her husband was responsible for this, for he wished to stay and hunt and fish with the American.

I saw considerable of this stranger; and the more I saw, the more he interested me. He was so utterly unlike any man I knew—though my knowledge of men was limited—and held such decided views about women. He was less suave, less courtly than my countrymen, but he gave me a sense of security, of trust, a feeling that he was always on the alert without seeming to be so, for a woman's comfort and pleasure. No one can have any idea of how inexpressibly restful this was to me. It gave me an accession of self-respect; it made me long to appear at my best before this man who treated me so naturally and simply, yet with the unconcern he might have shown his sister. He talked to me as to an equal, a comrade.

The days passed all too swiftly. Why did the Comtesse wish to hurry to Paris? I unexpectedly caught her expression when off guard, watching Mr. Fairfax and me. I could not understand it, and it set me thinking. I fairly held my breath as the thought flashed into my mind that perhaps she wished me to attract this guest of hers,—but how would this benefit her? Oh, no!—I would believe anything but that. I would simply await further developments.

It was not for long.

All at once the chateau was in confusion; packing was ordered, and almost before I knew it we were on our way to Paris. And there I was plunged at once into a life as bewildering as it was delightful; not the charm of the Chateau d'Arcadie—ah, that was too much like a dream to last! but I was young and

threw myself into it with all the abandon of a nature hitherto suppressed and denied. The night of my debut I was introduced with much "empressement" to the Duc d'Arnault, a little man with iron-gray hair and keen black eyes, a man old enough to be my father. Talking to him with great vivacity was a woman of perhaps forty, but my attention was attracted by the girl at her side, a tall, slender brunette, whose handsome face, especially the eyes, struck me as strangely familiar.

And then, as in a dream, I heard the voice of the Comtesse: "Allow me, my dear Comtesse de Beranger, to introduce to you my own and your husband's relative, Mademoiselle Diane de Beranger; Diane, this is Madame's daughter, Berenice."

I bowed calmly; I had learned in a hard school to veil my emotions even if I had failed to banish them altogether. It was my father's widow and daughter who stood before me.

The eyes of the little woman narrowed perceptibly as she looked at me. "I was not aware of any near, living relative of my husband," she said, in a hard, metallic tone. But my aunt's voice replied smoothly: "These men, my dear Amelie, do not always trouble to tell us of all their cousins and friends; he was very fond of Diane."

The color came into my face; I longed to deny it, but I stood there silent, suffering. Then the elderly Duc turned to me with some commonplace.

He was very attractive, not only that night but in the days that followed. I wished most devoutly that he would not be so devoted; it bored me at first, and then it troubled me, for the Comtesse knew as well as I that marriage was out of the question. I said so at last to her, but she would not listen; she put me off. I do not know what I would have done in those days if it had not been for Monsieur Fairfax. He was unobtrusive, but

whenever I wanted him, there he was—kindly, bright, lively or grave, as suited my mood.

But I saw less and less of him, and more of the Duc and the Italian Prince Ligurie.

And then what I feared came to pass. The Duc made a formal demand of my hand in marriage of the Comte de Ninon.

I was sitting in my luxurious boudoir reading a fascinating novel when my aunt announced it to me. I had never seen her so animated nor so pretty.

"Well Diane," she ended, "the victory is yours; you can enjoy the largest fortune and one of the proudest titles in France; have you no word of thanks for me, the fairy godmamma who has brought it about, or at least helped to bring it to pass?"

She had thrown herself down on the couch and lay there, smiling, exultant.

But I faced her, alarmed, indignant. "Why taunt me in this way?" I cried. "You know, as well as I, that marriage is not for me? Did you not remind me of this again and again in the few letters I have had from you? As soon as I tell him the truth, this haughty suitor will drop me as if I were a leper. Why, why did you wish to bring this trouble to him, this shame to me?"

I shall never forget the change that came over the face of the Comtesse as I spoke. Her eyes fairly blazed with wrath, her features were convulsed; for once, she threw off the mask and let me see her at her worst, or, possibly, her true self. "I will tell you why, you ungrateful wretch," she said, "I hate your father's wife—she has injured me in a way that I can never forgive—and my only relief was revenge. I planned and plotted; I watched her as a wolf watches his victim. I found her vulnerable spot; it was love and ambition for her only daughter. Her whole heart was set on a marriage with the Duc. Her fortune is at a low ebb; she was playing her last

card for this, and it appeared as if she were to succeed. Then I thought of you—you are far more beautiful than Berenice—and then the triumph of having the illegitimate daughter of Edward win where his lawful child failed, tickled my fancy. And how easily you succeeded! What misery for Elise! What chagrin for that patronizing Berenice! I tell thee, Diane, I never felt such gratitude—is it to God, the devil, or thee? Tell the Duc!—what fatal honesty possessed you to even hint at such madness? I shall provide a sufficient "dot," give the bride a brilliant wedding—how I long to send out the invitations!—and then if Amelie ever finds out the truth about her daughter's rival, it will be too late!"

My aunt in her agitation, was pacing the floor.

"And if I tell the Duc the truth?" I asked.

"He would throw you to the winds—imagine a man who could choose where he will, taking a creature like you to bear his illustrious name. He would insult you; he would—"

"That will do," I cried out amid her mad rush of words. "And you really think that I, who am so far beneath the Comtesse de Ninon, would consent to this subterfuge and lying? I am disgraced through another, but I should multiply the shadow under which I live if I consented to marry an honorable man under false pretenses. You appeal to all that is ungenerous and base in me to bid me supplant this Berenice who is innocent of all blame and of injury to her mother, who is so repulsive to me, and all for your own ends, not my happiness. Oh, Madame; it would have been better to have left me in my workroom and alone in my base-born solitude rather than that I should be really base in this brilliant world from which I am an outcast."

"And you refuse to do as I wish?" demanded the Comtesse.

"Absolutely."

I pass over her reply. Even those of bluest blood can indulge in moments of license and use language that would put fishwives to blush.

However, this was but momentary insanity on the girl's part. The Comtesse, exhausted, at last said in quieter tones: "Go back at once to your old life for which you are fitted. Enjoy the isolation, and the contempt of those who are your inferiors in every way; place yourself in the power of that brutal idiot, Pierre, who will force you to marry him or will take your life in one of his rages; go back, you low-born creature in whom I hoped to find a drop of our blood, and may the shadow which you say hangs over you envelope you so completely that you will disappear from the earth,—even heaven refuses creatures like you!"

"You should not speak so scornfully of me," I said coldly, "and if I am wanting in the blue blood of your family, Madame, it is because I had a loving, gentle, religious mother, who gave her love and trust to a man of the world. She taught me that honor and truth are of some account in the world of which you, Madame, know nothing."

"I suppose she gave you your education which you seem to value so highly, and she it was who paid for your training in designing," sneered the Comtesse.

"Yes, Madame; it was her dying request that your brother do this much for the child he abandoned and denied, or he would never have given me a sou. I cannot feel overcome with gratitude to the Comte de Beranger or his family for their tender care of me. Madame, I do not wish to seem rude, but I must prepare at once to leave. Further conversation will be useless and will only excite us to further retaliation. Adieu."

As soon as she was gone I locked the door and made my simple preparations. I put on once more the plain brown dress in which I had come. My heart

was heavy and unrelieved by tears. For I knew well to what a life I was returning. I gave no thought to the Duc, for I knew that infatuation influenced him rather than any true and deep affection for me. I resolutely turned my thoughts away from any one else.

"They are all alike," I said, bitterly. "These men—"

There was a knock, and Lizette's voice low and distinct: "Monsieur Fairfax is in the music room. He begs to see Mademoiselle for a few moments." I hesitated. I could not ask the Comtesse to chaperone me. What matter? I should never see him again. I would see him alone.

I hurried down.

He looked relieved, I thought, to see no one behind me.

"Thank heaven that at last I see you alone," he began impulsively; then, looking at me he exclaimed: "You've been suffering! Are you ill?"

I was so unused to sympathy or care that his words unnerved me. To steel myself against them, I spoke distantly. "I am quite well," I said, "I am going away."

"When?"

"At once," I replied. "I am a working girl, Monsieur, masquerading for a period as a princess. I must now return to my real position, which I never should have abandoned."

"And the Duc d'Arnault?"

"I do not know nor care," I said ungratefully, forgetting my stately calm in my sudden vexation.

Monsieur Fairfax leaned forward eagerly: "Oh, Diane, may I not take you home with me? You must know how I love you,—won't you be my wife now—to-day—and let me make up to you, if I can, for your sad life? I had so much less to offer than the Duc that I hesitated; but oh, my darling, won't you have me?"

It seemed all at once as if my heart would burst. I realized as never before how bleak and comfortless life would be without him; and I knew—ah, the sting of it!—that for me there must be no sheltered life, no marriage.

"I have brought trouble to you, then," I cried; "ah, forget me, Monsieur. I can never marry."

"And why? Do you dislike me? Are you bound to some one?"

I sat erect, and though the color left my face and my heart seemed to stop beating, I faced those tender, pleading eyes.

"I shall tell you all," I began; but he laid his hand gently on her lips. "Don't, dear child; for I know it already."

"From whom?"

"From the Comte de Ninon."

"Then he did not do my mother justice; ah, do not blame my mother! She

lived till I was eight years old. She was the only one in all the world who loved me" I sobbed.

"I do not blame her nor you, dear heart," he said softly. "Nothing can prevent our marriage except your not loving me. Is that impossible?"

I looked into his eyes through my tears and wonder. I was reassured. A great thankfulness, a joy too deep for words, overcame me. Monsieur seemed satisfied.

The carriage came for me, but to the astonishment of the Comtesse I did not go alone; and instead of taking the train for Limoges, we drove to the home of a mutual friend. The next day we set out for a new world and a new life together. But I was nameless no longer. I had—thank God!—the name as well as the love of a true man. The shadow was gone, never again to return.

Rest


By Lyndall Charlotte Burden

The sun sinks low and twilight gathers near;
The bird has sought its nest,
But darkness brings to me no doubt or fear,
For I am weary and would rest.

The evening stars will light me through the gloom,
E'en as the ships at sea
Steer onward, by their light, eluding doom;
So onward floats the bark of life with me.

Beyond the surging billows there is rest
For every burden-laden soul;
There we shall see how earthly pain was best,
To make us worthy of the heav'nly goal.

Then let us wait in patience through the night,
Till Eternity's sun shall rise,
And glow upon us its effulgent light
And dry the tears in sorrow's eyes.



Tuesdays With Friends

The Simple Life

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE sun was on the other side of the house, so only a faint glow came, by reflection, into the drawing-room. It was nearly five o'clock; and, as the last tint of the sun disappeared, the big yellow lamp glowed. The Lady of the House lit the alcohol lamp under the hot water pot.

"The Judge will certainly come in on his way from the Capitol," she said, "and he likes his tea hot."

"This is the happy hour," said the Student, entering, "the time that is almost twilight, when one can talk and rest—or have some music," he added, looking at the Young Lady from Virginia.

The Young Lady from Virginia, who had just come in, loosened her boa, and said that she thought that the twilight was better for talk than for music—besides, if the Student meant her, her fingers were out of practice. She would take tea with lemon—thank you!—yes. Then she turned reproachfully to the Lady of the House, and asked if the simple life permitted such a splendid bunch of Enchanter roses to be on the piano.

"A gift," said the Lady of the House, apologetically. "And I do not see why one's life is less simple because kind people send beautiful flowers. One can only take them and be grateful."

The Young Lady from Virginia shook her head, and stirred her tea.

"In the South, you know," she said, "we don't need to learn anything about the simple life—we've had to live it; we couldn't do anything else."

"And you liked it, of course?" asked the Student.

"We had to like it, though it had discomforts. I used to want a new frock occasionally, after having turned the old one once or twice; and salt meat six times a week, with a chicken for Sunday, wore on us a little."

"I suppose Horace liked the simple life," the Student said. "But his simple life was rather elegant,—a fine piece of ancestral silver on the rustic table, and the wine always of the right temperature. I really wonder what the ideal simple life is—everybody is talking about it. With the poets, I find that it's a large garden and a small house, with lots of books, and eating and drinking galore for a few good friends; with the saints—oh, the Judge!"

The Student stood up very respectfully and the Young Lady from Virginia, who had not sat down, made the little bobbing courtesy which, everybody declared, was one of her heirlooms.

The Judge brought a breath of frosty air with him, and his white hair above his keen blue eyes seemed to go well with his announcement:

"It's snowing!"

"The simple life, Judge?" said the Lady of the House.

"Oh, that's your text, is it?" said the Judge, taking his tea. "Well, I'd like to hear you all define it, if you can do it in a quarter of an hour, for I must be off."

"Give me a day, Judge!" said the Young Lady from Virginia.

"A week!" put in the Student.

"Why? Is it so difficult?" asked the Lady of the House.

"Difficult to define," answered the Student, "but easy to describe."

The Judge laughed. "The furore about the simple life reminds me of the determination a lot of young men had when I was very young to go into the country to split wood, to study, and to live on acorns if necessary. You've doubtless read all about the Brook Farm experiment, and perhaps you've dipped into 'Ten Acres Enough,'—a book that set us all to thinking about farming on nothing a year!" And the Judge laughed again. "But, seriously, it seems to me that it is not a question of where you live or how you live, but of the spirit in which you live. A simple life must imply some leisure for thought, for meditation, for prayer, and above all, some time for the little homely duties of life. If we do not secure leisure and use it in the right spirit, we can not possibly lead the simple life. When I was young, I resolved to spend an hour every day, not for my own mental improvement,—in the strenuous sense,—but for spiritual rest. I began by reading Lacordaire's 'Letters to Young Men' and thinking about it. It was hard for a law student in an office to do this always in the daytime,—later, when I began to practise," the Judge added, with a smile, "I had more time. I always made a point of getting an hour for serious thought apart from my daily work. It seems to me that life can not become too complicated if one does that, and the complex life is the opposite of the simple life. Many good people wear themselves out in trying to be good. You remember that Fénelon recalls the episode of a novice in the Benedictine novitiate who left the Order because he could not be

more like St. Benedict. That was a very un-simple point of view!"

"I do not think so!" said the Student, with some heat. "I'm in love with perfection,—if one can't have the best, let him have nothing!"

"Pardon me," said the Judge, "but I think that if you make that your motto you will never attain the cheerfulness and contentment which constitute the essence of simplicity."

"In Virginia,"—began the Young Lady.

"Oh, yes," interrupted the Student hurriedly, "but how is one ever going to do great things if one does not rush with the crowd and keep ahead. In my line, electrical engineering, for instance, you've got to keep going in the hope that some day you'll have enough money to enable you to stand still and rest."

"In Virginia—"

"I mean that I'll have no time for anything but study and work. You see what I mean, Judge?" cried the Student.

"The young lady was about to speak," said the Judge, courteously. "When she has finished, I'll answer your question."

"Oh, I was about to say that, in Virginia, we were all so poor that we had to be simple in our lives."

"But," said the Judge, "in spite of the fact that you didn't regret your losses for the ideal for which you suffered and fought, some of you looked back and made a great fuss about the luxuries of the past in anything but a resigned spirit. Now, real simplicity is the servant of cheerfulness."

The Young Lady from Virginia flushed a little.

"Perhaps," she said. "And yet our parents' very poverty taught us to be content with what we had. And most of us made the best of things. Even now I think that it is the simplicity of the South—the old South—that saves Washington from being outrageously luxurious. To lead the simple life, then, one

must make leisure, think and be cheerful?"

"And make the most of the beauty that comes into our lives," said the Lady of the House, looking at the roses.

"I believe in no compromises," said the Student, sturdily. "I'd either imitate St. Francis d'Assisi exactly, or give the thing up, and be complicated!"

"You couldn't imitate St. Francis exactly," said the Young Lady from Virginia; "when I was an Anglican I had those extreme ideas, too; but I see now that one must consider our own times and opportunities. Your business is to go on with your electrical engineering, in the spirit of St. Francis, if you like."

The Student took another cup of tea, and seemed pleased that the Young Lady from Virginia should take an interest in him.

"How am I to lead the simple life?" he asked. "I'm tired of hearing glittering generalities—not here" he added, reddening, "I didn't mean that."

The Lady of the House laughed.

"It needs prayer, and thought, and care;" said the Judge. "Not to take too much thought of a future that may never come, to make leisure as I said, in which to find oneself, not to let the opinion of the crowd dominate us. I used to be afraid that my children would some day accuse me of not having made so much money as the rich fathers of the boys they knew, and that spurred me to forget the best in life for awhile, but happily realized that my main business in life was to make them, not to make money. And I haven't regretted it."

"It's time I was going," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "I'm dead tired; I've made ten calls on people I didn't want to see, and I hope that I never shall see again!"

"The simple life!" said the Student.

The Young Lady from Virginia gave the Student a glance of disdain, and went out.

The Saints of Erin

St. Benignus

By J. P. O'CALLAGHAN, B. A.



WAS much struck by the remark of "Sagart Cluain" in a recent number of The Irish

Rosary, that "there is one department of the Irish revival which is being somewhat neglected and yet is of paramount importance, I mean the revival of devotion to our saints." Now there are many of our Irish saints of whom very little is known to the average Irish Catholic, and hence I purpose to give an account of some of the most prominent of the holy men and women who devoted themselves to God in such

vast numbers that they won for the island the glorious title of the "Island of Saints and Scholars."

I shall pass over the names of our three greatest saints—Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille—for their record is well known and is often referred to in sermons and newspaper articles. It is otherwise, however, with most of our other saints. Hence the necessity of briefly re-telling the story of their lives in a magazine which reaches the hands of so many Catholics of Irish birth or descent as THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

The story of St. Patrick's first meeting with St. Benignus is a very beautiful one, and is charmingly told in Dr. Healy's book, "The Island of Saints and Scholars."

When the great apostle first came to preach the Gospel in Ireland he coasted northward, seeking a suitable spot to land, and, amongst other places, put in for a little while at the stream now called the Nanny Water, a little south of Drogheda. He there visited the house of a certain man of noble birth named Sescnen whom after due instruction he baptised, together with his wife and family. "Amongst the children there was one, a fair and gentle boy, to whom the saint, on account of the sweetness and meekness of his disposition, gave in baptism the appropriate name of Benignus. Shortly after the baptism, Patrick, wearied out with his labors by sea and land, fell asleep where he sat, as it would seem on the green sward before the house of Sescnen. Then the loving child, robed in his baptismal whiteness, gathered together bunches of fragrant flowers and sweet-smelling herbs and strewed them gently over the head and face of the weary saint; the child then sat at his feet and pressed Patrick's tired limbs close to his own pure heart and kissed them tenderly. The saint's companions were in the act of chiding the boy lest he might disturb Patrick, who thereupon awaking and perceiving what took place thanked the tender-hearted child for his kindness, and said to those standing by: 'Leave him so, he shall be the heir of my kingdom,' by which he meant, says the author of the 'Tripartite Life,' to signify that God had destined Benignus to succeed Patrick in the primatial chair as ruler of the Irish Church."

After this the child and the saint were inseparable. In all his wanderings he

was accompanied by the youth, whom he himself took care to instruct in all divine and human knowledge to fit him for his great destiny.

St. Benignus, or Benen, had a very pleasing voice and possessed an extensive acquaintance with the chants of the Church, hence he was called St. Patrick's "Psalmist." He was, according to the "Tripartite Life," "*adolescens facie decorus, vultu modestus moribus integer, nomine uti et in re, Benignus.*" Hence it came about that Ercuat, the beautiful daughter of King Daire, fell deeply in love with him. Though as yet unbaptised she was, it seems, chiefly attracted by his sweet voice chanting in the choir. The incident and its result is thus related by Aubrey de Vere in his beautiful "Legends of St. Patrick:"

"The best and fairest, Ercuat by name,
Had loved Benignus in her Pagan years.
He knew it not; full sweet to her his voice
Chanting in choir. One day through grief of
love
The maiden lay as dead; Benignus shook
Dews from the font above her, and she woke
With heart emancipate that out-soared the
lark
Lost in the blue-heavens. She loved the
Spouse of Souls."

This daughter of King Daire was one of the very first of our Irish maidens who received the veil from the hands of the great apostle. She spent the remainder of her holy life, along with several companions, making vestments for the priests, and altar-cloths for the use of the cathedral.

When St. Patrick founded the churches and schools of Armagh (which he did about 450 A. D.) he chose as his coadjutor Benignus, his young and faithful disciple. Dr. Healy says it is generally stated that the latter died on the 9th of November, 468. "A short time before his death he is said to have resigned his primatial coadjutorship, for St.

Patrick was still alive, at least according to the much more general and more probable opinion which places his death in 492, at the great age of one hundred and twenty years."

That celebrated Irish work called "Leabhar na g Ceart," or "Book of Rights," has been generally attributed to St. Benen, or Benignus, though Dr. Healy is of opinion that there seems to be good reason for doubting if he was really its author, at least in its present form. O'Curry in his "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," says it contains a great portion of the law which in ancient Erin settled the relations between the several classes of society, and especially the relations between the local authorities and the central and provincial kings. "It gives," says the Introduction to the edition published by the Celtic Society, Dublin, 1847 (quoted by O'Curry), "an account of the rights of the monarchs of all Ireland and the revenues payable to them by the principal kings of the several provinces, and of the stipends paid by the monarchs to the inferior kings for their services. It also treats of the rights of each of the provincial kings, and the revenue payable to them from the inferior kings of the districts or tribes subsidiary to them, and of the stipends paid by the superior to the provincial kings for their services."

Professor O'Curry adds that this book was also called the "Law of Benen," and the inscription on the book itself certainly attributes its authorship to the same learned and holy man—"The beginning of the 'Book of Rights,' which relates to the revenues and subsidies of Ireland, as ordered by Benen, son of Sescnen, Psalmist of Patrick, as is related in the 'Book of Glendaloch.'"

Whoever wrote the book—and it is at least probable that St. Benen furnished the first rough draft, though it

was no doubt revised and extended subsequently—it is by all antiquarians acknowledged to be an exceedingly valuable authority on the entire internal organization of Ireland in these remote times.

But though there is some doubt as to St. Benignus being the author of "Leabhar na g Ceart," there is none at all as to his share in composing the "Senchus Mor," that vast work which a competent authority has declared to be "the greatest monument in existence of the learning and civilization of the ancient Gaedhlic race in Erin."

As is well known to all students of Irish history, one of St. Patrick's greatest undertakings was the purification from paganism and the amending and extension of the great body of laws known as the "Brehon Code." His labors in this respect claim special attention, for the Brehon Code prevailed in the greater part of Ireland down to the year A. D. 1600, and even still its influence is felt in the feelings and habits of the people. To carry out this stupendous task the national apostle appointed a commission of nine, consisting of three kings, three bishops and three men of science, or, as O'Curry calls them, "lay philosophers." The three kings were Laeghaire, the Ard-Ri, or High King, Corc, king of Munster and Daire, king of Ulster. The latter is supposed to have granted Armagh to St. Patrick as a site for his church and schools. His daughter, as already mentioned, fell in love with St. Benignus, but being cured of her earthly affection was received into the Church and took the veil from the hands of St. Patrick.

The three holy bishops were St. Patrick himself, St. Benignus, or Benen, and St. Cairnech, and the three men of science, "lay philosophers" or "antiquaries," as the Four Masters style them,

were "Dubhthach Mac Uahugair, Chief Poet and Brehon of Erin, Rossa, a doctor of the Berla Feini, or legal dialect, which was very abstruse, and Fergus, a poet who represented the most learned and influential class in the country." The first meeting was in A. D. 438, and Dr. Healy says that "Benignus, being young and carefully trained by St. Patrick, and also learned in the Irish tongue, in all probability acted as secretary to the Commission, and drafted with his own hands the laws that were sanctioned by the Seniors."

The learned Bishop of Clonfert speaks with great authority on these matters, for he was one of the Commission appointed by the government for the publication of the Brehon laws. He, therefore, had peculiar sources of information, and being an eminent antiquarian and competent Irish scholar, he was able to make good use of his opportunities. In his great book, the "Island of Saints and Scholars," he has given a most interesting account of the labors of the conference.

He begins by explaining that the Brehon Code, which St. Patrick found in existence here when he came to our shores, owed its existence mainly to three sources: First, to decisions of the ancient judges given in accordance with the principles of natural justice, and handed down by tradition; secondly, to the enactments of the Triennial Parliaments, known as the great Feis of Tara; and thirdly, to the customary laws which grew up in the course of ages and regulated the social relations of the people. "This great code naturally contained many provisions that regulated the druidical rights, privileges, and worship, all of which had to be expunged. The Irish, too, were a passionate and warlike race who rarely forgave injuries or insults until they were atoned for according to the strict law of retaliation, which was by no means in accordance

with the mild and forgiving spirit of the Gospel. In so far as the Brehon Code was founded on this principle it was necessary for St. Patrick to abolish or amend its provisions. Moreover, the new Church claimed its own rights and privileges, for which it was important to secure formal legal sanction and to have embodied in the great Code of the Nation. This was of itself a difficult and important task."

The "Senchus Mor" itself explains what led to the revision of the Brehon Code, and the explanation is very interesting. As is well known, the only life that was lost for the faith during St. Patrick's mission in Ireland was that of his charioteer, Odhran. He was killed by a miscreant who wanted to take the life of the saint and who mistook the servant for the master.

It was the duty of the chief Brehon Dubhthach (Subicic), who was one of the first to accept Patrick's teaching at Tara, to pronounce judgment on the criminal. The occasion was, it is said, made use of by St. Patrick and Dubhthach (or Duffy, as the name has been Anglicised) to convene an assembly of the men of Erin at Tara. Here the Chief Brehon explained all that Patrick had done since his arrival in Ireland, and how he had overcome Laeghaire and the Druids by his miracles and preaching.

"Then," continues the volume, "all the men of Erin bowed down in obedience to the will of God and St. Patrick. It was then that all the professors of the sciences in Erin were assembled and each of them exhibited his art before Patrick in the presence of every chief in Erin. It was then, too, that Dubhthach was ordered to exhibit the judgments and all the poetry of Erin and every law which prevailed among the men of Erin through the law of nature and the law of the seers and in the judgment of the island of Erin and in the poets."

According to O'Donovan, St. Benen was also the original author of the famous chronicle called the "Psalter of Caskel." This great work is generally ascribed to Cormac Mac Cullenan, who lived more than three hundred years later. It is ascribed, on the other hand, by Connell Macgeoghan, the translator of the "Annals of Clonmaennoise," to no less a person than Brian Boroimhe (or Born). O'Donovan reconciles these conflicting statements by saying that Benignus probably began the work, that Cormac Mac Cullenan revised and enlarged it and made it applicable to his own times, and that Brian Boroimhe subsequently "re-edited" it in like manner.

Dr. Healy adopts this view, and gives a very interesting account of how the book came at first to be written. It seems that St. Benignus was of Munster origin, though born in Meath. St. Patrick, knowing his worth, sent him to preach especially in those districts which he was himself unable to visit. Hence Benignus, we are told, went through Kerry and Corcomroe in his missionary labors; but particularly devoted himself to southwestern Connaught, and built his chief church at Kilbannon, near Tuam. He also specially built that province, the natives of which still affectionately revere the memory of the gentle saint with the sweet voice and winning, gracious ways.

"Now when the Munstermen heard of the preference and the blessings which Benignus gave to Galway, they were jealous and complained that he slighted his own kindred. So to please them Benignus went down to Caiseal (Cashel) and remained there from Shrovetide to Easter, composing in his own sweet numbers a learned book which would immortalize the province of his kinsmen and be useful, moreover, both to her princes and to her people."

Such was St. Benignus, Primate of Armagh, whose feast day is given as

November 8th in the "Martyrology of Donegal." The subsequent history of Armagh does not concern us here. Suffice it to say that the heirs of St. Patrick and St. Benignus were worthy of their glorious predecessors. The school was long one of the most celebrated in the world. Hither flocked crowds of students from all parts of Europe, and so many came from the land of the Saxons that a certain section of the town was entirely set aside for their residence and designated by a name that we would now translate "the English quarter." Here they were received with true Irish hospitality, obtaining, according to the testimony of one of their own contemporary writers—Venerable Bede—support, education, and books, free.

Here, too, was transcribed the "Book of Armagh," that splendid volume whose beautiful penmanship and illuminations have excited the wonder and delight of all who have beheld it. It was copied in A. D. 807 from a still older work, and contains besides the oldest and most authentic "Life of St. Patrick and his Confessions," a complete copy of the New Testament and the life of St. Martin of Tours. Though written throughout in Irish, many of the Gospel headings are in Greek characters, says Dr. Healy, and the last entry of all is a colophon of four Latin lines, but written in Greek characters, showing that even at this early date a knowledge of Greek was general in the Irish schools.

This latter fact and the learned labors of St. Benignus himself are some of the things we ought to remember when we hear, as we often do nowadays, people who claim to be educated repeating the old shibboleth that not only is there no literature worth mentioning in the Irish language, but that the ancient Irish were a semi-savage race whose whole energies were given up to petty tribal wars and dissensions, and who were altogether devoid of culture.

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

V.

ST. MARK'S.

THE traces of weeping were seen on Gerald's face even after he had taken his bath the next morning. Grief was plainly visible. Blanche and Willie and even little Lottie were quite affected when they saw it.

Everybody must be thankful that the punishment had not affected the boy's appetite. During breakfast there was not the slightest indication of an intention on Gerald's part to pine away, and drop into an early grave. The way in which the buckwheat cakes, and the corn bread, and the white bread and butter, and the fruit disappeared from the boy's plate that morning was a marvel to Martha and Mrs. Albury, although it did not surprise his father very much. Not knowing what the day might bring forth, Gerald was simply making hay while the sun shone.

It is true that Gerald would have given worlds rather than acknowledge to Willie that he would have preferred to stand up to the table that morning rather than take his usual seat. It is true, also, that there was an occasional catching of his breath—a kind of half-sob—which showed that grief was still gnawing relentlessly at his heart even after most of the pain had departed; yet everybody ought to be duly thankful that the boy's appetite remained unimpaired amid all his trials and hardships.

Whether the half-sobs and oft-repeated sighs were signs of contrition we leave the young folks who read this story

to decide, as they know more about these things than we older people do. Judge Albury had given orders that the boy was to stay indoors all day—such a beautiful summer day, too! Perhaps it might have been on this account that the sighs were so frequent, or they might have been tokens of real contrition. We simply do not know.

What was it that made Gerald so solicitous for his father's comfort that morning? He held his parent's light dust coat as high as he could by the collar in order to help the Judge on with it. Although there was not a cloud in the sky, he picked up his father's umbrella and put it into his hand. He even asked him whether he should run and fetch him his rubbers. Amid all these filial attentions he tried often and earnestly to catch his father's eye. He put into his own a particularly pleading look. It was all of no use. The all-conquering look with his mother was a dismal failure when tried upon his father. That unbending individual merely remarked at parting:

"You stay indoors, sir, and let me hear a good report of you when I come home this evening."

"Oh! pa, may I not go out into the garden?" he pleaded, with anguish in his voice.

"No, sir, you are to stay indoors."

Why will cruel papas treat their loving sons so harshly, thought poor Gerald. Did he not have a whipping last night, and was that not enough to make up for a few old cherries? When he grew up to be a man he was not going to be so mean and stingy over a few cherries. He was going to let a poor boy have all the

cherries he wanted. He wouldn't be so nasty as to come to a fellow's father and get him into all sorts of trouble, that he wouldn't.

Gerald was not what one would call a girly boy, yet he did squeeze his eyelids quite close as he closed the front door after his departing father. He wondered, in his own way, whether papa was ever a boy himself once, and climbed trees, or broke through the ice, or "collared" apples, or helped himself to cup-custards, or anything.

Then he wondered, if he were to run away and meet with a railroad accident and come home without arms and legs, whether his father would continue to treat him with so much harshness. He wondered if the knights he read of in his story-books ever had such hard times when they were boys. Suppose all these hardships were to undermine his health, and he were to begin to pine away and be sickly. Would a cruel papa then treat him more kindly and not keep a poor boy in the house a whole long summer day?

Young Albury, for a moment, imagined himself an interesting, pale-faced invalid. With this fresh thought in his active mind he began to stroke his face in order to force the blood from it that he might look pale and interesting, and in this state approach his mother.

It was of no use. The more he rubbed his cheeks the rosier they appeared in the looking-glass of the hat-rack. His sturdy frame and good stout legs, even to his willing imagination, precluded the possibility of his thinking himself on the way to a lingering and interesting sickness. He remembered, too, that his mother had been present at the breakfast table that morning. It was of no use. He saw he could not be an interesting sick boy, and therefore he gave up the attempt. Well, sometime it might happen that he would get into an accident and come home without arms and

legs. That would do just as well to make papa feel sorry. With this comforting thought he joined the other children in the playroom.

Willie and Blanche regarded Gerald's disgrace as an unavoidable occurrence. Whippings were looked upon by them as a necessary but an unpleasant part of the domestic economy. One or the other of the three—Charlotte and Johnny were as yet too young for that sort of thing—were constantly being made the victim in the sacrifice to household order. The brother and sister did not tell Gerald, this time, that he had been "naughty." In fact, they were very chummy to-day, and were more than half inclined to side with him in his views of persecution. Their indignation against Mr. Tomlinson was very great. What did he want to come and tell papa for? Why did he not give Gerald a beating with his stick and have done with it? It was not nice to get poor Gerald into so much trouble all on account of a few cherries. They unanimously voted Mr. Tomlinson "a nasty old thing."

"Gerrie, how many cherries did you eat?" asked Blanche.

"I don't know; about twenty, I suppose."

"Woa! Gerald!" said William, "ma said Martha told her she saw you go into the summer house, and that it was half an hour after when you jumped over the wall from the cherry-trees."

Gerald remembered that he had lain on the arbor bench not more than five minutes, and that therefore he must have been trespassing for at least twenty-five.

"Well, I didn't get more'n about two dozen. The grass was so long they got lost."

"Didn't you pick them off the trees?" asked William.

"No, I did not. I picked up those on the ground only."

"Oh!" said Willie.

"But," continued Gerald, "I guess I

shook them down, at least after the first time; that was an acc'dent, sure. I bumped against the little tree."

"How many times?" asked Blanche.

"Once—the first time; it was acc'dent, sure; but the other two times—well—I—"

"Well, but, how many cherries did you eat altogether?" enquired his eldest sister.

"Don't suppose there was mor'n forty."

"And you shook the tree three or four times?"

"Well, sixty then."

"Oh!"

Gerald could make little of this exclamation. He did not know whether it signified displeasure or regret that she was not there to share in the booty."

"I was thinking," said Blanche, presently, "that we ought to put our money together and pay for those cherries."

"Did you eat a pound of them, Gerrie?" asked William.

"Oh! I guess so. I don't know. Perhaps."

"Let's call it a pound," said Blanche, "I do not know what a pound of cherries costs, but I suppose thirty cents ought to be enough. Let us see if we can make up that sum."

"I have a nickle," said Gerald.

"I've got four pennies," said his brother William, "that makes nine."

Blanche opened her little purse and tipped the contents into her lap.

"Here's three coppers, and see! here is a nickle. That makes how much? That's seventeen cents. Have you got any money, Lottie?"

"I hes one penny," said the youngest of the family.

"Won't you give it to poor Gerald, who is in trouble?" coaxed Blanche.

"Hes."

"That's a good Lottie. It's for poor Gerald, eh?"

"Hes."

Their combined wealth of eighteen cents they decided to send to Mr. Tomlinson in payment for the stolen cherries. That gentleman was much amused that afternoon—his anger had long since vanished—to read a note which Master William Albury dropped into his letter-box. He saw the boy coming up the path with a letter in his hand, and he went to the letter-box himself and took out the mis-sive. It ran as follows: "Der sir I know it was rong to steel cheries but they looked so good for satin find some mischief still for idol hands to do, and we want to pay for what was took. All the famly subscribe for this from your afectionate friend Gerald Albury. Mr. Tomlinson, sir, esquir."

Now, it is all very well for those who read this to laugh at Gerald's mistakes. It must be remembered that he was only twelve years of age. Let any boy of that age sit down and write a real and important letter, without the assistance of father, or mother, or teacher, and one may venture to say that there will not be any fewer mistakes than there were in this one of Gerald.

What effect the letter was to produce was not very clear to Gerald. Nor could Blanche say. Their surprise about four o'clock that afternoon was unbounded when they were called down to the parlor. They came down-stairs laughing and chatting like magpies to find themselves suddenly in the presence of the "nasty old thing," Mr. Tomlinson. Gerald appeared frightened. Blanche and Willie wanted to run away. Little Charlotte said boldly, "ast ol' sing," which the visitor in no wise understood.

"So this is the young gentleman who steals a neighbor's cherries, and afterwards honorably endeavors to make restitution by paying for them. While your initiatory action was by no means commendable, I consider your subsequent indicative of a proper appreciation of correct principles."

"Yes, sir," said Gerald, not understanding in the least all these big words.

"And now I wish to remunerate you for your exhibition of honesty, and for your evident inclination to be guided by your conscientious convictions."

"Yes, sir," said the boy again, still at sea.

To the surprise of Gerald, the visitor adjusted his glasses, took his hat and gloves from the table, bowed formally to Mrs. Albury and left the room. She accompanied him to the door. Upon her return she gave Gerald an envelope, which was found to contain the coins, amounting to eighteen cents, and a note saying that the owner of the cherry-tree was quite satisfied with the apology. A foot-note mentioned that, accompanying the note, was a basket of cherries which the writer hoped all the children would enjoy.

"Oh! mamma!" said Gerald, "this letter says there is a basket of cherries for us. May we have them?"

"Yes, children, they were intended for you. Take them to your playroom and see that Johnny and Charlotte do not stain their pinafores."

When once more in their own domain the whole company in council assembled unanimously voted that Mr. Tomlinson was that "nasty old thing" no longer.

Upon his return in the evening Judge Albury, after enquiring whether the boy had remained indoors all day, and finding that his commands had been obeyed, relented and remitted the rest of the penance. Gerald was grateful for this. That morning he had heard it hinted that other and perhaps worse things were in store for him. His father was rather pleased at the endeavor to pay for the fruit, and even praised Gerald.

"Oh! but pa, I never thought of it first. It was Blanche who suggested it, and Willie chipped in too," said Gerald generously.

Darkness came, and with it prayers and bed for the children. Before Gerald had kissed his father and mother good night and received their blessing, his father asked him whether he was sorry for what he had done. Gerald gave a characteristic reply:

"I paid for it, pa, by getting the whipping, and I tried to pay for the cherries, too."

Evidently he thought that having received condign punishment for his crime, the law had been vindicated in quite another way than by repentance.

"Do you think you would like to go to St. Mark's College in September?" asked the Judge, not by way of giving him a choice. The Judge had too much sense for that.

"I—I dunno, sir. They are all big boys there."

Nevertheless Gerald's eyes bulged with excitement at the prospect.

"You are getting to be a big boy now. How old are you?"

"Twelve, going on thirteen."

"You mean that you are nearer your thirteenth birthday than your twelfth?"

"Yes, sir."

"So. It is time you were doing something beside getting into mischief."

"Yes, sir," very meekly.

"I think I shall send you to St. Mark's in the fall, if the college authorities will receive you."

"Sure they will, pa. There are smaller boys that I am there."

"But probably none so backward. I am not at all sure they will take you."

When September came the Judge made application for his boy at St. Mark's, and, although he was younger than the age at which boys are generally received, Gerald was admitted.

A very timid, and for the time being, a very subdued boy, sat in one of the big parlors, or reception rooms, at the college early in September, awaiting his turn to see the President. The Judge

had decided that it would be a good thing for Gerald to go through the ordeal alone. The dark-red, old-fashioned wall-paper, the immense paintings on the walls, the comfortless horsehair chairs, from one of which the embryo student was constantly slipping, and the uncertainty of a new experience, made Gerald feel more uncomfortable than he had ever felt in his life.

While he was waiting in suspense in the parlor he would have given all his tops and marbles, and his pair of skates, and even his box of paints, for just one look at, and one word with his friend Mr. Watson. Gerald was entering upon a new career with many strange thoughts. Why did boys have to go to college? Could they not study at home, or at the Sisters' school just as well? What was the use of coming to this big place. He found little consolation in his thoughts. It was his father's wish that he come, and that settled it.

At all events he had not run away as one poor timid boy had done. Three times had this little lad mustered up courage to mount the steps, but when he faced the great frowning doors of the college entrance, his fright got into his heels and he ran away.

After waiting, as Gerald thought, for ages and ages, he heard the quick tread of some one approaching. The door was opened suddenly, and:

"Hello, Mr. Cherry-thief. What's the price of rags, eh? So you want to come to St. Mark's, eh? What's your name, Albury?"

"Father, yes," said the boy in confusion, as he stood in the presence of the President.

"Eh! eh! what's that? What's your name? Your first name, your Christian name?"

"Father," and then the frightened boy began to gather his scattered wits. "Father, Gerald Gregory Albury."

"Gerald will do. Now don't be so frightened. We do not eat boys for lunch here. What do you know? How far are you in your studies? What is the sense of being afraid of me, my boy?"

The timid boy—and it was a new experience for Gerald to feel timid—looked into the smiling face of the busy, bustling President, and seemed to take courage. Nevertheless, the smile which he attempted was rather a sickly one.

"Oh! come, lad, don't be so frightened. We will go and see the Prefect of Studies, and he will tell you what class you are to be in. Have you made your First Communion, Gerald?"

"Father, yes."

"You have, and—"

He checked himself, but Gerald comprehended the full significance of the accent. He blushed and hung his head. His various escapades, from cup-custards to cherries, never looked quite so enormous as at the present moment. Yes, Gerald knew quite well what the accent on the word "have" signified.

"Well, my lad," said the head of St. Mark's, seeing the boy was very nigh unto tears, putting his arm in a fatherly way around his shoulders, "well, my lad, we will change all that, won't we?"

"s sir," came from Gerald in the faintest of whispers. It was enough for the President, who thought he saw in the handsome boy before him splendid material out of which could, with proper management, be made a great and good man.

"That's right. That's first-rate. Now let us go and see the Prefect."

Gerald was taken the length of a corridor which at that moment, appeared to him to be a mile long. He had never been in a large college building before, and on this, his first visit, everything was magnified. Even the boys waiting at the door of the Prefect's office on the same errand as himself, appeared to be full-grown men.

In justice, however, to Gerald, of whom we are chronicling but the first processes of his character formation, it must be stated that he recovered from his fit of timidity in a remarkably short time.

"Here, Father," said the President, as he passed a line of waiting boys and entered the office of the Prefect of Studies, "here is a new boy who is going to be a good boy and a studious boy—Judge Albury's son, Gerald. You are going to be both, eh? Gerald?"

"Yes, father."

This time Gerald gave the affirmative intelligently, and he meant what he said. There was something in the President's manner which captivated him. He wondered what it was that made him like the President already, and experience a desire to be a really good boy. Many boys who, during the course of years, have passed through St. Mark's have asked the same question. Not all of them solved the problem.

VI.

INTO REALMS UNKNOWN.

It would scarcely be fair to tell the gentle reader to what class Gerald Gregory Albury was assigned, but the same gentle reader can guess very well if he will but remember that our young friend had not yet finished the eighth grade in the Sisters' Academy. We know that he left the Academy somewhat unexpectedly, owing to Judge Albury's decision that his boy required a firmer hand to manage and mould him than the Sisters possessed.

The gentle reader—why is a reader always gentle?—can also form some idea of our friend's place in the college by remembering the fact that he was, as yet, by no means proficient in the knowledge of English grammar. If the said gentle reader be of the ordinary intelligence of those who read story-books he

must have guessed long ago in what grade Gerald was placed, and so it is of no use to keep the secret any longer.

He was sent to the Preparatory class. He was given a card on which were stated his class and the books he would require, and was instructed to give it to his father as soon as he reached home.

"Do not lose this card, Albury," said the Prefect of Studies. "It contains the list of books you will require. You will be here by eight o'clock next Tuesday morning. We have Mass at 8:30 sharp."

Gerald put the card into his vest pocket. Long before he left the yard he had lost it. It was taken to the Prefect by some one who had picked it up.

The new student was told that he could go into the big yard and look around. We have remarked before that Gerald was rather tall for his age. We know he was not generally a bashful boy, and his recent fit of timidity had now completely passed away. He soon felt at home. This process did not take him more than five minutes to accomplish. He was a little younger than most boys there, but by no means the smallest boy in the college.

The boy was pleased with the spacious yard, with its diamond, and its cinder track. He thought it was a sensible thing to put strong wire screens on all the windows of the yard side of the college. Several other things gave the young gentleman pleasure, but that which he approved of most was the fact that an old acquaintance was among the throng of strangers.

"Hello! Jigsey! you coming to college, too?"

"Yep. You?"

"Sure. Papa said I wanted a strong hand."

Gerald said this as if it were something to be proud of. He was so, in a vague way, although he did not know exactly what it meant. He thought it was something similar to a good pitch-

ing arm. He learned soon enough what it meant.

"Why d'ye come?"

"I don't know. Father said I should. That's all."

"Say," continued Gerald, "how d'ye like it here. Great! ain't it?"

"Wait until the classes are called next Tuesday; then I'll tell you," sagely remarked Master John Ignatius Granville.

"I think it fine! Say, Jig, what makes them fellers wear them long dresses and funny caps?"

He referred to the cassocks and berettas of the prefects and teachers.

"Don't you know?" replied John Ignatius. "They are going to be priests by and bye. Look! Look at the top of those iron steps. There's a lot of them on the platform."

Gerald looked and saw several smiling and pleasant-faced professors who were interestedly watching the newcomers in the yard below, where the boys were scattered about in various groups and talking in subdued tones. Gerald gazed long at the teachers, and mentally picked out the one in the group whom he would choose for his teacher, had he a choice.

"But why do they wear those long gowns?" asked Gerald.

"Because they are priests, or are going to be priests," answered John Ignatius, proud of his knowledge.

"Gee! I would like to wear one of those things!"

Albury Junior imagined that a cassock would be a splendid contrivance to cover pants broken at the knee, or holes in black stockings, or to hide the trailing laces of his shoes.

"You may, some day, if you become a chorister, or an acolyte."

"I don't want to be either."

"Why?"

"Have to be too good. That sort of fellows never have any fun."

"Don't they though! That's all you know. Just look at young Day. He

serves at the altar at the boys' Mass, and he is having fun enough. Look at him! Knocking off hats! Ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!"

Gerald and John laughed heartily to see the aforesaid Day caught by a larger boy and receive a severe "pommelling" on the arm for his misdemeanors.

"Why!" said the son of the Judge, as Day broke away from his tormentor, "that fellow can't half run. I'll bet that big fellow wouldn't catch me if I knocked off his hat."

"Wouldn't he?" said Granville, in a "dare" voice.

"No, sir, he would not. He could not. You just see," and Gerald wound his way through the crowd of boys to where the big boy was standing. Without warning, the new student of St. Mark's tipped the big boy's hat forward so that it fell into his hands.

"Well! if that isn't cool, from a new kid," exclaimed the offended senior. "I guess he's far too fresh. He requires taking down."

"Yes, that's Judge Albury's boy, and I tell you he's pretty fly at present. Go for him, Winston."

Gerald, expecting pursuit, had already put some distance between himself and the boy whom he had annoyed.

"When I catch you, I'll—"

"Catch me first," said Albury, as he darted off like a deer.

"Catch him, Winston. Teach the youngster some manners," urged one of his companions.

Albury was a capital runner. He felt confident that he could keep away from his pursuer. He had, however, reckoned without his host. Winston was a rising young athlete, and although not so fast as Albury in a sprint, had much more endurance. The two, one in flight, the other in pursuit, raced up and down the yard several times, and then Gerald's staying powers began to weaken, and his pace slacken. He was finally caught

by the larger boy, who dragged him to the group of his particular friends.

"Quit. Leave me go," shouted Gerald, the unwilling captive.

"Why did you knock my hat off?" asked Winston.

"Cause Jig said you couldn't beat me in running."

"Who is Jig?"

"Granville. John Ignatius Granville. I always call him Jig for short. He's my chum."

"Indeed!"

"Say, leave me go, will you!"

"I am not going to let you go until I have given you a lesson in manners."

The lesson consisted of a series of blows on the boy's arm. Gerald did not wince, and this pleased the onlookers. Nothing gains good-will among young people quicker than an exhibition of courage. The witnesses declared that the newcomer was "all right," and that he would make a good "St. Mark's boy." Meanwhile Gerald's arm was becoming very sore indeed. Winston was just a little vexed that he could not make the captured one sue for mercy. The last two or three strokes were very vigorous. Gerald succumbed to them.

"Oh! oh! oh! you bully, you; leave me go, will you."

Gerald's voice was high and musical. He was quite angry. As soon as he was released, he turned on his tormentor and gave him a sharp and unexpected kick on the shin. Winston once more made a grab for the aggressor, and this time it would have gone hard with Gerald had not the bigger boy been arrested by a voice from the platform which he knew had to be obeyed.

"Winston, stop that. Let that boy alone."

"He kicked me on the shin, sir."

"Yes, but I have been watching you strike his arm."

"But, sir—"

"That will do. Send young Albury to me."

Gerald Gregory Albury wiped the tears from his eyes with the sleeve of his coat as he went up the iron steps. By the time he had reached the platform he was vigorously—it couldn't be ostentatiously?—rubbing the muscles of his arm. If he were going to get into trouble for kicking another's shins, he would show that he had received ample provocation. The son of the Judge was nothing if not diplomatic.

"What's your name?"

"Gerald Albury, sir."

"Son of Judge Albury of the Superior Court?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it is not very creditable for the son of a judge to be in the very first fuss in the yard of the year. You must conduct yourself more carefully."

"He hit me first, and—"

"Is that the way you usually talk. Did you answer your teachers in your previous school that way? How did you address them?"

"Sisters, sir."

"Ah! that is better. Go on."

"He hit me first, Sister, and—"

The other smiled in spite of himself, although he was not quite sure whether the bright-faced youngster before him was not "playing innocent."

"That will do, young man. I saw it all, and you deserved what you received for your impertinence. We shall have to train you in better manners. Come with me."

Among other things the professor was an enthusiastic musician. He was ever on the lookout for phenomenal voices. He had heard Gerald's clear, musical laugh, and the high, clear notes of his "oh! oh! oh!" of pain. Perhaps the boy's voice was a treasure worth cultivating.

The son of Judge Albury followed the professor up two or three flights of iron

stairs, wondering whether the journey was to terminate in the same manner as several similar ascents with his father had terminated.

The professor stopped half-way down a long corridor and took a bunch of keys from his pocket. He opened the door, and Gerald found himself in a music studio.

Sitting down at a piano, he said to the boy:

"Run this scale, Albury," and struck a chord.

Gerald threw back his head, took a full breath, formed his mouth and lips in the proper way, and sang:

"Do, ra, me, fa, so, la, si, do." Here he paused, and then went on: "ra, me, fa, so, la."

"That's splendid," said the musical professor. "That's as fine as Melba, or Madame Yaw. You have a fine range, although your technique is poor, and timbre is as yet lacking."

Gerald did not comprehend in the least.

"Do you always sing like that?"

"I can go higher'n that, sir," and the boy ran the scale again and actually reached two notes higher. The professor was enthusiastic. Here was a treasure—a phenomenon!

"You will be an acquisition to St. Mark's if you take care," said the teacher.

The boy remained silent. The word "acquisition" was not yet in his vocabulary.

"Will I be let sing at college?"

"Yes, if your conduct is good."

"My! that's great! I like singing ever so much. Ma says I am a natural to it."

"You mean that she says it is natural to you. Undoubtedly it is. Almighty God has endowed you with a magnificent voice, and you should be very thankful."

"Yes, sir, but, say, Mister, you ought to hear Willie sing. He beats me—and Blanche, too."

"Who is Willie, pray?"

"He's my brother. He's eleven, and he sings second to my soprano. He's great!"

"As I have not the pleasure of William's acquaintance at present, nor that of Blanche, I must forego the pleasure of hearing them. Do you know any songs?"

Gerald at once began to sing "Kil-larney," to the intense satisfaction of the teacher. He then sang "Angels We Have Seen and Heard," and several others, including "Beautiful Star" which his mother had taken great pains to teach him.

To say that the professor-musician was satisfied would but mildly express his frame of mind. He was as enthusiastic as a real artist generally becomes over anything excellent in his own particular line of art.

"Shall I bring Willie and Blanche here, sir?" asked the boy.

"Blanche! Good gracious! no. Will you kindly oblige me by bearing in mind that this is a college and not a convent academy. As for your brother William, we will see about him later. He is too young to come here as a student, but if he sings as well as you do I may let the two of you sing a duet at Christmas."

"Thank you, Mr. —, oh! I don't know your name!" said Gerald, in dismay. "Please tell me your name. I want to tell mamma."

"Dear me! you startle me! Your requests are so inconsiderately sudden, you know. I am afraid that if they continue, I shall be affected in the cardiac muscles. The strenuousness of your announcements, and the arduousness of your search for information are sufficient to upset the placidity of one's cogitations."

This was all Greek, or worse, to Gerald, who had a hazy notion that the teacher was quizzing him. He said:

"I do not know your name, sir."

"Oh! that information can be imparted easily. I rejoice in the name of Aloysius Worthington Laffington. Perhaps you are not aware that the Worthingtons came from Worthington Manor in Leicestershire, while the Laffingtons are of a sturdy stock from Maine. Is this perfectly satisfactory?"

Gerald had a glimmering sense that he was being teased, but he said:

"All right, Mr. Worthington Laffington, sir. I will tell mamma when I get home that you say my singing is 'squisite. That will please her, sir."

"Very good. Now, my boy," said the professor, dropping his bantering, "you have a really fine voice, and I want you to take care of it. I want you to keep out of mischief in the yard, behave well in the classroom, and do your work as well as you can. Will you try?"

"Sure, sir."

"H'm. Laconic enough, certainly, but I think you mean it."

"Sure I do, sir," repeated Gerald. He could understand the teacher now.

"Very well. If you give satisfaction in class, we shall be able to do some pleasant musical work, but lessons come first, you know."

"You let me sing, sir, and I'll learn my lessons all right."

"That's good, my boy. Do your duty and look to pleasure afterwards."

This, Gerald Albury's first glimpse into realms unknown, was satisfactory. He liked the President, and notwithstanding Mr. Laffington's big words, he thought he would be able to get along with him. He had not as yet met his class-teacher.

(To be continued.)

A Bunch of Shamrocks

By J. J. K.

They're only a bunch of shamrocks
From a land beyond the sea,
Enclosed in simple wrapping,
Yet they're all the world to me.

Their leaves are seared and withered,
They've lost their emerald hue,
But I love them, dear Alanna,
Because they come from you.

Yes, love them all, Alanna,
For they bring me back again
To the land of happy boyhood—
The land I'd still be in

Had the tyrant hand of England
Reached not o'er the sea,
Bringing sorrow to the homestead
That's dear to you and me.

But why these tears of sorrow!
Come, sunshine, on the scene,
Play down upon these shamrocks
And turn their sear to green.

Ah, now, dear little emblems,
You throb with life anew,
Sunshine beams upon you,
You're wet with tearful dew.

Oh, shamrocks, how I love you
God alone can ever tell;
Alone He sees my teardrops,
The heart from which they well.

An American Lourdes

By H. CLIFFORD WILBUR

ALTHOUGH Americans, of all creeds are familiar with the history of the beautiful Mohawk valley, many Protestants of this country are not aware of the existence of a pilgrim shrine in the very heart of the historic vale. Yet for more than two hundred years Catholics of America and Canada have visited this spot, where the zealous Jesuit missionary, Isaac Jogues, suffered torture and death at the hands of the savage Mohawks, and where the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs stands to commemorate his work among the Indians and his martyrdom for the Faith. To the thousands of Catholics who to-day come from far and near to worship at this shrine and visit the holy stream whose waters are said to possess healing power, the quaint little town of Auriesville, N. Y., has become the Lourdes of America. Each year, during the summer months, when the pilgrimages are in progress, throngs of penitents and tourists, attracted by the history of the shrine and the beauty of the surroundings, visit the little village. Many wonderful cures are said to have been wrought here, and many instances of divine favor to pilgrims have been recorded.

The name of Isaac Jogues is graven deep in the history of the Empire State, and the strenuous efforts now being made by the Jesuits of America for the canonization of Jogues are followed with keen interest by Protestants and Catholics alike. The pilgrimages during the past year have been, consequently, unusually large; and should the Holy See grant the request and give the state of New York a saint of its own, Auriesville may some day become the Mecca of American pilgrims.

* * * * *

The beautiful valley of the Mohawk is famous for its historical associations and Indian lore, and the history of this

American Lourdes is as picturesque as its environment. It dates back to that early time when the wily and treacherous Mohawk held undisputed sway in the valley which to-day bears his name, and the wigwams of his tribe dotted the ground upon which the shrine now stands. On the site of the village of Auriesville was the Indian settlement of Ossernenon, one of the largest of the Mohawk villages and a favorite gathering place of the tribe. Those were troublous times. The Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, now New

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

From Statue design by Sibbel, of New York.

York and the settlement of Van Rennsalaerwyk, now the city of Albany, were struggling on, while trading posts marked the sites where to-day stand the cities of Schenectady and Amsterdam. The French, through the Jesuits, had established missions among the Hurons and were pushing steadily southward among the Mohawks and Iroquois, but the Mohawks, averse to white men and Christianity, hunted down missionaries and converts with relentless vigor.

It was in the summer of 1642 that Father Jogues, then stationed at the French post at Quebec, undertook to carry supplies to a mission among the Hurons. Accompany-

THE ORATORY ALTAR AND INDIAN RELIQUARY.

ing Jogues on his journey was René Goupil, a young helper at the Canadian mission. Both Jogues and Goupil had spent many years among the Indians of Canada, and amid the greatest hardships had worked zealously for their religion. Yet all the sufferings they had endured were as nothing to those they underwent on that memorable journey down the St. Lawrence. The Iroquois and Mohawks were on the war-path; the missionaries were surrounded and captured by Mohawks and carried by way of the lakes,

now Lake George and Lake Champlain, to the Indian village of Ossernenon. Of the horror of that march Jogues gives but a faint idea in his account, of the capture, and how these men of civilized France lived through the terrible punishment administered by the Mohawks at this time is a marvel. It took three days to reach Ossernenon. Torn and bleeding from the cruel blows, tottering and bent under the heavy burdens they were compelled to carry, the missionaries struggled on. At one Iroquois village, after the captives had been made

to run the gauntlet, the Indians cut the end of each forefinger from Jogues' hands. At another, the priest was dragged to a fire and compelled to hold one of his fingers in the flame until it had partly burned away; another finger was crushed to a pulp. Yet their courage never failed, and even the Indians marvelled at the bravery of their white captives. When Ossernenon was reached, the whole tribe joined in the celebration. Between rows of cruel savages the missionaries staggered up the hill leading to the Indian village, buffeted this way and that by the blows of their persecutors. At the entrance to the village Goupil fell, exhausted with pain, and Jogues, his great heart pitiful for his frail companion, lifted him and carried him inside the palisades.

For weeks Jogues and Goupil dwelt in captivity, suffering inconceivable tortures, but in spite of their fearful torments they contrived by cutting the sign of the cross on the bark of trees, to keep it ever before the eyes of the people of the tribe. For his skill in medicine young Goupil was particularly feared and hated. While at prayers one night he was tomahawked, and his body was thrown to the dogs. Risking his life to give his companion Christian burial, Jogues carried his mangled remains to a ravine a little west of the village and secreted them under a large rock in a little brook; and later, under the cover of darkness, he buried the body on the bank of the brook, which to-day is the *holy stream of Auriesville*. For thirteen

dreary months Jogues was a captive among the Mohawks. During that time he learned the language of the tribe, and in spite of the tortures labored zealously for souls. In the autumn of 1643, he made his escape, and after a perilous journey reached the Dutch settlement of Van Rennsalaerwyk. The Dutch had made overtures for the release of the missionaries, but to no avail, and the Mohawks, enraged at the loss of their captive, demanded from them a heavy ransom. To prevent a massacre of the colony and the surrounding trading posts, it was paid.

By Christmas of that year, Jogues was in France, where he was treated with

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

great honor by Church and Court. The queen regent, Anne of Austria, personally summoned him to Paris, and, it is said, wept bitterly over his maimed hands. The missionary's stay in France was of short duration, however, for, longing to establish a mission among the intractable Mohawks, he returned to Montreal, and in the year 1646 undertook to conclude the peace treaty

talked of between the whites and the savages.

Accompanied by a member of the French post and several Indian allies, Father Jogues set out for Ossernenon, where the council was to be held. The return of the intrepid priest to the scene of his former sufferings was signalized by much pomp and ceremony, and protestations of friendship from the leaders of the tribe, who had seemingly forgot-

farewell to the tribe and returned to Montreal. He was determined, however, to establish missions among the Mohawks; and in September of the same year, accompanied by an adventurous young Frenchman, Jean de la Lande, he set out on his third journey to Ossernenon. When within a few leagues of the settlement, they were surrounded by treacherous Mohawks, and again the brave missionary entered the palisades of Ossernenon, a prisoner. For days, Jogues and de la Lande were horribly tortured. Then, on the morning of October 18, two years after the massacre of René Goupil, they were put to death, their bodies thrown into the Mohawk River, and their heads placed upon the stockade.

Until the destruction of the Mohawk villages by the French, in 1656, many other missionaries were put to death in the village of Ossernenon. The French were determined to push southward, and the zeal of the Jesuits, sent to pave the way by establishing missions among the tribes, did not flag in the face of the fiercest opposition. The wily and treacherous Mohawks invariably received the missionaries with fair words and pleasant promises; but fearful tortures and death were sure to follow, and the village of Ossernenon, from its bloody history,

THE MEMORIAL CROSS.

ten the wrongs they had inflicted upon him. After the treaty had been successfully concluded, Jogues expressed a desire to remain and establish a mission in the settlement, but the Mohawks, fearing war with one of the upper nations, urged his departure, so he bade

came to be known as the "Mission of the Martyrs."

It was held by the French as a mission from 1656 to 1684, when the Mohawk missions were abandoned, owing to the war between the French and English, and the blood-

stained little mission in Ossernenon was closed forever.

* * * * *

To perpetuate the memories of the brave men who perished in Ossernenon, a shrine was erected two hundred years later upon the site of the Indian village of Ossernenon under the name of Our Lady of Martyrs. The hill upon which it stands embraces nearly the whole site of the old Indian village, and is reached by a winding, willow-bordered road called the Hill of Prayer, up which Isaac Jogues and René Goupil marched one bright August day in 1642, between rows of savage

Mohawks who thirsted for their blood. On the spot where the youthful Goupil fell stands a memorial cross on which is written a history of the shrine. On this cross, also, is a tribute to the memory of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Iroquois maiden,

born in the year 1656 in an adjoining village, now the town of Fonda. She eagerly embraced the Catholic faith, and for this was cruelly persecuted by the Mohawks. Because of her angelic purity and holiness she was called the "Lily of the Mohawks," and as such she is commemorated at the shrine. During her captivity in Ossernenon, she escaped and fled to Canada, where she spent the remainder of her life.

On the brow of the hill, its gilt cross showing far down the valley, is the shrine itself. Near it is the chapel, a

pretty, rustic structure, where Mass is said and the Sacraments administered to the pilgrims. In the chapel are the votive offerings, the most beautiful and costly of which are a golden crown of thorns and a gold chalice. The crown of thorns, which is modeled after that with which the artist, de Fleury, crowned his head of Christ, is thickly studded with precious stones, the offerings of grateful pilgrims. The chalice, which contains thirty ounces of pure gold, is a magnificent piece of work. About the cup is a band of seraph heads, surmounted by a row of diamonds, with a

JOGUES MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

row of pearls underneath. Precious stones adorn the stem, and the base is profusely covered with sapphires, diamonds, emeralds and garnets.

In a little log house, once a chapel, is a valuable collection of Indian relics. This is of especial interest to the visitor, as most of the curios are associated with the history of the valley, and have been collected around Auriesville. Near this building are the cottages of the Jesuit fathers in charge of the shrine.

One of the most interesting spots at Auriesville is the ravine, a secluded, pine-shaded glade, where Jogues hid the

body of René Goupil in a little brook, under a large rock, before burying it on the bank of the stream. To this ravine the pilgrim repairs to bathe his brow, in the form of a cross, with the limpid waters of this holy stream; for tradition says that the bones of the saintly young martyr imparted healing powers to these waters. Here one sees the maimed, the halt and the blind, kneeling in fervent prayer beside the stream, beseeching heaven that they may be healed of their afflictions. The scenes attending the pilgrimages, indeed, are most impressive. Out in the open, the processions of devout pilgrims, led by black-robed priests, making the sta-

tions of the cross and chanting the plaintive strains of the "Stabat Mater;" at the shrine, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin; the prostrate penitents at the Calvary; the tragic figures in the gloomy ravine; while everywhere are the faithful saying the rosary.

The location of the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is especially reposeful and conducive to spiritual meditation, and looking from the shrine over the quiet vale to-day, it is hard to realize that here men suffered lingering torture and cruel death; for the beautiful valley, with its placid vista of wooded hills, gently sloping fields and graceful stretch of river, is to-day a veritable valley of peace.

St. Joseph's Day

By John Maryson

The March winds blow, the pearly cloudlets gay
Troop o'er the blue,—the meadows haste to grow,
And all the green-touched woodlands seem to know
'Tis Joseph's Day.

The quiet fields a misty incense pay,
And earliest blooms send fragrance on the wind.
O dearest Saint, what off'ring can we find
For Joseph's Day?

Naught can we bring of pomp or proud display,
And thou, O Father, wast as poor as we;
A loving heart and glad simplicity
For Joseph's Day.

Bid all the plaguing hosts of Care away!
And be as trustful, calm and blythe as he;
Naught canst thou ask that he'll not give to thee
On Joseph's Day.

And when the sunshine spends its latest ray
And night's unnumbered starry lights appear,
Thou'lt say, "a happy time of all the year!
This Joseph's Day!"

UNENTERED PORTS

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "A Son of Adam," "Cardome," "Borrowed from the Night," "Racing the Whirlwind," Etc.

IX.

THE following day, several miles back from Paris, an old man might have been seen turning up the black soil in a level field.

His team went forward with the easy gait of well-nurtured horses, and the driver followed without indication of haste. As he reached the end of the furrow, he observed a neighbor riding quickly toward the town. Noting the old man, he drew in his galloping steed and shouted:

"Jim, what do you think's happened? Howe has withdrawn from the race. They've just telephoned the news to Ruddles' Mills. I'm going to Paris to get the particulars."

The old man stood gazing after the retreating horseman with blank astonishment on his countenance. Howe to withdraw within six days of the election, and his race practically won! Pulling himself together, he began to unfasten the horses from the plow.

"I reckon Allie needs me now," he communed.

He threw himself, belly forward, across the back of the leader, and, assisted by the tops of the red hames, mounted and started for home. His wife, engaged with a flock of young turkeys taken that morning from the nest, seeing him returning at that hour, grew alarmed. Resigning her poultry to the care of the mother hen, she hastened to the fence and awaited his approach.

"Has anything happened, Pa?" she asked, her eyes intent on the study of his face.

"Allie's withdrawn," he answered.

"O Pa!" she said, and her hands fell to her sides.

"George Sayers just told me, and I 'lowed that Allie must be wanting me. I must go to him."

"Yes, I suppose you'd better," she said. "You'd better go in the buggy, Pa, he might want to come home with you. Don't mind the horses! It will take some time for you to get ready. I'll call Lafe from the garden."

He took her advice. When she entered the house after summoning the negro boy, she found her husband sharpening his razor. She washed her hands, with many an anxious glance at him, and then went to their bedroom to lay out his Sunday suit of broadcloth, his white shirt, black tie and snowy handkerchief. Then she brought forth his boots and brushed with her apron an imaginary speck of dust from their shining surface. That done, she went to the guest-chamber to assure herself that it was in perfect order in case the Judge should come home with her husband.

After the lapse of an hour the old man emerged from the room. The soft white hair framed a face full of the quiet strength of one whose life had been loyal to the best, and as the woman looked on him something of his soul's serenity fell over her.

"You'll be home early, Pa?" she asked, inspecting him with wifely eyes.

"I'll try to, Mother. But if I am delayed, don't worry!"

"Oh, no, Pa!" she said confidently, accompanying him to the door. She watched him as he walked to the gate between the rows of flowering almond, get into the buggy and drive away. He

traveled quietly. His horse was good, his vehicle light, and another would have made the trip in an hour. It was after twelve when he reached Paris. He stabled his horse and went to Howe's office. It was filled with a crowd of men, many of whom he recognized as Howe's personal friends and political advisers; but the one he sought was not among them. He inquired for the Judge.

"He's at the Bourbon House," they told him. "But it's useless to try to see him. He's locked in a room by himself and will admit no one."

He said nothing, but went to the hotel.

"It's no use trying to see Judge Howe, sir," said the clerk.

"Just show me to his door, young man, please," replied the farmer.

The serene face and quiet voice impressed the clerk, and summoning a bell-boy, he ordered him to show the gentleman to Judge Howe's room. Reaching it, the farmer waited until the negro had left; then, knocking softly, he said:

"Allie, it's Jim, come to see you."

He heard the heavy, uncertain fall of feet on the floor, the key was turned in the lock; he opened the door and entered. At first, the disorder of the room appeared entirely to fill the old man's eyes. He had not imagined it possible for such a state of confusion to exist within the narrow confines of four walls. He felt as if he were standing in the ruins of a man's home. He lifted his eyes slowly and turned them on Howe, who was leaning heavily against the door. As he looked on him he forgot the room. Howe was half-dressed, his hair was unkempt, his face unshaven; his lips were purple, his eyes bloodshot, his figure trembling. An empty bottle on the floor, another half-drained on the table, told the old man the cause of the wreck he beheld. He walked quietly to the table and taking the flask, poured the whiskey into the water-jar.

"Why—why you—you—do that—Jim?" asked Howe, in a thick, faltering voice.

"Allie, put on your coat and collar and your shoes!" commanded the old man.

Howe, advancing toward the bureau, made an effort to obey, but when the trembling fingers had secured the collar, he threw himself into a chair, and laying his arms on the table, bowed his head upon them. The eyes of the old man had sobered him.

"Allie," began he, taking a chair on the other side of the table, "the first thought I had on waking this morning was about your election, and I said to myself, 'In six more days we'll be through with the fuss and have Allie elected.' It's plowing time on the farm, lad, and I was following my team when, 'long about ten o'clock, Sayers passed and hollered to me that you had withdrawn. I unhitched and went home and got ready to come to town. When I got here they told me I had my trip for nothing, that you wouldn't see me. But I knew better. I knew only the grave could shut me out from Allie Howe."

He cleared his throat and rubbed the back of a toil-hardened hand across his eyes.

"I've got five sons, Allie," he began, "born from the body of the woman I love; but I swear not one of them is dearer to me than you. My boy, I didn't expect to see you like this."

He saw a convulsive sob shake the bowed figure, and with a clear light in his eyes he went on:

"As I drove in, Allie, I was thinking of the old days. The first time I got acquainted with you was the year I rented from Mr. Simmons. I had just moved up from Nicholas, where I'd worked all summer for nothing, you might say. We were strangers here, Mother and I, and we were poor and had six little children. You had lost your mother that fall gone, and had hired out with Mr.

Simmons. You were tall for your age and manly, and the handsomest boy I'd ever seen. From the hour I first clapped eyes on you, I loved you. Then, one of the negroes told me about you, how that land had once belonged to your father. You'll never know, my boy, how sorry I felt for you. But I knew that telling you that wasn't going to help you any. The only thing for me to do was to try to keep up your courage. Sometimes when we'd rest under the shade I could see that you were downcast, and you would say: 'Jim, I'm going to quit and go West.' And I'd say: 'Don't do it, Allie! Stick to your books and stay at home. You'll be Governor of this State yet.' And O Allie! often when I was talking encouragingly to you my own spirits were low, for the baby was ailing and Mother was weakly. I couldn't provide for her and the children properly, and you know that the prospect for crops, even in Bourbon, was bad that year. Often, as we worked in the hot sun, I thought my heart would break, I wanted to tell you of my misery and despair that bad; but always when the words were on my lips something would say to me: 'Jim, this boy looks to you for strength and courage!' And I'd say nothing, but set to work the harder. Finally, you quit leaning on me and stood like a man in your own boots. Then I began to get courage from your determined face and closed lips. The next spring, do you remember, Allie? you did your first plowing. The plow was heavy for you to handle, lad, and the team was difficult to manage, but you tackled it like a man. What was my one instruction to you, Allie?"

Howe lifted his head. His face was ashen, his eyes heavy with the tears he could not shed.

"'Keep your furrow straight,'" he said.

"And you always did!" cried the old man. "Always except once. You were

older then by two years. We were laying off the big field for corn. In one of your rows a root had caught your plow. It threw that row out of the straight line. The next was a little more crooked; the third was beginning to look bad. I called your attention to it and told you to run the next straight. Do you remember what you said? 'I'll straighten them all, Jim! There'll be no crooked furrows in my part of the field.' You went to the house and got the ax and cut the root; then you plowed those three rows over. I knew it didn't matter after that, whether we kept together or not, for you'd always plow a straight furrow. When we did part, Allie, you started for the university, and I took possession of the farm I had been able to purchase. A large part of the happiness of these later days has been given to me by your success. I watched you, Allie, in the field of life as I used to watch you in the field of corn, and I always saw you plowing a straight furrow. It filled my heart with pride. I knew that you hadn't forgotten old Jim's teachings. I don't understand why you have done this thing, but somehow I feel that the furrow's still straight."

Howe gazed for a minute into the eyes of the old man; then a smile, full of love and veneration, brightened his tortured face. He rose, and going to the washstand, bathed his face. He smoothed down his disheveled hair, put on his slippers and coat, then resumed his chair.

"Jim," he began, "I have never had a secret from you in my life. I never shall. Last fall a lady came to this town to teach in the Female College. She is a friend of the Boyds and stopped with them. I supposed that she was a widow. She thought that I knew from the Boyds that her husband had abandoned her, because after marriage he learned that the property which he thought was hers belonged to her stepmother. I grew to

love her. Not till I told her of my love did I know that she was not free. Brady saw us together the few times we were in each other's company in public. He set himself to discover her history. It was not hard to do. She makes no effort to conceal it. She thought that all who knew anything of her here, knew of her story. He came to me last night threatening to give her story to the public, ruin her and me by hinting that my love for her was reciprocated, and say whatever else the devil would suggest to him. To spare her from this cruel, deadly wrong, I had either to kill him or withdraw. Jim, the Judge of Bourbon County must not dishonor that office while it is held by me. I withdrew."

The old man rose, and walking around the table, laid his hand reverently on the Judge's head.

"God bless you, Allie!" he murmured, with a break in his voice. "God bless you, lad!" he repeated, "for by that act of yours you not only saved the name of the woman you love, but the honor of this community."

He went back to his chair and continued:

"Allie, more sacred than your office is your life. As you would do nothing to dishonor that, you must do nothing to stain this."

"Jim," said Howe, "that man is safe from me so long as I wear the judicial robe—"

He paused, and the eyes bent on the old man seemed to send out leaping flames of passion. They drove a great fear into the heart of the watcher, but he said calmly:

"He is safe from you while you are a man. Never forget, Allie, that you are the last of your family. If it closes with you, shall it be in dishonor? If you perpetuate it, shall you send it to posterity stained by murder?"

"It dies with me, Jim!" he cried, all

the anguish of his heart piercing his voice.

"Then, give it the glory that follows the close of a summer day, my son!" said the old man softly.

"Do you know what you counsel?" half-moaned the other.

"I do, lad! It's the old counsel—plow your furrow straight!"

"But you do not know what he has done? Ruined me forever! Why, last night, after dispatching my resignation, I thought to end it all. I thought I could not bear the reproach, the scorn, the suspicion of my party. I came here intending to kill myself. I don't know what prevented me from doing it, unless I got too drunk to remember what had occurred. All this day, friends—the truest man ever had—have been beating at that door, begging to see me; and I denied them. What could I say to them? I may not tell them what I have told you. When I have no valid reason to give for my conduct, do you not know what will be said?"

"Yes; either that Brady has some secret knowledge that would ruin you, or that you were bought off," replied the old man quietly. "I will not deny, Allie, that you stand as close to the brink of ruin as a man can stand without falling in." (As he heard the words, by one of those curious freaks of memory Howe was again in Mrs. Allison's drawing-room, looking at Cora, as she told of the delight it was to stand on the edge of a bank and feel it crumbling under her feet as she made her spring. Daring girl! what would she do in his place? But the speaker's voice called him back.) "The best men in the county, in the entire district, had faith in you, and there can be no doubt it would have brought the voters into line at the polls. They know that you knew this, and could almost count on victory. But if there were not this feeling of certainty, you know the spirit of Kentuckians? They would

rather see their man whipped than throw up the game. You have rent this faith in two. To every Democrat, except yourself, me and that conscienceless man, you have betrayed your party. Now, Allie, is the time to prove your manhood. Cut your root and straighten out your furrow!"

The old eyes had in them a flash of youthful fire. Howe's caught light from them. He was called to a test of strength by the one who had given him all the father-love his defrauded life had known. He had ever been true to the old man's claims upon his filial obedience; he would not fail him in the supreme hour.

"I'll try, Jim!" he said simply.

For a long time they sat in absolute silence. The farmer knew that the keen mind was forming its plans to bring victory from overwhelming defeat, and he was content.

X.

"Train leaves at five forty-five!" announced the railway clerk, clapping the silver change and ticket on the marble-topped counter with a ringing sound. Judge Howe, pocketing these, turned, and glancing toward the clock, saw that he had fully an hour to wait until the departure of the train. He paused in indecision, his eyes sweeping the waiting-room with its many travelers, some gay and laughing, others tired and sorrowful. He would have ample time to call on Cora, who was attending the School of Design. He wanted to see the girl, for she still held his old friendly interest even though she had disregarded his advice; yet he shrank from meeting her, dreaded the silent questioning of her direct, blue eyes.

His head drooped slightly forward, and lapsing into unconsciousness of his surroundings, he began, from force of a new and overpowering habit, to pace the floor. Instantly the tall, distin-

guished-looking man focused the attention of every one in the room; but, unaware of this, he continued his slow walking back and forth, his mind filled with the thoughts that recollection of Cora had awakened.

He had leaped his chasm in safety—he would like to tell her that! But then she might ask how it happened that his path, which was running smoothly when last she saw him, had in so short a time led him to the brink of danger; and he felt he could not speak of some things to her. Yet he wished she knew! He did not want her to think of him as defeated.

Defeated? He lifted his head with the impatience of a curbed racer. As he did so, his unconscious gaze fell and rested on a little boy standing at the door of the ladies' waiting-room, watching him with wide-eyed curiosity. Defeated? He had never been that in his life, and though he should not sit in the Hall of Congress, he was never more triumphant. Any general may achieve victory when circumstances favor him, but he who can lead a forlorn hope to splendid realization is the superior officer. This Howe had done.

His withdrawal had thrown consternation into the ranks of his followers. They knew not how to interpret his action. They had trusted him too long and too implicitly to believe that he had betrayed them, as many thought and asserted; and they knew him too well to believe that fear of Brady had forced him from the race. Before they had had time to recover from their surprise and begin to look about them for motives, their chief had returned to his old command. He told them that he had sacrificed his own ambition for the sake of others. It was against him, personally, that Brady's malice was directed; and at the last hour he had done what earlier in the race he had thought of doing for the preservation of peace in the party.

There were other men as well fitted as he to wear the high honor. It now became their duty to select such a man, who, approved of by both factions, would make defeat at the regular election impossible.

The action was unanimously applauded, and Allen Howe was never such a hero as in the days following his withdrawal. Throughout the country he was acclaimed a patriot, and there were far-seeing eyes that beheld him Governor of the State without the Congressional honor. While he felt that this praise was, in a measure, undeserved, he was bound to silence. The party that had honored him had come too dangerously near defeat for him to make any rash move after having succeeded in swinging it back into the fighting line; moreover, he had always to consider the woman he loved.

He had the primary election postponed until the last Saturday in June; then he had secured the nomination of another to take his vacated place on the ticket. A marked change was the result, and the candidate that Brady had been supporting found his following steadily decreasing. This defection from the congressional candidate meant a like result for the editor's son-in-law, whose only hope of success lay in the complete breaking of Howe's power; and this power Brady, in the blind working of hatred and malice, had only strengthened.

And Brady was compelled to look on in dumb despair. He had spent the last of his poison-tipped arrows, and all he had gained were the detestation of the majority of his party and the eternal enmity of Howe. Then, for the first time in his life, the editor began to know the pain of fear of what the Judge would do when, the few remaining months of his official life over, he would be free to avenge the deadly wrong he had suffered.

"Howe will kill Brady when he is out of office," men said to one another, and when echo of their words came to the Judge's ears something in his heart told him that they were true. The longer he pondered on the matter, the stronger became his conviction that his honor and Mrs. Delgare's good name demanded that the insult offered to both should be wiped out in blood.

What had she thought of his withdrawal? As the old question recurred to him, it drew him out of his deep reflection, and becoming aware of his surroundings, he hastily sought a seat. He did not know—should never know. Though the same roof had continued to cover them, and ostensibly they were friends, they knew themselves to be as widely separated as it is possible for human beings to be. In two weeks the college would close for the summer vacation; and to spare them the pain of those last days, passed in this unnatural silence, and to put away from him the fear that at times clutched his heart, the fear that love might turn traitor, he had decided to avail himself of the invitation from a friend in Boone County, and was now on his way to that gentleman's country house.

The little boy had been gradually shifting his position until now he was standing directly opposite the Judge. Drawn by the intensity of the child's eyes, Howe looked at him, and as he noted the large, old-looking face, set almost between the shoulders, he knew a swift, keen sorrow, the sorrow of the strong and handsome for the weak and deformed.

"Poor little chap! to have to go through life like that!" he thought, while he spoke kindly to him. The boy replied, well-manneredly. Then Howe remarked with his winning smile:

"Don't you find it tiresome waiting for trains?"

"No, not very," replied the boy, drawing near. "I like to watch the people coming and going. Why is everybody in such a hurry in the city?"

"Because they haven't got the good common sense of country folk," answered Howe. "On the farm, where you live, you don't see the corn that was planted last month ready to cut now, do you?"

"No," said the boy, "you don't. It's pretty near Christmas time before we get it into the crib. But how did you know I live on a farm?" he asked, with a sad little smile on his face.

"If you will get up here on my knee, I'll tell you," answered the Judge. The child permitted himself to be assisted to the place, but there was that in his manner which plainly showed that he was not accustomed to this attention from men. "You not only live on a farm," observed Howe, "but the rim of your straw hat is torn off."

The boy laughed, a laugh more pitiful than the smile; then he said: "You're pretty near as good at guessing as Merlin was."

"Maybe I am Merlin," suggested Howe, but the child shook his head.

"Merlin was never able to break the enchantment," he replied, sadly. "It is a pity, too!"

"Why is it a pity?" inquired Howe, interested in the strange boy.

"He would have been able to help the good King, because he was a wizard, you know; and a wizard can see right into people's brains and find out what they're thinking about," he explained.

"For one, I'm glad that Merlin hasn't broken the enchantment," observed Howe. "I wouldn't want any old man poking his tube into my head to find out my thoughts, would you?"

"I wouldn't mind if it were Merlin," said the child, "because if he did find any bad thoughts he wouldn't tell your grandmother on you. And maybe," he

added, after a second's thought, "if we knew Merlin was about we'd always be thinking good thoughts, like Sir Galahad."

"But there was only one Galahad for the faithless Launcelot and false Guinevere," observed the Judge. "Merlin could not keep people good in his own day; I'm afraid he would fail utterly in ours."

The child was looking at him intently; when the words ceased, he answered, stoutly: "Still, Merlin was a great wizard and I wish he was living now."

"Why?" questioned the man. The blood crept into the sad, pale face, but he made no answer, so Howe asked him his name.

"John," he said.

"John,—'a witness of the light,' " commented the Judge. "Do you remember of what John that was declared?" As he boy continued to regard him with a puzzled expression, he smiled, and added: "I'm afraid, John, you don't read your Bible as often as your King Arthur stories."

"Oh, I know now!" he exclaimed. "It was John the Baptist. If you had only said 'a voice in the wilderness,' I'd have remembered right away. But I'm not a bit like him. There's a picture of him in mother's Bible, and he is tall and straight, 'most like you are, and I'm a little—hunchback."

The words, uttered in a voice heavy with the breaking of a childish heart, filled the soul of the man with pain. After a pause he said:

"John, there are many who have harder, heavier things to bear than you have. You are a sensible little boy, and I am going to try to make you see how fully as hard life is for others as for you. Once there was a boy who was very poor. He had no mother, no grandmother—no one to love and take care of him as you have. He liked to study and to read, but he had no one to teach

him, no one to buy him books; and as he had to work for what he ate and wore, he couldn't go to school. He was hungry all the time for knowledge. He didn't know anything about Merlin and King Arthur, and if you had asked him who was 'the voice in the wilderness,' he might not have been able to tell you. All through the long, hot days he had to hoe in the garden, and when night came he was very tired, his arms ached, and his face and hands were blistered by the sun; but his work was not done. He had to drive up the cows, feed the calves, chop the wood, fasten up the chickens. Sometimes the moon was shining before he could rest. Wasn't that boy worse off than you?"

"No! I'd much rather be that boy and have a straight back," said John, wistfully.

"But this boy had no mother," suggested the Judge. A beautiful expression showed on the sad face; seeing it, Howe found himself suddenly recalling Mrs. Delgare's brow.

"I'd forgotten about his mother being dead," he said softly. "Yes, that little boy was worse off than I am."

"He used to feel that way about himself," continued the Judge; "but one day he resolved that his life was not going to be spoiled by things that could not be helped and that he had not caused. He went without gloves and a cap one winter to buy himself a slate and arithmetic. He had no fire to sit by as he studied, and his light was poor; but that did not daunt him, and when spring came he could solve every problem in the book. That was the way he studied until he was seventeen years old; then, as he had saved enough money, he entered the university. When he left it, he became a lawyer and was very successful. Don't you think you can do as much as that little boy?"

"But he wasn't always poor and ignorant," observed John, "while I'll be a

hunchback all my life. The doctors told my mother I would."

Howe's eyes were dwelling on the boy with a new fondness in their depths. He understood the travail of the young soul; he must help it even though he should bring pain to himself.

"True, my boy, he won wealth and position, and men honored him; but he was always lonely. He had no brother, no sister, no wife, no child. He had not even a home. At length there came a noble woman into his life and he grew to love her with all his heart; but she could not marry him. John, it is as hard to carry an affliction on your heart, as on your shoulders; harder—for a man must take precaution to hide what is within, while what is without is no secret. Now, what have you to say?"

There was a gleam in the soft, gray eyes; the man thought they had lost some of their deep pain, as John said:

"I never thought about things that way. I think if that man can bear that big load on his heart, I oughtn't to feel so bad about my back."

"That's the way for a man to talk!" exclaimed Howe. "Now, I shall tell you about some of the great men of history who have had to bear physical afflictions, and refused to be conquered by them. There was one who was blind and poor; yet he wrote poems that give him one of the first places in English literature; his name was John, also—John Milton. There was another great poet, named Byron, who had a deformed foot. As he was a peer of the realm and had to take his place in society, it caused him great mortification, but it did not conquer him. There was still another poet who was badly afflicted in his body—Alexander Pope, who was one of the renowned men of his day as well as one of the masters of English poesy. Now John," and he took the little hands and spread them out, palms upward, "why shall not these do something in the

world? They are good hands; they look like hands that go with poetry or painting. You may have some talent for writing or drawing, which, if developed, would almost compensate for your affliction; but he never achieves anything who spends his time in bewailing his fate. You must conquer your fate."

"But mother says I shall never be able to work," remarked the boy. "I wish I could work for mother when I'm older, for she works so hard for me."

"Have you no father?" inquired Howe. He saw the blood color the pale face and regretted his question. But before he could cover his mistake, the child said bravely:

"I have a father. But mother has to work for me," he continued impressively. "She teaches in a big college ever so far away. She hasn't been home since Christmas; but school will be out in two weeks, and then she'll be back with us again."

A sensation, hard, chilling, crept over the heart of Judge Howe. Had she not a son, a little deformed son, who would never be able to work?

"John," he asked slowly, "what is your last name?"

"Delgare," said the boy. The face under his eyes blanched at the word, but he was too young to note and connect this sign of emotion with the utterance of his name.

This was her child! Now that the first moment's surprise was past he began to study the boy's face, and he wondered

why his eyes had been holden. He had her mouth, eyes, and beautiful brow, with the exception that their expression was one of settled sadness, hers of noble exaltation.

At this point the negro maid appeared, and said: "Little boy, your grandmother says you are to come to her immediately. It will soon be time to get on the train." Something like a sigh rose from the sunken breast as John obediently climbed from the Judge's knee.

"I suppose I'll have to go," he said; "but I'm glad you told me about that other little boy."

"Good-bye, John!" said Howe, clasping the little hand and looking with newly-awakened love into the sad little face. "Be a brave, good boy, if only for the sake of your brave, good mother!"

One morning, a week later, as the Judge was returning from a ramble in the pleasant woods, his host met him with a telegram.

"It came about an hour ago," he said, "but I didn't know where to go to look for you."

"I don't suppose it is anything of great importance," observed Howe, leisurely opening the envelope. "It is likely from some of my friends, calling me home to help electioneer for—"

The words died on his lips, as, unfolding the paper, he read:

"Mrs. Delgare's child is dying. Mr. Boyd is in Canada. I am ill. She needs a friend. Go for us."

(To be continued.)

Happiness

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.

—John Dryden.

Banks and Banking

By JAMES I. ENNIS, LL. B.

IV.

THE CLEARING-HOUSE.



IN discussing banks and banking, much is heard of the clearing-house. Checks are said to have "passed through the clearing-house." To most people this expression is misleading and generally conveys a very inaccurate meaning. The whole theory of the method of operating the clearing-house is a deep mystery to the average man, well informed though he may be. Ask five or six ordinary men what the clearing-house is and how it operates, and the replies will show an amazing ignorance of one of the most powerful agencies for expediting the banking business of a city. There is a vague and general impression that the clearing-house is some complicated machine which can determine instantly whether or not a check is correct in its details as to genuineness of signature, validity and sufficiency of endorsement, and even as to sufficiency of funds. Expressions made by educated business men—men who for years have had bank accounts—betray the general ignorance of the institution and its "modus operandi." But it really is a very simple machine—so simple as to cause expressions of wonder from the uninitiated that such immense amounts of money or credit can change hands in so short a space of time with no confusion and without mistake.

What is a clearing-house? The Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania has defined it thus: "It is an ingenious device to simplify and facilitate the work of the banks in reaching an adjustment

and payment of the daily balances due to and from each other at one time, and in one place, on each day. In practical operation, it is a place where all the representatives of the banks in a given city meet, and under the supervision of a competent committee or officer selected by the associated banks, settle their accounts with each other and make or receive payments of balances, and so 'clear' the transactions of the day for which the settlement is made."

Now, while the above is a perfect definition of what a clearing-house is, it still does not convey to an ordinary reader the method of its operations. The average American is very much like little Toddie in "Helen's Babies"—he "wants to see the wheels go round." So a brief description of the workings of the Chicago Clearing-House—which is a fair representative of others—will be given.

The exchanges on "clearings" in Chicago are made on each business day at eleven o'clock, except Saturday, when they are made at ten o'clock. The clearing-house occupies quarters in the new Merchants' Loan and Trust Building, on the corner of Adams and Clark Streets, opposite the new Post Office. The clearings are made in a large room capable of holding without inconvenience four or five hundred people, but as only twenty banks are represented, not more than forty or fifty people meet there at a time. Visitors are few, as admission can be gained only by permission of the manager. In the center of the room is a counter, elliptical in shape, containing numbered windows, like the tellers' windows in a bank counter. Each bank

THE CLEARING-HOUSE.

which is a member of the clearing-house also has a number. Two representatives at least, a clerk and a messenger, are sent from each bank to the clearing-house meetings. A few minutes before eleven o'clock A. M., each clerk stations himself inside the counter at the window whose number corresponds with the clearing-house number of his bank. Before taking this position, however, he delivers at the manager's table, which is on an elevated platform so as to command a clear view of the entire scene, a ticket on which is printed the name of the bank, with its number, the date, the amount of checks brought, and the signature of the clerk. The messenger for each bank stations himself outside the counter at the window bearing his clearing-house number, directly opposite the clerk.

We have now all of the clerks inside the counter, each at his own win-

dow like a receiving teller of a bank, and facing each clerk is the messenger from his own bank, like a depositor, carrying in a satchel the checks drawn on the other banks, strapped in bundles or inclosed in heavy envelopes, with the total amount of the package written on a slip of paper on the outside. The manager takes his place about five minutes before eleven, and as each ticket is laid before him, enters it to the credit of the bank sending it. He has before him a proof-sheet ruled in four columns, one each for credit and debit amounts of exchange, and one for credit and debit balances. After all of the incoming tickets are entered and "footed," the total represents the credit to all the banks clearing. So far the clearing-house owes to each bank the total amount brought by it to the meeting. But there must be a corresponding debit, for all of these checks brought up must

be drawn on the other banks present. How does the manager determine the debit? Of course the grand total is made up by the different totals of the banks represented. These totals, as before stated, are represented by the bundles of checks in the hands of the messengers, and the amounts are charged to the respective banks on which they are drawn. At precisely eleven o'clock a gong on the electric clock sounds, and thereupon the messengers begin the delivery of the checks, passing around the counter and depositing with each clerk the bundle of checks drawn on the bank which he represents. While delivering the checks the messenger passes from clerk to clerk a sheet containing the amounts to the debit of each, and upon this sheet the several clerks receipt by initial for the checks they receive. Each clerk enters on a book before him the amount he receives from each bank. In about four minutes the messengers have completed the circuit and each is in his place again; and every clerk has before him a double row of figures, one containing what he brought, the other, what he will take away. The difference between the two totals will be "the balance." If the sum which he has brought exceeds that which he carries away, he will have a credit balance—the clearing-house owes him the difference. If what he receives is in excess of what he brought, he will have a debit balance, or, in other words, he owes the clearing-house that amount of money. As soon as he has ascertained the balance, he makes out a ticket on a printed form like this:

No. 4.	Chicago, Feb. 2, 1905.
Amount received	\$1,500,000.00
Amount brought	2,000,000.00
<hr/>	
Debit balance due Clearing-house	
Credit balance due Bank.....	\$500,000.00
Signed:	John Doe, Settling Clerk.

Which means that the clearing-house owes Bank Number Four five hundred thousand dollars. The settling clerk having filled out the ticket, hands it in to the manager, who enters the debtor amount (the creditor amount having already been entered) and the balance. As soon as all of the clerks have handed in their tickets, the manager adds up the four columns—the amount received, the amount brought, the credit balance, and the debit balance. If the totals of the amounts brought and the amounts received agree, and if the credit balance and debit balance agree, the announcement to that effect is made; but if there has been an error in the figures of any of the clerks, the totals will not balance; whereupon the manager announces the amount of the difference. Thereupon the clerks "run over" their figures and call back the entries between the banks. If the error be not found before twenty minutes past eleven, the clerk who made the mistake is fined two dollars. The clerks now return to their banks and report the results of the clearings to their officers. If a bank be a debtor bank, that is, owe the clearing-house, it must send to the clearing-house before 12:30 one or more representatives with funds sufficient to pay its indebtedness. At 12:45 P. M., or fifteen minutes later than the debtor banks have paid to the manager the amount of their debit balance, all of the creditor banks must be represented to collect their credit balance. If any bank be late at these meetings, it is fined three dollars for tardiness. It is unnecessary to say that it is not often that a clerk is fined, because not only does he get reprimanded by the officers of his own bank, but each clerk makes a memorandum on his sheet that Bank Number — was fined so much; and every bank in the clearing-house is thus apprised of the fact.

In the Chicago Clearing-House there has grown a custom of "trading balances," as it is called, a custom which does not obtain in most clearing-houses in America. The officers of a bank generally know in advance whether they will have a credit or debit balance at the morning session. If a bank expects a big balance, it can either collect the entire amount or "trade" it. Sometimes a bank does not care to collect its balance. It may have all the currency that it needs—its vaults may be overcrowded; or, as sometimes happens, it may be expecting large drafts upon it the next day or the day after, drafts large enough to give it a huge debit balance. It would be unnecessary, therefore, to send several men up to the clearing-house to act as guards for the transportation of perhaps several hundred thousand dollars to the bank vaults, and the day following to send the same number of men back to the clearing-house to pay in the very money collected the day before. So, in a case like this, the cashier of the bank instructs the "clearing-house clerk" of his bank to settle the difference. Immediately after the manager of the clearing-house announces, by the ringing of the bell, that the credit and debit exchanges "balance" for that day, the clerks proceed to "settle" the differences. Bank Number Four, it will be assumed, had a credit balance of five hundred thousand dollars. But it appears on the sheet that each clerk has before him that Bank Number One owes the clearing-house three hundred thousand and Bank Number Eleven owes two hundred thousand dollars. The clerk for Number Four rushes to the clerk for Number One and yells "settle," or, "pay your balance, Billy." If "Billy" acquiesce it means that Number One will allow Number Four to lend it three hundred thousand dollars, or, in other words, to pay its clearing-house difference. The clerk for

Bank Number Four then offers to pay the "balance" for Bank Number Eleven, and if his offer is accepted the bargain is closed. Now, how does the settlement come in? Bank Number Four gives to Bank Number One an order on the clearing-house for three hundred thousand dollars, in return for which Bank Number One gives to Bank Number Four a cashier's check on Bank Number One for the same amount. In the same manner, Bank Number Four gives to Bank Number Eleven an order on the clearing-house for two hundred thousand dollars and accepts the cashier's check for the same amount from Bank Number Eleven. The situation stands thus: Banks Numbers Four and Eleven owe to the clearing-house respectively, the sums of three hundred thousand and two hundred thousand dollars, which they must pay in by 12:30, while Bank Number Four must collect five hundred thousand dollars by 12:45. So, at 12:30 the two debtor banks present to the manager the written orders of Bank Number Four for the amount of their debit balances, for which they receive a receipt in full from the manager. But at 12:45, Bank Number Four gives to the clearing-house manager a receipt for five hundred thousand dollars, as this bank has already received two cashier's checks, one for three hundred thousand and the other for two hundred thousand dollars. So here was the settlement of three balances, involving the payment in the aggregate of one million dollars, wiped out without the actual transfer of one penny.

The offer to trade a balance comes almost invariably from the bank with a credit balance. A bank with a debit balance hesitates to ask another bank to pay its debts to the clearing-house. Necessarily the personality of the settling clerk enters largely into the transaction. A clerk who is popular with his con-

freres generally manages to "trade" his differences without difficulty, thereby saving his bank much carting to and fro of funds, which is of course a saving of time and expense. It might be asked whether it is always safe to allow clerks to settle large balances in the manner described. And the answer to that question would be that the banks of a clearing-house are always subject to inspection by an examining committee appointed by the associated banks, which committee has the power at any time to inspect any or every bank, and if such an inspection shows a bank to be insolvent, the committee has power to suspend such bank from the privileges of the clearing-house. So that it is a reasonable presumption that all of the banks of the clearing-house are perfectly solvent. In case the officers of a bank doubt the financial strength of any institution, a hint to the clearing-house settling clerk—that he may be allowed to pay balances for certain banks only—would suffice.

But we must trace the course of the checks which the messenger brings back from the clearing-house. Nineteen banks have delivered to this messenger their bundles of checks drawn on his bank. He hurries with these back to his own bank, leaving the clerk who accompanied him to the clearing-house to add up the debit exchanges, to prove the balances, and to "trade" as before described. When the messenger returns to his bank he delivers the satchel of checks to the chief clerk of the city exchange department, or clearing-house department. The chief clerk distributes these to his numerous assistants, who immediately "call back" the checks to see if they agree with the carbon copy list which accompanies each bundle. They are then sorted into as many bundles as there are bookkeepers. The checks are given to clerks who make, on adding-machines, lists of them to be charged to the bookkeepers. When the checks are

all listed and charged to the bookkeepers, the sum total must of course "balance" with the list made up by the other bank; if not, the error must be ascertained and corrected. Before giving the checks to the bookkeepers, however, it is customary in most large banks to deliver them to the paying teller, or to one or more of his assistants, who "pay" them, passing them over one by one, scrutinizing the date, amount, payee, and signature. He throws out all that are past dated, or without date, and those which have been "raised" or changed in a material way. He must be so familiar with the signatures that he can detect a forgery at a glance, and must be able to see immediately any irregularity in the check. When he has passed upon the face of the checks, they are delivered to the bookkeepers, who look over the endorsements, sort the checks up alphabetically, and charge them on the ledgers to the parties who signed them. If any check; or checks, are drawn for a larger sum than the balance to the depositor's account, they are stamped "no funds" or "not sufficient funds" and returned. But a check is not "paid through the clearing-house" until it has passed the paying teller as to validity of date, payee, amount, and signature; has passed the bookkeeper as to validity and sufficiency of endorsement and adequacy of drawer's balance on the ledger, and has been charged to the depositor's account on the ledger. Then, and then only, is a check "paid through the clearing-house." We have seen that in the clearing-house itself, the check has simply passed, with thousands of others strapped in a bundle, from one bank to another on which it was drawn. At this latter bank the "paying" was done. The adequacy of the definition of a clearing-house as given above is now fully apparent, as well as the necessity of a detailed description of the practical operation of this most useful institution.

A Garden Enclosed

By A DOMINICAN SISTER

Being Leaves from the Monastic Chronicles of St. John's "Unterlinden," in the Thirteenth Century

II.

LIVES OF THE PRIORESSES OF UNTER-LINDEN.

WE may, perhaps, be allowed to put some order into the recitals of Sister Catherine by taking up, in the first instance, the lives of the various superiors, as far as we find them; though in the absence of dates or of any sequence in the narrative it is impossible to say what was the exact succession.

Agnes von Mittleheim, the first of the line, was, we are told, a model of devotion and piety; nevertheless she felt that it was of importance for herself and her sisters, as none of them had had the advantage of having made a regular novitiate, to obtain an instructress in the religious life. She accordingly applied to the Benedictines, established at Steinbach, in upper Alsace, who sent her a certain Sister Hedwige, admirably fitted for the post of novice-mistress. She was learned, thoroughly understood the chant, and was, besides, a most holy woman. Under her able direction the sisters made rapid advances in the paths of perfection. Agnes herself watched over her daughters with tireless solicitude, and would not tolerate the least infringement of the rule except for motives of health. Her cares found their dearest reward in the marvellous flowering of all the virtues in her community; and so well did her successors follow in her footsteps that the Dominicans of Colmar never had to reproach themselves with any relaxation or loss of fervor. So admirably was silence observed that even when a fire broke out in the house next to their own, they ran to carry water

and take all necessary precautions without exchanging a word; but while they worked, they addressed such fervent prayers to God, that it pleased Him the fire should be extinguished without injury to any one. The office was chanted with the utmost devotion; and they had the beautiful custom, mentioned by St. Gertrude, of keeping each hour in memory of some part of our Saviour's passion. This practice has been summed up by some poetical soul in the following lines:

"At Matins bound, at Prime reviled,
Condemned to death at Tierce,
At Sext they nail Him to the cross,
At None, His side they pierce.
At Vespertide they take Him down,
In grave at Compline lay,
Who therefore bade His Church observe
Her sevenfold hours alway."

Benedicta von Egenheim, sister to Agnes von Herkenheim, fulfilled for a long time the office of sub-prioress, to the great satisfaction of the community. From the moment when she retired from the world, she consecrated all her children to the service of God, Hedwige and Inda taking the veil at Unterlinden, and her two boys, Walther and John, entering a convent of the Friar Preachers. A most exemplary religious, she yet looked upon herself as the last in the house.

In the depths of winter, she passed long hours in the choir; twice a day she disciplined herself without pity. She never spoke during Lent and Advent, but as she was habitually silent, her devotion passed unnoticed. However much she suffered from the cold, she would never approach the fire. She was accustomed to deprive herself of all

nourishment not absolutely necessary, generally contenting herself with the crusts and crumbs left from the common table; and these she ate in memory of the loaves wherewith our Lord fed the five thousand. Grace operated great marvels in her soul, which all her humility could not hide. Sometimes her face became luminous, like that of an angel, and she spoke of the love and mercy of God with an eloquence more than human. One day, at the moment of Communion, she heard very distinctly the following: "Receive Me, My well-beloved. I am truly thy God. Remain always submissive to Me through love, be perfectly humble, and know how to abase thyself below all creatures." At the same instant she felt that the blood of Jesus ran through all her members, consuming the stains of sin and rendering her entirely pure and holy. The same day she was taken dangerously ill, and from that time remained feeble and languishing. But far from complaining of her sufferings, she begged that they might be increased; for she could not endure not to be fastened to the cross with her Beloved. Soon after, she had a wonderful vision. Jesus appeared to her, and introduced her to the place of eternal happiness. That blessed soul, yet in the body, had an intuitive understanding of the mystery of the Holy Trinity, and tasted in advance the joys of paradise. Three times, at long intervals, the vision was repeated. Benedicta revealed it before her death to a very holy religious, afterwards prioress.

Agnes de Ochenstein was for a long time superior, though as usual, for want of dates, we cannot say just where she came in, but she entered the monastery very young. She was of a loving nature, says Sister Catherine, and all her companions, when in any trouble, felt drawn to her for comfort and consolation. Her great love for the Saviour led her to desire that all should love Him equally,

and very tender and touching were the exhortations which she addressed to her sisters, as well as to those with whom she was obliged to speak while fulfilling the office of "touriere." She pushed the practice of fasting and abstinence to an extraordinary degree; well or ill, she passed entire nights in the choir, disciplined herself every day in memory of the scourging of Jesus, and during three years circled her naked flesh with three veritable instruments of torture; a belt of iron plates armed with pointed nails, a thick, knotted cord and an iron chain. These terrible girdles caused deep wounds, but it was not until after her death that they were discovered. Agnes advanced rapidly towards perfection, when it pleased our Lord to permit that she should be tried by a cruel temptation. The demon put into her head strange doubts regarding the Real Presence.

In vain she multiplied her acts of faith; while her will remained attached to the teachings of the Church, she could not chase away the thoughts that obsessed her. But God at last had pity on her; one day, as she assisted at a solemn Mass, she saw a brilliant light descend from heaven at the moment of the elevation and surround the Host with rays, like a marvellous monstrosity. Her doubts were at once dissipated, and ever after she seemed to live only before the tabernacle; everywhere else, she languished, and her tears were witness of how she longed to return to the presence of her Beloved. She was once ravished in ecstasy after Communion and saw herself surrounded by a legion of angels of dazzling beauty. The celestial messengers approached her, saluted her, and bore her through space to the foot of a throne on which our Saviour was seated. While she contemplated His incomparable majesty, He fixed upon her a look of ineffable sweetness, and told her, in the presence of the blessed spirits, that He

accepted her as His spouse, and that she would be His eternally.

This glorious vision made such a profound impression on Agnes that henceforth she had but one desire, to be delivered from her body, that she might be united to her heavenly Bridegroom. Shortly after her death, another religious had a vision in which it seemed to her that the tomb of Agnes was open; she looked in, and saw a statue of crystal, of perfect transparency, having the form and dimensions of the departed prioress. Three circles, of gold and silver, shining like the sun, surrounded the statue; they may be taken to symbolize the three vows of religion which Agnes had kept with such perfection.

The next prioress we find mentioned became superior of Unterlinden in the second half of the thirteenth century. Adelaide de Rheinfelden was of illustrious birth, and married to a young chevalier worthy of all her affection. They had two children, a son and a daughter. These noble spouses resolved to renounce the world, and to make a sacrifice of their mutual affection. The Chevalier de Rheinfelden entered a Dominican monastery, taking with him his son, who died shortly afterwards, while Adelaide entered Unterlinden with her daughter. In the beginning of her religious life our Lord permitted that she should suffer violent temptations. In vain she had recourse to watching, fasting, and all the most austere penances. But she made a heroic resistance to all the suggestions of the evil spirit, till finally, touched by her constancy, Jesus caused the calm to succeed the tempest. He appeared to her one Sunday in the dormitory, as if flagellated and crowned with thorns, His five wounds streaming with blood, and looked upon her with the most tender compassion. She at once felt herself delivered from her torments, and filled with peace and contentment. Often ill, and subject to

obstinate fevers, she never quitted the way of mortification, nor did she ever utter a useless word during the many years she passed at Unterlinden. She spent long hours kneeling at the foot of Mary's image, lost in contemplation. The sisters one day asked her if the Mother of God ever spoke to her. "Yes, yes," she answered; "she speaks to me, and smiles as she looks at me." And during the "Salve" she sometimes cried out: "Sing, sing my sisters! for the Queen of Heaven is here."

One day, as she was crossing the cloister, she saw heaven open, and was witness of the glory and happiness of the blessed; and on another occasion, as she was at work with her sisters, she was ravished in ecstasy, and the nuns saw rays of light streaming from her fingers. The defunct sisters often appeared to her and revealed the secrets of heaven; but if she heard the signal which called her to the choir, or elsewhere, she at once left these heavenly interviews to go where duty summoned her.

Several years after pronouncing her vows, she heard of the death of Brother Rodolphe de Rheinfelden, formerly her husband. At once she ran to the choir to ask of God the repose of his soul. Then she saw Rodolphe in the midst of purgatory, suffering cruel torments. He fixed on her a sorrowful look as if to beg her suffrages, then the vision vanished. Adelaide redoubled her prayers and penances for his deliverance, and a few days after Rodolphe again appeared to her, shining with light and expressing by his looks ineffable joy. He thanked Adelaide for having succored him, and when she asked him what was his actual state, he replied: "I enjoy the vision of God, and a perfect bliss which nothing can trouble, and which will last forever."

Soon after, she was ravished in ecstasy and led by her angel guardian to the center of purgatory. She saw there an immense number of souls, delivered to the

most acute torture. Each sin had its particular punishment, each fault, however light, had to be expiated. The fires of purgatory equalled in intensity, though not in duration, the fires of hell. But at the same time she saw that the souls suffered willingly, and even with joy; and aspired to the possession of God with an ardor beyond words to describe.*

Adelaide recognized persons whom she had known on earth, but she hesitated to reveal all she had seen in this vision. God, to console her, favored her with a second vision, in which she appeared to be standing in a room looking on the street, when she heard a noise as of a great crowd passing by; and hastening to the window, she saw, in an immense blaze of light, a numerous troop of souls just delivered from purgatory. They rose towards heaven, two by two, brilliant and beautiful, singing canticles of joy, and accompanied by a throng of angels who loaded them with honors. The memory of this vision was never effaced from her mind.

Toward sunrise on another day, she fell into ecstasy and saw the most holy Virgin, crowned with stars, seated in the common room of the monastery. The sisters, and a crowd of other persons of both sexes surrounded her. Mary listened to their requests with benevolence, and gave her counsel and advice to those who asked it. Adelaide, standing at a distance, dared not approach her; but the Mother of God made her a sign to advance, and she came forward, saying: "Most pious lady, are my sins remitted?" Mary answered: "My Son has effaced them all." On these words Adelaide returned to herself, and felt bitter regret that she had not asked the same grace for her daughter Sophie. She passed the remainder of the day and night in tears and groans; but at last, touched by her

sorrow, the most holy Virgin once more appeared to her, and assured her that Sophie had obtained the same favor. These two apparitions of the Mother of God were the prelude to a greater favor still. Adelaide was praying a little before Matins, when suddenly she felt a lively flame pervade her being, fill it, and destroy the last trace of sin. She felt an inexpressible consciousness of well-being, and she saw, by this divine light, her soul—separated from her body, and become perfectly pure—suspended above her and penetrated with glory and love. The vision was renewed after a long interval, and Adelaide then saw her soul yet more beautiful and more elevated; for she had in the meantime accomplished a great number of good works, and heroic acts of virtue.

Being in choir, the eve of Palm Sunday, she heard a voice which sounded sweetly in her soul, saying: "I am your aim and your last end. I have turned your life and all your intentions towards Me; I have confirmed you in Me for eternity. I have rendered your will so conformable to Mine, that when your life is ended you will come to Me, and be immediately united to Me, without any obstacle being able to prevent it."

During the time that Agnes was prioress, a lay-brother in the service of the house neglected on several occasions to accomplish his duties. Adelaide reproached him, but perhaps with less severity than justice required. Her conscience troubled her, fearing that her laxity might compromise the brother's salvation, and she passed the eve of Christmas in earnest prayer, imploring for him the divine mercy, and for herself the pardon of what she considered her cowardice. But towards midnight she was ravished in ecstasy and carried into heaven, where she contemplated the glory of God and His elect. Then she found herself drawn to earth, and entered the grotto of Bethlehem. She be-

* See also, on this point, the treatise of St. Catherine de Genoa.

held the new-born Infant lying in the manger, watched over by His Mother and St. Joseph, and surrounded by a multitude of angels. The Child was radiant with light; infinite majesty appeared in Him, united with the grace of infancy. For a long time Adelaide knelt, lost in contemplation. Jesus fixed on her an affectionate look, and without speaking a word, gave her to understand that she need not be troubled about the lay-brother, for his salvation was assured. Several times Agnes had similar visions, in which our Lord granted the salvation of various persons for whom she had prayed.

Our Lord also deigned to make known to others the virtues and merits of this holy soul. He appeared to another very saintly religious, and pointing to Adelaide, said: "Her profound humility ceaselessly exalts her in My presence; her firm and constant patience multiplies her merits, her charity founds and roots her in the grace of God; no adversity can move her forever."

Another time the same religious saw her penetrated with light; her heart, become like a pure crystal, shone with extraordinary brilliancy; and she heard a voice saying: "Such is My well-beloved; the stains of sin cannot obscure her soul." And again, while she was praying, all the sisters saw her surrounded with brilliant rays, penetrating the depths of her being.

The saintly prioress felt a great grief for having offended God, however lightly. Ravished by love, she demanded of Him, with a holy boldness, not to spare her, but to punish her sins without mercy. But Jesus, having listened for a long time to her pleadings, said to her: "I forget the faults of those who love Me. Yours, my daughter, have long been effaced; cease then, to ask me to punish them."

Here the chronicle abruptly ceases to speak of Adelaide without telling us how

or when she went to her reward. The next superior noted is Hedwige von Wigenheim, successively sub-prioress and prioress. She had a particular devotion to the Mother of God, and Mary often appeared to her. On one such occasion our Lady said to her: "The house of Unterlinden is for me a garden of delight, and my protection rests upon it. I assist the sisters who dwell there, that they may be able to cast from them the heavy burden of carnal and worldly desires. I direct them amid the dangers of life, that they may freely and surely arrive at the kingdom of heaven. At the moment of death I come to the aid of those who are faithful, and transplant them, like sweet lilies, in the gardens of paradise."

It happened one day that a swarm of wasps invaded the church of Unterlinden, established itself beneath the altar, and made it almost impossible to celebrate Mass. The sisters were at a loss to know how to dislodge them. But Hedwige made the sign of the cross, and ordered the wasps to depart; whereupon they all took flight and never reappeared.

Gertrude von Girsperg and Elizabeth von Junkholtz, prioress and sub-prioress, followed closely on the traces of Hedwige. Both belonged to illustrious families, but they shone above all by their humility, and the ardor of their mortifications. God revealed to each the hour of her death. On her death-bed Elizabeth de Junkholtz appeared so joyful, in the midst of her sufferings, that her sisters asked her the cause. She replied: "For these twenty years that I have served my Saviour in the Order, I have always lived as if I were to die immediately; and in this moment I enjoy profound peace, for thanks be to God, I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

The history of Hedwige de Gundolsheim, a prioress in the time of Catherine

de Ebwiller, furnishes a striking picture of the roughness and rudeness of those days, when the greatest sanctity was found side by side with the most odious violence. Hedwige de Gundolsheim, born at the castle of Heidewiller, belonged to a rich and noble family. From her earliest years she had consecrated her virginity to God, but her father had other views; and as soon as she reached a marriageable age, without even consulting her, he promised her hand to a young and powerful lord. There was a family assembly, and then for the first time Hedwige was informed of what awaited her. According to the custom of the time, the future spouses were called upon to place their thumbs upon a naked sword, and thus to take an oath of mutual fidelity. But the courageous virgin, invoking Mary in her heart, declared that she had determined never to marry, and she closed her hand so firmly that it was impossible to dislodge her thumb, or even to make her move her arm. Her father, irritated at this unheard-of resistance to his will, flew into a violent rage; he cried out that Hedwige was possessed by the devil, loaded her with kicks and blows and called upon the others present to do the same. The unfortunate girl had her neck and face wounded, her clothes torn to rags; they dragged her around the room by the hair, and finally threw her on an immense heap of briars and thorns, so that her whole body was but one wound. During this barbarous scene, Hedwige besought the Mother of God not to abandon her, and repeated that, having made a vow of virginity, nothing in the world could make her abjure it. The proposed bridegroom, touched by her heroic constancy, withdrew his claims and went his way. But this did not suit the Gundolsheim family. One of the uncles of the victim affirmed that if they would turn her over to him and authorize him to treat her as he pleased he would soon

succeed in breaking down her obstinacy. Hedwige was delivered to him; he threw her across his horse, head downwards, and left for home. The distance was considerable; soon the blood poured from the mouth and nostrils of the young girl, but her executioner was not touched. Arrived at his castle, he hung her up by the hands to a beam in the ceiling, and tortured her fingers in such a fashion that she lost her nails.

After she had thus suffered, he threw her into the stable where he kept his pigs, saying that that dirty place should thenceforth be her dwelling. This shocking treatment could not shake Hedwige's resolution. Alone in the midst of the pigs, deprived of air and food, she passed her days and nights in colloquy with the Virgin, and in praying for her persecutors. Finally, the excess of her misery caused her to fall ill; her life was in danger, when her jailer was at last seized with remorse; he saw himself the executioner of his own flesh and blood. Not being able to find an instant of repose, he at last sought his confessor; brought some ecclesiastics of great virtue to Hedwige, and begged them to say what his punishment should be. They condemned him to do public penance, and declared that if the young martyr ever recovered her health, she should be free to follow her vocation. These conditions being accepted, Hedwige soon became well and entered the community of Unterlinden where she lived forty-two years and five days. During her term of office as prioress the monastery suffered from the public disorders and miseries of the times, and was several times in pecuniary difficulties, although it was one of the richest in the province. But they were aided by some unknown persons who brought to the community the exact sums needed, assuring the prioress that it was St. John Baptist who had appeared to them and ordered them to come to the aid of the monastery. Her

confessor, the celebrated Dominican, Bouchard, assisted her in her last moments. A short time before her death, which took place during the octave of Epiphany, she said to Father Bouchard: "I have confidence in the mercy of my Saviour, and I am convinced that I shall have the happiness of being united to Him soon after my death, if our Father Provincial and the other valiant and faithful soldiers of Christ, members of our Order, assist me with their prayers." The sisters, wishing to conform to the wish expressed by their beloved mother, made haste to write to the Provincial, resident at Esslingen, to recommend her to the prayers of the Friar Preachers. They say, in the course of this touching letter: "We supplicate you from the depths of our hearts to remember this dear soul and recommend her to the prayers of the brothers and sisters of the Order. Would that you had seen this model of patience and devotion during the last ten days of her illness. Would that you had heard the maternal and salutary exhortations that she addressed to us!" Her funeral obsequies were performed by Father Bouchard in the midst of her desolated children.

Elizabeth Vumpf, the last prioress of whom the chronicle speaks, died in 1485, on the feast of St. Denys, in the seventieth year of her age. She was one of the most beautiful roses that bloomed in the mystical garden of Unterlinden.

Never, during her life in this convent, where she was placed when six years old, did Elizabeth have any dispute with her companions; her angelic disposition endeared her to all. Even as a little child she was very devout, and when the other children took their recreation in the garden, after being present at Mass and office, Elizabeth preferred to remain in the choir. The others, vexed at what they considered her singularity, strove to force her, and even went so far as to abuse and strike her; but she received

all their ill treatment in silence, uniting her sufferings with those of Jesus.

God had endowed Elizabeth with uncommon talent; she made excellent studies, and became one of the most learned women of her time. She wrote several treatises, translated books and parts of the Scripture from Latin into German for the benefit of the sisters of the German province, and both her original works and translations were recognized by competent men to be beyond reproach. In particular she had made a profound study of the works of St. Augustine. That illustrious Father of the Church one day appeared to her, vested in Bishop's robes, and taking her hand said to her affectionately: "Thou wilt be always with me in eternity." "God grant that it may be so," replied Elizabeth, humbly bowing her head.

Our Lord was pleased to show on several occasions that Elizabeth had found favor in His sight. One day when she was praying before the altar, one of the religious, entering the choir, saw a beautiful star over her head; while Elizabeth herself appeared all luminous, and her noble face had the beauty of an angel.

A young novice, assailed by a temptation to leave the Order, went to the chapel, and kneeling before the image of Mary besought the Mother of God to enlighten her. The blessed Elizabeth presently entered the choir, and all at once the novice saw a dazzling white column of light resting upon the head of her mother in religion. At the same moment the temptation departed, and she lived and died in the monastery, a faithful daughter of St. Dominic.

Shortly after, another religious fell ill. As she lay on her bed, suddenly she saw her guardian angel beside her, who said: "Make haste, come with me to the church, for Christ is about to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice in person." Then she found herself in the choir, in company with the sisters, and there assisted at the

Mass celebrated by our Lord. Towards the end, an angel took Elizabeth by the hand and presented her to Jesus, Who clasped her tenderly to His heart, kissed her, and presented her to the community, saying: "Behold her whom you do not appreciate, nor esteem at her value; she is very great and very dear in My eyes. She will not remain long in her obscurity." Then the angel guardian of the sick nun said to her: "In proof that what you have seen is a true vision, and not a hallucination, I tell you that you will die on the 15th of this month." Then the vision disappeared, and the sick woman found herself in her bed. She confided to her companions what she had witnessed, and died the death of the just on the day foretold by the angel.

Elizabeth did not remain long in obscurity, for she was soon named prioress, and governed the house admirably during sixteen years. She was highly esteemed by the superiors of the Order. Conrad d'Asti, thirtieth Master General, made a visit to the monastery, and as he did not speak German, he conversed in Latin with the holy prioress, and was astonished at the ease and elegance with which she spoke the language.

Elizabeth begged Conrad to allow her to resign her office. Not wishing to grieve her, he gave his permission in writing; but when the sisters learned of it they were overcome with grief, im-

mediately re-elected her, and in spite of her protestations she was obliged to resume the yoke, which she bore with fidelity until death.

The venerable prioress was struck with many infirmities during the last years of her life, which she bore with heroic courage. She was accustomed to say: "When I suffer, great consolation is given me. I think of the pains of purgatory, so much more terrible, and thank God for having chastized me in this life, that He may spare me in the future."

Her maladies increased and soon left no room for hope; but the religious could not resign themselves to lose their beloved mother; they supplicated the Virgin to intercede for them, and when Elizabeth next received them she said: "Your prayers have been heard, my dear children; our Lord wishes that I should still remain with you for a short time." And, in fact, the danger disappeared; Elizabeth was able to leave her bed, although she remained very feeble, and subject to frequent attacks of illness. But before very long her life was again despaired of. Elizabeth told her sisters that this time their prayers would be in vain, prepared tranquilly for death, and yielded up her pure spirit to God.

Let us now return to the first generation, so to speak, of St. John's, beginning with Agnes von Herkenheim, first companion of Agnes von Mittelheim.

"A Baby to Kiss"

By Margaret A. Richard

"Oh, Morning," I said, "thou art sweet—thou art sweet!
Thy pathway of roses is smooth to my feet;
And hope bids me forward, more gladness to greet:
I have a dear baby to kiss!"

"Oh, Evening," I sobbed, "all my sunshine is flown!
I sit in the dark while my heart maketh moan;
I sit in the dark all alone—all alone!
I have not a baby to kiss."

The Physician's Calling and Education

By **RIGHT REVEREND JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.**

Bishop of Peoria

I have hope and wish that the nobler sort of physicians will advance their thoughts, and not employ their time wholly in the sordidness of cures; neither be honored for necessity only; but that they will become coadjutors and instruments of the Divine Omnipotence and clemency in prolonging and renewing the life of man.—Bacon.

LOVE for true, wise and heroic men and women is part of our love of life, which is a craving for more perfect and abundant life. They show us how blessed a thing it is to be a genuine man. They confirm our faith in the worth and sacredness of conscious existence, and make our standards of value real and palpable. They convince us that within and beneath and beyond all that appears is the creative Spirit Who knows and loves and is good. They make it plain that He has not lost His cunning, but is still with us as He was with our fathers of old. They give us confidence that life shall not be emptied of its spiritual content; that a race which has learned to believe and hope, to think and do, can not descend into the sloughs of sensual indulgence and there lie in brutish indifference. What no one has done we imagine can never be done, and these sages and heroes reveal to us new possibilities. When they appear, a new quality of life diffuses itself. They may do what all the world is doing, but it is not the same. They breathe a purer air, they are uplifted and borne on by higher thoughts and diviner impulses; they need not money nor recognition nor any

kind of worldly success to make them our benefactors and masters. In their presence financiers, inventors and battle-winners dwindle. These deal with life's circumstances; they drink at the eternal fountain-head. Mental and moral force, like the physical, propagates itself, and the influence of the wise and good is transmitted to ever-enlarging circles. To hear of great achievements is to feel a new impulse to fresh resolve. We gain from them a higher conception of the meaning of life, and of the marvels that lie within the reach of whoever has faith and industry. So a noble man, though dead, still lives for those who knew him or get tidings of him, and he is often more helpful so than when he moved in bodily presence. So long as there are those who meditate and love the lives of noble and just men, the race of noble and just men can not perish.

Thanks be to God Who makes us and to the human heart by which we live, such men are found everywhere. Neither learning nor wealth nor high place is required that they may exist. Their power springs from within, where great thoughts, high aims and loving dispositions are born and nourished. They may or may not have genius or fame. They may dwell in solitude or mingle with the restless crowds that pour through the thoroughfares of populous cities; they may be of exalted or of humble birth; they may follow the plow or sway the minds of listening multitudes. Their worth lies in themselves—in the spirit in which they act—and not in the circumstances by which they are environed. Whatever their worldly

NOTE—Address at the memorial service for the late Dr. Nathan S. Davis, held in Powers' Theater, Chicago, October 23, 1904.

fortune, they are true to their deepest insight, pure in mind and heart, modest, unenvious, free from vanity, from the desire to shine and to become a theme for idle tongues, consenting to be made conspicuous only at the command of duty, happy in the good they do, not in the praise or the money they receive, holding themselves aloof from controversy and intrigue, intent on their own improvement and that of the environment in which their lot is cast, and rejoicing when leisure is given them to take refuge from the cares and labors their business or profession involves and imposes in the solitude and obscurity where best opportunity is afforded to grow in wisdom and in freedom.

Thoughts like these spring unbidden when we turn to the character and work of him to do honor to whose memory we have come together. He was fortunate in the circumstances of his life, but more fortunate in having within himself something higher and worthier than circumstances can provide. He was one of the happy and hardy band who are born where Nature holds her primal sway and challenges the soul to become itself; who from their earliest days are brought face to face with what is great and abiding, and with the solid earth and the heavens made glorious by the rising and setting sun or beautiful by the waxing and waning moon, or sublime and awful by the intermingling mystic light of countless stars; who dwell with the changing seasons until all their thoughts and dreams are enriched and colored by the radiance and freshness of spring, by the abounding fragrant wealth of summer, by autumn's splendor and tranquility, and by winter's white purity and crisp energy; who, felling trees or feeding kine, store for themselves a treasure-house of courage and firm resolve whence they may draw rich nourishment through all the coming years of toil and struggle. There is iron in their blood and the full, deep throb

of conquering strength in their pulse-beat. Thrown back on Nature and on themselves, they are made aware of the almightiness of God revealing itself in both. It is He Who, tossing the celestial orbs, as a child its toys, bids them spin forever in abyssal space; it is He Who lifts the oceans on high and scatters them over the thirsty earth as a gardener waters his flowers. No man nor all the race of man has made the world in which these young souls live and are exalted and urged to high thoughts and deeds.

To the age of sixteen young Davis worked in the fields, tilling, reaping and garnering, spring, summer and autumn; and when winter's frost made such labor impossible, he went to school. Little of the learning that is found in books could he, under such conditions, make his own, but the little he acquired gave him a thirst for more; and his father (his mother having died when he was but seven), persuaded by the youth's eager desire for knowledge, sent him to a seminary, where, however, he was permitted to remain but for a single session; and it was with this scant intellectual equipment that he began, in 1834, the study of medicine. It was only in the latter part of the eighteenth century that medical schools were founded in the United States—first in Philadelphia, then in New York, and later still at Harvard University; but even into the earlier half of the nineteenth century the custom of apprenticing students of medicine to practicing physicians still prevailed; and Davis' initiation into the science to which he had resolved to devote his life was made in the office of Dr. Daniel Clark, which he soon left for the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Western New York, where he was graduated in 1837, when he was but twenty.

Here, then, is a country youth, who, with scarcely any mental culture or intellectual discipline, quits the plow to take up the study of a learned profes-

sion, which, to be mastered and followed with ability and skill, requires a large acquaintance with philosophy, history and natural science; and who, notwithstanding, within less than three years receives license to practice medicine, to experiment on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-men.

His talents, his industry and his earnestness were doubtless exceptional, but the social conditions which rendered such a state of things possible were primitive, not to say barbarous; and it is a convincing proof of Dr. Davis' strength of mind and character that he was not misled by his great gifts to imagine that even genius can, without the best education, make a competent physician. His own lack of opportunity made him eager to provide opportunity for others.

He was a born teacher, and he had hardly begun to practice when he gathered in Binghampton a little following of medical students whom he instructed and inspired. In 1843 he was sent as a delegate to represent his county society at the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Association in Albany; and it was there that he made his first appeal for a higher standard of medical education. An individual may honor and serve his profession in various ways, but in none possibly so effectually as by creating a demand and providing opportunities for the more thorough education of its members. Dr. Davis' plea was not unavailing, and at the next annual meeting of the state society a call was issued for a national convention of delegates from medical colleges and societies throughout the Union to deliberate on the best measures to improve medical education. The outcome was the organization of the American Medical Association, a permanent body, whose influence for good has been and is deep and wide-spread. The defenders of dying causes may be heroes, but most fortunate are they who

are called to do a work which the course of events furthers and prospers, whose issue is emancipation from ignorance, sin and suffering.

There is nothing in the history of the nineteenth century for which we may be more justly or profoundly thankful than for the rapid and wonderful advance made in the knowledge of the causes and cures of disease. From the time men began to think, they began to consider how sickness and death might be, if not overcome, at least mitigated or postponed; nor was their thinking altogether vain or profitless. The Egyptians and the Hebrews, still more the Greeks and the Romans, arrived at some insight into the laws of health and the treatment of disease. Hippocrates and Galen are great names, but their value for us is historic, not scientific. Hippocrates was born four hundred years before Christ, and from that date to about the middle of the nineteenth century there was relatively but little progress in medicine. Here and there, indeed, we meet with physicians or surgeons of special ability or skill. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood in the seventeenth century was important. Sydenham, by his insistence on the necessity of careful observation and on the healing power of Nature, rendered valuable service. In the eighteenth century Boerhaave, whose fame was probably greater than that of any physician who has ever lived, whose attainments were as surpassing as his character was benevolent and pure, contributed nothing of an essential importance to the science of medicine. In the eighteenth century, too, we have Dr. John Brown, whose teachings are said to have destroyed more lives than the wars of Napoleon, of whose school our own Benjamin Rush was a follower.

The most important contribution to medical progress in the eighteenth century was made by Jenner, when, in 1796, he introduced vaccination as a preven-

tion of smallpox; for he not only discovered the means by which one of the worst scourges has been practically eliminated, but he opened the paths along which the most wonderful advance has been made. When Dr. John Hunter, whose pupil he was, said to him, "Do not think, investigate!" he announced the opening of a new era in medical history. The starting point was the systematic employment of scientific methods of research. Experiment as the best means of arriving at accurate knowledge is not a discovery of the nineteenth century, but the nineteenth century provided facilities and laboratories for scientific investigation, and so made it possible for medical students to observe, analyze and determine with precision the functions and conditions of the organs and tissues of the body in health, their pathological changes, the causes of disease and the means of prevention or cure. The result was that in the nineteenth century medicine became a new science, which made most of what had been taught in the past a mere curiosity of literature. All the vital organs, all the phenomena of life, were examined in the scientific spirit, and as knowledge grew it was perceived that a single organ might afford sufficient matter for the study of a lifetime.

Many physicians consequently limited their field of investigation to the diseases of special organs, or to the diseases of women or children, and to the labors of these specialists is due much of the progress which has been made in the ascertainment of fact and in the best methods of treatment. The greatest medical triumphs were won in the realm of the infinitesimal beings that, unseen, swarm and multiply within and about us everywhere. Bacteriology was born of the philosophic doubt, which for ages had engaged the attention of acute minds, concerning the origin of life. Is the living born of the dead? For centuries the weight of opinion had inclined

to give an affirmative answer, so far, at least, as the lowest organisms are concerned. The theory of spontaneous generation prevailed far into the nineteenth century. It seemed, indeed, to be an implication of the theory of evolution which tended more and more to take possession of the modern mind. It would have supplied the missing link in the chain of causation. Hence, in scientific minds there was a bias toward its acceptance. It adapted itself to the pantheistic or materialistic world views which were gaining wider and wider acceptance. To doubt its truth was to retrograde. But the brutal fact established by scientific experiment showed the hypothesis to be a delusion, that the plain truth is that whatever has life is born of the living. Pasteur, probably the greatest benefactor of the human race in the nineteenth century, proved in 1861 and again in 1876, that the theory of spontaneous generation is without foundation in fact, and contrary to all evidence which scientific research can adduce. The consequence was that bacteriology became a science, and the causes of all the phenomena, whether of health or of disease, began to be sought for in the activities of living organisms, the smallest known, and belonging for the most part to the vegetable kingdom. They upbuild and they break down all the larger forms of life. They are the mighty armies on whose banners is inscribed the axiom: "Who despiseth small things shall little by little be brought to ruin."

Bacteriology has furnished a solid basis for preventive medicine, which has conferred and is capable of conferring more and more as its principles receive wider application, benefits on mankind that make the triumphs of industrialism of minor importance.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, Descartes, the most original mind of the modern age, who, more than any other thinker, has determined the course

both of speculative and of scientific inquiry, declared that if any great improvement in the condition of mankind was to be brought about, medicine would provide the means, and what he foresaw, we see. The discovery that nearly all the worst diseases which afflict the human race are due to the action of minute organisms directed the attention of educated physicians to the exclusion of these organisms, or, if this be impossible, to investigations which should show how their baneful action might be prevented. The cause which creates a disease being known, the physician's business is to learn how to remove it or to neutralize its effects. Bacteriology has revealed to us the infinitesimal organisms that produce many of the gravest maladies to which man is subject—Asiatic cholera, diphtheria, typhoid fever, typhus fever, yellow fever, smallpox, the bubonic plague, tuberculosis, pneumonia, hydrophobia, leprosy, venereal diseases, puerperal fever and malaria. These are all germ diseases, which it is possible to prevent or cure. Some have ceased to be a cause of alarm to the civilized nations—smallpox, for instance, Asiatic cholera, typhus fever, the bubonic plague and puerperal fever. When vaccination is rightly employed, smallpox wholly disappears. When filth and overcrowding are abolished, where there is good sewerage and pure drinking water, typhus fever, Asiatic cholera, yellow fever and diphtheria will hardly be found. The bubonic plague has no terrors for the peoples of Europe and America. Puerperal fever, which formerly destroyed each year the most precious lives of thousands of mothers, is now almost unknown, the mortality from this cause being only about .07 per cent. Physicians themselves, carrying the infectious germs from bedside to bedside, were the agents of death, which ignorant and heedless physicians are always in danger of becoming.

When it became scientifically certain that many of the worst diseases are produced by bacteria, it was plain that the principal occupation of the physician and surgeon should be concerned with the exclusion of poisonous germs or with the means by which their baneful action might be suppressed. This led to the employment of antiseptics and antitoxins. The miracles of modern surgery are due not so much to the superior skill of our operators, as to their knowledge of the means by which inflammation and suppuration may be prevented. Sepsis is a Greek word which means putrefaction, and antisepsis is the science and art of preventing putrefactive processes. The appalling death rate following surgical operations thirty or forty years ago is not to be ascribed to imperfect anatomic knowledge or lack of manual skill, but to infection caused by disease-producing germs which, introduced into the body by contact with the air or with any object whatever in which they had not been destroyed, multiply and sow the seeds of death with incredible rapidity. Asepsis, based on the germ theory of infectious diseases, now enables the surgeons to operate with comparatively small risk in cases in which formerly the dread of some form of blood-poisoning deterred him from attempting to save his patient. Surgery has consequently become a new and most beneficent art, anesthesia rendering the operation painless, while asepsis excludes infection. The progress of pathology and therapy, if less striking, is not less real, and will doubtless in the next quarter of a century overshadow the triumphs of surgery. The field in which it works is vaster, and its methods reach deeper, touching the roots of the ills from which relief is sought. The living body has within itself a greater or lesser power to resist the attacks of the foes to health, and there have never been lacking practitioners or schools to teach that in the treat-

ment of disease the chief reliance is in the healing force of nature. The blood and tissues, in their normal state, have a germicidal efficacy which varies with the special diatheses of individual constitutions. There are vigorous natures which seem to have the power of resisting the action of all poison-producing bacilli, while others afford no hold to certain specific germs. In our cities the bacteria of tuberculosis, pneumonia and influenza are in the air and are inhaled by all, but fortunately they find a suitable lodging place in but comparatively few. Then there is in the blood a regular army of white cells or leucocytes, whose function is to repel and destroy the intruding enemy. They are the divinely appointed defenders of life's fortress, to whom the secret of Nature's medicinal power is entrusted. They change or neutralize the toxins generated by the poison germs, and elaborate antitoxins; and when the victory has been gained and recovery has taken place, the patient has acquired at least a temporary immunity from the disease which has been eradicated. Insight into this fact has led to the discovery and employment of serum therapy, whose efficiency has wrought a transformation in medical practice, and promises, as knowledge grows, yet greater things. In one who has had the smallpox the conditions which favor the spread of the poison have been destroyed. The question suggests itself whether by introducing into the system the specific poison in a milder form, equal immunity may not be acquired. This methodical doubt led Pasteur to the discovery of serum therapy, which by the injection of the serum of the infected blood prevents or cures the disease. Its efficacy in the treatment of diphtheria, hydrophobia and various diseases of animals has already been abundantly proven, and there is good reason to believe that the research of specialists will enlarge the field of its

prophylactic or curative power, until it shall be universally recognized as the opening of a new epoch in the history of medical science and practice, an epoch in which new and accurate knowledge of the causes and nature of disease shall lead to new and efficacious methods of prevention or treatment. Drugs will not be discarded, but their action will be scientifically investigated and confidence in their therapeutic value will diminish.

It was Dr. Davis' good fortune to begin the study of medicine when this great transformation was about to take place; and, like the good, wise and far-seeing man he was, he understood that the physician could no longer be permitted to be but an empiric.

From the early years, when he helped to found the American Medical Association, to the close of his long life, he was the tireless champion of higher medical education. He thoroughly understood that a science which embraces the whole of human life, physical and psychical, can never be mastered by those whom mental culture and discipline have not prepared for its study. Men of exceptional talent and industry may surmount obstacles which for the many are insuperable; but the standard of professional attainment must necessarily remain low so long as a proper preliminary education is not required of all who offer themselves for matriculation. The physician who is not also a scholar may be a more or less successful practitioner, but his influence will be confined, his methods mechanical and his interests narrow. The doctor, the lawyer and the minister of religion can do but inferior work, unless to a knowledge of their several sciences they bring the insight, the wide outlook, and the confidence which nothing but intimate acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said can confer. The more accomplished the specialist, the greater the need of the control which philosophic culture gives.

The lack of opportunity for his own mental training made Dr. Davis the more eager to provide it for others. His life in Chicago was identified with the educational, moral, scientific and sanitary history and progress of the city. He was among the first to urge the need of a supply of pure water and of an adequate system of sewerage; and in a course of public lectures he showed how this might be accomplished. With the money charged for admission, he laid the foundation of Mercy Hospital. He was a Methodist, not a Catholic, but his vigorous mind and noble character taught him that prejudice is ignorance or imbecility, and that where suffering is to be relieved, where good is to be done, all, save the blind or the perverse, are drawn together to help and to cheer. The more angels, the more room, and the greater the misery the more do noble natures feel that there is place for all who have good will and the desire to serve. Great minds and loving hearts offer boundless hospitality. When the Chicago Medical College was founded, its more exacting requirements for admission and graduation could not but win the sympathy and approval of Dr. Davis, and, heedless of the loss and sacrifice, he resigned his professorship at Rush to take one in the new institution, of whose faculty he continued to be a member for more than forty years.

He was a leader in the organization of the Illinois State Medical Society of which he was elected president, and which he served as secretary for twelve years. For six years he was editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, which he placed on a solid financial basis. If genius be exceptional capacity for work, Dr. Davis had genius. His industry was tireless, his painstaking unwearying. In the midst of the onerous duties of a large private practice, in the midst of unremitting ministrations in times of epidemic, he still continued to teach, to write, to edit, cooper-

ating meanwhile in any movement for the common good to which his attention might be called.

He was one of the founders of the Northwestern University, the Chicago Academy of Science, the Chicago Historical Society, the Illinois State Microscopical Society, the Union College of Law, and of the Washingtonian Home.

"The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough," says Emerson in his fine way. Perception, indeed, is not and can not be the essence of anything, but he who has insight into the fact that the end of life is moral, is conduct and character, understands wherein the essence of greatness consists. It lies, like the kingdom of heaven, within. Title, office, possessions may or may not be its accompaniments. Vast knowledge, even, gives no assurance of its presence; for it is what a man believes, hopes, loves, admires, yearns for and does rather than what he knows. Only they whose existence is upborne and illumined by a high and holy purpose are interesting or have intrinsic value. The rest are busy with what they shall eat or wear, with how they shall be housed and attended, and pass their existence on the low plane of appetite and vain desire. Dr. Davis was more than a learned and skillful physician; he was a genuine man filled with religious and moral fervor and zeal. He might have grown rich, but he died poor. He felt like Agassiz, that he had no time to get money. Had he possessed the wealth of the founders of universities, his chief significance and value would still have lain in himself—in his rectitude of purpose, in his desire to teach men how to live, in the simplicity and honesty of his life, in his love of truth and justice, in his high-mindedness, purity and benevolence, in his freedom from envy, jealousy and pettiness.

In every profession there are men without principle or character, who prefer success to virtue, whose predominant

passion is greed, who to get money are ready to prey on the weaknesses and miseries of their fellows, who, like ghouls that gather wherever great calamities befall, consider the helplessness and sufferings of their fellows but opportunities for plunder; and since a man is willing to give all he possesses for health, and since whoever can pay, can advertise, the healing art offers the most inviting field for these hyenas in human shape; and therefore the medical profession, more than law and quite as much as the sacred ministry, is most commended and honored by men who to scientific attainments add the essential and abiding worth of moral character. If it be true that an orator is first of all a good man, one who inspires confidence, who is himself more eloquent than words can be, it is also true that a physician should first of all be a man of moral worth, of principle, of probity, of honor, of benignity and heroic unselfishness. If confidence in him as a man be lacking, the wise will hesitate to put trust in the exercise of his professional knowledge and skill; and confidence is half the cure, since in his power to inspire hope, a cheerful and brave spirit, lies, in most cases, the secret of a physician's success. Boerhaave, whose reputation surpasses that of all other physicians, to whom letters addressed "to the most famous physician of Europe" were sure to be delivered, wrought, it is said, more cures by his presence than by his remedies. However great one's science or skill, the foundation of the trust we place in him must be laid by his moral worth. Knowledge does not of itself determine will or form character, and one may know many things and be only the greater villain.

The trend of the most recent theory and practice in education is to lay chief stress on intellectual ability and technical skill, and to hold lightly the convictions of those who are persuaded that

human life is essentially conduct, and that the everlasting fountain-head by which right doing is fed is religious faith, which alone can build the foundation of a rational belief in the absolute worth and sacredness of man, as revealed by his origin and destiny.

The ideal is that of the calculating understanding in the service of the senses. Get money, and whatever is desirable shall be thine. Succeed, by fair or foul means, and the world will do thee homage. Make thyself able, strong and skillful, and thou shalt have small need of virtue.

Dr. Davis was a lover of knowledge, a life-long student, a chief promoter of medical organization in this country, and the tireless, persuasive advocate of the need in his own profession of higher and more thorough education. His mind was vigorous and alert, his intellectual curiosity drew him ceaselessly to scientific inquiry; his temper was judicial, his power of diagnosis was exceptional; but his religious, virtuous life, his sobriety, his tolerance, his largeness of thought and sympathy, his independence, his sense of justice, his desire to be of help, his fearlessness in the assertion and maintenance of right, his indefatigable zeal for the promotion of temperance and morality—his character—gave him a distinction which belongs to but few in any profession. He himself is greater than his knowledge, than his deeds, than his reputation. "The chief need," says Seneca, "is of great teachers." Dr. Davis was a great teacher, and, like all teachers of essential vital truths, his highest lessons are taught by his life more than by his words.

In the midst of the crowd of adventurers, of the rabble of fortune seekers, in which he found himself when first he came to Chicago, he walked the narrow path amongst them like a ministering spirit, but not of them; and when the town of twenty thousand had grown to be a city of a million and a half of inhab-

itants, he, where all had changed, remained steadfast, true to God, to himself and to the service of his fellow-men, faithful to the old principles which assert religion, conduct and character to be the aim and end of life. For him duty is a divine impulse, and honor, the finest sense of duty. The patient who called him became as sacred in his eyes as is the penitent in the presence of the priest. What he learned was as though he knew it not. The body is not separate from the soul, and, like it, is sacred. He who ministers to the infirmities of the one, helps the other. The physician and the priest are near kin, and in all ages have been held to be so, though like near kin, they have had their quarrels. Both recognize that moral good is the essential good; that if men had but virtue enough, they would have health and happiness enough.

Progress in etiology and diagnosis has confirmed the belief that the root of evil lies not in the stars, but in ourselves.

Men are most prone to lie to themselves, and most willing to be lied to, when there is question of their health and morals. They will lay their infirmities and faults to anything in the wide universe but themselves. Whether there is question of medicine or of religion, their unwillingness or inability to employ the right preservatives or remedies lies in their unwillingness or inability to lead right lives. We make ourselves the victims of greed, lust, gluttony, drunkenness, envy and hate, and find what comfort we may in denouncing doctors and priests. And doctors and priests, who, if they are not better, are worse than laymen, are forever tempted to palter, to flatter, lacking the courage to unveil truth to the easily shocked eyes of lechers, drunkards, gluttons, thieves and tricksters, if, having money and position, they can make or mar. They are forever tempted to prove false to their deepest knowledge and insight, to compromise where compromise is betrayal,

to indulge where indulgence is ruin, to administer palliatives when there is no hope but in radical change. This false and cowardly attitude undermines character, confuses knowledge, and destroys the power to inspire confidence in those who are ill that they shall be made whole.

In the presence of the all-pervading self-indulgence and self-deceit, which lust and pride and greed beget, we are made conscious of the transcendent worth of a man like Dr. Davis.

In him the average sensual man, who is every man, can find little comfort. He sees the fact and speaks plainly. Between him and the possibility of quackery there lie infinite worlds. Between him and the expert who values his professional ability chiefly for its power to exact large fees, there lie infinite worlds. Between him and the crowd of the prosperous, who believe that a man is worth not what he is, but what he possesses, there lie infinite worlds.

Into the valley of the Mississippi, made fat and fertile by the slow but ceaseless action of natural forces during epochs of indefinable length, there has come suddenly a race, provided with the highest religious, moral and scientific power, a race of exceptional vigor and of most fortunate historic experience. In brief time we have developed here a material civilization whose wealth and promise is a world-wonder. What hitherto it had taken thousands of years to bring about, has been accomplished in half a century. But we ourselves have not grown as our prosperity has increased. We have succumbed to our success. We have vast riches, and all the comfort, luxury and display which money provides, but our thoughts are superficial, our sympathies shallow, our desires selfish or sensual, our aims and ambitions vulgar.

Like those who, in the midst of unending waters, die of thirst, we, having all that earth's bounty can give, have

lost the secret and the art of leading a worthy and a happy life, because we have ceased to be either willing or able to believe that souls live by faith, hope, love and imagination, in the light of high ideals, and in the glow and warmth of self-devotion to what is forever true, and good and fair. We measure human worth by mechanical standards, the value of life by the opportunities it affords for the indulgence of appetite or vanity. We are feverish; restless, timid and uncertain. In our very strength and energy there seems to be something akin to disease. We can neither work nor play in moderation. The wisdom of those who are content with what suffices is in our eyes folly. Hence it is easy for us to become gamblers, promoters, givers or takers of bribes, drunkards, and suicides; and in the midst of the dazzling spectacle of our national progress, it is a question whether our millionaires or our toiling, hard-driven wage-earners, are more discontented and unhappy.

With us everything improves—mechanical devices, the breeds of our domestic animals, the qualities of vegetables and fruits—man alone is stationary or retrograde, because his nature, being essentially moral and religious, the worship of vulgar success, the indulgence of appetite, the preference of the external and transitory to the real abiding world within, make religion and morality impossible.

From the midst of such a world, a man like Dr. Davis rises, like one inspired, to proclaim by word and deed, that righteousness is life, that the wages of sin is death, that whatsoever thing a man soweth that shall he reap, that sin or culpable ignorance or neglect, which is sin, is the cause of nearly all the diseases, ills and miseries by which we are brought to ruin.

To the learned professions especially his teaching and his example declare that they rest not more on a basis of

knowledge and skill, than on a foundation of principle, honor and benevolence. His view is generous and comprehensive. Not for his clients alone does the lawyer exist, nor for his penitents, the priest; nor for his patients, the physician.

God makes sages and saints that they may be fountain-heads of wisdom and virtue for all who yearn and aspire; and whoever has superior knowledge or ability is thereby committed to more effectual and unselfish service of his fellow-men. If the love of fame be but an infirmity of noble minds, the craving for professional reputation is but conceit and vanity. To be of help, and to be of help not to mere animals, but to immortal, pure, loving spirits—this is the noblest earthly fate, this, the highest good fortune. In the light of this ideal Dr. Davis believed, hoped, loved, worked, suffered, died and triumphed. When the politicians, the captains of industry, the inventors of mechanical devices, the lavishers of millions to promote whatever ends, shall have sunk into oblivion or be remembered with the contempt of indifference, he shall remain as a witness to right human life, as an influence and encouragement to all who have faith in God, in truth, in justice, in plain, unselfish living, in brave endeavor, in purity and love; a principle of hope and courage, an inextinguishable light to beings who wander amid the labyrinths of time and space, and feel and are certain that their true home is with the Eternal Father, Who makes and upbears the Universe, that beings like unto Himself may be born and grow forever.

Before the Royal College of Surgeons of London, there is delivered an address, each year, to commemorate the life and work of John Hunter. Let the physicians and the medical schools of Chicago bear witness to their love of worth and appreciation of excellence by making a similar foundation to perpetuate the memory of Nathan Smith Davis.

THE GARDEN BENCH

TWO girls, pretty, stylish, intelligent, were seated at a little table, eating their luncheon. I was within ear-shot of their conversation, and because of much that we read and much more that we hear, I report it for the benefit of the readers, especially the girl readers of the Garden Bench.

"It's sheer nonsense, this talk about the dangers that beset a girl who works," declared the older and handsomer of the two. "It has been my observation that when a man is the speaker, the evil he attributes to his brethren has the strongest root in his own heart and mind. 'To the pure all things are pure.' Have you not found it true that it rests with the woman herself whether or not the man for whom, or the men with whom, she works treat her with respect?"

"On the average, yes," answered her companion. "If a frown or sharp reprimand meet the first attempt at familiarity of speech or manner, he never afterwards forgets his place. Instead of doing this, she too often passes it unnoticed. Sometimes she is actuated by a mistaken sense of propriety. If a viper's egg were placed before her, she would crush it instantly and not wait until its venom had taken on hideous form and poisoned fangs; so should she deal with the embryonic 'freshness' in her employer or fellow laborers. But oftener she fears to give offense, thereby endangering her position. That course is even more reprehensible, for now she disobeys her conscience. A woman should be more fearless and independent. There are hundreds of positions as good and even better than the one she holds; and if the man discharge her because she demands that he shall respect her, she is better to be away from such a monster. And this very fidelity to her self-respect

will become a ready key to unlock the door of another opportunity. But, as you say, unfortunately the first advance too often comes from the girl herself, in the smile, the banter, the lingering moment of gossip. This may be done innocently, but she has let down the bars, which sometimes are hard to put up."

"When I first commenced to work," began the former speaker, reminiscently, "I was employed as typewriter in a big commercial concern. A number of girls worked there also, and nearly every morning one or more of them would have some startling story to relate about being followed or accosted by strange men in deserted streets or crowded thoroughfares. 'Why on earth,' I thought, 'do I never have any of these adventures?' I had often passed through those very portions of the city, but no handsome young man had stepped from the shadows, and saying, 'Didn't I meet you at Niagara Falls last summer?' had offered to escort me to a soda-water fountain! Plainly there was a reason for this, and as I always like to get at the bottom of mysteries, I resolved to find out what it was.

"One evening I arrayed myself in my most becoming gown, and went abroad in the quest of adventure. (I may say in passing that I was located, at that period of my life, in a boarding-house, otherwise it would not have been so easy for me to execute my plan.) I had not proceeded far until I observed a youth, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' standing at a corner. Another time I would have passed the fellow without even seeing him; now I made it a point to look at him. Being one of the 'masher' type, he immediately perceived my attention. When I faintly acknowledged his salute, he joined me in my walk. I had solved the mystery

very readily; to meet with adventures, you have only to invite them. But I found while it was easy enough to engage in such an enterprise, it requires skill to get out; and it was only by threatening to summon a policeman to my aid that I shook my new acquaintance.

"The knowledge I had gained suggested another situation; suppose a woman were to accost one of these strange men in the quest of necessary information, would he misinterpret her action? I was now in a partially deserted street. Coming toward me, walking slowly, was a man. I went forward quickly to meet him, stopped, and politely inquired of him the way to a certain block. On my addressing him, he lifted his hat and courteously gave me the desired information; then he went his way, I, mine. Still I was not satisfied, for I perceived my informant was a gentleman, who may always be depended upon to pursue one line of conduct. The next subject for my test was standing at a corner, and his attitude suggested one who was also looking for adventure. I was approaching him with trepidation, when the philosophic advice always to think the best of people and appeal to the best in them recurred to me. Looking him quietly in the face, I courteously asked him if he could tell me where to get a car, which I knew passed several squares away. He gave me the information as courteously as I had asked for it. Still I was not wholly convinced. I turned into a street in which was located a second-class theatre. At the entrance were two youths of the 'sporty' type, smoking cigarettes, and I could feel the impudence of their stare before I could distinguish the color of their eyes. As I was passing, I stopped and inquired if this street would bring me to the Union Station. The older of the two removed his cigarette and answered politely that it would.

"I went home after that! But since

that evening, the stories that girls tell of their experiences in this line, and the worries of some people over the perils that beset the girl when she goes forth to earn her living, fall on unresponsive ears. Except in the rare case of horrible assassination, which is plainly the work of a mad creature, the girl who works is as safe as the girl who never leaves the house unattended, and by far more independent and fearless. If she behaves as a lady should, in work-room and street, rest assured she will receive the treatment of a lady."

"To ladylike behavior, add a big lump of trust," observed her friend. "It was as much your confidence in their truth and honor that carried you through as the unmistakable fact of your womanliness."

This is undeniably true; we need trust in our fellow-creature as well as trust in God. Sometimes our faith is unworthily bestowed, but for each such shattered illusion the brave of soul and clear of mind but trust the more. There is good in human souls and they will find it, though they spend their lives in the quest. Are not these Gahalads of a later day as worthy of the poet's pen as he of Arthur's court? And how well they are rewarded! Show me the man or woman of strong, unquestioning trust, who, deceived where perchance it was most plenteously bestowed, still stoutly asserts: "There are persons in the world worthy of this faith of mine; I shall find them some day, since our own must come to us," and I will show you all the circumstances of life conspiring to bring to such a one friends worthy of this confidence. They meet him or her at the most unexpected turns; often the very circumstance of the unworthily bestowed confidence brings into his or her life the very friends that faithful heart had long been seeking. Life has many ways of testing our fitness for her blessings, and one of her most familiar methods is to send our precious cargo

of belief in another to destruction on the cruel rock of deception. To rise out of such a wreck and bravely fit out a new bark, and store it with increased freight, is to win for ever after the blessing of cloudless skies and smiling waves.

This trust being, then, so necessary for us, he is worthy of condemnation who seeks to destroy it by constantly carping and snarling about the dangers and perils that beset the paths of the young. As I look back upon some of the early instructions I received, some of the words of pretended advice bestowed upon me, I wonder I had courage to step across the sill of home, much less become a newspaper reporter. The world was represented as a place where every stranger who made the least advance toward friendliness had a snare set for the feet of the unwary, and only the suspicious escaped with a whole skin. Now, the very opposite of this is the true philosophy of life. "Watch harm, catch harm," says the proverb, and truly does Maeterlinck tell us that we meet but ourselves on the highway of Fate. Hold suspicious thoughts of another, and the chances are that that person will develop the characteristic you expect of him. Once I knew a stenographer, young and guileless, and without any other thought about her position than to do the best work possible. The fact that she and her employer were of opposite sexes never troubled her honest head and clean heart until she happened to read in a so-called religious paper that it was impossible for a man and a woman to sit eight hours of the day alone together without harm to both. Evidently the writer measured the morals of other men by his own. Though the girl had never detected anything unworthy in her employer—who was married and several years older than herself—she became suspicious, she grew conscious, and where before there had been a sexless worker, there were now a woman and worker. Of course the man noticed the

change, and gradually, since her thoughts forced it on him, he began to see a pretty girl instead of a swift and willing stenographer. But as the man was of a better type than the writer of the suspicion-breeding article, he discharged the girl and engaged one with more common sense.

Now, I am not denying that there are dangers and perils on the road of life, nor attempting to minimize them. The fact that these exist makes our success all the greater. What I do protest against are the evil-minded persons who see only these dangers, and foolishly imagine every human being must pitch headlong into them if these especially elected ones do not keep up their constant croaking. Out in the garden these stormy March days, the daffodils are pushing their leaves out of the frozen earth and lifting their slender stems, topped by balls of green, which, we know, conceal flowers frail as beautiful. Shall we bewail the winds and lowering sky and threatening frost that may cause their blight? We do nothing of the kind. We know it is the nature of this flower to battle against these conditions, and its hardihood is an inspiration to us, and when we see its fragrant cup of gold still held aloft, however the tempest may rage, our hearts grow glad. If the daffodils can dare this much to live their brief life, we shall not be daunted and grow faint of heart in our long, immortal race.

So, whoever you are, to whatever audience you address your words, preach trust and courage—trust in God and our fellow man, and courage to dare any peril that it may be our destiny to meet, knowing that at the approach of the brave soul it will part before him, even as the Red Sea built up its walls of water that Moses might continue on his God-appointed way.

* * * * *

I had not seen her for some time, and I was surprised and grieved over her changed appearance. Ten years of or-

dinary living could not have aged her so greatly. The wrinkles were no longer lines, but furrows, and the slight stoop of her shoulders had run down to the waist; all the quickness had left her step; she was an old woman at the passing of her fiftieth mile-stone. She had had trouble—who has escaped? but I had never seen one thus completely beaten down by it. Then she was a deeply religious woman, and we find it hard to reconcile this hopeless misery with strong faith.

Presently she began to tell me of her wayward son; he was her youngest child, "her baby," she wailed. She had in happier times shown me his picture, taken when he wore kilts and curls, and he certainly was lovable; I could understand how the love of parents and older brothers and sisters had centered upon this boy. Now, entering on his twenties, he was breaking his mother's heart.

It was a sad but not a hopeless case if they would resolve not to make it such.

"He is sowing his wild oats," I suggested.

"But I do not want him to do that," she cried.

No, of course not, but, my poor mother, is it not wisdom to endure what you cannot help? If your pleadings and reproaches, your tears and sleepless nights, would avail aught, there might be some reason in them; but they do not, they only seem to drive the boy into deeper depths, until he may get beyond human help. You admit you gain nothing by it, why, then, not quit worrying? She told me in answer that it was easy for others to say "stop worrying," but if her advisers stood in her place they would know that what they counseled was impossible.

What inconsistency was here! She admitted that she could not overcome her mental condition, aided though she was by the manifold helps of her religion, and yet she expected the boy, un-

schooled by life, to withstand the temptation which, legalized, stood invitingly at almost every corner. And could he pass the saloon door with averted head, he should not proceed far until some one would draw him back to it.

This unhappy mother is not a solitary example. There are thousands pursuing her folly, worrying themselves into the grave, throwing a shadow on their homes and completely destroying whatever influence they possessed over the erring one by their conduct. They can not help it, they say; then they should, in justice, say of the one who is causing them sorrow: "He cannot help it."

But we know that you can help worrying, as the boy can help sinning, if you determine to do so. How shall you set about it? There is only one way—stop thinking about it. That seems impossible, and it will be hard at first, for your thoughts have worn the path smooth to that one subject and, like everything else, thought will follow the line of least resistance; but every time you find them slipping that way, draw them back with a determined jerk. Say to yourself when you wake in the morning: "My prayers and hopes and love shall yet prevail, and win back my loved one from evil ways; every thought of mine to-day shall hasten that happy time, and I must keep my nature sweet and cheerful for his return." When night comes and you retire, go to sleep. Believe me, if you have kept your mind free from distressing thought during the day, you will find it easy to drop off into quiet slumber which will bring you to the morrow refreshed and strengthened.

Then, remember the other members of your family. Is it just, is it kind to them, thus to overshadow the home with gloom because of the least worthy member of the family? They love you, your life is most precious to them; think, my friend, of their anguish as they see it fading away and they powerless to help you.

CURRENT COMMENT

Cardinal Gibbons has sent the following statement to the representative of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions in Washington for submission to the senate committee of Indian affairs:

, "Baltimore, Md., Feb. 1.

"In view of certain statements made by Senator Bard before the committee of Indian affairs of the senate, I deem it proper to state that the Catholic Church has no political agent at Washington or anywhere else; that Professor E. L. Scharf, who is referred to in Senator Bard's statement, is not an agent of the Catholic Church or of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions and has never been employed by the Church or by the Catholic Indian bureau in any way whatever." —

The death in England of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers, who would have completed his sixty-fifth year next March, removes a much respected member of a notable family, closely associated both with the early High Church movement in England and with the influx of distinguished converts into the Catholic Church which was the direct result of that movement. The deceased priest was the eldest of the three sons of Henry Wilberforce, himself the youngest son of William Wilberforce, the eminent philanthropist, whose name will always be connected with the abolition of slavery in the British Empire. —

An international congress for the promotion of plain chant will be held at Strassburg from the 16th to the 19th of August next. The chief aim of the promoters is to help forward the restoration of Gregorian music in the churches in accordance with the Holy Father's wishes. Dr. Fritzen, Bishop of Strass-

burg, has given his approval to the undertaking. A general committee has been appointed, with representatives for the different countries of Europe.

A despatch of February 4 from Rome announces that Cardinal Satolli, who has been ill for some time with an attack of influenza, is progressing satisfactorily. His physicians hope within the coming week to pronounce their patient as convalescent. Cardinal Satolli, during his illness, has received many telegrams of inquiry from Americans, including a number of Archbishops and Bishops.

A glowing tribute to the fortitude of the citizens of Baltimore, as displayed after the great fire that swept through the heart of the city a year ago, was voiced by Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon last Sunday. The subject of the Cardinal's sermon was "The Cross," and he spoke of the noble manner in which the people of Baltimore had borne their cross.

Monday, February 6, was the eightieth anniversary of the death of the second Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. John Connolly, D. D., who, like his predecessor, Bishop Concanen, was a distinguished member of the Dominican Order. —

Nearly all of the friars have left the Philippines. The last reports showed only sixty remaining, who are doing parish work. There are, however, about as many more who are invalids or too aged and infirm to be removed.

Queen Wilhelmina, in appointing a Catholic, Herr Jonkherr Van Green, as her private secretary, puts one

of that faith in a responsible position in the royal household for the first time since the Reformation.

A well-known Protestant clergyman of Berlin, Dr. Fischer, of the Marcus Church, having publicly denied the divinity of Christ, the Chief Consistory in that city has written to him, "hoping he will see it is his duty to resign his charge." "It is feared," says the Daily Telegraph, "that the action of the Consistory is the beginning of an embittered religious controversy which will divide the Protestant Church of Prussia into two warring camps."

President Roosevelt has agreed to attend a national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, in Wilkes-barre, Pa., next August, giving his promise to the Rev. J. J. Curran, and a committee of mine workers' officials, who are members of the C. T. A. U., and whom he received recently at the White House.

Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was a guest of the New York Press Club, one of the most prominent organizations of the metropolis, at its annual dinner on Monday evening. Mgr. Falconio responded to the toast "Dignity and Responsibility of Journalism."

It is announced that Father Cormier, Master General of the Dominicans, will come to the United States in May.

Last week the New York Central Railroad passed into the hands of Rockefeller and the Standard Oil people, and the great house of Vanderbilt ceased to reign in the railroad world.

New Mexico will be admitted at last, the bill having passed the Senate last Monday. Arizona will have to remain

out until she gets rid of her Mormon population. One polygamous state is enough in the Union.

Pere Olivier, O. P., the well-known French preacher, is about to give a series of discourses at Smyrna, Greece.

The statement that Mr. J. P. Morgan has donated \$10,000 to the Catholic University at Washington is confirmed.

Archbishop Moeller Receives the Pallium

The stately old Cincinnati Cathedral was the scene of an imposing religious ceremony on Wednesday morning, February 15th, when Cardinal Gibbons imposed the Pallium on Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., in the presence of a vast concourse of people. He was assisted by a dozen Bishops and several hundred priests. His Eminence also delivered the oration of the day.

The Gridiron Club

Everybody's Magazine

Another famous dinner club is the Gridiron, of Washington. It was built up by the newspaper correspondents from all over the nation. Its guests are the great men of the nation whose activities in public life bring them to Washington. The President of the United States and all others in authority consider themselves very lucky when they are asked to a Gridiron dinner. It is at dinners of this club, and those of the Amen Corner, a somewhat similar organization in New York, that Mr. Depew's description of modern after-dinner speaking as vaudeville is best realized. The Gridiron, in order to free its guests from any embarrassment and restraint in their utterances, or in their enjoyment of the whirl of almost boisterous fun which the dinner always produces, gives its pledge that no newspaper report shall be made of its pro-

ceedings. But sometimes stories leak out of things which have happened. It is told, for instance, that when the principal guest of the club was a President of the United States, who but a few days before had occasion to speak with spirit and point to the commanding general of the army, two bears entered the banquet chamber. One of them was a real bear; the other was an imitation bear with a man inside of it. The pair rolled into the middle of the hall and stood up and faced the toast-master.

"Where did you come from?" he asked them.

"We've been over to the White House to see the President," said the smaller bear dolorously. It was then observed that his fur was much disarranged, one of his ears was nearly severed from his head, and that he was in an apparently much enfeebled condition.

"You do not look very well," observed the chairman.

"Don't I?" answered the small bear. "Don't I? Gee, but you ought to have seen Miles!"

A New Word

N. Y. Sun

"I've seen a good many odd words," observed a globe-trotter staying in New York, "but nothing quite so queer as one I discovered in Concord, N. H., last week. It was on a sign in the window of a restaurant and read, 'Mealers wanted.'"

New Statues

Harper's Weekly

Washington's collection of bronze soldiers is to be increased by effigies of General McClellan and Baron Steuben. McClellan is to sit a horse on Connecticut Avenue in front of the British Embassy, and Steuben will probably occupy a corner of Lafayette Square. We are glad McClellan's memory is to receive this tribute. Though differences of opinion about the effectuality of his generalship may continue for another

century, history will not deny his right to be ranked high among the defenders of the Union. Moreover, a proper statue of "Little Mac" on horseback will be extra good to look at. Frederick MacMonnies has made a model for the one that Congress has provided for, and a decision about it is looked for early next month. If the bronze horsemen continue to collect in Washington, it may be necessary some day to gather them into a troop, led, it may be, by General Jackson on the uneasy charger assigned him by Mills.

A New Order of Merit

Press Dispatch

A bill introduced by Mr. Mann to establish a new order of merit in the United States was passed by the House to-day. It authorizes the President to cause to be prepared bronze medals of honor, with suitable emblematic devices, which shall be bestowed upon any persons who, by extreme daring, endanger their own lives in saving or endeavoring to save lives from any wreck, or in preventing or endeavoring to prevent such wreck upon any railroad within the United States engaged in interstate commerce.

It is further provided that the President may issue to any person to whom a medal of honor may have been awarded, a rosette or knot to be worn in lieu of the medal, and a ribbon to be worn with the medal; said rosette or knot and ribbon to be each of a pattern to be prescribed by the President.

The Flag of the Vatican

Pall Mall Gazette

The papal flag is comparatively unfamiliar outside of the Eternal City. The war flag of the defunct temporal power of the Pope was white and in its center stood figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, with the cross keys and tiara above them. The flag of the merchant ships owned

by the subjects of the States of the Church is a curious combination, half yellow and half white. In the banner used by the Crusader King of Jerusalem, Godfrey, the only tinctures introduced were the two metals, gold and silver, five golden crosses being placed upon a silver field. This was done with the intention of making the device unique, as in all other cases it is deemed false heraldry to place metal on metal.

Arithmetic In Borneo

N. Y. Catholic News

"When first I arrived in Borneo," says a missionary in the Bombay Catholic Examiner, "I remember once getting into conversation with some Dyaks on the subject of the Christian religion; and after I had finished my say one of the Dyaks began in turn to tell me something of his religion. They have an enormous number of gods in their pantheon; and as the Dyak went over their names and attributes he used his fingers for counting. After reaching ten he cocked up his toes and continued to count as far as twenty. 'What will he do,' I wondered, 'when he has used up all his fingers and all his toes?' The Dyak, however, showed no hesitation. As soon as he had used up the last toe of his left foot he stretched over to his wife, who was seated close by, and seizing on her foot carried on his arithmetic from twenty upward on her toes, till he had reached the end of the list. My own amusement I contrived to suppress; but it was too much for the Chinese boy who was acting as my interpreter. He simply rolled along the ground and roared."

Horse Field-Hospital

Our Animal Friends

We are informed that field-hospitals for sick and disabled horses will be part of the future war equipment of the British army. According to the Medical Record, two such hospitals have been

formed in England, and the system is proving most satisfactory in India. In Manchuria the Japanese have put to practical use the field-hospital service for animals, with the result that the loss of horses is only six per cent.

May Go to Rome

Owing to the uncertainty of the religious and political situation in France, there is a probability that the central offices of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, at present in Paris and Lyons, will soon be transferred to Rome and made a department of the Congregation of Propaganda.

This Society, which was organized in 1822 through the efforts of the French clergy, is the main support of Catholic missions all over the world. Up to the close of the past century it had raised for missionary purposes the enormous sum of \$42,076,905, of which more than nine millions were spent in building up the Church in the United States. Branches are established in nearly every diocese of the world.

Copts Returning

The mission entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers by Leo XIII, in 1879, to bring about in Upper Egypt a reconciliation with the Coptic Churches, is being successfully carried out under the direction of the Rev. Pere Neurrit. Two large colleges have been opened at Cairo and at Alexandria, and the number of Copts now reconciled is estimated at over 20,000.

Gen. Lew Wallace's Funeral

Gen. Lew Wallace was buried on the afternoon of February 18th. The funeral was private, in accordance with his wishes. Only the family and a few intimate friends attended. Until noon the body lay in the library building and was viewed by thousands. Business was suspended.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

AN OLD LEGEND

From the second century after Christ comes down to us a quaint and beautiful story called the "History of Joseph the Carpenter," containing the life of St. Joseph as told by Our Lord to the disciples, after the Resurrection.

It tells of the death of St. Joseph and how Our Lady begged her Son to save His foster-father's life, but Christ, with great pity for her sorrow, said:

"Oh, My mother, most loving, surely upon all creatures which are born into this world lyeth the same necessity of dying, for death hath dominion over all the human race. Thou, also, oh, My mother, must expect also the same end of life with all other mortals. Nevertheless, thy death, as also the death of this pious man, is not death but life forever."

So, tended lovingly by Jesus and Mary, whom he had so tenderly cared for in life, St. Joseph passed away, and "angels came and wrapped his soul in a garment of dazzling purity and carried it to heaven." And Jesus promised that his body should be preserved until Judgment Day, and said to those who had attended him to the grave:

"Whoever giveth to the wretched and poor, to widows and orphans, of the work of his hands on the day when thy memory is celebrated and in thy name, he shall not be without good all the days of his life. Whosoever shall offer to drink of a cup of water to the widow and orphans in thy name, I will give him to thee that thou mayest go in with him to the banquet of a thousand years."

Let us not forget, then, upon the nine-

teenth of March to honor the foster-father of Our Lord, that

"Thrice happy saint of God, whose dying
breath

Was poured forth in the fond, encircling
arms

Of Jesus and Mary; glorious death,

That knew no fears, no terrors, no alarms."

AN HONEST MAN

It was bitterly cold. The ground was covered with a three days' snow upon which had fallen a biting sleet. The streets were like glass, the thermometer below zero. For the rich, smothered in furs, it was trying weather, and for the poor it was frightful.

At the corner of one street there stood a long line of men, each man waiting his turn to receive a cup of coffee from the free lunch which a New York newspaper distributed to all who would ask for it. It was so piercingly cold that some charitable people were giving a quarter to every man who had not a night's lodging. There were many who needed such a charity and they waited patiently. At last a man stepped up; old, and thin, and careworn he was. He wore no overcoat, his clothes were threadbare, but he still bore about him in some nameless way traces of better days than those he had fallen upon.

He took the steaming coffee with a murmured "thank you," but refused the money offered him by the distributor.

"No, thank you, I have had my twenty-five cents already and I don't want to cheat another fellow out of his. I just came back for another cup of

coffee, that's all. I was pretty hungry and cold."

He handed back his empty cup and passed on, swallowed up in the crowd, and the distributor, looking after him regretfully; said: "There goes an honest man!"

No one would have known that he came a second time. No one could have known that he had a second quarter, but he would have known it and, poor and ragged and cold and miserable as he was, he was honest.

Be devoted to the Virgin Mary, the great Mother of God, for she is our most sure hope and powerful advocate.—*Blessed Crispin.*

THE LOST CAP

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys,
Upon the nursery floor;
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her story-book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp,
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away;
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face,
He couldn't find his cap—because
'Twas in its proper place.

—*The New World.*

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

Dorothy has a bad habit of talking too much, and her prattle often makes her friends tremble as to what she will say next. She started to go to the kindergarten, and mentioning it to her aunt one day, her mother said:

"Dear me, Dorothy has been two weeks at kindergarten. I wonder what her teacher doesn't know about us," and Dorothy piped up:

"Well, Mother, I've told her everything I know!"

Nelly, on the other hand, talked so slowly that one almost grew tired waiting for her remarks. One day she went to her aunt's to spend the day and arrived there just as a kettle of fat boiled over on the stove.

"What a mess!" cried her aunt.

"Mother's kettle did that," said Nelly slowly.

"What did she do?" cried her aunt excitedly, as the fat sputtered and spattered.

"Why," said Nelly deliberately, "she poured a dipper of cold water into it."

Her aunt seized a dipper and dashed cold water into the fat, when it spread all over the stove and burst into flames. Help had to be called before the fire could be put out, and when it was finally extinguished, Aunt Mary turned wrathfully to Nelly and asked:

"What did your mother's grease do when she poured water in it?" and Nelly replied calmly:

"It did just the same as yours did!"

The isle of Sardinia has been celebrated for more than the sardines which swarm along its coasts; it has also bad air, poor soil and scanty population. It is stated upon good authority that there are terrible convulsions produced by its poisonous plant and that this has given rise to the expression "a sardonic smile," a smile so sneering as to convulse the face.

A LITTLE WALTER RALEIGH

All school children have read the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his velvet cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her royal feet with mud, but the Ave Maria tells of a boy of to-day who was quite as chivalrous as Sir Walter.

A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the doors to be opened. The day was cold and many of the youngsters were without shoes and stockings. One little girl stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bareheaded while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's courtly action compared to that?

WEIGHT OF WATER

A gallon of distilled water weights ten pounds, of sea water ten and three-quarter pounds, of Dead Sea water twelve pounds.

There are eight and one-half pounds of salt in every one hundred pounds of Dead Sea water to two and four-fifths pounds in ordinary sea water.

BUTTONS AMONG THE INDIANS

Both the Pueblo and Navajo Indians are very fond of using buttons to adorn themselves, and they make them of silver in all sizes and shapes. Moccasins, leggings, belts, saddles, bridles and pouches are covered with them, but they do not seem to have the least idea of buttons as useful members of society.

An Indian takes a silver dime, polishes it, and solders a tiny eyelet upon it just big enough to pass a buckskin thong through it, and uses dozens of the

buttons to decorate his belongings. Buttons are also made from silver quarters and fifty cent pieces, and sometimes a Navajo brave will wear fifteen of these large buttons down his leggings, the patterns absolutely perfect on each, although the coin has been bent into a button shape. _____

THE SECRET OF THE ASPENS

"Pray, what are you?" asked the snow-bird,

"Shimmering silent here at night?
Wraiths of blossoms, dying sunbeams,
Hasting snowflakes, ghostly moon-
gleams

Flickering wierdly in the light?"

"Nay," they answered, shivering softly.

"Hear the requiem of the wind!
We're the butterflies' white death-shroud
Fashioned like a pale lined cloud,
As it glistens silver lined."

Then the children, passing near them,
Whispered, "Has the Fairy Queen,
As she fled in mimic battle,
On the aspen left her mantle,
Silvered o'er with crystal sheen?"

"Nay, my fairies," said the Mother,

"No gay sprite on azure wing,
Touched the aspen's baby fingers,
But Jack Frost upon them lingers
As they wait the breath of Spring."
—Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

THE DEAD SEA

One of the hottest regions of the earth's surface is in the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea. The sea loses not less than a million tons of water a day through evaporation.

There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.—
Cervantes.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE ANNUNCIATION, MARCH 25.

SAINT BASIL, the great doctor of the early Church and instructor of monasticism among the Greeks, thus writes of this feast: "O depth of the wisdom and mercy of God! By an abundance of love we are freed from servitude. But men seek the reason why God became man, when it would rather become them to adore His goodness than to pry into the secrets of Divinity. Jesus took upon Himself our nature, vitiated and sin-stained, that He might purify it; infirm and weak, He might strengthen it; separated from God through sin, He might reconcile it; exiled from Paradise, He might lead it back to heaven.

"To whom, then, was entrusted the fulfilment of this office? To a holy virgin. What was the generating principle? The overshadowing influence of the Holy Ghost."

* "The messenger of this mystery was not man, but an angel; 'the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee.' She hears, believes, and thus makes answer: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word.' What humility! What devotion! She styles herself the handmaid of the Lord, whose mother she was to be."

A WONDERFUL PRIVILEGE OF THE ROSARIAN.

We daily say in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Communion of Saints." The remembrance of this mystic bond that unites us to the elect in heaven and the dear ones gone before, brings to the Christian in his exile here below, con-

solation and encouragement, and on All-Souls' Day the Church reminds us of our duty towards those who are still detained in purgatory's cleansing fires.

But there is still another aspect of the Communion of Saints. This spiritual union which binds us to the Church Triumphant and to the Church Suffering, joins us, who belong to the Church Militant, to each other. Every Catholic, be he saint or sinner, is united by the Communion of Saints.

How often have we wished that we were better than we are; that we had more time for prayer; more leisure for meditation; greater opportunities for laying up "treasures in heaven!" It may be after hearing an eloquent sermon, attending some inspiring ceremony. It may be that we have paid a visit to some religious community where the very air seems to breathe holiness and recollection. Or it may be that we feel our heart's instinctive aspiration for the higher life, aspirations as natural to the God-given soul of man as that the eye of the tiny meadow flower should turn to the all-enlivening sun.

The Church, like a tender mother always mindful of the welfare of her children, has made ample provision for this craving of our nature. In the privilege called the "Communication of Indulgences," Rosarians have received a special proof of this maternal solicitude.

Members of the Confraternity throughout the world share in all the indulgences granted to any individual society.* Thus, for example, if a plenary, or partial indulgence be granted to a Rosary Confraternity in Spain for a particular day, every Rosarian throughout the world may gain that indulgence on that day.

* From St. Ambrose.

* Gregory XIII, 1582; Sixtus V, 1586; Innocent XI, 1679.

Again, Rosarians share in all the good works of the Dominican Order.§ This includes both the Friars Preachers and the nuns of the Second and Third Order.

But this is not all. Members of the Rosary Confraternity participate in the works, merits, and indulgences of all the other regular Orders:‡ The silent Carthusian, praying in the solitude of his cell, the mortified Carmelite, the poverty-loving Franciscan, the energetic and zealous Jesuit—the Rosarian participates in the merits of all these. This is, indeed, a wonderful privilege. What, then, becomes of all these graces? And just how much does each individual soul receive? We cannot tell. God is just and distributes them as each one needs and deserves.

To gain these spiritual favors, it is first of all necessary to be in a state of grace. Confession and Communion are the usual conditions for a plenary indulgence; but for a partial indulgence it is sufficient that we be in a state of grace. It is furthermore necessary that we have at least a virtual intention of gaining them.* And this intention should be renewed daily.† It should form a part of the Rosarian's morning prayers and preparation for Holy Communion. It is well to explicitly name those for whom we desire to gain the indulgence, and also to intend that those indulgences not applicable to the persons named, be applied to the souls in purgatory.

If we intend to gain all the indulgences we can, it is not necessary that we know just how many we gain. Nor need we, unless some special conditions be prescribed, such as on Rosary Sunday, repeat the visits and prayers for the Pope

for each plenary indulgence we gain. Five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys suffice for gaining one plenary indulgence.‡ They also suffice for gaining six or ten, as the case may be.

How great is this privilege of the Rosarians! And it is not only our privilege, but our duty as well, to avail ourselves of these spiritual treasures. There are the helpless souls in purgatory who look to us for aid. There are our brethren in the faith who need our assistance. There is the great body of non-Catholics, who must work out their salvation without any of those blessed helps and graces which God has so gratuitously bestowed upon us, whom we can assist. Let us then be generous, for "In what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."*

INDULGENCES FOR MARCH.

March 5—First Sunday: (1) Visit to Rosary Chapel (plenary). (2) Visit to Blessed Sacrament while exposed (plenary). (3) Visit to Rosary Chapel before or after assisting at Rosary procession (plenary).

Quinquagesima Sunday: Station (thirty years and 1200 days).

March 8—Ash Wednesday: Station (fifteen years and 600 days). On each day during Lent: Station (ten years and 400 days).

March 15, 17, 18—Ember Days: Station (ten years and 400 days).

March 25 — Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary: (1) Rosary (plenary). (2) Visit to Church or Public Oratory (plenary). (3) Visit to Rosary Chapel (plenary). (4) Five mysteries (seven years and 280 days).

§ Turiani, Mag. Gen., 1487; Cavally, Mag. Gen., 1573; Larroca, Mag. Gen., 1890.

‡ Ben. XIII, May 26, 1727.

* Decree Cong. Ind., July 12, 1847.

† Raccolta, p. 12.

‡ Decree Cong. Ind., Feb., 1864.

* S. Matt. vii, 2.

WITH THE EDITOR

Greatest of all the feasts of March is that of the Annunciation, which is celebrated on the 25th. On this day is commemorated the mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, the great central fact of Christianity. Through the long, dark night of ages humanity had waited for the promised Redeemer, for Him Who would open heaven's gates, closed through Adam's sin. God's angel came at last with a message of deliverance; and he announced to Mary, the immaculate virgin of Israel, that she was destined to be the Mother of the Promised One, the world's Redeemer. And Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word;" and in that instant the Holy Ghost came upon her and the power of the Most High overshadowed her, and "the Word was made flesh"—the mystery of the Incarnation was consummated! Well may we, poor, banished children of Eve, rejoice and be glad; and deep indeed should be our gratitude to Mary Immaculate, and ardent our love for her who alone of mortals was found worthy to be the Mother of our Saviour and our God.

With characteristic promptness and decision President Roosevelt has defined and vindicated his position in the matter of the Indian schools, and has effectually silenced the noisy contentions of certain bigoted and disgruntled individuals in high places and low who insisted that the allotment and distribution of moneys by the government in aid of Indian schools was in contravention of law. As a matter of fact, as clearly stated by Mr. Roosevelt in his letter to the Secretary of the Interior, the funds in question belonged not to the government, but to the Indians themselves,

and were merely held in trust by the government. The disbursements were made to the various tribes, at their own request, for the support and maintenance of their schools. But these Indians are largely Catholic—"and there's the rub." So the patriotic zealots worked themselves into a fine frenzy and clamored loudly for justice and the protection of the "public" moneys as against the untutored savage.

There are those who profess to believe that poor Lo has no rights which the white man is bound to respect; but the American people have not so far degenerated as to deny that even the "wards" of the nation have a right to their own.

We invite the attention of our readers to the timely, interesting and instructive paper on Cervantes which appears in this number. The tercentenary of the publication of "Don Quixote" has been celebrated by literary London, and is soon to be fittingly observed in Paris and Madrid. All Europe—the entire literary world, indeed, is sounding the praises of the man who unwittingly dealt the death-blow to Spanish chivalry, and who is ranked by competent critics with the greatest literary geniuses of modern times.

March is the month of St. Joseph, patron of the universal Church, and patron also of a happy death. Beside his bed of death were Jesus, his foster Son, and Mary, the Mother of Jesus. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints; but blessed beyond measure was the death of Joseph with Jesus bending over him to receive his last sigh and the Blessed Virgin standing near to close his eyes in death. Let us win the love of St. Joseph and do him

fitting honor; then can we reasonably hope for his advocacy during life and his powerful assistance in that dread hour when life is ebbing away and eternity is breaking upon our fading vision.

Our readers shall certainly find pleasure and profit in the perusal of the splendid panegyric on the Angelic Doctor which we present in this number. Great beyond the power of words to express was the soul and the mind of the Angel of the Schools. Truly has it been said of him that he "was the most saintly of learned men and the most learned of saints." Though singularly gifted by nature and by grace, yet he was humility itself. His purity was angelic. His love for the Blessed Eucharist was most intense, and unequaled, perhaps, by that of any other saint; and had he written nothing but the Office of Corpus Christi he would be richly entitled to the gratitude of the Christian world and worthy of a distinguished place among the greatest of the poets. If there be anything in Christian poetry more beautiful, tender and devotional than his "Anima Christi" (erroneously attributed by some to St. Ignatius), "Adoro Te" and "Lauda Sion" we do not know it. We exhort our readers, and especially the young and pure of heart, to cultivate devotion to St. Thomas.

We are glad to publish in full the following from the Cardinal, and heartily recommend our readers to act upon his suggestion:

In response to the following petition the Holy See has given generous encouragement to that most deserving Association, which is commonly known as the "Preservation Society."

"Most Holy Father:—James Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, in behalf of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, erected in his Archdiocese, the scope of which Society is to supply aid to the Indian Missions in this country, and especially to maintain Catholic schools for Indian children, humbly requests:

1st.—That on the Feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord, a plenary indulgence be granted, under the usual conditions, to the members of the said Society.

2d.—That the members of the Society may once a day gain an indulgence of one hundred days by devoutly reciting the following prayer:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast died that all men may live, and hast sent Thy apostles to teach all nations, we beseech Thee to grant that the Indian people, through the merits of Thy passion and the intercession of Thy martyrs, may obtain temporal succor and everlasting life. Who livest and reignest world without end."

In an Audience of His Holiness held on the 20th day of December, 1904, the matter being referred by me, the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, Our Most Holy Lord, Pius X, by Divine Providence Pope, graciously accorded the requested favors, notwithstanding whatever may exist to the contrary.

Given at Rome, at the office of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, on the aforesaid day and year.

When in June, 1904, Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, visited Rome in the interest of the Indian Missions of the United States, through the courtesy of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Diomedede Falconio (who takes a most kindly interest in these Missions), the work of the Catholic Indian Bureau was explained at length to the Holy Father, who listened to the recital with evident pleasure, and, turning to the Reverend Director, gave his special blessing to the Bureau, to the Indian people, their missionaries and teachers, and to all who in any way assist them in their spiritual and temporal needs.

I take this occasion once more to recommend the Preservation Society to the clergy and laity of the United States. With a membership of five hundred thousand, which is less than one twenty-fourth of our Catholic population, this Society would be able to support our Indian schools. I see no reason why such a membership cannot be secured in a very short time.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
President of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

The Catholic Directory of 1905, just issued, shows the Catholic population of the United States to be 12,462,793, an increase of 575,476 over last year. Churches, schools, etc., have also correspondingly increased during the year. The report is certainly most encouraging and gratifying.

BOOKS

SERMONS PREACHED AT ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. Collected and arranged by Edwin Burton. New York: Benziger Bros., 1904. D., pp. 249. \$1.60 net.

On reading the title, and hastily glancing through the pages of this book, one unconsciously wonders why it has been sent forth on an already flooded market. But after perusing some of the sermons their intrinsic worth breaks in upon us. The preachers have been the famed orators of their day, and their names give the book its greatest commendation. Cardinals Vaughan and Manning, Archbishop Ullathorne and Bishop Hedley are among the contributors. It is true the sermons have the appearance of being of too local a character to be helpful to priests, but so many have been the preachers and so different their manner of handling a panegyric that the book will be found to contain many valuable and instructive thoughts for sermon writing.

TWENTY-NINE CHATS AND ONE SCOLDING. By Rev. Fred C. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Company. D., pp. 291.

In his introduction to the present work, the eloquent Father Pardow, S. J., assures us that "no child will squirm in his hard chair or yawn, when Father O'Neill's vivid pictures pass before his eyes." It seems asking too much of the work, for it is well-nigh impossible to hold the attention of children when the truths of religion are being discussed. But few pages need be read until the truth of Father Pardow's recommendation forces itself on us. So cleverly have the truths of our religion been drawn from the experiences of daily life, so apt has been the teaching drawn from Nature, from her birds, her fields, etc., that the sermon or religious teaching is unconsciously imbibed with the more in-

teresting tales from life. There is such a sweetness, such a gentleness pervading the book that one is forcefully reminded of the genial St. Francis. We fully agree with Father Pardow that the book will be heartily welcomed by every teacher of Christian Doctrine. The priest who must teach and instruct the young will find it a great help. It is to be hoped that Father O'Neill will not rest after his first success. There is a crying need for more books like this.

BROTHER AND SISTER. By Jean Char-ruau, S. J., translated by S. T. Otten. St. Louis: B. Herder. D., pp. 381. \$1.25 net.

This interesting story first appeared serially in English dress in the *Dolphin*. It is a novel, well written, abounding with skillfully drawn characters, with highly wrought scenes, and with several psychological studies. It would seem to be a little above the average intelligence. The quotations are too classical, the allusions too numerous and varied easily to be understood by the ordinary reader. This is to be regretted, for the lesson taught is such a strong one, it is brought to mind so vividly by object-lessons, that its reading is bound to be conducive of good. It is the autobiography of a Frenchman who, like many of his race, became gradually indifferent to the teachings of religion and drifted into agnosticism. The pure, disinterested affection of his sister prompts her to become a living holocaust for the sins of her brother, and only at her death could she find the slightest hope that the erring brother would again be blessed with the faith that he once contemned. So beautiful is her character, so lifelike does it become in the hands of the author, that her death bring with it a twinge of pain. Shortly after this sad event, before the body had been consigned to its grave, God heard the lifelong prayer of His

servant and called her brother to the light of Truth. He makes his peace with God and endeavors during the remainder of his life to atone for the sins of youth. Next to the character of Margaret, what appeals most strongly is the strong, sturdy, heroic Catholicism of its people, so conspicuously absent in the France of our day.

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY. By Anna Katharine Green. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Illus., D., pp. 358.

We often hear an expressed longing for the enjoyment given to our youth by the perusal of a detective story. We miss the tension, the excitement and the thrill that the recital of some detective's wonderful acumen and invulnerableness caused. We should like to read a detective story, but they are trashy, a narrative of absurdities and impossibilities. "The Millionaire Baby" gives us an opportunity of indulging in one of the joys of youth. The baby is kidnapped, its whereabouts veiled in deepest mystery; clue after clue proves worthless and when the case is solved—unlike the tales of youth—the detective falls on the clue accidentally. The author has succeeded to a remarkable degree in maintaining the interest. She leads you up to several well-developed climaxes only to cast a deeper shadow over the case. Her descriptive powers are above the ordinary, her characters strong and lifelike, and, best of all, the book is free from anything objectionable. It is a book that all may read and that all will find interesting.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Vol. IV. By Thomas H. Murray. Boston: The Society. 1904. 4to, pp. 195.

The Mabillons and Hergenroethers are gone forever, because history has become too complex a study for a single hand. Instead, historical societies have pledged themselves to gather for future

reference, as into a museum, all the records of the past. It is well for this country that thus early in its history lovers of the days that were are busy at the work. None, however, do better work than the conscientious and enthusiastic men whose papers go to make up the present "Journal." The history of our country must ever remain fragmentary without due consideration of the gigantic labors of the emigrated Irishmen. America owes a debt of gratitude to the far-off Isle in more than one respect. What other people could supply more noble idealism, which no forest or wild could dissipate, than the early Irish settlers of Virginia, Illinois, Rhode Island, Connecticut, as here recorded? Where, elsewhere, is there to be found a people so tenacious of home traditions, yet so easily wrought into typical Americans? Where the constructive energy and amicable brotherhood that are requisite for the colonization of immense tracts of land and the building of cities and towns? Where the almost royal aptitude for governing? These traits speak from well-nigh every page of this "Journal."

The indefatigable Canon O'Hanlon in his "Irish-American History of the United States" (1903) has limned the work of the Irish in America in glowing colors. His successors in the same field must of necessity consult the pages of these volumes. They are the storehouse of invaluable data. Though not professedly Catholic, they are still redolent of the Faith, for the Irishman can hardly divorce himself of it. The best guarantee of the actuality of this publication is seen in the fact that a similar journal ("Geschichts-Blaetter") for German achievement in this land was started at Chicago in 1902; and a year later, a bulky volume printed by the French Minister of Public Affairs. Both got their initiative from the present "Journal" series, started in 1897.

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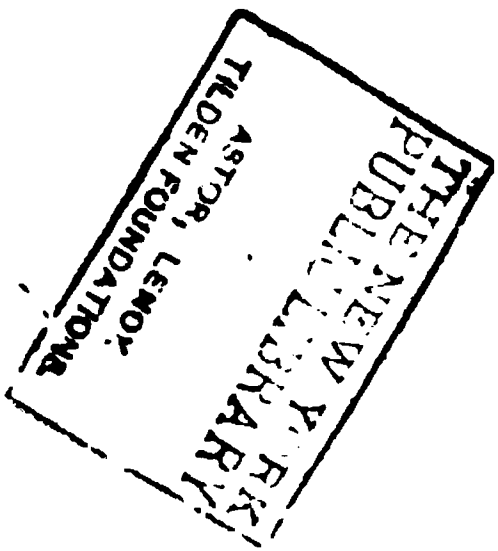
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WILLIAM HARVEY

DISCOVERER OF THE CIRCULATION OF BLOOD THROUGH THE HEART

"William Harvey is looked upon as the first great discoverer in physiology—a branch that tends so much to the perfection of medicine—and even to-day, men—great, living, intellectual giants—point to him as a prince among physicians, and repeat his simple truths, strong and convincing."

"Master Minds of Medicine," page 37.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

APRIL, 1905

Chicago's Great Civic Dream

METROPOLITAN PARK SYSTEM

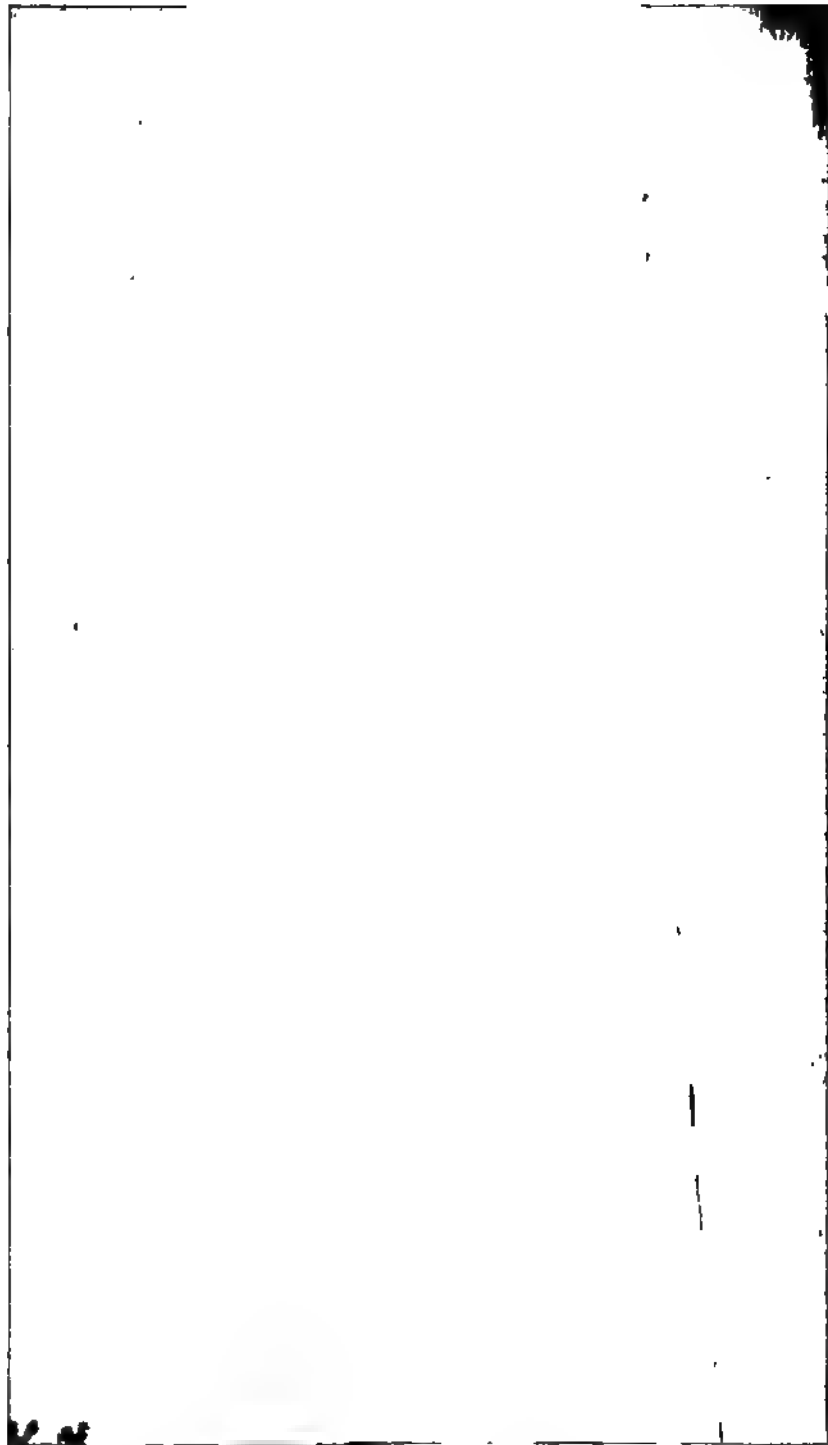
By MARY RICHARDS GRAY



CHICAGO is having a wonderful civic dream. She sees herself a City Beautiful, surrounded by a great encircling belt of rural parks, comprising an area of something like twenty-five thousand acres of forest, meadow, river-bank and lake shore, all connected with her present system by boulevards and parkways, and made accessible to her people by steam and electric tramways. That the scheme is a tremendous one, involving the expenditure of much money, time, and labor, she well knows, but did not Boston have a similar dream and bring it to fullest realization within an incredibly short period of time? Much of the pioneer work in the way of an educational crusade has been accomplished for her by her sister city. Her problem is no greater than the one which Boston solved so successfully. There the idea of a system of rural parks originated with Mr. Charles Eliot. He appealed to Governor Russell, who in 1892 appointed a commission, of which Mr. Eliot was made landscape architect and Mr. Sylvester Baxter, secretary, to formulate plans. What this commission proposed seemed so ambitious that its authors hoped for little more than an educational crusade which would finally bring the people to an appreciation of their scheme, but to their surprise their report met with immedi-

ate approval. In 1895 the Metropolitan Commission, composed of representatives from Boston and all the adjoining towns and districts, was appointed to carry out the plans, and what it accomplished in seven years reads like a romance. Almost at the touch of a fairy wand the natural features of the landscape about Boston—"The Blue Hills," Nantasket and Revere Beaches, the Lynn Woods, the Middlesex Fells—ten thousand acres of river-bank, forest, meadow and beach reserves, were incorporated into a great park system connecting with the Commons and the Public Gardens, the most distinctive features of the old system. The total cost so far has been between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000. Of the social development in America during the last decade of the nineteenth century, this is the most significant fact.

The accomplishment of so great a work in such a short period of time makes Chicago hope to meet with as great if not greater success. That she has need of a system of rural and more internal parks no one who knows of conditions in the metropolis of the Middle West will deny. Park experts state that the ideal city has one acre of park to every twenty acres of city area and to every one hundred inhabitants,—ratios, however, which do not and cannot give good results without a proper distribu-



BAND STAND IN GARFIELD PARK.

tion. Chicago has to-day a population variously estimated from 1,785,000 to 1,820,000. Her park system, including the additions now being made or authorized, is 3,174 acres. This does not take account of forty-nine miles of boulevards, one particular in which she is second to New York with her sixty-one miles. In the matter of actual park acreage, among American cities Chicago stands seventh, Boston, New York, Los Angeles, Newark, N. J., and its environs, Philadelphia and San Francisco ranking ahead of her; but as regards the effective distribution of park areas, she ranks thirty-second among cities having a population of 100,000 or more. Within her limits there are 122,008 acres of land, that is, thirty-eight acres of city to one of park, and of inhabitants there are 590.4 to each park acre. This hardly states the problem, however, for there are six river wards without so much as an open square; twenty-three wards, with a population of more than a million people, which contain 228 acres of park space, or 4,720 people to each acre. The stock-yards district, with a population of 100,000, Englewood, with 150,000, the great manufacturing center at South Chicago—all are without park facilities. The Chicago River for almost its entire length within the city limits is lined with warehouses and docks; the lake, the most beautiful and health-giving feature of our landscape, has but 10.78 miles of the 25.21 miles within the limits of the city, reserved for the people.

When we speak of overcrowding, we are wont to turn to foreign cities and lands other than our own, and to ignore the fact that conditions worse than any abroad exist in our own American cities. Bombay is not so badly crowded as New

York and Chicago. The Josephstadt in Prague has only four hundred people to the acre, while Manhattan has one thousand. We have space enough here in America. To do away with overcrowding is the problem of our large cities. Chicago is wrestling with hers now. Her development has been all in one direction. In furthering her business and commercial interests, she has neglected questions of health and comfort until things have come to such a pass

A PATHWAY IN LINCOLN PARK.

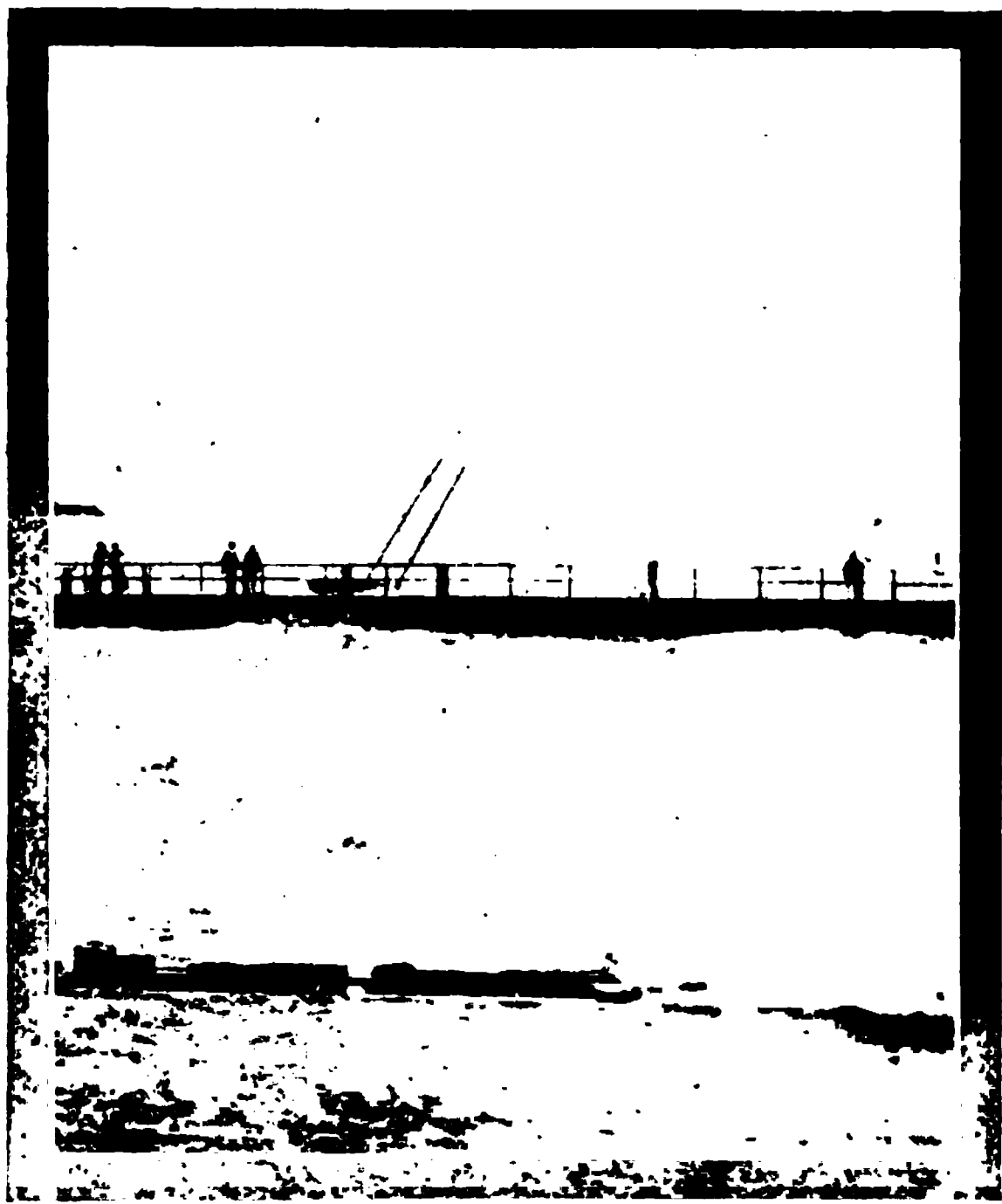
that drastic measures are necessary. She has builded without foresight and wisdom—a thing not infrequent in the history of cities. Napoleon, more than a century ago, tore down the ramshackle old buildings of old Paris and laid out a practically new city, with wide and regular streets and boulevards. New York has spent \$4,000,000 putting breathing places in her slums. For the land for Mulberry Bend Park, only

2.75 acres, she paid \$1,500,000, and for the Seward Park, 2.625 acres, \$2,500,000. Yet to say that Chicago has really neglected the question of parks is not a fair statement. She has had parks almost from the day of her incorporation as a city. Dearborn Park, a plat of ground now occupied by the Chicago Public Library, was the first of these. Her principal parks were acquired in the sixties and seventies, but the first movement of a systematic or general character came

ible to the masses of the people, there seemed little or no need for them, but there were those who urged the matter and carried it to a successful issue, serving their day and generation with wisdom and foresight. In 1880, Chicago, then the fourth city in the Union in population, was the second in the amount of its park acreage. Her growth during the past twenty-five years has been phenomenal; her old system is no longer adequate to her need. She must make provision for changed conditions, and look forward to the future.

To understand the proposed Metropolitan Park System, it is necessary first to understand something of the topography of Chicago and its vicinity. The city stands on a low and strikingly flat plain, roughly crescentic in form, bordering the west side of the head of Lake Michigan. On its outer border, a ridge of gently rolling land extends from Winnetka on the north, through Galewood and La Grange on the west to Glenwood and Dyer, Indiana, on the southwest and south, with the greatest width—about fifteen miles, in a direction southwest from the city—at what is known as Mount Forest. The Chicago plain is in reality a glacial moraine. From the shore of the lake, the level of which is

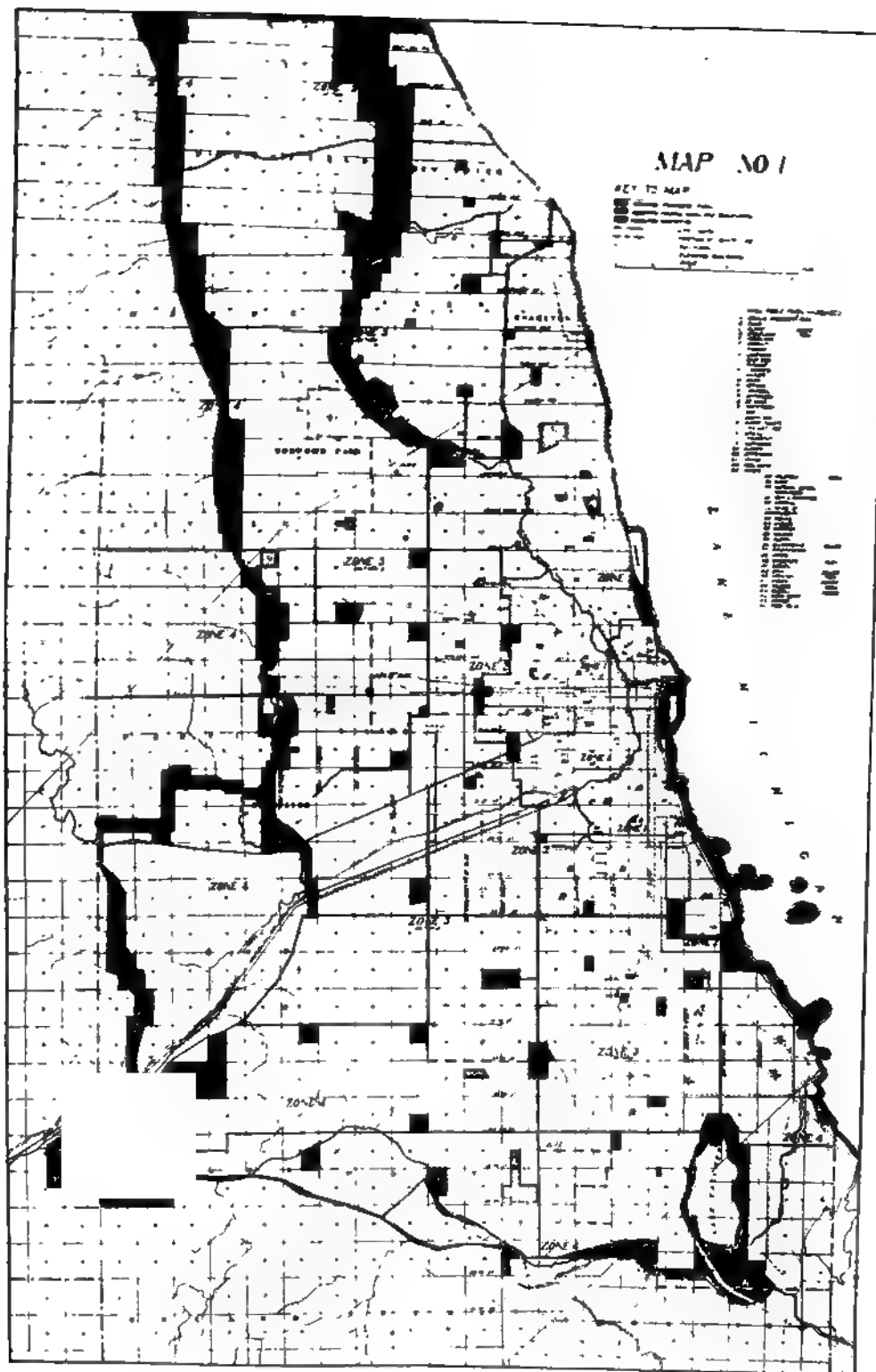
about 581 feet above the mean tide level in New York Harbor, it rises very gradually to a nearly uniform height of sixty feet above the lake. To the southwest and south the flatness of the plain is interrupted, and the surface attains the extreme height of two hundred feet at Chicago Heights, twenty-four miles south from the city. Through the district are a number of streams—the Chicago River, with its two Y-like branches,



A VIEW OF THE LAKE FROM LINCOLN PARK.

in 1869, when it was proposed to have a chain of parks and boulevards, starting with Lincoln on the north, including Humboldt, Garfield, Douglas, Washington and Jackson Parks. Of course this proposition was opposed, as at that time Union Park, of seventeen acres, was sufficient for the needs of the West Side, then as now the most populous side of the city. As the parks in this chain were then in outlying districts and inaccess-

"AUTUMN."--ALONG THE DESPLAINES RIVER.



PROPOSED METROPOLITAN PARK SYSTEM FOR CHICAGO 1904

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES IN MIDWINTER. WEIGHT, 12,000 POUNDS.

of South American and Oriental tries. The city, too, has not one wo ports within its limits; one at mouth of the Chicago River, the —the better of the two—at South ago. It has also several business rs, notably, down-town, at the c-Yards, at the McCormick Reaper ks, and at South Chicago. Its de-ment during the past fifty years has phenomenal, but has not as yet, ac-ng to those best able to judge, ed the highest point.

Gale's "Reminiscences of Chicago," is a prophecy, contained in a letter

the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I act, I move, I push,' and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity; a limitless expanse of plain is here—to the east, water and all other points of land. If I were to give this place a name, I would derive it from the nature

of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place—'ago,' I act; 'circum,' all around; 'Cir-ago.'"

Those who prophesied in the past spoke truly; why should we not listen to the prophets of our time, since they give their predictions a mathematical and scientific basis?

GARFIELD PARK IN 1872.

en by Robert Cavalier de La Salle 682 to a friend in France, which is to us to-day little short of inspired.

great discoverer therein pictures ago's future greatness. He says: er many toils I came to the head of great lake and rested for some days he bank of the river of feeble cur-now, flowing into the lake but h occupies the course that formerly waters of these great lakes took as flowed southward to the Mississippi r. This is the lowest point on the le between the two great valleys of

We know how truly La Salle spoke. Mr. Arnold now says:

"The rate of increase of population in Chicago in 1902 was 7.7 per cent. At seven per cent compounded, the population in 1952 would be over 13,000,000. Calculating at the very low rate of three per cent, which has been shown to be the average rate of many American and European cities, would give Chicago in 1952 over 5,000,000 inhabitants. But these cities had more nearly reached a point in their growth in conformity with the demands made upon them than Chi-

DOUGLAS PARK LILY POND.

cago had in 1902. It is reasonable to assume that the rate of increase will be half-way between three and seven per cent, the present rate. At five per cent, the population in 1952 may be 8,000,000, using a decreasing rate of increase. This is within the present city limits. Allowing for the population beyond those limits and within Cook County, it is conservative to assume that a population of 10,000,000 will be within the area of this report within fifty years."

Realizing the importance of supplementing and improving our present park system with an outer recreation area, the County Board in 1903 authorized the creation of a committee to look into the matter. The personnel of this Outer Belt Park Commission, as it is called, is as follows:

Representing City and County—Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Mr. John P. Wilson, Mr. John J. Mitchell, Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, Judge P. S. Grosscup, Mr. John Barton Payne, Dr. J. B. Murphy, Mr. E. A. Cummings, Mr. Dwight H. Perkins, Mr. W. H. Miller.

Representing City of Chicago—Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Ald. Ernst F. Herrmann, Ald. L. P. Friestedt, Ald. D. V. Harkin, Ald. J. J. Bradley.

Representing South Park Commissioners—Commissioner Lyman A. Walton, Commissioner William Best, Commissioner Jefferson Hodgkins.

Representing West Park Commissioners—Commissioner E. H. Peters, Commissioner Fred A. Bangs, Commissioner G. J. Norden.

Representing Lincoln Park Commissioners—Commissioner F. T. Simmons, Commissioner F. H. Gansbergen, Commissioner James H. Hirsch.

Representing County Board—Commissioner A. C. Boeber, Commissioner E. K. Walker, Commissioner Joseph Carolan, Commissioner Joseph E. Flanagan, President Henry G. Foreman.

This committee after much deliberation has just handed in a report, compiled by Mr. Dwight Heald Perkins, and it is hoped the matter will be submitted to the people very soon, in fact at the coming election.

In its main features the plan which this Outer Belt Commission proposes is this: (1) To begin at the Cook County Line at the north and acquire a tract of land, comprising about 8,300 acres, along the Skokee and North Branch of the Chicago River and terminating with the Peterson Woods west of Bowmanville. The Skokee, which is a marsh for the most part of the year, is considered by many to be one of the most beautiful features of the landscape around Chicago because of the extensive view which it affords, its exquisite and varying colors, and its wooded islands, clumps of trees, really, rising here and there from the midst of its wastes. The Peterson Woods, only four blocks from the street cars and seven from the Court House, have been preserved most carefully by the owner, who has planted therein many trees of native growth, so that the place is an arboretum containing all the flora of Chicago and vicinity. Some of the largest elms in the country grow here luxuriantly. An old Indian trail can still be traced through the woods. Apart from all other considerations, this patch of native forest is invaluable for purposes of science and should be owned by the public. (2) To acquire to the west, and parallel to this, a strip of land varying in width from one-eighth of a mile to a mile, beginning at the Cook County Line on the north and following the course of the picturesque Des Plaines River for twenty-five miles to the Drainage Canal, and comprising about 9,000 acres; another along Salt Creek; another along Flag Creek, and still another larger tract in the high lands of Mount Forest, the Palos region and the Sag, between the Calumet River and the Des Plaines. The

DOUGLAS PARK CONCERT.

features of these parks are many. In the first place, the tract along the Des Plaines is large enough to preserve the forests and provide park and pleasure grounds for the eight towns now within the territory and for as many more in the future. Sewerage at present flows into the river in this district and presents one of the problems to be solved. Along the Salt and Flag Creeks are beautiful groves of native trees and miles of charming prairie landscape. The 7,000 acres around Mount Forest are in a wild state, and under the care of a forester could be made very attractive. Here another arboretum could be kept, or the vast area, which unlike the others is not long and narrow, could be used for a camping ground in summer, as it is well wooded and watered. (3) To procure around Lake Calumet at least 3,000 acres of land while prices are low. Here water and land stand on almost one dead level, the interruptions being a few tree-covered ridges, ancient lake beaches. The vegetation consists of sedge, spike-bull, bog-rush, cat-tail, flag, reed and water-plantain on the land and partly submerged parts, with pond-weed, white and yellow lilies in the deeper waters. For botanist and geologist there is much of scientific interest. (4) To fill in the lake shore from South Chicago, where necessary, to connect the present system, to make a complete boulevarded driveway along the lake the entire length of the city, and to convert the outlying reefs into islands. The water over these submerged reefs varies in depth from one to fifteen feet. The proposed boulevard is to be from four hundred to six hundred feet in width, with several driveways and parkways running through it, and to have between it and the present shore a lagoon. All these proposed parks are to be connected with each other by an encircling chain of boulevards, and incorporated into the existing park system. These are the

main points of the plan which the commission offers. Necessarily many of the details and a statement of the difficulties to be overcome are purposely omitted.

There are other questions concerning the City Beautiful on which this commission has offered suggestions to the powers that be, some of which are at present being carried out; there are others which they have merely discussed.

In 1903, after the statute limiting park expenditures had been amended, the people authorized the spending of \$6,500,000. This is being done. The city has three park boards—Lincoln Park, West and South Park,—corresponding to the three sides of the city, the natural divisions made by the Chicago River, and, besides, itself has charge of a part of the park system. All these controlling bodies are more or less hampered by the charter question, which is as yet unsettled. The West Park Board has a test suit pending which prevents action just at present; the Lincoln Park Board is going forward with an addition to Lincoln Park of made land—two hundred and thirteen acres—extending from Diversey Boulevard to Cornelia Street. The South Park Board opened one park during 1904, and will open within the year seven large and seven small ones in the crowded districts on the South Side. These parks present several new and noteworthy features. All are provided with a field-house, or neighborhood center building, containing separate gymnasium for women and girls, men and boys, each of which is provided with apparatus, shower and plunge baths; also lockers, clubrooms for athletic clubs, sewing guilds, and other organizations not of a religious or political character, and an assembly hall. Outside the field-house is a large swimming-pool, three hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, sloping down to a depth of nine feet, in which the temperature of the

DOUGLAS PARK VIEW.

water is artificially tempered. Near at hand are dressing-rooms where bathing suits can be obtained free of charge. There is also a shallow wading-pool and a sand-pit, swings, giant strides, and other apparatus for children. In each park the indoor gymnasium has a supplementary outdoor gymnasium, such as a running track, etc. For the wise and systematic use of the gymnasia and playgrounds the park commissioners have provided an athletic director. That the new parks meet a long felt want is shown by the fact that in McKinley Park, on the southwest side—the only one of the new parks which is fully completed and open to the public—121,000 men, women and children used the swimming-pool during the season of 1904. The Chicago Library is cooperating with this movement in establishing branches in each park. The number of people who have thus a neighborhood gathering place and opportunities for recreation and culture brought to their very doors is about three thousand to each district. All is free to the person who conducts himself in a proper and orderly manner.

A part of the features found so desirable in the new park are found also in the nine municipal playgrounds of recent origin, operated by the park boards with the assistance of financial aid from private individuals. More are to be opened soon. Of these playgrounds, varying in size from one to five acres, the Webster, at Thirty-third Street and Wentworth Avenue, is the type. It has an athletic field, playground apparatus for small children and girls, a shelter building, a covered sand court for babies, toilet and storerooms, bath buildings, with hot and cold shower-baths, and lockers for the use of men and boys wishing to change their clothing before and after exercising. Each is controlled by an experienced director, assisted by a policeman, and in summer by a trained woman kindergartner. Over the director there is a trained

director—an athletic coach. On these playgrounds the children work off their surplus energy in healthful recreation instead of terrorizing the neighborhood with their acts of vandalism. The effect upon the question of public order is most marked. The corner gangs become athletic teams; and the boys and girls whose energies are directed into healthful channels become good citizens. In 1903 the attendance was 734,693; that for 1904 is estimated at more than a million.

With the exception of Wooded Island, Jackson Park after the destruction of the World's Fair buildings was left in anything but a desirable state, and the turning of the Midway—the Midway Plaisance of Fair days—now a boulevard connecting Jackson with Washington Park—into a waterway has long been a fondly cherished scheme. Both of these questions are to receive immediate attention.

The center and the show feature of all this vast system, which looks forward for fifty years, is Grant Park, down-town on the lake shore. In it now stands the Art Institute, one of the finest buildings in Chicago. Beside it soon will stand the Crerar Library and—the crowning work—the new Field Museum, one thousand by five hundred and fifty feet, with the greatest amount of floor space of any museum in the world.

There are other problems in Chicago demanding attention before the metropolis of the Middle West can be a City Beautiful; for example, the transportation and the smoke questions; the expansion of the down-town business district; the doing away with the slums; the placing of all municipal and school buildings in large, open spaces of ground. These are questions which cannot be solved in a few years, but must be worked out slowly.

One writer of the day, in speaking of

GARFIELD PARK FLORAL DISPLAY.

the demands of the city dwellers for more of nature, says:

"Is it not a true instinct of so many individuals in a time like the present, when they find their actual lives nipped and cankered on the surface by the conditions in which they live, to hark back, not only to simpler and more 'natural' external surroundings, but also to those more primitive and universal needs of their own hearts from which they feel a departure may be made? They go back to the ever-virgin soil within themselves. And, perhaps, the deeper down they go the nearer they get to the universal life."

When it is not possible for people to live in the country or to spend at least a part of the year near to the heart of nature, the next best thing is to put within their reach as many of the charms of nature as possible. America has forest reservations amounting to something like 62,000 000 acres, but these reservations, being at a distance from the masses of the people, avail little. The great forest reservation of France, Fontainebleau, comprising 42,500 acres, is only thirty-seven miles from Paris, and the round trip fare, third-class, four francs sixty-five centimes, which puts it within the reach of thousands of people. The

great forest reservations of Germany, like the Harz Mountains and the Black Forest, give the opportunity to the masses for frequent outings lasting from half a day to a week. A walking excursion in one of these reservations is the delight of many a poor artisan. The expense is nominal—car fare, accommodations at small, inexpensive hostelries, a small amount of food to supplement what he has with him, and beer,—and he and his family have the joys of nature for a few days. It is some place to go to escape the monotony of daily existence. Perhaps the most delightful picture we have of recreation grounds comes from ancient Rome at the time of its pagan glory, when each day the youths exercised on the Campus Martius, or bathed or engaged in swimming contests in the Tiber. American cities have much to learn from foreign countries as to means and ways of providing healthful recreation. In enlarging her park system Chicago is, in part at least, solving many of the awful problems which confront her—infant mortality, the spread of infectious diseases, juvenile crime, public health, and public order. The day when she will emerge from her chrysalis, the City Beautiful is at hand.

"Watch Ye, and Pray"

By ANGELA URSULA PEARCE



HAD been reading the Passion according to St. Matthew, and as I pondered over the sad words of the Agony in the garden, my whole soul went forth in reproaches against the apostles, Peter, James and John; the three beloved of Christ, upon whom He had lavished blessings innumerable, and whom He had loved with a love surpassing any to be found from the foundation to the consummation of the world. Oh! how I

wished that I had been there, to comfort the Man-God in His misery and sorrow! How sweet would it have been to wait, and watch, and pray, with One who was about to lay down His adorable life for the sins of the world. I thought of Him, as, returning in search of human sympathy to the place where He had left the three—He found them sleeping!

Oh! the unutterable agony of that moment! The utter friendlessness of Christ, alone in the gloom and stillness

of that awful night! Nature herself was awed; and the stars trembled beneath their covering of inky clouds. But man alone heeded not. In the distance gleamed the lights in the homes of Jerusalem, but in Gethsemane all was dark.

The hush of death was upon the place, and only once was the silence broken, when the sighing wind bore aloft the immortal plea: "My Father, if it be

liant light, the symbol of that Light, the Light of the world, shut within the tabernacle. But where were the worshippers? the watchers? The church was empty! With a start I awoke, the lesson of my vision branded upon my heart. Never until now had I realized the meaning of those words of Christ: "Watch ye, and pray." At last I saw their true significance. Not for the three alone

had He intended the divine com-

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Behind the Counter

By MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

IN more senses than one the child is father to the man. Physically, of course, the child is the man in miniature, and the moral development of the boy will, in the slow travail of the years, bring forth the character of his older self. But even in the lesser and the accidental things of life, the man is living and growing in the child. The little, susceptible eyes are continually looking about and finding quarrylands whence, in after life, the grown-up child, if he turn not pessimist, will excavate and shape the clear, white stone for his castles in Spain. His attentive ears listen and catch pleasant sounds from every breeze; even noises, rending the air, are music to him and will become fairy harmonies in the seigneurial mansions of old age. And his memory, so like a great storehouse, waiting for the homing cargoes, gathers in story and incident that will mellow and, under the warm sunshine of reminiscence, turn into happy romance and thrilling history. So it is that the country of youth is the fatherland of manhood, where the child is father to the man.

And in the daily rambles about this magic country, journeys that are short-ranged at first, but, day by day, reach farther on, and ever tend towards the new horizon, the young experience gathers his treasure piecemeal and in the rough ore; the after-life will extract and fuse together the various bits of the ore's treasure and enjoy it, seeing it stand unified before his eyes. The youth deals with objects only in the singular, with this particular scene and that individual behavior; he sees only the concrete; his people are Tom or Dick, Smith or Old Robinson, each one named, for abstract humanity enters not his eyes or phantasm. Later, when his faculties are

at their best, when his mental sight is keenest, he will note the similarities and differences of things. He will distinguish, and abstract, and prescind. With the two-edged sword of thought, he will rift the cloud of matter and get the vision of the form, that underlying, specific ghost of things. The incorporeal and the abiding will show to him from the corporeal and the transitory. Then, as if instinctively, he will group objects and happenings into families of universals and general laws; the various incidents of the past, the days and doings of the years gone will be collected, as the little pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope, and show, at every turn, some new picture, some new mosaic, each more wonderful, more fascinating than the last.

He now becomes a moralist, if he have time for the luxury of reflecting and making wise saws; if he be a man whose evenings are free, free to sit and smoke and think by the winter fireside, or under the cedars and stars of summer, he will take up the kaleidoscope that he built up from his early years and he will see visions. He is on an intellectual eminence: he will come on many viewpoints of life. There he may observe that what was, in his youth, some concrete object, or particular scene or individual incident, shows now to his eyes as the shadow of some great mystery or the reflection of some truth of life, or the formula for some phase of human conduct.

One of these viewpoints of life, one of these little eminences where, as children, we stood and saw a concrete reality, and where, being grown men, we came again to see through the eyes of thought new scenes of men and manners, is what I call, Behind the Counter. It is a viewpoint of universal experience, and, therefore, familiar to everybody. Every

child who has not been all the days of his youth an indoor invalid or a dweller in bushman country, has looked upon the prosaic scene; and every man, supposing that he indulges in his grown-up power of reflecting, has seen it, though, perhaps, not advertently, in its shadowed meaning in the world of life.

The child, I have said, has had experience of Behind the Counter. For who of us does not recollect how, in the days of youth, we were wont to look with childish wonderment at the orderly rows of boxes and gilded compartments in some well-appointed store? Treasure-trove of merchandise, inlaid with Indian cloth and fur from Alaska, stood there, poised in vertical exactness; and others lay down in horizontal rest. In awe did your little eyes look upon the scene. You feared to step heavily; you breathed gently; you spoke in a low, half-affrighted tone, lest you should unsettle the foundations of a pyramid of hats or a pillar of handkerchiefs. The clerks stood at right angles to the floor and wore angular smiles. Formality and decorum ruled everything and everybody, as you stood before the counter.

But what a change met your eyes, what another scene, if, by some oversight or intrusion, you saw Behind the Counter? Order and angular rule were not there. Old boxes, empty and shattered, shreds of cloth and edges of ribbon; a novel, dog-eared by old Sellingwell when he left the hero to wait upon some villainous bargain-maker; a picture of a little home in the country where old S. once lived, and a few letters close to the picture; a jack-knife and a whittled piece of board; a pack of cards showing a hand at solitaire—these are some of the treasures in keeping Behind the Counter. This is the olla podrida that nourishes old Sellingwell and his kinsmen when business is halting, when the hours of parade before the counter are ended.

All this is a picture of life: this is a viewpoint whence may be observed a characteristic or a phase of man's social ways. For in the little world of most, if not all, men, there is a Counter. Before it, each of us has arranged, with thoughtful care, the wares that we will let the world see and judge us by,—our manners the most perfect, wearing dignity and urbanity as gracefully as an officer his epaulettes: our medals of honor, won in the little village school or in the great university of life: our few heirlooms, eloquent praisers of time past: these, and other things, we have arranged Before the Counter. But Behind the Counter, little toys we have hidden, and playthings made up of cheerful sentiment and heart-lifting hopes and pleasant memories, "the light of other days." There we keep them in an atmosphere of ease and unconstraint, by the fireside of familiarity, and to them we come for sunshine on a depressing day, for heart-ease from noisy cares, and solace from sorrow

This does not mean that the sublime, rational animal, Man, is a slave to the baubles of sentiment and transitory feelings and useless memories: that queenly reason is oftentimes forced to leave her "marmoreal calmness" and step from her throne to disport with tatterdemalion childishness. Neither does it mean that only nonsense and the day-dreams of simpletons are to be found Behind the Counter. Far from it. In these private sanctuaries, reason, and not childish fancy, rules; and there, too, oftentimes are stored away the precious articles of great lives. Men of noble hearts keep self-sacrifices there and humility, and pure thoughts, and high resolves. But these men do not properly enter into our class of those who have playful treasures Behind the Counter. It is of ordinary men we speak, of those who say with Terence: "Human am I, and nothing human think I foreign to me;" who

keep secluded escritaires and, in them, little pleasantries and odd toys for the playtimes, for amusement in the hours of furlough, away from the sterner camps of life. And the principle of these little shrines is:

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

All the seven ages of men profess it. The little child stands before the Counter dressed like a doll, with a winsome smile and pretty words that Mamma taught him for the hours of company. But when the tiring formalities are finished, and his laces are off, or when his unphilosophic heart is sorrowful, he hastens away to his closet of playthings; dumb, they may be to his elders, but to him they speak a cheerful language.

A tender poem of Coventry Patmore's takes us Behind the Counter of one of these children. It was a thoughtless child, who, "having the seventh time disobeyed," was punished by his father.

("His mother, who was patient, being dead.") But says the father:

"Fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet,
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged
there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart."

So was it with one child: so it is with many men. For though we of older and

saner years have "put off the things of a child," we have adopted their fancies, changing their name. "The child's play of them that are grown up," said St. Augustine, "is called business."

Various are the names of men's playtimes and the playthings thereof. The pages of literature show them to us in many picturesque ways; and our own experience has let us Behind the Counter of others, more picturesque because real and living before our very eyes. Some, we saw, put their child's play in a bundle of relics from their native home; others made it a kennel of five dogs. One man, prominent in the business and social circles of his city, counts not the successful pages of his ledgers so much joy to him as the glee he makes with his children in the evening, singing some old rhyme to them, or playing with them in the deep quiet of his private art-gallery. Another man, whose sweet lyrics have taken his name around the world of English letters, covets not the literary praises from abroad so much as the happy moments in his secluded sanctum, where he keeps, for himself and a few intimates, verses of laughing nonsense and pictures from his ludicrous crayon. And, lest we say that he, being a poet, shares the folly of his tribe, in whom idiosyncrasies are to be expected, let us look to prosaic people for our examples. Is a mathematician apt to be prosaic and sane enough? Then, there is a distinguished teacher of mathematics in a well-known college, and he, despite the pleasure of his science, claims as his chief solace and delight, a little room at home, stocked with all kinds of puzzles. And so, I suppose, we might go through the theatre of life, and find this play going on in other ways, from the primer schoolboy with his quixotisms to the university metaphysician with his quodlibets.

One class of men, however, declare themselves against the foolishness Be-

hind the Counter. They are the cynics. They go about peering into these hidden places, jeering at the playways of other men; they call them undignified, childish. Their scornful laugh sounds over many a page of noble biography. The great Sir Thomas More, putting aside chancellor dignity in the evening, to teach his unapt wife to play the violoncello, and, on a free day, to school his daughters in the names and properties of herbs along the Thames, is ridicule for the cynic. And he can have no admiration for the host of other great men who were like the Duke of Wellington; and he was

"As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

But the cynic is paid in his own coin. He is himself treated with righteous scorn, and is cut off from one of the best pleasures of life, participation in the little homely joys of other people. For men will not open their hearts to him, since he would "broil them on a thorn fire." Moreover, he holds himself up for ridicule to his fellow-men; for, being human, he has pet pastimes and puerile fancies of his own, but, being full of his own conceit, he lacks the sense to hide his childish diversions Behind the

Counter. He lets them stand on shelves before the eyes of every chance passer-by; and men, more charitable than the cynic, look, with a smile, perhaps, but with the kindness of silence and offer for him, as they pass, a prayer that he should plead for himself:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

Still, the carping of the cynic is not wholly evil; by accident, it may do helpful service: for it may come as a check to many a sentimental fancy which would load its owner's life with an excess of puerilities. We do not see a serious-minded merchant waste his business hours among the little pastimes Behind the Counter. He goes among them only when there is a halt in traffic; when there is time to sit and whittle with his big jack-knife, or play a desultory game of solitaire. And so it should be with our little playtimes Behind the Counter of life. Our purpose in life is serious, our every action is to have our best heart and will; high impulse breathes through our daily labor. It is only in the spare moments, in the quiet of homely hours when there is time for helpful, old memories and restful fancies that we betake ourselves to the little treasures Behind the Counter.

The Soul's Return

By James Buckham

If at the lowest place I may begin
In heav'n to purge me of my earthly sin,
Glad will I be, O Lord! nor ever sigh
If some sit nearer to the Throne than I.

Enough, that I am building in the light,
Life's glory ever bright'ning on my sight.
Joyful the aeons—should they aeons be—
While I retrace my path, O God! to Thee.

"Nearer!" shall ever be my spirit's song;
Nearer and nearer all the ages long.
Oh, rapturous climbing, while the stars I face,
While love still guides toward my appointed place!

That Blessed Old Stage-Coach

By MILTON E. SMITH

THE stage-coach was late that sultry summer day, and the tired horses walked lazily along the rugged road leading to Carmsville, while the two weary travelers read, dozed, and occasionally chatted to relieve the monotony of the tedious hours. The gentleman on the front seat had passed the line of demarcation between youth and old age, and was in the prime of life. The other passenger was a young lady who was returning home a graduate from boarding-school; and it seemed to her that they would never reach the end of the journey. She had come from Philadelphia, while the gentleman had been picked up at Wylie, a railroad station between the Quaker City and Carmsville. Laying down his book, he changed his position on the dusty, high-back cushioned seat and said:

"I have travelled a-little, but this trip is the most tedious I have experienced of late. You must be nearly exhausted."

"Yes, it is fatiguing," replied the young lady, "but the change from the routine of school life, and the prospect of being at home once more serve as a tonic to strengthen me to endure the heat, the dust, and the delay. I suppose we should not be so inhuman as to urge the driver to force his poor horses to greater exertion on such a sultry day."

"I take it for granted that you are familiar with this locality, so that I have the advantage of you in one respect at least, for everything is new to me, but still the beauty of the scenery does not compensate for the inconveniences of such a slow journey."

The horses were now completely exhausted, and the driver with a nonchalant air declared that he could proceed no farther until the sun sank lower.

"Old Bill," he said, "is played out. He's a good horse, Sir, and as true as you find 'em; but he knows too much, and won't take a step when he's over-worked. That gray mare thar is a mighty queer critter, and is just like some of the women folks down home. She's mighty sure she knows her own business, and thinks she has a kinder knowledge of everybody else's. I know from the way she's waggin' that right ear o' hern that she's arrived at the conclusion it's time to take a rest. I guess, Sir, we've got to side with her, for the other horses ain't worth much and can't be depended on. You've struck a bad day, Sir, for a trip; but what can't be helped must be endured. I'm agoing to stop right under this tree and fetch a bucket or two of water for the critters, and maybe in an hour I can coax Bill and Bess to go ahead. You see since the railroad's run through this section we've let the stock run down a bit. But we'll get to Carms. by dark or a little later."

While conveying this unwelcome intelligence, the driver was unhitching his tired horses preparatory to a long rest.

"Driver, how far is it to Carmsville?" asked the gentleman, with irritation.

"Sometimes, Sir," replied the driver, pausing in his work, "it's ten miles, and then again it's more."

"O, I see. This is an elastic road, and the hills stretch out occasionally to add to its length," rejoined the stranger, wiping his forehead. The young lady smiled as the driver continued:

"Well, you've about hit it square on the head, Sir. When the sun's hot enough to cook potatoes, I go the woods road; that's three miles longer than t'other one."

"And so we're destined to get the full value of our money by being hauled in

this oven over the longest route," ejaculated the traveller testily.

It was no use to hurry the driver, for he was as calm as though he were unhitching at the door of the "Blue Eagle," the end of his journey, and could see no reason why his passengers should complain.

"As fate seems to have destined that we should spend the day in each other's company, it may be excusable if we introduce ourselves," said the gentleman, as he handed a card to the lady.

"As I have been a pupil for four years at a convent school, I have had no use for cards," she replied, as the pink on her cheeks grew a trifle deeper. "I am Agnes Fairfax, and live a mile from Carmsville." Glancing at the card, she read: "Mr. Anthony Gardiner Wellington, New York."

"Now we know each other, Miss Fairfax," said Mr. Wellington, trying to smile in spite of his discomfort, "and shall become old acquaintances before we part company with this Jehu. It is well that we should know each other's name, so that the one who reaches the end of the journey can report the name of the passenger who died of old age on the way. As my years seem to be about twice as many as yours, you will please send a telegram to the "Herald" announcing the intelligence that Mr. Anthony Gardiner Wellington died of old age on such a day, so many miles from the city of Carmsville."

Mr. Wellington looked so serious as he said this that Agnes laughed heartily and felt as though she had known her companion for years.

"Won't it be strange," she ventured to say, "how our friends will look at us when we reach home, and wonder where we secured our old-fashioned costumes?"

"That's a serious matter, my dear young friend," replied Mr. Wellington without a smile. "They may take us for late arrivals from Mars, for there is

a probability that communication will be opened with the people of that planet by the time our Jehu's friends, William and Elizabeth, have concluded that it is right and proper to pull this stage to its destination. Well, in such a calamity, I will pretend to be the grand manager of transportation on the planet, with plenary powers to punish lazy stage-drivers wherever I find them. What role will you fill?"

"O, the good Samaritan, and plead for the poor drivers," replied Agnes good-humoredly.

Wellington had been called by his intimates a woman-hater because he had never surrendered to the charms of any of the many brilliant debutantes who annually add so much to the gayety of the social set of which he was a conspicuous member. For the first time he looked upon a face that possessed for him an unusual charm. He smiled to himself at the idea of his being attracted by the simple charms of a girl just from boarding-school, and considered it a passing notion to be forgotten on the morrow. "But the face is pretty," he thought, "and yet it is not that which renders her so attractive and makes me regret that I shall so soon lose sight of her forever. I wonder if she or any of her people are interested in the property that we are going to take from the present owners. I hope not, but I can do nothing but my professional duty if she is." He opened a small note-book and read: "'The Willows,' bought by John Fairfax in 1870 of the trustees of the late Alfred Cornice." Turning to Agnes, he casually asked:

"Miss Fairfax, do you reside near Carmsville?"

"About a mile from the village, at 'The Willows.'"

"How long have you lived there?"

"Since 1870, I think, or '71. I was very small when Papa bought the place after the death of Mr. Cornice, but we all love it as though it had been in the

family, like some of the old English homes, for generations."

Wellington had no more questions to ask. He got out of the stage and walked down the road, saying to himself: "Just my luck, to meet the charming daughter of one of the men we intend to dispossess of his home. I would give twice my fee to be clear of this matter. What possessed me to come down here in place of sending one of my assistants? Fate, I suppose, so that my lonely life might become more wretched. Were it not for professional pride, which we call honor, I would return to New York and throw up the whole business, but I have never been false to a trust, and the pretty face of a schoolgirl is no excuse for me to disregard my professional duty. My being here is simply due to my insatiate appetite for novelty and fondness for the country. Now I, with more money than I want, shall work like a Trojan to turn this girl's father out of a home and probably deprive him of the only one he will ever own. If it were a question of preference and not of duty, I would volunteer to defend the claim of Mr. Fairfax and not that of my rich client."

Returning to the stage, he suggested that Agnes should exchange her seat in the vehicle for one under a tree whose expanding branches and thick foliage afforded a shelter from the oppressive rays of the sun. The driver had watered his horses and was resting beneath a large oak when a carriage drawn by two spirited horses approached, going in the direction of Carmsville.

"Let us hoist a flag of distress," said Mr. Wellington, "for here comes a relief party. Our absence from civilization having been noticed, the government has sent out an expedition to search for us."

Agnes looked down the road, and through the cloud of dust recognized her father's carriage; in a few moments she saw that he was the sole occupant. She

clapped her hands and waved her limp handkerchief, exclaiming:

"Yes, Mr. Wellington, it is a relief party, commanded and manned by my father. Now we shall say a long farewell to our driver, William and Elizabeth, and reach the village before our costumes are antiquated."

Within a few seconds Agnes was in the arms of her father, whose first question was:

"Why have you come alone?"

In a few words she explained that she had arranged to accompany a neighbor, but on reaching the station had received a message stating that her friend was unavoidably detained, so she risked coming alone, knowing that the old driver was a perfectly reliable protector. She then introduced Mr. Wellington, who gladly accepted an invitation to take a seat in the carriage. Mr. Fairfax explained that he had driven a few visitors to the nearest railroad station, and was returning just in time to rescue the stage-wrecked passengers. Mr. Wellington felt like a criminal, having accepted the courtesy of one of the men he had come to dispossess of his property, and he was awkwardly silent during the drive until the carriage stopped in front of the "Blue Eagle Hotel" where he alighted, and murmuring a few words of thanks entered the house.

The next day Mr. Fairfax received a note from Mr. Wellington requesting him to call at the "Blue Eagle" on important business. As he read the hastily written lines a feeling of uneasiness stole over him, and he instantly recalled an intimation he had received a few years previous that a New York capitalist was investigating the titles to several properties in that locality, including his own, which he had purchased a decade earlier, to learn after he had paid the last note that there was a cloud on the title, owing to the reappearance of a missing heir. Without alarming his wife or speaking

of the invitation, he went to meet Mr. Wellington, who informed him in a business-like way that he was a lawyer in the employ of a real estate company that had acquired old claims against certain lands in Pennsylvania, and that he had examined the records and was satisfied that Mr. Fairfax's deed was worthless. Then he said:

"I regret that the only gentleman of this vicinity who has shown me the least courtesy should suffer by my visit, but I cannot avoid it. We shall enter suit at the approaching term of court, and as a lawyer I give it as my opinion that your deed will not stand, because it was not signed by the real heir, who was supposed to be dead. He is living and has sold his claims to our company, which will press the suit vigorously. I notify you in time, that you may do what you think best to protect your interests. I have no other suggestions to make."

Mr. Fairfax thanked the lawyer for his consideration and at once rode home. A few days later he employed an attorney to investigate the matter, and within a month was informed that there was danger that his deed would be set aside.

* * * * *

Anthony Gardiner Wellington sat in his palatial residence on Fifth Avenue one evening, as the light of day faded into twilight, thinking of the passenger with whom he had travelled in the stage to Carmsville; in spite of himself he could not get rid of the impression she had made upon his heart, so deeply pierced by the sharp arrow of mischievous little Cupid, who never finds the sun too hot or the frosts too cold to carry on his pranks. Rising and walking the length of the room, he said to himself:

"I am sick of this foolishness. Here for weeks I've been sighing like a love-sick boy just out of knickerbockers about a Pennsylvania schoolgirl whose father I am trying to dispossess of his property. What is it? It can't be love.

The idea makes me laugh. An old fellow like me to be in love, when I've passed through twenty of New York's gay seasons without ever seeing a face that kept me awake a moment, is preposterous. Of course I'm not in love, but that face haunts me, why I know not; unless it is because I am pressing the suit against her father. Well, if I don't forget that face before another week I will give up this business, and when her home is sold, I'll just buy it and make her a present of it. How would that do, I wonder? Make me ridiculous, of course; but if there is anything on earth more ridiculous than a man of my make-up being in love with a schoolgirl, I would like to see it. But, hang it, what is a fellow to do? I can't eat, can't sleep, can't attend to business. When I open a law report, I find it elaborately illustrated with pictures of pastoral scenes, stage-coaches, oak trees, and pretty faces. Last evening I went into the Astor House and thoughtlessly asked: 'What time does the stage start for Carmsville?' The fellow with the diamond-decked shirt-front pointed over his shoulder to another chap, whose hair parts in the middle and who wears a double-breasted watch-chain, saying: 'It's ready now; you'd better move on, Sir.' I said, 'Thank you,' and went out. This morning I wrote a long Deed of Conveyance and turned it over to my pretty secretary to be typewritten. Within an hour, she came back and asked whether it was Agnes Fairfax or Theodore Baldwin who had purchased the property. I replied, 'Agnes Fairfax;' she had the impertinence to giggle—and I despise these sharp girls that giggle—then she asked: 'Shall I write it over and insert the name of Miss Fairfax?' I felt like discharging her then and there, but I controlled myself and looked at her frowningly, saying: 'I am afraid, Miss Philips, the young ladies of this office study Tom Moore and not

Blackstone.' She retorted, 'And the gentlemen, too,' and went out. The simple fact is, something must be done, and that very speedily. They want me to go to Carmsville and assist the local attorneys at the trial next week. To go or not to go is the question. If I go, I seal my doom, for no girl with a face like that of Agnes Fairfax would ever love the man who helped to ruin her father, even if he did nothing more than his duty. Not to go would be cowardly, unprofessional, dishonorable. I undertook to get these farms for my clients, and a lawyer knows no others. I will go."

* * * * *

"I am afraid, Mr. Fairfax," said lawyer Jones, "that these New Yorkers have the advantage of you, and it is my duty to tell you that your deed will not stand the test of law. These farms were sold under an order of the Orphans' Court, evidence having been produced to show that the son of the elder Cornice had died in South America. Now he turns up, and has sold his claim to all the property for a nominal consideration to this New York company. The young man, though he is not so young now, left here twenty-five years ago when he was a mere lad, and shipped as a cabin boy on an ocean steamer. Two years before his father's death, tidings came announcing his death. Accepting that intelligence, the Court directed the three farms to be sold and the money to be divided among heirs living in the South. Our only hope is that at the trial we may be able to show that the son is dead and that this man is an imposter. Why the New York company purchased his claim is more than I can understand, unless they had good evidence to show that he is really the son of the elder Cornice."

"I appreciate the situation fully, Mr. Jones," replied Mr. Fairfax sadly, "and am prepared to lose all that I have made by a life of hard work. For myself I care but little, but it will be hard for Mother

and Agnes. Do the best you can, and I will try to be satisfied. Mother says she is not afraid that the good Lord will turn a deaf ear to our prayers; but is it not strange that this man who pretends to be Alfred Cornice has not come here and spoken to the acquaintances of his boyhood? It looks suspicious, to say the least."

"I am told that he was here with a member of the company before they bought his claim—before Mr. Wellington came to examine the land records. You met Wellington, did you not?"

"Casually. He came in a stage with Agnes, and I overtook the coach and brought them both here in my carriage."

"Strange that you should have brought to Carmsville the man whose mission it was to rob you."

"I don't think he looks at it in that way. If Alfred Cornice is really alive it would be hard for him to lose his patrimony, and I would not feel like fighting him were I convinced that the claimant is the real heir. The trial will reveal the truth. I will say this, Mr. Jones; if I am satisfied that his claim is just, I shall not resist it, for I would not keep his property, although I paid for it, but unfortunately to the wrong persons."

"I admire your high moral principles, my friend, but the world has no use for them. You bought your property and paid for it. Alfred Cornice should have looked after his own interests, and it is not your business to protect him. The fact is I do not take a very large amount of stock in the men who leave home and for years neglect to write to their parents. A son worthy of respect never fails in his duty to his home folk; it matters not where he may be, he thinks of Father and Mother and how his going away left a vacant chair at the fireside. Of course sentiment is one thing, filial love another, and professional business still another. We are to look at this matter in the light of business entirely.

You owe something to your own family, and should not forget their claims while trying to help Alfred Cornice."

"I think not. Because the Orphans' Court acted ignorantly is no reason why Alfred Cornice should be deprived of his father's property. Should I be convinced that his claim is good, I have no right to hold on to the property and depend upon the uncertain verdict of the jury, that might be misled to secure it to me. I have simply fallen into a mistake, and must suffer the consequences."

The day for the trial came and among the counsel at the trial table was Mr. Wellington, who felt very uncomfortable when Mr. Fairfax, accompanied by his wife and daughter, entered the court room and advanced to speak to him. He rose and extended his hand rather timidly. In response to Mr. Fairfax's "I am glad to see you, Sir," he managed to say, "Thank you, Sir," adding, "Of course you understand, Mr. Fairfax, that I am here only through a sense of professional duty."

"There is no necessity," replied Mr. Fairfax a little haughtily, "of any explanation. I comprehend the situation thoroughly. This is Mrs. Fairfax, and I believe you have met my daughter."

Mr. Wellington bowed to the ladies until his head almost reached the table, and he was seized with a sudden fit of coughing which he hoped would explain the cause of the crimson flush that had come into his face.

"I am indeed glad to meet Mrs. Fairfax, and to renew my acquaintance with Miss Fairfax," he replied. "I trust, Miss Fairfax," he added, "that you have not forgotten our experience in a Pennsylvania stage-coach. It was to me a most pleasant and memorable trip."

"Then I presume," said Agnes, "as in case of sickness, the only pleasure came after it was over. If I mistake not, we were both fearful that our friends would

not recognize us when we reached home."

Wellington was at a loss what to say. He had intended to pay a compliment, but was reminded that during the time he spent in the stage-coach he was grieving that the trip was prolonged.

"Well, you see," he said, "it was a very warm day, and I was only thinking of the comfort, or the discomfort rather, of my companion."

"It was very kind of you," replied Agnes pleasantly, "to be so considerate and to fear that I would become antiquated before I had the opportunity to enjoy the springtime of life."

Wellington looked at Agnes in surprise. "How," he asked himself, "can she be so light-hearted and so agreeable when talking to her father's enemy, or, if not his enemy, the representative of his bitter opponent." He little imagined that she fully comprehended his embarrassment and sympathised with him, while her own heart was filled by the thought that her parents would lose their all. At the same time she had a natural pride and feeling of independence which would not permit her to reveal her own anxiety to the attorney for the other side. After a short silence, he said:

"May I presume to ask whether you cherish unkind feelings towards me because I chance to be employed by the plaintiff in this suit?"

"Why, Mr. Wellington, I am astonished that you do me the injustice to imagine that I would give this matter a thought. If I have, of course I concluded that you would have just as quickly defended Papa's claim had he secured your services first."

"Pardon me, Miss Fairfax, for questioning your good judgment, but I assure you that I feel embarrassed to prosecute this suit in your presence."

"Then," replied Agnes saucily, "I am happy that I can do something for our side."

The entrance of the judge put a stop to the conversation, and the trial proceeded. It was brief, as there were but few witnesses. Alfred Cornice was present and related the story of his life. He described men who had been dead many years, and remembered local events that had transpired in his childhood. He testified that he was the son of Alfred Cornice, Sr., who owned "The Willows" at the time of his death. He said that he had been over nearly the entire world as a seaman, and, supposing his parents were living, he had not thought of coming home until after a severe spell of sickness in Europe. He admitted that some years previous he had sent home, by a fellow seaman, a paper published in Brazil stating that he had died in a hospital in Rio Janeiro; but he said it was only a wild prank in order to see what his old friends would say when he came home, which he intended to do within a few months. There was no evidence for the defence, and under the instruction of the court the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Fairfax's family left the court room sadly. He had long since passed the prime of life, and hoped its evening would be passed serenely at the home he had learned to appreciate so highly. In a moment all his plans were destroyed, and he was penniless with no prospects. He had lived long enough to realize the stern fact that there is no room for the aged man in life's busy whirl, it matters not how competent he may be. Although the future was very dark his faith in the mercy of God was unshaken, and he determined to commence life anew and trust in the Providence that had provided for him so long. He appreciated the fact that without God's help man can do nothing, but that with His help all things are possible.

It was a sad day for Agnes when the court took from her father the home in which he had invested the earnings of a

laborious life. In this sad hour her training at the convent school served her well and enabled her to bear the trial resignedly. She did not grieve for herself, for, she thought, "I am young, and may hope that the future may be brighter, but my poor old parents have nearly lived their allotted time, and for them there is no future in this world toward which they can look hopefully. But I will not despond while I still have the privilege of appealing to our dear Lady, who appreciates that our misfortunes are always sent for some wise purpose. Thank God, I have health and an education, and how can I better please God and help Father and Mother than by teaching little children? That shall be my life's work as long as they need me." She put aside her sorrows, or rather buried them beneath her faith, and determined that no shadows should gather on her face to add to the unhappiness of her parents.

Mr. Wellington had won his suit, but he did not feel very happy. He was philosophical enough to realize that he should have been contented, as he had done his duty to his clients and succeeded. But in spite of this, he regretted that he had been compelled to appear against Agnes' father. Before leaving for New York, he drove to "The Willows" and called upon Mr. Fairfax. He was kindly received, and after a few commonplace remarks proceeded to discuss the business of his host.

"Mr. Fairfax," he said, boldly plunging into the subject, "I am a rich man with no one to care for but myself, and it troubles me very much to see you dispossessed of your home. So I have come to make a suggestion. Name the price you are willing to pay for 'The Willows,' and I will submit the offer to my clients. If they accept, I will provide the money and give you any time you may desire in which to return it."

"I thank you for your generous offer,"

replied Mr. Fairfax, "but at my time of life, it would be criminal for me to go into debt. I could never pay you. Therefore I decline, but thank you just as much as though I were justified in accepting."

The rich New Yorker was hurt to have his offer declined, but gladly accepted an invitation to remain to tea. When he saw Agnes in her white mull dress, with a few violets at her throat, he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and instantly determined to try to win her love. But he had taken no lessons in the art of love-making and was as awkward as a school-boy, not knowing how to commence. He spent the evening with the family and was delighted to find Agnes a skilful performer on the piano, while her sweet alto voice was to him far more beautiful than any he had ever heard on the stage. It was a late hour when he rose to leave, although intending to go back to the city early the next morning. Before leaving he called Mr. Fairfax aside, and said:

"I suppose it is useless for me to request you to reconsider my proposal."

"It would be useless, Mr. Wellington, for nothing could induce me to go into debt."

"Then," replied Mr. Wellington, "I will purchase 'The Willows,' and you are to remain here at any rent you may feel able to pay."

This proposition was also declined, Mr. Fairfax saying he did not care to remain where there were so many things to call up unpleasant memories. Mr. Wellington had nothing more to say. He had hoped to clear the way for friendly relations, but had been baffled at every point. He had no opportunity to speak to Agnes alone, and hesitated to formally request permission of her father to address her after having offered to assist him financially. He returned to the village a sad man, saying to himself:

"How little money is really worth after

all. Here I am with a few millions perfectly miserable; there is Fairfax, penniless and resigned. There must be some other cause 'or this apparently irreconcilable difference in our conditions. Can it be because I have forgotten my early religious training and permitted the horizon of existence to be bounded by the cradle and the grave, while he looks beyond to the real beginning of life? I have not thought of this, or of the other side of the dark river for a long time—since I gave up the practice of my religious duties in the mad pursuit of wealth. My mother's dying request that I should be true to my faith haunts me sometimes, but only to be silenced by the voice of the world. I have learned a lesson in this quiet spot New York never taught me. Fairfax is drawing on the future for happiness; I am drawing on the past and present for misery. I suppose I have lost Agnes, but I have gained something still more priceless—the faith of my boyhood." His soliloquy ended at the door of the "Blue Eagle," and he went to bed to dream of the happy days when he was an acolyte at the little country church in northern New York.

The next morning he felt happier than he had for some years, for he now found that his old faith was still as strong as it had been in his childhood, and he could realize that life, in spite of its disappointments, was still worth living. He felt so hopeful that he decided not to return immediately to New York, but to pay another visit to "The Willows," where he arrived about eleven o'clock. He asked for an interview with Mr. Fairfax, and in a matter-of-fact way, characteristic of the restless lawyer, surprised that gentleman by asking permission to pay court to his daughter.

"I am not, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "a very young man, but I am able to care for your daughter and provide for her future. If you wish to inquire as to my

social reputation, I will be pleased to furnish you names of well-known individuals to whom your inquiries may be addressed. I have a home awaiting a mistress, well provided with servants. You may wonder why no one has ever been installed to preside over its destiny. I will say that I have never met one whom I thought of loving before. It depends upon you to give me a chance to win your daughter's hand, or to destroy all my hopes."

"Mr. Wellington," replied Mr. Fairfax decidedly, "you have acted as an honorable man, and I will be frank with you. I believe that marriage should be contracted only where there is true love. You say you love my daughter; if she returns your affection and no other obstacles arise, I shall not in a reasonable time object, for I believe these things should be managed by those most interested, and that parents are but advisers and guardians."

A few hours later Wellington boldly proposed to Agnes, and it would have been impossible for her to have decided whether she was more pained or surprised. She listened to his few practical words, so unlike the love-making in the few novels which she had been permitted to read, and then replied:

"Mr. Wellington, I do not think it would be difficult for any young lady to learn to love you, but under no circumstances would I marry while my parents need me so much. I shall devote my life to helping them carry their load; so, as the good, kind man I know you to be, please do not urge me for I could not forsake them; and as to your offer to aid them, it could not be considered, for it would never be sanctioned by my father. I thank you for thinking so kindly of me, and would be deeply grieved did I not know that you will soon forget me."

Wellington was a brilliant advocate and had won many important cases in-

volving millions of dollars, but here all his pleading was in vain, and he returned to New York to his home, now lonelier than ever. His only consolation—and it was a great one—was the thought that his visits to Carmsville had brought him face to face with the true needs of his soul, and driven him to seek happiness in a return to the faith of his boyhood.

* * * * *

A few days after the completion of the trial which resulted so disastrously to Mr. Fairfax, a gentleman called upon Mr. Wellington and asked:

"Have you been to Carmsville recently, Mr. Wellington? If so, will you kindly inform me whether it is true that a gentleman by the name of Fairfax and some others have lost their property?"

Being assured that this was a fact, he added: "My name is Darr. I was one of the heirs of Alfred Cornice, Sr., who died many years ago. I was then poor, and being satisfied that his only son was dead, presented evidence to that effect in the Orphans' Court, obtained a decree for the sale of the property, and received nearly all the proceeds. I came to New York and invested the money, and it has made me a handsome fortune. I heard sometime ago that young Cornice had returned, but it did not interest me until I was taken ill. When it seemed to me that the grave was opening for me, the thought came to my mind that I had made a fortune with the money belonging to these poor people in Pennsylvania. I then did the most natural thing in the world, promised that I would reimburse them should I get well. Now, I want to settle all claims against these properties and give the owners a clear title. To whom shall I apply?"

Mr. Wellington reflected a moment, and then said: "The three farms are advertised for sale; it would simplify matters for you to attend that sale, purchase the farms, and have them deeded to the present occupants."

This suggestion was accepted by Darr, who asked Mr. Wellington to accompany him to Carmsville to see that the papers were properly prepared.

"Nothing could give me more pleasure, Mr. Darr," replied Mr. Wellington. "The sale will take place next week, and I shall hold myself in readiness to go with you. The defendants did not appeal from the lower court because they had no ground. Alfred Cornice clearly established his identity and his ownership, so there was nothing else to do. I never tried a case that gave me more pain, and I was tempted to offer to reimburse some of the poor men who so uncomplainingly gave up their property, but I knew that they are as independent in their poverty as they are honest. Now all can be arranged, and I will make another stipulation. These men have been put to a heavy expense defending the titles to their homes; I will contribute my fee to reimburse them through you."

"No need of that," replied Darr, "I am able to settle the entire claim, for I am so thankful that the High Court of Heaven did not press judgment against me that I will cheerfully reimburse the men who suffered through my blunder. As a Christian I can do no less, and the only strange thing is that I did not realize this sooner."

"There's the Carmsville train, Mr. Darr," said Wellington, as the two stepped from the Broad Street car. "It will land us at the 'Blue Eagle' sometime to-night or to-morrow morning; that depends upon the humor of the driver and his team."

"A dismal prospect," replied Darr, "but I guess we can survive the trip."

As they stepped into the stage, Mr. Wellington addressed the driver, saying: "Well, my friend, I'm here again, trusting to the kind consideration of William and Elizabeth to land us at the 'Blue Eagle' sometime this month. Do you think they'll disappoint me?"

"We'll have you there, Sir, by eight o'clock this evening, or you sha'n't pay a cent fare."

"I accept, and will add a dollar extra if we enter the 'Blue Eagle' by seven," replied Mr. Wellington.

"I'll double the amount," said Mr. Darr, as the Jehu mounted his box, cracked his long whip and the stage rolled away. As it approached its destination, three countrymen crowded into the vacant seats and looked curiously at the city travellers. They appeared to be well-to-do farmers on their way to the village, and seemed to be a little disappointed to find two well-dressed strangers going to the same place. The elder, a stout, red-faced man, was evidently considered as a very important personage by his companions. Taking a fresh chew of tobacco, he straightened himself as best he could in the crowded seat, and turning to Mr. Wellington, asked:

"Going to Carms., Mister?"

Wellington was irritated at the rudeness of the man, and suspecting that he had an ulterior purpose in asking the question, looked out of the window as he indifferently replied:

"Very difficult to say where we are going, Sir, when travelling in this lumbering concern."

"O, then you've ridden in our stage before; thought I'd seen you somewhere before."

"This is not my first experience in a stage-coach, Sir."

"No, I guess not; looking for farms, hey?"

"No, not looking for farms; if I were, I would just glance out of that window."

"Carriage horses, then?"

"No, nor horses, either."

"You have to keep your eyes open when you buy farms now."

"A sensible man, I believe, generally has his eyes open unless he is in bed."

"That's so, Mister. Big sale at Carms. to-morrow."

"Ah?"

"Yes, three farms; but if you are thinking of buying, I can give you a pointer. They are like the Irishman's flea; now you've got 'em, and now you haven't."

"You are speaking, Sir, in enigmas."

"Well, I'll tell you, these New Yorkers are sharpers. They can just pull the pegs out of your shoes while you're walking, and you can't do a thing to prevent 'em. They found a dead man somewhere, pumped life into him and brought him here to swear away three farms from their owners. Slick job, I tell you, Mister. To-morrow these farms are to be sold, but if you don't want to burn your fingers, don't play with fire. Do you intend to buy 'em?"

"Not the slightest idea, Sir."

"New York's a terrible place; ever been there?"

"Yes."

"Ain't I right? Ain't it a terrible place?"

"Nothing terrible ever happened to me there."

"Didn't they? Ever make anything terrible happen to another fellow? Ever get three farms for nothing, stranger?"

"I believe not."

"So you ain't going to Carms., to buy these farms. Well, I'll tell you, Mister, we don't intend to let anybody pick 'em up for a song. We're going there to-night to talk 'em down, look over the field, you know," he added with a knowing wink, "we'll hand out a little liquor and circulate the report that the titles to these places isn't worth a cent, that the city fellows have put up another job on us countrymen. Ain't that business?"

"See here, stranger," cried Mr. Wellington, aroused, "you are Christians, I suppose?"

"O, yes, we always go to meeting, but that don't keep us from being up to the times, eh?"

"I see, you suppose yourselves to be

the cream of creation, ever ready to see the mote in the eyes of another but not the beam in your own, and yet you are doing exactly what you so loudly condemn in the New Yorkers. You say that they secured three farms for a trifle, and you are going to the village to lie for the purpose of getting them for less than their value. You are willing not only to lie but to steal to accomplish your purpose, now tell me how you are better than the others."

"You are a little personal, Mister. We don't like outsiders to come here and talk to us like that. It is a good thing we are peaceful men or somebody might get hurt, but don't crowd us too much."

"You heard what I said, and have not attempted to deny it. I did not ask your business, nor do I care a snap where you are going. You forced your conversation on me and talked glibly of what you know nothing about. The next time you denounce rascality, be careful not to expose your own intentions."

That put an end to the conversation, and for the remainder of the trip the countrymen maintained a stolid silence. The stage was ahead of time and arrived at the "Blue Eagle" early enough to make an extra dollar for the driver. Wellington wanted to go at once to "The Willows" with the good news, but Darr objected, thinking it better to secure the property first and then drive over and arrange for the deeds. It was a severe trial to the lawyer to be compelled to spend the evening in the dingy little tavern when he might have enjoyed a delightful evening at "The Willows."

The fluttering of a small red flag and the ringing of a bell attracted a large crowd to the court-house yard the morning of the sale. The New Yorkers remained in their little room until a few minutes before it commenced in order to avoid the crowd which had taken possession of the waiting-room and

thronged the porch. When they entered the yard they were compelled to listen to many harsh words relative to the "New York thieves" who had stolen three farms, but they paid no attention to them and waited for the sale to begin.

The auctioneer read the terms of the sale, and then proceeded to sell the farms. "The Willows" was first offered.

"How much am I bid for this fine farm, the richest in the county?" asked the knight of the hammer a half dozen or more times, when the talkative traveler of the night before said:

"I'll give you a thousand dollars, but it's a big risk, considering the bad title."

For some minutes the auctioneer cried: "One thousand dollars is bid; one thousand dollars,—one thousand dollars,—one thousand, one thousand; who'll make it two thousand?"

When it was generally believed that the property would be sacrificed for less than one-twentieth of its value, Mr. Darr said in a loud, distinct tone: "I bid five thousand dollars."

The crowd laughed derisively as though the stranger did not know what he was saying. The first bidder was surprised and disappointed, but he was too good a judge of land to permit "The Willows" to be sold for such a sum, so he bid six thousand. Scarcely had the words been spoken, when Darr named seven; this was increased by his opponent to eight, to be again increased by Darr to ten. Realizing that the stranger was in earnest, the countryman moved back, and "The Willows" was sold.

"Who's the bidder?" asked the auctioneer.

"John Fairfax," replied Darr.

"Do you know the terms of sale, one-third cash, the balance in one and two years?" the auctioneer enquired doubtfully.

"His bid is cash for full amount," responded Darr quietly.

The other farms were put up and bought by Darr in the names of their former owners, and the sale was over. But a short time was required to fill up the blank spaces in the contracts of sale, when to the delight of Wellington he and his friend took a carriage to drive to "The Willows." On the way he said but little, for his thoughts were on Agnes; how she would receive him, whether she would now try to learn the lesson she had thought would not be so very difficult to a willing pupil. He lived in a great city, but was lonely with no one in his handsome home but the servants, he longed for companionship, for one to whom he could unburden his heart, one who could share his fortunes and sympathise with his aims. Within a few months he had made two great discoveries—the emptiness of a life whose limit is the grave, and that Agnes was necessary for his happiness. A few hours would decide whether she would ever be his wife, and he was anxious to know her decision.

His companion was surprised that he took no interest in the beautiful landscape stretched in green fields, undulating hills, and stately forests on every side, and concluded that he had no appreciation of the loveliness of nature. After a long silence he exclaimed:

"Mr. Wellington, I suppose you would be the most miserable of men were you compelled to give up the stir, bustle, and glamour of a great city for the quiet of these pastoral scenes?"

"You are very much mistaken, my friend," replied Wellington. "My idea of real life is one spent in such scenes as these. Here there is no sham, no striving for social prestige, no craving for social recognition. It seems to me that man is out of his true element in the glare of a great city, just as the denizen of the ocean is a stranger on land. I have lived the most of my days on the

restless tide that flows and ebbs in New York, but have never discovered its charm, while on the other hand the country possesses something that makes us realize the true object of life. Were it possible, I would cheerfully exchange my home in New York for one in this quiet place."

Darr was a keen observer of men and sometimes boasted that he could read the thoughts of others, but he was at a loss to understand why his companion seemed to be so unhappy and to have suddenly acquired such an intense love for the country. Then he recalled his willingness to come with him, the deep interest he had manifested in this matter, especially his earnest desire to go to "The Willows" the previous evening, and he began to think there was some other motive than disinterested desire to do justice to the unfortunate men who had lost their property. He had a little of that spirit of curiosity which makes the world interesting, and he asked:

"Has Mr. Fairfax a family?"

"Himself, wife and daughter," Wellington laconically replied.

"Is his daughter a child?"

"Well, yes—no, not exactly a child—I should say a young lady," stammered Wellington.

"O, I see. A very interesting and lovable young lady, of course. It is a pity we did not know that last evening, and we would not have wasted our time in that stuffy tavern; or, perhaps you did not think of it?"

Wellington scowled at his questioner and said something about Mr. Fairfax not being called upon to entertain strangers, and the subject was dropped. As the carriage approached the front entrance of "The Willows," Wellington saw Agnes sitting on the long porch busy with her embroidery. He scarcely waited for the vehicle to stop before he leaped to the ground and seized her hand, saying:

"I have such good news for you, and I am so glad that I have met you alone, for you will want to be the first to tell it to your parents." Then he explained the object of their visit, to which Agnes listened with more pleasure than she had ever experienced. Asking her visitors to be seated, she ran into the house and was soon weeping on her father's arm. In a few minutes Mr. Fairfax came out, and as he held out his hand, said:

"My daughter has been telling me some surprising news. I trust she has not misunderstood you."

"No," replied Mr. Wellington, "this is Mr. Darr, who received the greater portion of the money you paid for this place. He invested it and has made a fortune, and is now happy to reimburse you for your loss, which he has done by purchasing "The Willows" in your name."

"Very generous, indeed," was all that Mr. Fairfax could say, so deeply affected was he by the change in his fortunes.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fairfax," replied Mr. Darr, "there was no generosity in this, but simple justice. As an honorable man, and certainly as a conscientious Catholic, I could not retain your money, nor would the court have permitted me to do so had I wished. We have two other places to visit on the same business; so, with your permission, I will appoint an hour for us to meet at a notary's to execute the papers."

As they were about to leave, Mrs. Fairfax and Agnes came to greet them and unite their thanks with those of the husband and father. Mr. Wellington noticed a lovely rose-bush a short distance from the porch, and asked Agnes to give him a bud to take back to the city. As she went to pluck the flower, he accompanied her, and when she handed it to him, he asked:

"Agnes, will you try to learn that lesson, now?"

"If you wish, I'll try," she shyly responded.

A Lowly Saint

By E. C. VANSITTART

"Life does not make us: we make life."



WHEN we speak of the "saints" we do not always remember how vast is that great army and from what varied conditions its ranks are drawn. The saints God has given to His Church are torches raised on high in the darkness of the ages to illumine those who are battling their way through this world, examples placed before timid souls to encourage them to follow in their steps by saying to themselves: "If such as these attained to so much holiness, why should I not be able to do likewise?"

There is one saint whose name is a household word in Italy, whose memory is perhaps more widely revered and deeply cherished than that of any other in the land, Santa Zita, the patroness of maid servants. Every girl going to service, every humble "contadina" in her cottage, knows and loves the pretty story of Sta. Zita, and to an innumerable host of women of low degree her example has been an inspiring one, and they have faithfully striven to follow in her steps.

Zita was born in the year 1218 at Soccisa, a village crowning a hill a few miles from the city of Lucca. The spot is still pointed out on which stood the house of her father—Giovanni Lombardo. He was a peasant, and her mother, Buonissima, the sister of a hermit named Graziano, who dwelt on a neighboring mountain where he had built a church with his own hands, beside erecting a shelter where travellers could pass the night safe from the wolves which then infested the mountains.

Her name is a corruption of Zitella (maid or virgin). Of her childhood we know little beyond the fact that she was one of a large family brought up carefully and religiously by God-fearing parents in a home which was a happy one save for its poverty, for the times were hard; wars devastated many parts of Italy, causing want and misery. With courage and determination far beyond her years, Zita succeeded in inducing her parents to consent to her seeking service in some opulent household where she would be able to earn something towards the maintenance of her family. So, driven by necessity to fly in the face of custom, which condemned the proceeding as little short of immoral—since to expose a maiden of twelve to the dangers and risks of the world was surely to sign her sentence of ruin—Giovanni tramped into Lucca in search of a situation where, though away from the paternal roof, his little daughter would be safe and well cared for. The wealthiest and most esteemed family in the town then was that of the Fatinelli, whose head drove a thriving trade in silk, and whose house stood close to the gate of St. Frediano. The family itself was numerous, and the retinue of servants and dependents a large one, but to Giovanni's joy, the mistress of the house consented to receive Zita. We can imagine how, during those last days at home, her mother would strive to instil wise and loving counsels into her little daughter's mind, and how wonderful to the country-bred girl must have appeared the medieval town with its fortified towers and encircling walls.

We are told that on their way to her new home she and her father went into the church of St. Frediano to seek divine aid and protection in the new life she was about to enter on. Little could the lowly maiden have dreamed, as she knelt there, that one day her own body would rest near the grave of the holy Bishop whose name the church bore, and become a place of pilgrimage to many devout souls!

So sweet and modest was Zita's appearance, so willing and ready was she to obey every behest, that from the first she won the affections of her masters. According to the pious custom of those times, she never failed to attend Mass at dawn in the neighboring church, thus sanctifying the day before her. Respectful towards her superiors, accepting reproof with good grace, patiently bearing injuries, not easily offended, ever acting the part of peace-maker, attentive in the performance of her duties, ready to help all, she closely followed in the steps of the Divine Master Who humbled Himself even to taking upon Him the form of a servant. It was not easy in those times for a young girl thrown among a number of rough men and varlets to keep herself absolutely pure and respected, but silence and prayer were Zita's safeguard, and she passed unscathed through all dangers. Her mistress, who looked after the spiritual as well as the physical well-being of her dependents, let her attend school for a year and then put her to be trained under Errichetta, a maid who had been in the house for several years. And now began Zita's trials, for Errichetta, seeing how much she was making herself beloved by all, was seized by a consuming jealousy and did everything in her power to bring her pupil into disfavor. Sometimes she broke things on purpose and gave it out it was the stupid "contadinella" who had done it; if anything were lost, she accused Zita

of having given it to "her friends, the poor;" if Zita was given an order, she prevented her carrying it out, and as Zita never defended herself, hoping yet to win over Errichetta, the truth was not discovered, and the Signora Fatinelli, who had formed such a high estimate of the little maid, began to think she had been mistaken, accused her of carelessness and disobedience, and in the end Zita met with cold looks, harsh words, and severe reprimands. After this had gone on for several months Errichetta fell dangerously ill, and every one was surprised to find how well the stupid Zita did the work by herself. She tended her sick enemy lovingly and her mistress' eyes were opened, for after a time Errichetta grew worse, and before her death confessed all she had done in the past, so that Zita stood out in her true light.

As long as her parents lived she was allowed to go home once a year for eight days. Her wages she divided into three portions: the first she sent to her parents; the second she kept for herself; the third she gave to the poor. As time went on she was more and more trusted; it was to her the poor had to apply when they came to the house for the remains of food and the money set aside for them, for her mistress left the distribution in her hands; she often reserved the greater portion of her own food in order to give it away to a needy one. With her mistress' consent, she also visited the sick poor in their own homes and supplied their needs, for the Signora Fatinelli was very compassionate and charitable herself. There was a small room separated from the rest of the house and entered by a private door; this was placed at Zita's disposal, and at nightfall she would, with her mistress' permission, steal out and seek some poor fallen woman, lost on the public highway, and offer her supper. So persuasive was her manner that she would rarely meet with

a refusal. Leading her guest to the simple chamber, which contained a bed, after providing her with food she would invite her to spend the night there, saying: "Sister, the hour is late, there are perils without; will you not sleep here?" Not knowing how to refuse, the strange guest would awkwardly accept, and Zita would remain in prayer by her side. More powerful than words were such prayers, and many an unhappy one would break down, and after relating her sad history, cry: "Oh! Zita! good Zita! pray for me!" Many an one, after spending the night in that quiet chamber and accompanying Zita to the early Mass at dawn at St. Frediano, dated the commencement of a new and better life from that day. Nor was it any wonder that her mistress had sufficient confidence in Zita to grant her such unusual privileges, for she knew the honor and safety of her house were secure in the keeping of her faithful handmaiden, whose presence therein was as that of an angel. Prayer was ever on Zita's lips and in her heart; she practiced much penance and austerity, went barefooted summer and winter, and rarely touched wine.

Years passed by and Signora Fatinelli died, nursed day and night by her faithful servant. On her death-bed she exacted from her husband a promise that he would put Zita at the head of the household, and Zita, on her side, promised never to leave the family. So it was done, the master bidding all the other servants take their orders from Zita, and the children—who had known her all their lives—were told to obey her in all things.

Still the years went by, and in 1260 Guglielmo Fatinelli died, and his son Pagano became the head of the house. He had grown up under Zita's eyes and appreciated her saintliness, being himself a religious and much esteemed man, but he was quick-tempered and easily roused to anger, and Zita had often to bear the

consequences of this, but, always ready to humble herself and always having a gentle answer on her lips, she exerted a wonderful influence over him.

In the Middle Ages fact and fiction, legend and truth, go hand in hand, and it is no wonder that to a soul so saintly as Zita, miracles should have been attributed, nor would any account of her life be fair without a reference to the three which are so naively related in the old chronicles of the lives of the saints.

One morning, when it was her business to bake bread for the family, having gone as usual to the early Mass, she became so absorbed in her devotions that when the service was over the sacristan of the church locked her in by mistake. When at length Zita, full of compunction and distress, was able to hurry home, what was her amazement on going up to the kneading-trough to find the loaves all ready set and prepared, so that she had only to put them into the oven. She wondered whether it was one of her fellow servants who had done her this service to prevent her negligence being discovered, but on questioning them and finding they knew nothing of the matter, she came to the conclusion it must have been her kind mistress who, having got up early and not finding her at her work, had done it herself. Zita went to thank her and to ask her forgiveness, but she also knew nothing about it. When the bread was brought to table, it was found to be so delicious that all felt no human hands could have made it. "Happy the family," then adds the chronicler, "who was thus fed by angels, and who had for their servant one assisted by ministering spirits from Paradise," but Zita was distressed when they called her a "holy maid," and knowing the wickedness of her own heart, humbled herself yet further.

In every beggar she saw the person of Christ Himself; the homeless to her represented Him for Whom there was no

room in the inn; those shivering with cold the Divine Child in the stable at Bethlehem; in the hungry she saw Him Who fasted in the wilderness, in the thirsty she beheld Him Who was parched as He hung upon the Cross, and the remaining two miracles attributed to her were the outcome of her fervent charity.

On a hot summer's day, when the land lay parched beneath the burning rays of the sun, Zita was returning from the daily distribution of the remnants of the household meal to the poor when a ragged pilgrim, weary and worn, dragged himself toward her, holding out his hand for alms. She looked at him, full of compassion, but had nothing left to give him, yet how could she send any one in such great need away empty-handed? Remembering the promise in the Gospel that even a cup of cold water, given in the name of Christ, shall in nowise miss its reward, she bade the pilgrim follow her to the neighboring well so that at least she might give him a draught of fresh water. Taking a copper jug, she let it down into the well, and in the act of holding it out to him that he might drink, made the sign of the cross over the water, praying meanwhile to her Divine Master that this lowliest of drinks might be blessed to the poor wayfarer. He approached his lips to the vessel when lo! the water was turned into wine! Never had the pilgrim tasted its like, as looking up into the face of the saint, who held it to his mouth, he took long draughts; no longer was he oppressed by heat or thirst as, full of gladness, he related to all that such choice and generous wine he had never tasted in his life before! The well was from that time known as "Santa Zita's well," and its water is still drunk in devotion to her. In former times pilgrims used to carry it home, and the sick were brought there for healing; now the crowds that flock thither are restricted to those who frequent the fes-

tival of Santa Zita, when the well is adorned with flowers, but the statue representing the pilgrim drinking from the jug held by Santa Zita, which surmounted the well-head, has long since disappeared.

One Christmas Eve, during a bitterly cold winter when the city of Lucca was fast bound in ice and snow, the Fatinelli family were assembled round a large fire. The solemn midnight Mass was about to be held at the church of San Frediano, and Zita, who had obtained permission to assist at it, was on the point of leaving the house when her master said: "Zita, how can you go out so lightly clad on such a night? We can hardly bear this terrible cold in the house, and you, who have fasted all day, are going out in that thin dress to remain long hours kneeling on the damp marbles of the church. I insist on your putting on my fur coat or staying at home." Zita, who would on no account have missed the service of that night, obediently wrapped herself up in the warm garment, while her master added: "Remember, the fur is very valuable, so take care of it; I should be exceedingly angry if you were to lose it." "Fear nothing, 'padrone,'" replied Zita, "your cloak shall be well taken care of and safely restored to you."

Scarcely had she entered the church when a poor half clad beggar, from whose lips issued a feeble plaint, approached her; his teeth chattered, and he was blue with cold. When Zita compassionately enquired what ailed him, for answer he put out his hand and touched the cloak she wore. Zita at once took it off and hung it on the beggar's shoulders, saying: "Brother, wear this till the Office is over, after which you must return it to me, and I will take you home and warm you beside a good fire." She then proceeded to the corner of the church where she was wont to worship, knelt down barefoot, rejoicing to suffer

cold in company with the Divine Child of Bethlehem, and was soon so absorbed in the mysteries of that Holy Night that she was wrapt in ecstasy; but when all were leaving the church Zita could see no sign of the beggar, however much she sought him. "Oh, where has he gone?" she thought within herself. "I am afraid some one must have stolen the cloak from him and he dare not show himself to me. He looked such a good man, I am sure he is not a thief." After searching long in vain, she reluctantly set out for home, hoping her master would be indulgent, but on reaching the house, he, seeing her without the cloak, lost his temper, and reproved her with hard and bitter words, and though she implored his pardon, begging him not to give up hope of his property being yet restored, his ire would not be calmed, when suddenly on the stair before them appeared one who had indeed the face of the beggar, but whose aspect was so wondrously beautiful that merely to look upon him filled the heart with joy. On his arm he carried the borrowed cloak, which he returned to Zita, thanking her for the benefit conferred. She and her master turned simultaneously to speak to him, but he, like a flash of lightning, vanished from their sight. Zita humbly thanked God, and her master, repenting of his harshness towards his holy servant, related to all he met the miracle that had occurred, and thus it was said that Zita had been deemed worthy to clothe Christ Himself under the semblance of a beggar, and that he whom she had tried to befriend that night was not a man, but an angel. To commemorate this incident, the south door of the church of San Frediano was surnamed: "la porta dell' Angelo," and an ancient painting over it represented the miracle.

Henceforth Zita lived a life more angelic than human; her heart and soul were in another world, only her body remained on earth. As the years rolled

by, she grew to esteem the things of this world less and less and to set all her affections on things above. Her lips often repeated St. Paul's words: "I desire to be loosed from this body and to be with Christ." Death held no terrors for her; she rather regarded it as the entrance to life and the gate to her true home.

She was now sixty years of age, and the severity of her penitential life had enfeebled her frame; thus, when she was seized by a slight fever which lasted five days, she had no power of resistance, and she who had never yielded to the ills of the flesh had at last to give in and lie in her bed. During those days of enforced rest, no doubt she lived over all her life again: her childhood in the mountain village, the first days in her new home, the fifty years spent there, the favors vouchsafed to her from above. She lay with the crucifix between her hands, her heart uplifted to Him Whose image it bore. Tenderly nursed by her master's family and by a few devout women who never left her little room, after the priest had administered to her the last sacred rites on the 27th of April, 1268, with her hands folded on her breast, her eyes uplifted to heaven, a smile on her lips, and without any sign of suffering, Zita passed to the better land.

Scarcely had she breathed her last, when a beautiful shining star appeared above Lucca. A great cry arose throughout the city: "Let us go to San Frediano, Santa Zita is dead!" The Fatinelli family meanwhile made arrangements to honor their faithful servant by a funeral which should testify the esteem and gratitude with which they regarded her. The whole of the clergy of San Frediano went to the house to accompany the body to the church, which was crowded beyond description, as was the road leading to it, and many an one tried to steal a scrap of her clothing as she was

borne along. Never had Lucca witnessed such a funeral, and miracles of healing were said to follow on touching her body.

In the church of San Frediano a chapel was dedicated to her and here she was buried, her tomb becoming a goal of pilgrimage; Emperors, Kings, Bishops, Cardinals, and Popes even coming to pray at her shrine. Nor was devotion to her confined to Lucca; throughout Italy churches were dedicated to her, and continue to be so to this day; the finest church in Palermo bears her name as do others in France, Spain, Portugal and Malta. Of late years a guild for maid servants, numbering thousands, has been established in her name all over Europe. The objects of this guild are to provide homes for servants temporarily out of place, to care for those who are aged or seized by incurable illness, and to promote terms of long service. Immense good has been effected by this guild.

Thirty years after her death, the greatest poet of Italy sufficiently distinguishes a burgher of Lucca from one of any other city by calling him "one of Santa Zita's elders."

Her festa is held annually at Lucca on April 27th, when her body is exposed and "the concourse is so great that armed soldiers have to be placed at the

doors of the chapel to prevent a crush. Relics and lives of Santa Zita are sold in the Piazza, and her shrine is visited by every domestic servant in Lucca and its neighborhood, each offering a nosegay on the altar, which becomes piled with flowers, a curious and pretty sight."

Surely in these days when domestic service is so much despised, this lowly saint speaks to us through the long years which have rolled by since her time. The life that Santa Zita led in the thirteenth century would neither be possible nor fitting in this twentieth century, but the motives which inspired her conduct and the virtues she cultivated are within the power of each one of us to attain, and every servant in her own individual place may be a Zita. To masters, also, her life brings its lesson: let them realize the blessing it is to a family to possess a truly conscientious, God-fearing servant, and remember that it is their duty to look after the spiritual as well as the temporal well-being of their dependents. God is no respecter of persons; a lowly handmaid such as Zita was is greater in His sight than many a monarch on his throne, and through her He glorified the lesson of how He will exalt the humble and the meek, and raise the poor who steadfastly walk in the narrow road which leads to life.

The Rose of His Heart

By Edmund Basel, O. S. B.

The roses bud, that, bathed in blood
Of oozing wounds, adorn the Lord;
Four roses meet on hands and feet,
One fairest on His Heart adored.
The roses bloom, exhale perfume
That draws me to the sacred wood;
My heart, grown bold by love there told,
Would clasp Him on the saving rood.
Red is the rose that fairest glows
On His lanced Heart of loving pow'r;

In struggling strife Eternal Life
Conquered grim death in that lone hour.
In death His love the fair rose wove
That hails the triumph of the cross;
The Passion done, the Master won
The life that felt in sin the loss.
'Tis love that lives, 'tis love that gives
Eternal life, our second birth;
Rose of Thy Heart, be pledge in part
Of Thy good will and love on earth.

Master-Minds of Medicine

I—William Harvey (1578-1657), Discoverer of the Circulation

By DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER

"My trust is in my love of truth and the candour of cultivated minds."

—WILLIAM HARVEY.

THE foundation for modern medicine was laid when William Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood through the human heart. This was away back in the seventeenth century, but it gave the builders of science something to work upon. Two books—epoch-making in their importance—stand to the credit of Harvey, the Englishman, who, besides holding many important offices in his day, was also physician to His Majesty, King Charles I. They are "De Circulatione Sanguinis" and "De Generatione," and, simple as they read to-day, they contain the fundamental truths on the circulation of the blood and development, as worked out by a man, through long, weary years of research, at a time when medicine and science ebbed low and England herself was disturbed by the convulsions of internal strife and war.

Harvey is looked upon as the first great discoverer in physiology—a branch that tends so much to the perfection of medicine—and even to-day, men—great, living, intellectual giants—point to him as a prince among physicians and repeat his simple truths, strong and convincing. "Harvey's memory remains," writes one, "and needs neither bricks and mortar, nor pictures, nor a statue, to perpetuate it." It was he who first set his finger upon the heart and its vessels—studied, dissected and experimented upon them until he realized the important truth that was to be told to the world, and his name will be re-

membered just as long as there are hearts that burn with love, just as long as human lives spend their energies in the mighty battle of existence.

William Harvey, born at Folkstone, April 1, 1578, was the son of one Thomas Harvey—"the eldest of a week of sons," as Fuller expresses it, "whereof this William was bred to learning, his other brethren being bound apprentices in London, and all at last ended in effect in merchants." His father was an intelligent man and was alderman and mayor, at one time or another, of his native town. Of his mother, Joan Harvey, little is known. In the parish church at Folkstone, England, a brass tablet bears the following inscription, which will give the reader an idea of the mother of this distinguished son:

"A. D. 1605. Nov. 8. died in the 50th yeare of her age

Joan, wife of Tho. Harvey. Mother of 7 sones & 2 daughters

A Godly, harmless Woman. A chaste loving wife;

A charitable quiet neighbor; a comfortable friendly Matron.

A provident diligent Huswyfe. A careful tender-hearted Mother.

Deere to her Husband: Reverend of her Children:

Beloved of her neighbors: Elected of God. Whose Soule rest in Heaven, her body in this Grave:

To her a Happy Advantage—to Hers an Unhappy Loss."

Nothing is known of Harvey's first years except that he attended the schools of his town, studying Latin principally. It was about this time the "Spanish Armada" tried to make a little bit of history for the world, and even in Harvey's own town, closely allied with the Cinque

Ports, there was much bustle and excitement. This same year, 1588, the young lad entered King's School, Canterbury, where he remained for five years. Then followed a course at Caius College, Cambridge—founded by Dr. Caius, an eminent authority on Greek. Caius is also said to have been the first to introduce the study of practical anatomy into England. In 1597, Harvey received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Caius College, having made a special study of Latin, Greek and physics. His medical education, however, was to begin only now. The following year he travelled through Germany, France and Italy. Italy was in her palmy days then and was noted for the strength of her several universities. Pisa, Pavia, Padua and Bologna were doing colossal work. Harvey chose Padua, the brilliant Catholic centre, as his Alma Mater, and in 1598 entered upon a thorough training. Vesalius, the anatomist, Fabricius, the eminent historian of medicine, and Dr. Caius, at one time lecturer of Greek at Padua, had done much by their original work to make Padua famous. The student days of this era had a touch of romance and beauty about them. Many queer customs had been handed down from year to year. A great number were in time abolished. "One, however, remained," writes one, "which allowed the students to tear the clothes from the back of the newly elected rector, who was then called upon to redeem the pieces at an exorbitant rate."

The rector of Padua in Harvey's time was Hieronymus Fabricius—a man of wonderful mind. The medical session always began on St. Luke's day. First there was an oration on medicine, then came solemn High Mass, and then the Litany of the Holy Ghost. The students often had to rise quite early for it was a common thing to have lectures at day-break. The theatre in which Fabricius lectured stands to this day. It is said

"the seats are nearly black with age and give a most venerable appearance to the small apartment, which is wainscoted with curiously carved oak. The lectures must have been given by candle-light, for the building is so constructed that no daylight can be admitted."

Fabricius and Harvey soon became great friends. Fabricius, the master, was then sixty-one. His whole mind was taken up with his studies of the valves of the veins, upon which the miser, Sylvius of Louvilly (1478-1555), had previously done much original work.

In 1602 Padua gave Harvey the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The diploma read that "he (Harvey) had conducted himself so wonderfully well in the examination and had shown such skill, memory and learning that he had far surpassed even the great hopes which his examiners had formed of him. They decided, therefore, that he was skilful, expert and most efficiently qualified both in arts and medicine, and to this they put their hands unanimously, willingly, with complete agreement and unhesitatingly." Could a diploma have been couched in more promising, more eulogistic terms? No wonder, then, that the young doctor of twenty-four easily obtained the degree of M. D. from Cambridge the year following. In 1604 Harvey became a member of the College of Physicians—the most noted body of medical men at that time. The same year, he married Elizabeth Browne, daughter of Dr. Browne, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth and James I. Absolutely nothing is known of Mrs. Harvey. We know, however, that there were no children to bless the marriage.

Harvey spent the first years in London, practicing his profession. He did much original work, however, studying the anatomy of all animals. In 1607 he was chosen a Fellow of the College of Physicians. Shortly after came the appointment of attending physician to the

poor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The charge read in part:

"You shall not for favour, lucre, or gain, appoint or write anything for the poor but such good and wholesome things as you shall think with your best advice will do the poor good, without any affection or respect to be had to the apothecary. And you shall take no gift or reward of any of the poor of this house for your counsel. This you will promise to do as you shall answer before God, and as it becometh a faithful physician, whom you chiefly ought to serve in this vocation, is by God called unto, and for your negligence herein, if you fail, you shall render account. And so we require you faithfully to promise in God, His most holy name, to perform this your charge in the hearing of us, with your best endeavour as God shall enable you, so long as you shall be physician to the poor of this hospital."

"As physician," writes Dr. Norman Moore, "Harvey sat once a week at a table in the hall of the hospital, and the patients, who were brought to him, sat side by side on a settle—the apothecary, the steward, and the matron standing by whilst he wrote his prescription in a book, which was always kept locked."

Great strides were now being made in England in the study of anatomy. Everywhere lectures were being given and dissections made. In 1581, Lord Lumley and Dr. Caldwell established the famous Lumleian lectures at the College of Physicians. The lecturer, who was appointed for life, was to be a man high up in the profession and was, in turn, to receive a good fee for his bi-weekly lectures on Wednesdays and Fridays. For the first three-quarters of an hour the lecturer held forth in Latin; then followed fifteen minutes in English. The tables of Horatius Morus, the works of Galen, Paulus Aegineta, Oribasius, Holerius and others were touched upon. In 1615 the Lumleian lectureship was accepted by William Harvey, then thirty-seven years old, and he held it for the next forty-one years, when it fell into the hands of his friend, Sir Charles Scarborough. A writer gives us the following interesting picture of Harvey in these days when he held forth in the theatre of

the College of Physicians, surrounded by the anxious, intelligent student-body: "He was a man of the lowest stature, round-faced, with a complexion like the wainscot; his eyes small, round, very black and full of spirit; his hair as black as a raven, and curling; rapid in his utterance, choleric, given to gesture, and used, when in discourse with any one, to play unconsciously with the handle of the small dagger he wore at his side."

Harvey has the distinction, also, of having been a very poor and miserable writer. No one to-day can decipher the strange lines of his manuscripts—perhaps he himself would be puzzled. The manuscripts of his first Lumleian lectures—the title pages of which are in red ink—are now in the British museum and are quite a curiosity. Much of the writing is in Latin. Harvey was a great Latin and English scholar and conversed and wrote as freely in one as in the other. Often he would combine sentences, partly Latin and partly English, for example: "Exempto corde, frogg scipp, eelee crawle, dogg ambulat." Then, again, he would let his fancies stray and give us something really beautiful and poetic—for instance:

"An cerebrum rex,
Nervi magistratus,
Ramuli nervorum officialis,
Musculi cives, populus."

(Whether the brain is to be looked upon as king, the nerves as his ministers, and the branches of the nerves as their subordinates, while the muscles are the burgesses or the commonalty.)

All his life Harvey remained a close student and a friend of books—those silent ones who carried in their hearts the gold of centuries. In a letter, thanking a friend for a copy of Lucretius' account of the plague, he says: "Nor need you plead in excuse your advanced life. I myself, though verging on my eightieth year and sorely failed in bodily health, nevertheless feel my mind still vigorous, so that I continue to give myself up to studies of this kind, especially

connected with the sacred things of Apollo, for I do indeed rejoice to see learned men everywhere illustrating the republic of letters."

The lecturer in anatomy in Harvey's days, besides being great intellectually, was also looked upon as a person of very great importance. He held the respect and gratitude of the student-body. Orders were given to those in charge that they were "to see and provide that there be every year a mat about the hearth in the hall, that Mr. Doctor be made not to take cold upon his feet. * * *" How thoughtful! It was in his Lumleian lectures that Harvey first mentioned his discovery of the circulation, though he had almost completed it years before. In 1628, however, his book on the circulation was first given to the world. Published at Frankfort-on-the-Main, it soon attracted wide attention. The book was dedicated to His Majesty, King Charles I. We quote below his own version of the discovery, as given in his memorable treatise. These were the simple lines that startled the world; these were the simple truths that meant so much for later, newer and fuller developments. "It is plain, from the structure of the heart," Harvey goes on, "that the blood is passed continuously through the lungs to the aorta, as by the two clacks of a water-bellows to raise water.

"It is shown by the application of a ligature that the passage of the blood is from the arteries into the veins. Whence it follows that the movement of the blood is constantly in a circle, and is brought about by the beat of the heart. It is a question, therefore, whether this is for the sake of nourishment or rather for the preservation of the blood and the limbs by the communication of heat, the blood cooled by warming the limbs being in turn warmed by the heart."

Harvey's discovery disturbed many scientific minds. Some believed and praised the theory; others ridiculed it.

Some even went so far as to cry out that Harvey was insane. He himself tells us that, as a result of his announcement, "he fell mightily in his practice." Parisanus viciously attacked the doctrine, but he was silenced by Dr. Ent—a close and true friend of Harvey and an alumnus of Padua. Caspar Hofmann, of Nuremberg, was also among the dissatisfied ones. Harvey's theory held forth no attractions to him. Harvey himself went to Nuremberg to clear himself and demonstrate his discovery. "He (Hofmann) impeached," writes Harvey, "and condemned Nature of folly and error, and imputed to her the character of a most clumsy and inefficient artificer in suffering the blood to become recrudescent, and making it return again and again to the heart in order to be concocted, only to grow effete again in the arterial system; thus uselessly spoiling the perfectly made blood merely to find her something to do." The public demonstration took place at Nuremberg, and many German scientists were convinced by Harvey that day. Hofmann alone remained stubborn. All Harvey's proofs and arguments could not move that rock out of its place. Hofmann kept on with his objections and ridicule for some time. Harvey could stand it no longer. Angry and excited, he threw down his knife and left the amphitheatre in disgust. Another troublesome contemporary was Alexander Reid of the College of Physicians—a lecturer in anatomy. Both he and Harvey lectured at the same time—each propounding different theories; that of Reid, insipid, nonsensical, that of Harvey, simple, clear and convincing. Reid was obdurate and would not accept Harvey's explanations, but, from year to year, printed his own textbooks, containing his own conflicting ideas, and circulated them amongst his students.

But all this adverse criticism had little or no effect upon Harvey, the most noted

man of his time. True he had fallen into some slight errors, but the framework of Truth was there, raised up by the work of years, and no arguments of a Hofmann, a Reid or a Parisanus were strong enough to pull it to the ground. "Scarce a day, scarce an hour has passed since the birthday of the circulation of the blood," writes Harvey, "that I have not heard something, for good or for evil, said of this, my discovery. Some abuse it as a feeble infant and yet unworthy to have seen the light; others, again, think the bantling deserves to be cherished and cared for. * * * Detractors, mummers, and writers defiled with abuse, so I resolved with myself never to read them, satisfied that nothing solid or excellent, nothing but foul terms was to be expected from them, so have I held them still less worthy of an answer. Let them consume on their own ill-nature. They will scarcely find many well-disposed readers, I imagine, nor does God give that which is most excellent and chiefly to be desired—wisdom—to the wicked. Let them go on railing, I say, until they are weary, if not ashamed."

Harvey's days at the college and at St. Bartholomew's passed by peacefully and, in time, success led him into a well-paying practice. Soon another honor fell upon his well-deserving shoulders. On February 3, 1618, he was appointed physician extraordinary to James I. Later on, a like honor came to him during the reign of Charles I. Harvey had, furthermore, an introduction into the homes of the most distinguished nobles and prelates of his time. Lord Chancellor Bacon, the philosopher—a confirmed neurasthenic—was a patient of his. Harvey evidently was not an admirer of Bacon's literary output or he would not have said: "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor."

In 1629, the king appointed Harvey to accompany the Duke of Lennox—an invalid—abroad. Since his return from

Padua Harvey had never left England, and the offer came, therefore, as a delightful change to the busy physician. In 1639, Charles I appointed him his physician in ordinary at £400 a year, with a residence at the royal palace—Whitehall. "Harvey," writes D'Arcy Power, "became the personal friend of his king; he accompanied him everywhere and consequently took a share in the hunting excursions to which His Majesty was so devoted."

When the civil war broke out, Dr. Harvey was commanded to attend His Majesty on his tour in Scotland. Harvey was an eye-witness to many of the struggles of that day. At the battle of Edgehill, Harvey had in his keeping the two princes—boys of twelve and ten years—who afterwards became Charles II and James II. When the battle was raging its fiercest, Harvey was there, treating the wounded. Anthony Wood, in his account of Adrian Scrope, says: "This most valiant person, who was son of Sir Jervais Scrope, did most loyally attend His Majesty at the fight of Edgehill, where, receiving several wounds, he was stripped and left among the dead as a dead person there, but brought off by his son and recovered by the immortal Dr. Will. Harvey, who was there, but withdrawn under a hedge with the Prince and Duke, while the battle was at its height."

Harvey was thought by many to have been a rabid Royalist and, on one occasion during these stormy days, a mob of frenzied soldiers and citizens entered his room, plundered the contents, and destroyed and scattered many valuable manuscripts. "He had made," writes Aubrey, a contemporary writer, "dissections of frogs, toads, a number of animals, and had curious observations upon them." Harvey felt badly over the loss of these hard-earned treasures; all his years of hard work were imprisoned in those missing papers. No wonder, then,

that his heart was filled with a thousand regrets. "Let gentle minds forgive me," he writes sorrowfully, "if, recalling the irreparable injuries I have suffered, I here give vent to a sigh. This is the cause of my sorrow—whilst in attendance on His Majesty the King during our late troubles, and more than civil wars, not only with the permission, but by the command of Parliament, certain rapacious hands not only stripped my house of all its furniture but, what is a subject of far greater regret to me, my enemies abstracted from my museum the fruits of many years of toil. Whence it has come to pass that many observations, particularly on the generation of insects, have perished with detriment, I venture to say, to the republic of letters."

When the conflict in Scotland was over, Harvey accompanied the king to Oxford. The sound of war was still in the air, but it did not disturb Harvey. He settled down to work with increased vigor. Aubrey first saw Harvey in Oxford "in 1642 after the Edgehill fight, but I was then too young," he writes, "to be acquainted with so great a doctor." In 1642 Oxford declared Harvey a "Doctor of Physic." The following year he retired from all active duty at St. Bartholomew's. Harvey loved the strong, healthy atmosphere of Oxford and it braced him into unusual activities. In 1645 he was elected Warden of Merton College. The conflict was still raging. Then came the battle of Naseby and a crushing defeat for the Royal cause. All this had a very deleterious effect upon the seats of learning, but Harvey still continued to draw men towards Oxford by his brilliant scholarship, among them, Charles Scarborough, the first English editor of Euclid, who later on was created a Doctor of Physic by the university. The two soon became great friends, and when Oxford surrendered in 1645 Harvey returned to London. Afterwards Scarborough espoused the Royal

cause. "Prithee! leave off thy gunning and stay here," Harvey wrote him from London. "I will bring thee into practice." And Harvey, the true friend, kept his word. Through his influence, Scarborough was appointed a lecturer in anatomy, a Fellow of the College of Physicians and, later, physician to Charles II, who knighted him. Later on, again, he was appointed physician also to William III. When on July 28, 1656, Harvey resigned the Lumleian lectureship, the voice of the friend was still in evidence and this great honor also fell upon Scarborough's shoulders, and well was he qualified for the position. In his day Harvey must also have been a surgeon, for in his "will" we read of a bequest to Dr. Scarborough "of all my little silver instruments of surgery." He also bequeathed him his velvet gown. Was friend ever more faithful?

When Harvey left Oxford and returned to London, he practically retired from all active life. One day Dr. Ent—one of his heart's closest friends, called to see him and, in conversation, hinted that the learned world was anxiously waiting for further original work in his own line. "And would you be the man," said Harvey, smiling, "who should recommend me to quit the peaceful haven where I now pass my life and launch again upon the faithless sea? You know full well what a storm my former lucubrations raised. Much better is it oftentimes to grow wise at home and in private than by publishing what you have amassed with infinite labor, to stir up tempests that may rob you of peace and quiet for the rest of your days."

"True," answered Ent; "it is the usual reward of virtue to have received ill for having merited well. But the winds which raised the storms, like the northwestern blast, which drowns itself in its own rain, have only drawn mischief on themselves."

Harvey was now sixty-eight years old

and was much troubled with gout. Not having had any children his life was necessarily a lonely one. Every now and then he would take an excursion into the country to visit some of his dearly beloved brothers. Strange to relate, Harvey was one of the first to use coffee as a drink in England. Long before coffee-houses were opened, he and his brother Eliah had a coffee-pot of their own in constant use. In his "will" even this old coffee-pot was not forgotten. "I give unto my niece Mary West and her daughter Amy West," so it reads, "half the linen I shall leave at London in my chests and chambers, together with all my plate except my coffee-pot." To whom, I wonder, did the coffee-pot go?

Like all great men, Harvey also had his eccentricities. A great-niece of his has said that "his saltcellar was contrarily filled with sugar, which he used to eat instead of salt; he also used to walk out in a morning combing his hair in the fields, and he was humorsome and would sit down exactly at the time he had appointed for dinner whether the company was come or not."

One of the last generous acts of Harvey was the founding of a library in connection with the College of Physicians. When it was completed a statue of Harvey was placed therein, the great genius being represented in cap and gown, as if he were lecturing.

Shortly before his death he was elected president of the College of Physicians, but he declined the honor on account of failing health. In a letter to Dr. Horst, Hesse-Darmstadt, he hints at his failing health—"I am much pleased," he writes, "to find that in spite of the long time that has passed and the distance that separates us, you have not yet lost me from your memory, and I could wish that it lay in my power to answer all your inquiries. But indeed my age does not permit me to have this pleasure, for I am not only far stricken in years but am afflicted with more and more indifferent health."

But even in those last days his mind was still active. All day he sat with his books, and he was happy. Just before his death he was working out problems in Oughtred's "Clavis Mathematics."

On June 3, 1657, in the house of his brother Eliah, the white messenger stole into the room of William Harvey—great man of the world—and closed his eyes forever. Apoplexy had come upon him suddenly in the morning, and at night the struggle was over. His body was brought to London where it remained until June twenty-sixth, when, amidst a great concourse of sorrowing friends, it was borne away to Hempstead, in Essex—about fifty miles from old London—and laid away forever in the Harvey chapel, which his brother Eliah had erected two years previously.

Atheism

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
 Cries out, "Where is it?"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

That Boy Gerald

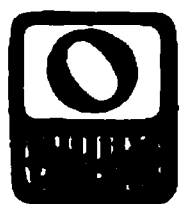
By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

VII

TALKS.



"H! mamma, the professor at St. Mark's says I've got a 'squisite voice—just like you do, ma; and he says I am to take care of it, and be a good boy, and I sang 'Killarney,' and 'Chamouni' and oh! lots for him. But, ma, he uses terr'ble big words! I can't understand him sometimes. He's fine, though. St. Mark's is fine, mamma, and I'm glad I'm going there."

Mrs. Albury smiled at her boy's enthusiasm and asked herself how long it would last.

"What class are you to be in, Gerald?"

"Preps, ma. Here's the ticket. One of them told me to take care of it and not to lose it, and give it to pa when I got home, 'cause he's got to get my books."

Gerald put his fingers into his vest pocket where, he remembered, he had placed the card. Then he tried the other pocket, and finally made a search in all his pockets. The card was not to be found.

"I haven't got it, ma; I guess I have lost it."

"Is this the card?" asked his father as he held it up.

"Yes, pa. How did you get it?"

"It came by the afternoon post. Little boys should be more careful with things entrusted to them. It was picked up in the yard and given to the Prefect of Studies, who mailed it, thinking, no doubt, that was the surest way for it to reach me. You should be careful."

"I will, pa, in the future, and, pa, I am going to be ever so good now. The President was ever so kind to me, and Jig—I mean, John Granville, is going to St. Mark's too."

Both father and mother were pleased that their son would have at least one boy whom he knew among so many strangers.

"I am glad that young Granville is going there, for your sake. Now, Gerald, you are going for the first time among a large crowd of boys. Some will be very desirable acquaintances, while others will be, undoubtedly, the very opposite of this. I think I can trust you to pick out good boys for friends. You are old enough to do this."

"Yes, pa, I think I am."

"Very good. You are of an age when you require a strong hand (that vague expression again!) and among the professors and prefects you will undoubtedly find it. You will be required to be docile, obedient, and studious. I hope to hear a good account of you. I know by the occasion which cost you a black eye and an injured lip that you despise any kind of meanness. Be manly and truthful and you will get along well. I do not think, my boy, that you are a bad boy. Your fault is that you do not think. I want you to try to think of the consequences of your acts. Remember this one thing, especially, Gerald. I shall never under any ordinary circumstances excuse you from attendance at the college Mass at half-past eight each school day. You understand this clearly?"

"Yes, pa. I'll be there every morning, sure. Say, pa, shall I carry my lunch

with me every morning? It would be fine to carry it in a dinner-pail like the people who work in the factory across the river."

The dignified Judge of the Superior Court held up his hands.

"Dear me! dear me! that would not do at all."

"Well, pa, I can get one of those brown tin boxes that squeeze together when they are empty—like the clerks have who work down town."

"No, no, that will not do either."

"You need not worry, Gerald," remarked his mother, "there is a professional caterer at St. Mark's who serves meals at noon."

"There is! I did not know that. Very well, I will arrange with him for a monthly account for you."

"Oh! p-a! can't I have the money each day and pay for the lunch myself?"

Gerald looked very longingly into his father's face. Judge Albury knew the meaning of that look, and understood the purport of the words very well. For an instant he put himself in his boy's place, and he knew full well what his answer would mean for his eldest son. He thought for some moments, and although he was inclined to grant this request, he said slowly:

"No, I think not, at least for the present—not for the first year, at all events. It is better for me to arrange for you."

Visions which had been rapidly conjured up by Gerald's active imagination—visions of daily quarters and ten cent lunches, leaving ample funds for candies, pop-corn, etc.—came rapidly tumbling down. Poor Gerald!

The boy had learned from many past experiences that his father's word was absolute law. He knew well there was no use in pleading, much less in trying to argue the case. Gerald had been shown, during his visit to the college that day, the large lunch halls, and his sharp eyes had not failed to notice that in one

corner there was a place set apart for the sale of candies and all sorts of confections. Although the glass cases were then empty, he knew they would be stocked by the following Tuesday. Well, if his father managed the financial end of his lunches, he took heart when he remembered that his mother's purse-strings were not always drawn tight.

"All right, papa," he said, but decidedly sadly.

Judge Albury observed the change from the buoyant tone, and, whether he went back in memory to his own boyhood days or felt just a little sorry for the bright lad's disappointment, it is not clear. He was, for once, slightly touched—a sympathetic chord had, in some way, been touched, and instead of a jangling and a discord, there was a harmony.

He knew the folly of sending a high-strung boy among a number of his equals without the pecuniary means of maintaining an equality. No one who knew him would for a moment accuse him of being soft, or weak, or wavering in the management of his children. His eldest son had no such idea, we may be sure. Yet on this occasion he did something which caused Gerald Gregory so much amazement—not to mention a variety of other emotions—that he did not get over it for at least fifteen minutes, and that was a very long time, as everybody will admit—for him.

"I do not wish you," said Mr. Albury, "to waste money on other things which is given for your lunch, ("How did papa read my thoughts?" asked Gerald of himself) and yet I do not wish you to be at a disadvantage at St. Mark's. A little money may be, and is, necessary to a boy in a big college. Here then are two dollars for you. Be a good boy and you may come to me for this amount every month—that is, as long as your monthly reports are satisfactory."

Was Gerald happy? Two whole dollars, and all for himself! He felt as an

honest, hardworking man would feel had he been suddenly raised to affluence. What would he not buy with all this wealth! A bat, a ball, a catching glove! oh! everything! Gerald, in his inexperience, did not reckon the cost of exercise books, of pens and pencils, and others various necessities of the classroom. By the time he had laid in a stock of these articles on the opening day, and had bought—well—a few candies, he had not very much money to last him for the rest of the month. For the present, however, his delight was boundless. He actually danced around the room, and then, in a burst of gratitude, did a thing he never remembered to have done before. He climbed up on his father's knee, great big boy as he was, threw his arms around his neck, and—kissed him.

Judge Albury, more accustomed to handing down learned decisions or to sentencing prisoners, was decidedly unused to demonstrations of this kind. While the children of the household lavished unlimited affection on the mother, it was rare that the father received a share. He felt, therefore, an unwonted awkwardness under Gerald's affectionate and spontaneous embrace. He loved his children in his own way, and he supposed that they, of course, loved him. In some way he felt Gerald's demonstration pleasing. A thrill of pleasure shot through him, and he wondered why, in all these years, he had more or less deprived himself of the affectionate embraces of his children.

He was, nevertheless, awkward. With Blanche it would have been different, of course. Girls show their feelings by a clinging affection, but for great big Gerald, who already came up to his shoulder, literally to fall on his neck caused him to undergo a pleasure which he had not experienced in many years. The sudden action of Gerald gave him also a new insight into the boy's char-

acter. He saw that Gerald, with all his pranks and troublesomeness, could be won and held by kindness and sympathy rightly used. He resolved that in the future he would try to be more of a confidant to his own son, and less the mere vindicator and avenger of broken domestic laws and regulations. He clearly perceived that a certain vivacious individual, in whose making we are interested, could be led by kindness, while he could not be forced by severity.

Judge Albury actually blushed at the boy's embrace. He took his arms from around his neck and held his wrists. Looking straight into the happy lad's eyes, he said:

"Be a good boy, Gerald, at college."

"I mean to be, papa."

"That is right. Come to me in any of your troubles."

"All right, papa, I will; and I am not going to steal any more cherries."

"I am glad to hear that. Was it not strange that a boy would do the very same thing that he himself tried to punish a larger boy than himself for doing?"

"Oh! that was different."

"How? Was it not stealing?"

"Yes, but the bully took the apple from a poor cripple who could not defend himself."

"A distinction without a difference, eh?"

"I don't know what that means, papa; but I know that I would do it again."

"You would! and would also have no hesitation in visiting Mr. Tomlinson's cherry-trees again?"

"No, sir; that was wrong. I won't do that again, and besides, I paid for that."

Whether or not Gerald was, at that moment, thinking of the eighteen cents it is difficult to say, but he began almost unconsciously to rub certain parts of his anatomy.

"Yes," said his father, smiling, "the law was certainly vindicated in that case."

Oh! by the way, Gerald, I had almost forgotten!"

He fumbled in his coat pocket for something.

"Your great friend, Mr. Watson, hearing that you have been elevated, as he calls it, to the dignity of a collegian, sends you a note, inviting you and Willie to take tea with him to-morrow afternoon to celebrate this important event."

"He does!" exclaimed Gerald, his eyes once more fairly bulging with excitement, "whoop!!"

Gerald did not spare his lungs in pronouncing, or rather shouting this word. The Judge put his hands to his ears, as if in protest.

"Dear me! where did you learn that Indian yell?"

"That comes natural, sir. May we go, pa? Please do say 'yes.' Mamma, do ask papa to say 'yes,'" said Gerald, turning to his mother, who had entered the room somewhat hastily upon hearing the shout.

Mr. Albury thought much of his friend Watson. They were near the same age, but the lawyer was of so buoyant and cheerful a disposition—such an optimist—that he appeared much the younger of the two. The Judge knew that he could safely trust his son with such a man. Beneath all his boyishness and the cheery strain of optimism there was a solid stratum of strong religious common sense. Without being didactic, or in the least affecting the preaching style, the lawyer was always inculcating manly principles and a genuine respect for things high and good. From mere force of habit the Judge made objections to the lawyer's proposals concerning Gerald, but he was secretly pleased that his boy had found in him a friend.

We are not going to give the gentle reader of this true story of Gerald any inkling of the wording of the letter of acceptance. Nor are we going to describe

the time these three "boys" had that afternoon. It would only make the reader jealous, and, perhaps, discontented that he also was not lucky enough to have an elderly friend with plenty of money, similar to Mr. Watson.

It was a lucky thing that there were three days between this memorable one and the opening day at St. Mark's, or it is quite probable that Master Albury would have been marked absent on the first day of term. Luckily, there was Sunday and Monday to recover from the effects of that glorious afternoon.

There are one or two things which the lawyer said to Gerald which are worth preserving. After the boy had been plied with plum cake and strawberry jam and numerous other delicacies to such an extent that he had, sorrowfully but absolutely, to refuse to take any more, Mr. Watson said:

"All right, mamma. Gerald and I are going out to the front porch while I smoke a cigar. You take care of Willie."

When seated in his favorite wicker rocker, the boy's friend remarked:

"Now Gerrie, you are going to enter on a life altogether new to you. You will meet with many different kinds of persons. Some of these will not be good boys. Have nothing to do with those whom you know to be bad. Avoid undesirable boys. Their characters will soon reveal themselves."

"No, sir, I will not," said Gerald. "The catechism tells us to shun evil companions. Evil companions are the same thing as bad boys, ar'nt they, sir."

"Yes. Now among those who are not classed as bad boys, there are generally two divisions. One comprises those boys who are high-principled and honorable, who would as soon think of dying as of lying, who do their work well because it is their duty to do it, and are all-round delightful gentlemen."

"—who would not stain the purity of their ermine"—solemnly interrupted

Gerald, using part of a phrase he had caught from his father.

"Exactly! that expresses what I mean—with due allowance for differing circumstances," continued Mr. Watson. "Now, the other class of collegians, without being bad boys, mind, that is, immoral, wicked boys, are lads of very low principles, not above meanness and smallness, who are always against authority, and are generally feeling the weight of it. These boys are not honest with themselves. They are throwing away their chances, and will never amount to anything."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Watson. I am not going to belong to such a crowd."

"That's right. Such boys are not desirable companions. They are always being penanced. They are paving the way at school, by being a failure there in probably everything but a little book-learning, for failure in life. Education consists in a thousand and one things besides book knowledge. There are virtue, honor, candor, respect, reverence, gentlemanliness, and many other natural and supernatural virtues which can be cultivated at college. I have taken a great interest in you, Gerrie boy, and I want you to be successful. Do you know I went through St. Mark's?"

"You did, Mr. Watson! That's funny!" observed Gerald, and he began to giggle. The picture that the boy's imagination at once conjured up was of a fat lawyer squeezed into a small boy's desk, and surrounded by a class of juveniles.

"That's the way with you fellows," said the lawyer, comically, "you have no perspective. I did not say it was last year or the year before, or that I carried through the old college halls my present weight of two hundred and thirty-five pounds avoirdupois. I did not say that, did I? No? well, would it be beyond the bounds of possibility, Master Gerald Gregory Albury, for you to imagine

that this great form of mine—this mountain of flesh, as Jack Falstaff would say—at one time did not exist, and that I was once quite a shapely young fellow, and considered a fairly good athlete? Can you imagine such a thing, Gerald?"

"Hardly, sir," said Gerald, at least sincerely.

"Thanks, at all events, for your candor. Yet so it was. When I was a young man I went through St. Mark's, and, Gerald, I kept my eyes wide open!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, wondering what was coming next. Mr. Watson generally talked to him in a bright, cheery, or humorous vein. He was a little surprised to see that he had now assumed a very serious tone and manner.

"Yes," he continued, "I kept my eyes wide open. Now, my boy, you are no fool, and are old enough to understand what I am going to say. I declare solemnly that rather than you should learn some things which I saw at college I would prefer to see you dead and in your grave. There is no need to learn them, nor will you if you cultivate the acquaintance of the best boys, and you will find many fine boys there. Things were rougher thirty or forty years ago than they are now. You will not have to go through the ordeals that I and the boys of my time went through, but even in the present day you will find many a pitfall and many a snare. This must be among so many boys thrown together. Well, watch yourself, lad, and never do or say or even think anything that you could not tell your mother or Blanche without blushing. You understand me, Gerald?"

"Yes, sir, quite," said the boy thoughtfully. Young as he was, the short talk had made a deep impression on him, as Mr. Watson hoped it would. Although not very old, Gerald was quite capable of taking in all the sound advice of the lawyer and of profiting by it. He thought over this talk for many a day after, but just now he put one question.

"All right then," said Mr. Watson, "we have talked seriously long enough. Let us take Master William and go down the garden to see whether we cannot find some ripe plums."

"Mr. Watson?"

"Well?"

"If you knock off a fellow's hat in the yard, and he chivvies you, and when he catches you, pounds your muscle real hard—is he one of the bad boys?"

The lawyer did not answer the question, but laughed long and heartily.

"Have you had that experience already?"

"Yes, sir, Friday."

"You'll do."

VIII.

GERALD'S FIRST LESSONS.

If ever there was a boy under the influence of an attack of megalomania, or the desire to do great things, it was Gerald Gregory Albury when he started for St. Mark's on the Tuesday morning, the first day of term. We know this same individual was not without his faults, such as, if they were not checked, would lead to serious defects of character. On the other hand, he had many fine traits which needed but proper fostering to bring to the surface, and make of him that fine little man which his mother fondly hoped he would become.

John Ignatius Granville and Gerald Gregory Albury wended their way towards the college in high glee and with higher expectations on that first Tuesday in September. They were new boys and each looked it, with his new suit of clothes, new boots, new books, and even a new book-strap. When they entered through the big yard gates they were almost dismayed at the number of boys they saw. Over five hundred were present. Gerald had never been in such a large crowd in his life. The only boy he recognized was he who had so unmer-

cifully thumped his arm. For obvious reasons he kept away from him.

His desire to accomplish great things and everything at once was lost sight of in his curiosity in witnessing a great institution get into working order again after two months of summer inertness. That which interested him most in the yard, and nearly plunged him into a peck of trouble, was the formation of ranks, for the purpose of walking to the different classrooms in as orderly and expeditious a manner as possible. These ranks were arranged according to the various classes and not according to the size of the boys as a whole.

There was little noise or confusion in formation in the upper ranks, the older boys knowing what was required. But the ranks composed of new scholars, which of course were of the lower classes, would appear to the inexperienced a mass of utter confusion out of which order could never be drawn.

The system which prevailed at St. Mark's was this: A bell sounded which was the signal for all to start toward the place where the ranks were to be formed. At the second tap all were supposed to be in their assigned positions, and when the sound of the bell was heard for the third time, it was the signal of silence.

Of course Gerald and John knew nothing of such arrangements on the first day. With infinite patience the yard prefect walked down the double row, sending the taller boys to the rear and assigning partners, to find on his return to the front, his work all undone. At length a few sharp words and a short instruction explaining what was required brought a semblance of order out of the chaos. Then once more the yard prefect, whose quick eye detected the probable trouble-makers, re-arranged partners, and took down their names in a note-book.

It so happened that Albury and Granville were of the same height, and were not separated.

"What is your name?" asked the official when he came to Gerald.

"Gerald and Jigs."

"What's that!" sharply. "I want no nonsense now. Give me your names."

"Gerald and Jigs."

"Young man, you will learn a little manners before you have been here very long. What is your name?"

"Albury, sir," said the boy, somewhat cowed by the severity of the prefect's manner, which, however, was only assumed for the occasion.

"How should a poor boy know that the prefect did not know Granville's name was Jigs," thought Gerald, in a kind of mental defiance, for he felt a little rebellious.

"And yours?"

"Granville, sir."

"Very well. You two seem to be friends. You may remain partners in ranks as long as you behave. Observe silence now."

Gerald thought this very imperative treatment and felt a second wave of rebellion arise within him. It was all so unlike the Sisters' milder rule.

As the prefect passed on down the ranks again, Gerald was on the point of deliberately walking out of his place. He thought he saw a boy whom he knew in the next row. He had gone but two steps out of position when the prefect, whose back had been turned to him, turned suddenly, and saw him out of his place.

"Albury!"

The official's voice had a ring in it the like of which Gerald had never heard before.

"I was going over to—"

"Keep your place, sir, and observe silence as you were instructed."

"I—I—"

"Silence! Do as you are told."

Which was a hard thing for the boy to do just then, especially as he felt decidedly angry, an emotion which was in-

tensified by hearing a general titter along several ranks near him.

"Oh! you fellows shut up!"

There was more tittering and some whispering and then the prefect's voice was heard again:

"Albury, do you know what silence means? Go out of the ranks, and stand on that sidewalk until I come to you," and the prefect pointed to a spot where the boy could be seen by all the boys in the yard.

Thus Gerald had the distinction, if such it may be called, of being the one to receive the first penance of the new term. Physically it was not a great hardship—that might come later in learning a number of lines—but the moral punishment was in the disgrace.

Poor Gerald! and the great things he intended to do when he started from home less than an hour ago! The sun did not appear half so bright now. Well, Gerald had begun early to receive that discipline which makes for character—a discipline necessarily severe and exacting in so large an institution as St. Mark's unless confusion were allowed to reign supreme.

Beyond the moral effect it had on the other newcomers, and the momentary humiliation for the recipient, the penance was not a serious one. As soon as the ranks began to move, the prefect came to the boy, took him by the chin and raised his face. Looking him straight in the eyes, he said:

"You are angry."

Gerald did not answer, for he was angry.

"Get over it, my boy. I am not going to punish you further this time. It is all strange to you here at present. Learn to obey orders exactly and you will not have any trouble. You may join your ranks. Do not talk again after third bell."

Gerald joined Granville, his mind a prey to contending emotions. He was

old enough to see the justice of enforcing strict rules. But how different, thought the boy, from the kinder and sweeter home rule, and from the gentler methods which prevailed at the Sisters' academy.

A boy twelve or thirteen reasons much more than he is generally given credit for. At that age his mind is in a remarkably receptive state. The impressions received then remain for a lifetime. He measures everything by the standard of fairness, or justice. Once convinced that he is being unfairly dealt with an impression is planted in the mind which no future kindness nor clemency will eradicate.

Fortunately, in this experience, Gerald was just enough to see that he had deserved his first punishment. He was sorry for himself, of course; regarding the incident as a misfortune. He made up his mind he was going to observe the rules regarding the formation of ranks for the future. He said to himself: "It is no joke to have to stand out before five hundred pairs of eyes, to say nothing of the lines to be learned that may follow." He won the prefect by a bright answer:

"All right, sir. I was wrong. I did not think you were so strict here. I'll do my best."

"That is good. Do your best and that is all one can expect. Do your best and you will get along very well."

As yet Gerald had seen none of the classrooms. When the class to which Gerald belonged had marched up two flights of stairs and half-way along a lengthy corridor, the boys were met at the door by the professor who was to teach them. As soon as the door was unlocked there was a general scramble for seats and much confusion. Albury and Granville managed to secure the last two seats of the rear of the row nearest the windows, and thought themselves lucky to be able to keep together.

There was a curious sense of expectancy among the restless boys as their teacher stood before them, rather grim in features, waiting for the hubbub to subside. Being "first day," and nearly all the boys being new to the place, this took an unusually long time. The teacher waited without speaking, seeming by the very force of his personality to quell the disturbance. When perfect quiet had been obtained, he began to speak. His voice was heavy and sounded aggressive. It certainly denoted strong will power.

"You may as well understand at once that such a noisy entrance into my classroom will never be tolerated again. You will remain silent when the third bell sounds in ranks until you are in your seats. Do not let me have to mention this again."

Up shot Gerald's hand.

"Well, young man, what do you want? Is it so important that you have to interrupt me?"

"Please sir, what does tol'rated mean?"

An audible giggle went around the room. Gerald, hearing it, thought he had done something funny, and, unfortunately, began to laugh too. The teacher flushed up rather angrily.

"Keep quiet, sir. Do not ask foolish questions, and do not interrupt me again. Come and take this front seat. It seems you are scarcely to be trusted so far away from me."

"I don't want to sit there. I want to sit back here with Ji— with Granville. He's my chum."

Poor Gerald! What a lot of mistakes he made that day, and this one was not the least among them.

"Before you are here many days you will learn obedience. Do as you are told—at once."

Albury saw it was best to comply without more words. The tone was menac-

ing. He arose, and blushing with anger, took the front seat.

No one who knew Gerald Albury at this period of his life would say that he was a model boy, whatever he afterwards became. As if in proof of this he did a very foolish, and objectively, a very impertinent thing. In going down the aisle between the rows of desks, he looked at the teacher and deliberately made a grimace at him, putting out his tongue and drawing down the corners of his mouth.

"Ugh! you ain't nice! I don't like you a bit."

It is safe to say that the teacher was never so surprised in his life. Whether Gerald intended it as a deliberate act of insubordination, or had merely carried the free and easy home style of expressing disapprobation into the classroom it is somewhat difficult to determine. He was, to say the least, undiplomatic. For a boy of his size, and not being without the average intelligence of a boy of his age, he certainly ought to have known better.

The boy's megalomania was rapidly vanishing under unfavorable happenings. He was arriving, even on "first day," at least temporarily, at the "don't care" stage. He had the mental habit of asking himself questions, but at times he was not altogether fair in supplying the answers.

"Why could not a poor boy ask a decent question of his teacher? Why did the teacher look so hard and so sour at him just because he laughed ever so little. All the other boys laughed, why couldn't he, too, etc., etc."

The teacher, after telling him he would have a private interview with him that evening after class, went on with his opening speech. Perhaps it is better to say but little about that interview. Gerald did not get home that night until half-past five, and for many a long day a certain sentence kept ringing in his

ears, and for many a long day after it seemed to him that he had a certain facility in writing words which composed that sentence.

"Mamma, what does tol'rated mean?" asked the young hopeful that evening as the family were sitting on the porch after supper.

"Tolerated means allowed," was the reply.

"So as we can hear?"

"No, not 'aloud,' but allowed, permitted."

"Oh!"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I asked the teacher in class, and he made me write, 'I must not ask my teacher useless questions, or be impertinent in class,' oh! ever so many times."

"Oh! Gerald! You have not been misbehaving on the very first day, have you?"

"Guess I must have, ma, but I didn't mean to, either time; cross my heart."

"Either time! You were in trouble more than once?"

"Yes, ma. I was turned out of ranks for talking but I didn't know, and the yard prefect—he's all right. I promised him to be good, and he said it was all right, and I'm going to get along with him scrumptious. He's fine! But the other! Oh! my! He's got a face like a 'spinks,' and it's as red—as red as—a butcher's. I don't like him a little, there!"

"Now, my boy, that's not right. That is not the right disposition to have towards your teacher. I am sure that if you behave well and do your duty as well as you can, there will be no trouble for you."

"I didn't mean anything, ma, this morning in school."

"Did you not, really?"

"N—no. Well, I thought I would ask him a question just for fun, but I did

not think he was going to be so cross about it."

"Was that the occasion for fun, Gerald? Was it a proper question, and a proper time to ask it? Be honest now, my boy, in your answer."

"But, ma, I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. Keep to the question, and give me your answer like a little man. What do you say?"

"Well, ma, I—don't think—I—I shouldn't have done it."

"Then you admit you were in the wrong?"

"Yessum," said the self-convicted.

"Then what are you going to do about it?"

"Lines. But they're done, ma."

"So much the better, but don't you think you ought to apologize to the teacher to-morrow morning?"

"No, ma, I don't," said Gerald, most emphatically. "I did my penance, and got my fingers all over ink, too. I guess that's all he wants. I don't want to beg his pardon, 'cause he's too hard on a fellow who doesn't mean any harm."

Gerald's impressions of his first teacher were unfavorable, and the bad effects that flowed therefrom were felt for several months. Owing to this misunderstanding Gerald fell into many more difficulties than would ordinarily happen to a boy even of his active habits and imaginative temperament.

(To be continued.)

Easter Song

"Awake, arise, for thy light is come"

By Lulu Whedon Mitchell

Awake! Throw off the sloth of fear and doubt,
With courage face the duties of to-day.
The stone before your sepulchre of sins,
An angel from on high shall roll away.

Awake! The snowdrop springs from darkest mold,
Green leaves from branches crooked, gnarled and bare;
From perished hopes the sweetest flowers bloom,
To make the altars of Our Father fair.

Arise! No longer dream in selfish ease,
But gird you for a brave, a manly part.
Your neighbor needs the cheer a smile can give,
Walk not with grief in fruitless paths apart.

Arise, O restless and unsatisfied!
Those that you mourn are safe within the fold.
For Love's sake take the living to your breast,
Warm with your eyes some hungry heart and cold.

Your light has come! O love, and serve, and strive!
Behold how clear, how radiant is the way.
The gate of God's fair garden turns for you,—
Walk therein, blest, this happy Easter day.

The Conquistadores in America

By ALFRED DE ROULET

THE idea that no government can be good, no civilization flawless, no national policy perfect but the American, has been so long and so persistently reiterated in our schools and colleges that many intelligent people actually believe it. We have been taught that when we contemplate the "Dominant Saxon" we have before our eyes the embodiment of all that is brave and good and noble in this world; that Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of political and religious liberty, and that Puritanism stood for education and humanity; that the name "Spaniard" was a synonym for unbridled lust and insatiable greed, for invincible ignorance and ferocious bigotry. All this we have been taught by a class of historians who, from the depths of their arm-chairs, compiled, from their imaginations, histories of lands and peoples they knew not of.

This class of fireside historians is rapidly being pushed aside to make room for a new school; men who replace romance and guesswork with shrewd common sense, by painstaking research in old documents and manuscripts and other original and credible sources; who write what they have proved to be correct rather than fabrications to support preconceived notions; who judge a civilization by its fruits instead of by personal prejudice. The history of the Spaniard in America, as shown by the investigations of such men as Bandalier, Lummis, and Morgan, is far different from the stories of Prescott and his followers.

The credit of giving America to the world belongs entirely to Spain. The Spaniards were not only the discoverers, but they were the explorers, the con-

querors, the colonizers, and the civilizers. The Spanish conquests, from first to last, have been marked by a humanity as surprising as it is unparalleled, and the treatment of the Indians by Cortez puts to shame that of the United States Government of the present day. For upwards of four hundred years Spain has maintained an Indian policy which for broad minded humanity has not been equalled by any nation in the history of the world. The policy of England and, unfortunately, of America, is embodied in the old jest anent the landing of the Pilgrims: "They fell upon their knees, then upon the Indians." Later, they spared their knees and devoted more time to the Indians.

Of the Spanish pioneers, a surprisingly large proportion were university men, and combined intelligence and humanity with heroism, and their conquests were unique in the strong missionary spirit displayed. The religious fervor of the Conquistadores was only equalled by their indomitable courage. To the friendly Indian the Spaniard was a brother; the hostile Indian he conquered, then treated him with a generous humanity the like of which at that time was unheard of, and which is none too common now. He did not rob the Indian of his lands, driving him on before him, enslaving or exterminating as suited his fancy. He did not teach him that treaties were made to be broken, that the red man was designed by a merciful providence for the profit of the white man; neither did he teach that an Indian agent could do no wrong, that an Indian had no rights a just government was bound to respect, that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. On the contrary, the Indian was taught that

CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

laws were made to be obeyed and that disobedience was not good for the health, but that so long as he obeyed the laws, he would be protected in his home, his family, and his property rights. This was his first lesson in citizenship. Then followed the arduous work of the missionaries in raising him from an ignorant savage to an intelligent Christian citizen.

The various sectarian missionary societies publish soul-stirring accounts of the degradation of the Mexican Indians under Spanish rule, and bewail the absence of our beneficent civilization. To appreciate fully the advantages to the Indian of our much lauded civilization over that of the crafty Spaniard, we might meditate upon the two hundred and fifty thousand Indians left of all our millions, and we might wonder how it happens that the majority of even these

are in territory which passed out of Spanish into American control within the last half-century. It might also surprise some of us to learn that the Indians in Spanish America are to-day more numerous and in incomparably better condition than they were four hundred years ago. It might be interesting to compare the Indians we have civilized, the Pequots, the Narragansets and the Onondagas, with the Indians the Spaniards have civilized—the Pueblos, for example, who originally were one of the fiercest tribes of Indians in New Mexico. The Indians apparently thrive better under "Latin degradation" than under Anglo-Saxon "assimilation."

Within twenty years of the landing of Cortez in Mexico, schools and colleges, asylums and hospitals for the Indians were springing up in all directions. Rather more than twenty years elapsed

after the landing of the Pilgrims before Indian schools were common in New England!

In 1524, Fray Pedro de Gante established a training-school for Indians in the City of Mexico, and from that time on every mission established by the Spaniards among the Indians had its training-school.

In 1527, Cortez not only built but endowed the Hospital of the Immaculate Conception, and twenty-six years later was built the Royal Mexican Hospital for Indians, an institution of two hundred and twenty beds. Both of these hospitals are still in existence, and carrying on their work of mercy.

In 1536, the first Bishop of Mexico, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, and the viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, set up the first printing-press in America, and during the following spring appeared the first book published in the New World, Fray Juan de Estrada's "Escala

Espiritual para llegar al cielo." Close on its heels followed vocabularies, catechisms, and books of devotion in twelve Indian dialects, while books of law, medicine, history, theology, philosophy and the like appeared in Latin and Spanish. The first music published in America was Espinosa's "Missale Romanum Ordinarium," which appeared in 1561, and was followed in 1584 by the "Psalterium Antiphonarium," a beautiful psalter printed in red and black and filled with engravings and illuminated initials. The "Bay Psalm Book," the oft-quoted "first book printed in the New World," appeared in 1640, while the famous "Elliott's Indian Bible" was without a reader within fifty years of its publication, the nation into whose language it had been translated having been exterminated by the whites.

As the Puritans were the exponents of education and intelligence, it might be interesting to call to mind the poets,

the historians, the authors and the philosophers developed by them among their Indian neighbors, the Delawares, the Mohawks, the Senecas, and others, yet the field was not one whit less promising than that found by the Spaniards among the Nahuatlacas, the Tarascans, the Zapotecs, the Mixtecs of Mexico, or the Araucanians in Chile, or the Incas in Peru. In Spanish America scarce twenty years had elapsed since the Conquest before a host of Indian writers of

large numbers of books in their various languages. Even the women were not neglected, and a poetess of rare excellence, Inez de la Cruz, flourished in Mexico in 1680 or thereabouts.

It is customary among a large class of would-be historians to assert that Cortez and Pizarro, in conquering Mexico and Peru, destroyed wonderful civilizations, which they replaced with an inferior brand "made in Spain." In his "Development of Europe," Draper gravely declares: "It has been Spain's evil destiny to ruin two civilizations, Oriental and Occidental, and to be ruined herself thereby. * * * In America she destroyed races more civilized than herself." In a textbook in common use in the public schools of the United States, glowing accounts are given of the "Empire of Montezuma." The author tells us that Montezuma sent ambassadors with costly presents to Cortez and his army, which by the way numbered less than three hundred and fifty men, to implore the Spaniards to proceed no farther. "But the cupidity of the Spaniards was now inflamed to the highest pitch, and burning their ships behind them, they began their march to the capital. The Mexican emperor, by his ambassadors, forbade their approach to his city. * * * The Spaniards came in sight of the city—a splendid and glittering vision of spires and temples; and the poor

HERNANDO CORTEZ.

no mean ability had appeared, among whom may be mentioned the Ixtlilxochitls, Camargo, Tezozomoc, and Zapata in Mexico, and Salcamayhua and Santa Cruz in Peru. In 1520 not an Indian in Mexico knew what a letter was; in thirty years they had been sufficiently educated to make it worth while to publish

Montezuma came forth to meet his remorseless enemies. * * * For a month Cortez remained quietly in the city. On every side he found inexhaustible stores of provisions, treasures of gold and silver * * * arsenals filled with bows and javelins. * * * The millions of natives who

swarmed around were becoming familiar with his troops * * * there were mutterings of an outbreak which threatened to overwhelm him in an hour. In this emergency the Spanish general adopted the bold and unscrupulous expedient of seizing Montezuma and holding him as a hostage. * * * As soon as the emperor was in his power, Cortez compelled him to acknowledge himself a vassal to the King of Spain and to agree to the payment of a sum amounting to \$6,300,000, with an annual tribute afterwards."

This makes an exceedingly interesting story, but unfortunately it is not true. We know now what the "Empire of Montezuma" really was. We know that Tenochtitlan (now the City of Mexico) instead of being the capital of a mighty empire was simply the chief pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy, a league of tribes banded together for the purpose of robbing their neighbors. Their tribal organization was identical with that of the present day Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Montezuma, or more correctly Moctezuma, instead of an emperor was merely the principal war-chief of the confederacy. He was not an emperor in any sense of the word, nor has there ever been an emperor in any tribe of American Indians, though historians have frequently applied royal titles to different chiefs, as Emperor Powhatan, King Philip, the Princess Pocahontas, and others. It would be as sensible to speak of King Sitting Bull, Emperor Scar-Face-Charley, Grand Duke Rain-in-the-Face, or the Marchioness Wild-Rose de Navajo.

The capture of Moctezuma and the so-called massacre of Cholula were both the acts of a man who, finding himself trapped, struck first. It might have been more courteous on the part of the Spanish commander to have allowed his involuntary hosts to massacre his command at their leisure, but he was prob-

ably a little rusty in the usages of ultra-polite society! Be that as it may, there were more Indians killed by the English during the settlement of Massachusetts than there were by the Spaniards in the conquest of Mexico; and more were destroyed in the desultory wars of Virginia than in the conquest of Peru.

WAR-GOD (HUITZILOPOCHTLI) OF THE NAHUATL CONFEDERACY.

The story of the ransom extorted from Moctezuma by the Spaniards is absolutely false, and is about as probable as would be a story to the effect that General Miles had extorted a similar sum

POPOCATEPETL.

from Geronimo and his Apaches when the last of the renegades were captured. Moctezuma had no vast stores of gold, while as for precious stones, he probably possessed a few opals, possibly a few native garnets, and probably a handful of comparatively worthless green turquoise. His palace blazing with gold and jewels is a myth.

The assertion of Draper that in America Spain destroyed civilizations superior to her own, simply voices the opinion of ignorant prejudice. In a certain book, widely quoted but little read, occur the words: "By their fruits ye shall know them." To-day one of the noblest and grandest Christian churches in America stands where formerly stood the *teocalli* upon whose reeking pyramid the quivering hearts of human victims were thrown before *Huitzilopochtli*, the war-god of the Aztecs, while their mutilated bodies were thrown down the steps to be ceremonially devoured by the multitude. On the site of the pueblo of the Nahuatl war-chief, the so-called emperor of a nation whose chief business in life was wholesale murder and robbery, is now the Mount of Pity, while nearby stands the Palace, for four centuries the seat of a government which, at its worst, was in-

finitely superior to the tribal government it supplanted.

Historians have long shown a tendency to belittle the achievements of the Conquistadores, principally on account of their alleged superiority in the matter of arms and armor over the Indians they conquered. This advantage was more apparent than real. The Spaniards conquered with the sword, in hand-to-hand fighting. Their armor not

only hampered their movements but afforded slight protection from the arrows and javelins of the savages. When broken or injured it could neither be replaced nor repaired. The few firearms they possessed were scarcely more effective than the bows of the Indians. The range of their guns was not appreciably greater than that of the bows of the savages, and in rapidity of fire were decidedly inferior. The artillery of the invaders consisted of a few diminutive brass cannon which might, under favorable circumstances, throw a small stone ball a hundred yards. At first the noise and flash of the discharge terrified the natives, but with familiarity came, not contempt, but a very sensible appreciation of the limitations of the white man's weapons.

The heroism of the Spaniards in the conquest of America has few parallels in history. Cortez, with a company numbering less than three hundred and fifty men, forced his way into the heart of the Nahuatl confederacy, deliberately walked into the trap prepared for him by the Indians, but turned the tables on his would-be captors by converting the trap—which according to Prescott was a palace of rare beauty, and according to Lummis, a more reliable authority, a

huge adobe house—into a fortress, and by capturing Moctezuma himself. Pizarro, with one hundred and seventy-seven men, marched into Caxamarca, the stronghold of the Incas, captured their war-chief, Atahualpa, and held his warriors at bay until reinforcements arrived from Panama. Of Pizarro's force three were armed with arquebuses, twenty with cross-bows, the rest with sword and lance. Their artillery consisted of two diminutive brass cannon which had been carried across the mountains on horseback. With only two hundred men Valdivia marched into Chile, and conquered, in their own mountains, the Ainaucanians, a tribe of Indians before whose savagery that of the Six Nations fades into insignificance. These are but samples of the kind of work accomplished in America by the Spaniards. Before Jamestown was dreamed of, they had discovered, explored, and partially colonized inland America from northern Kansas to Cape Horn and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Portuguese had a few settlements in Brazil.

An almost unknown chapter in American history is that of the work of the Spanish missionaries in the great Southwest. From a missionary standpoint, there never was a more hopeless field than Mexico and the southwestern corner of the United States; but the missionaries were equal to their task, and their untiring zeal and perseverance and unbounded faith led to the conversion to Christianity of hundreds of thousands of Indians. Arizona and New Mexico were discovered and partially explored by Fray Marcos de Nizza in 1539, and in the following year Francisco Vas-

PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

quez de Coronado led an expedition of two hundred and fifty men to colonize New Mexico. They reached Zuni in July, and from there Coronado sent small expeditions to the Grand Canon of the Colorado, to the Moqui pueblos in northeastern Arizona and to the Pueblo of Jemez in northern New Mexico. In Bernalillo, where he spent the winter, he heard from the Indians of the Quivira, a city of gold. In the spring he started in pursuit of the myth. Marching as far as the central portion of the Indian territory, he sent the majority of his men back into New Mexico, while with thirty companions he pushed on, reaching the northeastern corner of Kansas, where he found the Quivira, but no gold. He returned to Mexico in 1542, an unequalled explorer, but a failure as a colonist. While Coronado was tramping across Kansas, Hernando Alarcon explored the Colorado River as far as Great Bend, and Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo explored the Pacific coast to a point one hundred miles north of the Golden Gate.

Until 1597 the Spaniards paid little further attention to New Mexico. A number of missionaries were scattered throughout the country, and in 1532

Antonio de Espejo, with fourteen companions, explored northern Arizona, New Mexico and southwestern Texas. His plans for colonizing New Mexico were ended by his death in 1585.

In 1597, Juan de Onate led an expedition of four hundred colonists, including two hundred soldiers, with women and children, and herds of sheep and cattle, up the Rio Grande to a point north of the present site of Sante Fe, and there founded the town of San Gabriel de los Espanoles. Seven years later he built Sante Fe, the city of the Holy Faith of St. Francis. The colonization of New Mexico now proceeded rapidly, and the valley of the Rio Grande was soon occupied by a large number of scattered settlements. On account of the desert the colonists were confined to the valley along the Rio Grande, but the missionaries were under no such limitations. Alone and unarmed they penetrated the deserts to Colorado on the north, to the Moqui pueblos on the west, to Kansas on the east. No danger was too appalling, no hardship too frightful. Entirely alone, the missionary had to depend upon himself and the tender mercies of the savages. If they withheld food, he starved; if they wished to kill him, he could not resist. His labors were arduous in the extreme. Not only had he to learn the language of his flock, and gain their unwilling confidence, but he must convert them to Christianity; he must teach them to read and write, to abandon their barbarous customs, to farm by better methods, and he must

also look after their physical well-being. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock there were a dozen churches in New Mexico, not sod or log chapels, but massive structures of brick and stone, built by Christian Indians for their own use.

These missionaries received a salary of \$150.00 a year, payable every three years, and from this they not only had to pay for their transportation to their field of work, but they had to support themselves and pay the expenses of their church. Church debts did not enter into the calculations of the Propaganda of the Faith in civilizing America. In 1700, there had been more churches built in New Mexico for the use of the Indians than there had been built churches of all kinds in all the thirteen colonies combined. And the Spaniards had not confined their efforts to one territory, but their missions were scattered from southern California to Texas, and from Colorado to the Rio Grande. This should give a faint idea of the character and the extent of their work. The missionaries left an indelible impress upon the customs, language, and religion of every tribe with whom they came in contact. They did far more to win the great Southwest for Spain than did the Spanish soldiers. For every fort built by the soldiers, the padres established a dozen missions. Now, when the military power of Spain is almost forgotten, the influence of the teachings of her old missionaries is the ruling power in a vast section of our country.



Giles Selborne's Visions and Dreams

By M. G. M.



THE days that are no more" lie, for many of us, in a haze of golden mist. As we watch the fading sunlight in the west with varied emotions which are the product of the circumstances of the hour, so we look back to the past, sometimes with all the tenderness of regret, and sometimes, probably, with a very keen sense of relief and thankfulness that the past is past. But, as the glory of unnumbered sunsets paints the evening sky in vain for the busy thousands who find no time to watch its changing beauties, so it is only just now and then that we allow the memories that sleep soundly enough all through the restless turmoil of our day's work, to awake and take possession of us; it is only in hours of unwonted, and perhaps unwelcome, leisure, that the ghosts of old days haunt us whether we will or not. Such, at any rate, was Giles Selborne's experience, when, after living for years in a continuous whirl of commercial enterprises, beset with anxieties as plentiful as gnats on a summer evening, and difficulties as complicated as the tangles of a banyan tree, he suddenly found himself thrown out of the swirl and rush of city life, and a prisoner within the four walls of his own room. He lay stranded within sound of the ebb and flow of the tide of human activity in which he was wont to take his share, in consequence of an accident on the railway, from which he had escaped with an injured foot and an acute realization that shaken nerves do not belong exclusively to women. It had been a question of only a few feet to the right or the left whether he lived or died! Had he remained in the corner of the carriage he had occupied for the first half of his journey, he would have accomplished the

last stage of his pilgrimage to the world unseen, as the man had done who filled it at the moment of the collision.

For several years past Giles had been living chiefly in New York. He had left "the old country" of his birth some ten years before, and now was nearly forty. He had a way of making friends and, what is more rare, of keeping them, those at least who were the most worth keeping, but he had not made a "home" for himself in the English sense of the word. He was alone in the world as far as its best companionships are concerned; friends outside were kind and sympathetic, but still they were outside, and he was but one of their numerous circle of acquaintances.

Thus it fell out that he had now many hours which would have been lonely indeed had he not summoned the dear friends of past days to bear him company. Many a time he transported himself across the wide Atlantic and became once again a child, a schoolboy, or, more frequently still, a young man, and recalling the hopes and projects of his early manhood, he watched, with strange interest, how they had struggled with one another for survival and realization. He marvelled sometimes at the accuracy and minuteness with which he could bid such withered things revive and live again at will. In the dim twilight of a spring evening, the forms of familiar objects around him had gradually faded into indistinct outlines, and in their place arose other surroundings as distinctly and clearly as if they were indeed realities and not shadows of the past.

In a large oak-panelled room, in the recess of the open window through which floated the soft sweet breath of mignonette and roses, sat a woman.

By her side knelt a boy, a curly-headed, sunburnt lad of some twelve years. What is she saying that makes him bend his head so low? Ah! now he feels the gentle pressure of her hand, and he hears her say: "God keep you, my darling; be brave and true; fear God and know no other fear." Then he feels her kiss upon his brow, and he tries to say the good-bye bravely which, mercifully, he knew not was a good-bye for all time; he hears his father's voice calling him, and a minute later he has left the old home and "the things of a child" for ever. His eyes are dimmed with tears, of which surely he need not be ashamed, as he lives through that hour again. The words of Hood come into his mind, and he feels, alas! but too keenly that they are true of him, as he repeats the verse which ends: "Now 'tis little joy to know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy." He recalls all he can remember of his mother's life of gentle self-forgetfulness and devotion, and, almost unconsciously using the words of that prodigal son who has been depicted for us by Him, Whose Sacred Heart claims each poor wanderer as a brother, he says: "I am not worthy to be called her son."

But the scene has soon vanished, and the silence of the room is broken by the voices of two children who are the most frequent of all Giles' visitors. There is no mistaking their nationality; Silvio and his nine-year-old sister, Nuntiata, are no children of New York, though there, nevertheless, their lot is cast. A virulent fever had deprived them of both parents within a few days of each other, and they are indebted to the kindness of Giles Selborne for their present home with a family of their own nation and their own faith.

Signor Verano, the worthy master of the great workshop whence hundreds of crucifixes and statues issue during the course of a year, had willingly received

Giles' proteges into his house, promising, in due time, to teach them the branch of his trade which occupied his own son Pietro, and Paulina, his fair daughter; they both paint those beautiful statues which are the objects of Silvio's respectful admiration. He is but thirteen, but already he gives promise of soon becoming as proficient as his companions.

"Ah Signor Tio! are you not tired of being all alone here in the dark?" they asked.

Could they but have seen how quickly the ghosts of Giles' childhood crept back into the shadows whence they had come, and how their own merry chatter made him forget everything, for the time being, except themselves, they would have been well content, and when they had said their "Addio-a riverderla" an hour later, his thoughts turned rather to the future of the orphaned children than to the memories of his own past days. And yet before sleep overtook him that night, he felt once more a longing that would not be stilled for the touch of his mother's hand and the sound of the voice which had taught him all that he had ever really grasped of supernatural goodness and truth.

The sound of distant bells has a strange power over us sometimes, a power as potent in its influence as is the fortissimo and pianissimo of harmonious coloring in the sunset sky over the soul of an artist. Old memories revive and bring hot tears to eyes that weep but seldom; it is as if the voice of God makes itself heard in their music, and fills our hearts with yearnings for Himself.

It was Sunday evening, and Giles, wearied out with a succession of sympathising visitors, was glad to be alone again. The mellow tones of church bells, pealing far away, floated in through the open window, bringing with them a

crowd of old associations to take possession of his mind.

First came a vision of dim cathedral aisles; he was listening to sweet echoes of harmonious voices of men and boys, and once again he felt steal over him the combined influences of the music and of the great, solemn nave, with its long rows of mighty pillars, its lofty roof and its massive arches, half hidden, half revealed by the light which comes through the painted windows, as he used to feel them in his childish days when these things filled his soul with reverential awe.

But his thoughts did not linger long in the gloom of the ancient sanctuary; the poetry of his childhood had long ago been banished by the impressions of later years, and now Giles Selborne saw in the cathedrals of his native land only the sepulchres of a dead creed, monuments which commemorated a faith which had had its day and given place to modes of worship better suited to the spirit of the age. Nevertheless, for many a long year, whenever he had chanced to drop into Westminster Abbey or the cathedral of his native city with the devout intention of "hearing the Anthem," he had been haunted by a keen and irritating consciousness of the utter want of harmony between the ancient shrines of Catholic worship and the services of the new religion of the "Reformed" Church. He felt that the old faith has enshrined itself in the very stones, and has left its indelible touch upon every spire and tower, buttress and niche of the vast piles raised by the devotion of past generations to the glory of God.

And now his thoughts leap over some seven or eight years of school life, and he imagines that he is walking over pleasant fields, in the morning sunshine, towards the old gray village church. He walks through the churchyard, noting the blackened, moss-covered tombstones of ancient date and the more modern

monuments of rural art, and, obeying the summons of the one sonorous bell, he passes on through the porch into the sacred building. Once again he hears the droning voices of the old minister and the still more superannuated clerk, whose long-winded "Amens" had many a time provoked the nudges and smothered laughter of Giles' irreverent companions. So comical was the remembrance that he indulges now in a laugh which he does not try to check, and which elicits an enquiring response from the faithful fox terrier at his feet.

And then his mind turns to a very different Sunday scene; he is in the heated atmosphere of a crowded city church, listening to the voice of a celebrated preacher as it rises in loud, clear tones and then again sinks almost to a whisper. If only he could recall the subject-matter of that eloquent discourse! He tries and tries in vain, till his brain is wearied with his endeavors, to recall any definite impression that the torrent of words has left behind, and he gladly turns his attention to another picture which suddenly presents itself to his mental vision—one to which his mind reverts with the readiness of habit. He is sitting in a shady, peaceful garden on a Sunday evening. The fragrance of the June roses and honeysuckle fills the air, and a thrush is singing his clear, musical song again and again, as if to tell all creation how happy he is. Giles does not heed these things although he is aware of them; he can see nothing but the face of a woman—a face endowed with great sweetness of expression and a strength of calm resolution, although her dark eyes are full of tears as they meet his, and there is a tremor in her voice as she says:

"It could not be, Giles. My duty is to stay at my post as long as I am wanted. How could I leave him to the care of others?"

"He is but your stepfather, and if he had ever treated you as a daughter it would be different! When has he ever shown you either gratitude or affection? Your life is a thankless slavery!"

There was a minute or two of silence, and then he hears her say:

"I can soothe his last years of helplessness and that is a sufficient reward. It is better for us both that no special tie should bind us to each other; your work lies far away—it would not be well that you should be bound—"

"Tell me," he breaks in passionately, "have you ceased to love me, Nona?"

"Giles, dear Giles, have you ceased to trust me?"

"No, never! I trust you still!" he said aloud. "It is just five years since my last visit to England, and the old man was still living a few months ago! Her youth has been sacrificed—"

But here his reverie was interrupted as it had been the day before, only this time Silvio was alone. His face was flushed, and the light of recent anger shone in his large, dark eyes. Silvio is very sensitive, very affectionate, and he is but slowly learning how to bear the jostling of the crowd as he goes along the highway of life.

"Tio mio," he burst out, after a few minutes' talk, "tell me, it is not true that you are—"

"That I am what?" questioned Giles.

"Infedele scellerato," whispered the boy, using his native tongue, as he always did when much excited.

"An infidel? No it isn't true, Silvio mio; I am as much a Christian as you are. Who says I am not?"

"Antonio, Giovanni, Patrick and the rest who work at Signor Verano's with me; but now I will tell them that you are as good a Catholic as they themselves."

"Stop a bit, Silvio; I didn't say Catholic, I said Christian."

"But it is the very same, Signor Tio; how can a man be a Christian and not also a Catholic?"

"It is a long story, caro mio, but it is as I say. I am not a Catholic, but I believe in God and in Christ—"

"And in the Madonna Immacolata?"

Giles hesitated whether to say yes or no, but ended by making a sign of assent.

"Then you must be a Catholic; you believe in the Saviour and in His Blessed Mother, and you are good."

Silvio listened with a puzzled expression to Giles' explanations, and finally went away sad at heart, for, after all, the boys were right and he could not contradict them. How could poor Silvio unravel the tangles of controversy, and find out at a minute's notice what is meant by a Christian who is not a Catholic! There was only one religion in his dear native village, which he had left but eighteen months ago; there the Church was the centre of the lives of all the simple peasants. The names of the Incarnate God and His Immaculate Mother were the first words he had learned to utter, and all his life he had carried his childish joys and sorrows to the tabernacle of the Sacred Heart and to the shrine of the Madonna; and Maria, his dear and beautiful Mother, was all the dearer to him now that he had no mother upon earth.

"So they say I am an infidel, do they!" mused Giles. "I certainly have not given much external evidence of my religious convictions, and, softly be it said, it would puzzle me to put them down clearly in black and white. It seems to me they would chiefly take the form of negations, whereas my hot-headed little Silvio is so violently positive about the articles of his creed! After all said and done, it is something to have a definite faith—to have something to lean upon!"

And Giles recalled a very unpleasant sensation he had experienced at the moment when a violent death seemed immi-

ment; a feeling that he was slipping out of time into darkness from which his whole being shrank in fear, a darkness peopled with terrors which were the product of his own conscience.

"Thank God, I am still here," he thought, "but before long the last act of my life will be played out and the curtain drawn before the eyes of the spectators. I suppose then these charitable youths will say hard things of me; but it won't much matter; Silvio will say a kind word for me! Some will be left behind the happier for my friendship—"

Giles was not sorry when the entrance of a welcome visitor turned his thoughts into another channel.

"Another week and you may safely get about again," said the doctor. "A run over to England? By all means, the very best thing you can do!"

Giles Selborne's longings to see the old country (perhaps I should rather say one little spot in that country, or even the grave, sweet face of one little woman who dwelt therein) had grown more and more intense as the weary weeks of convalescence went by. The idea of freedom, even the limited freedom of life on board ship, was delightful to a man who had been cooped up in two rooms for more than two months. He resolved to secure a berth on board the "Titania," which was advertised to start just ten days later.

But New York had still something to show him before he should leave the great, busy city; something which would be a lifelong memory, compounded, like so many that we cherish, of mingled sweetness and sorrow. One can scarcely imagine what it will be in "the land beyond the sea" to remember without pain!

Giles sat at his desk, looking over and docketing sundry papers and letters one afternoon a few days later, when he was startled by a hasty knock, followed by the unceremonious entrance of Signor Verano. There was a look on his vis-

itor's face that made Giles exclaim: "Why, man, what is the matter?"

Verano's voice was scarcely audible (he always spoke in a hoarse whisper when he was in trouble) as he answered:

"The boy, Signor, Silvio—"

"What of him?"

"He dies! Ah Madonno Mia, he is lost, crushed—"

"Dying! Good heavens, man, tell me what is wrong with the lad?"

"The carriage has knocked him down, the horse has kicked him—he is lost!"

"Where is he?"

"In the workshop; it was quite near, and they carried him in."

"I will come with you," said Giles, rising quickly and making a strong effort to master a strange feeling of weakness that had come over him. Verano led the way downstairs to the street, whence they drove with all speed to their destination. The accident had occurred about noon and it was now nearly four o'clock; terribly injured, Silvio lay, as Verano had truly said, awaiting the moment of death. He had recovered consciousness but an hour ago, and he had asked for Giles, whose connection with the boy every one else had forgotten. As the two men entered the long, low workshop, they saw at the further end a kneeling group of men and boys; they were assisting Silvio with their prayers as the priest gave him Holy Viaticum. Signor Verano bent low in adoration, and Giles knelt too, he knew not why, gazing at the white face which was lighted up with a radiance of joy and peace such as he had never seen on any face before. The silence was broken only by the voice of the priest and an occasional stifled sob from one of the boys.

"Go forth, Christian soul." The words fell like a shock on Giles' ear; was death indeed so near! He had hoped Silvio would recognize his presence before the end. The sufferer lay

with closed eyes, and the gray shadows which precede dissolution were already clouding his face when, suddenly stretching out his arms and gazing intently at some object which was visible only to himself, he cried, in his native tongue: "See, how beautiful she is! Madre Immaculata, I come, I come." And so faith was changed to sight, and Silvio's sorrow and pain into changeless joy.

The Angel Guardians who watched beside Giles Selborne throughout the long hours of that night, heard the cry that rose, again and again, from the very depths of his soul: "Oh! God, could I but die like this! How thin is the veil which hides the realities of the world unseen from the eye of faith! Such faith as Silvio's has power to turn all sorrows into peace! My God! could but such faith be mine!"

When Giles, some six weeks later, landed once more upon English soil, something of his old vigor took possession of him, and he might even have forgotten that he had been ill if the old friends with whom he soon came in contact had not been so careful to remind him of it. He wrote to Nona from Southampton before starting for town, and the last post on the following evening (it chanced to be a Saturday) brought him her welcome home, and told him that she had been living in London since her stepfather's death a few months before.

So far, then, as the old familiar surroundings were concerned, their meeting would not be a fulfilment of Giles' day-dreams. But what of that? We can do without the poetry of past associations when the present brings us the refreshing draught of happiness which sends us on our way with joy. The longing for a love which should understand him, bear with him, help him in his best

aspirations, and accept his love in return—in short, the craving for a true woman's sympathy, was strong within him as he read Nona's answer to his note.

He was selfish? Of course he was, and I should like to see the ordinary man who is a stranger to selfish longings when the weariness of life presses hardly upon him! Yet in justice to Giles it must be said that long ago he had heard from Nona's own lips that she loved him—the question was did she love him still? if so, was not her need of companionship and sympathy as great as his own?

Time had pressed with a heavier hand upon her than upon him, and it was not the Nona for whom he had framed a background of apple-blossom and sunshine who came to greet him. She was pale and worn, but her smile was as winning and her manner as cordial as ever. There was so much to say and to hear that the air throbbed with the vibrations of the evening bells, and still Giles had not asked for the answer to the one question on which his happiness depended. But at last he hears her saying in response, that she is changed, that her whole soul has changed, that she has a new faith, a new estimate of all things in heaven, on earth, and under the earth—for she is a Catholic!

And Giles, to her intense astonishment, answered, "Thank God!"

He, Who is no man's debtor, had chosen that at the hour of his death Silvio should repay a thousandfold that which was owing to his benefactor, for the dawn of faith had shed its light upon his soul, and day by day was growing into the clearness of a positive conviction that there is a mighty energizing power enshrined in the Church of the Living God, whereby men may live in blessed union with Him all their days and die in His embrace.

Giles Selborne was one of the many thousands who are Protestants simply because they were born so. He had accepted things as he found them—that there was anything better than the religion of the Church by State established, never entered his head. He had usually accommodated himself with wonderful elasticity to the particular ritual of any church he chanced to enter (he had, however, avoided Ritualistic services, properly so-called); if a good sermon awakened stronger religious sentiments than he was ordinarily conscious of, so much the better; if not, he had at any rate fulfilled a weekly duty demanded of him by his sense of social propriety.

But now, as Nona had justly said, everything was changed; he began to take into account, as he never had done before, a higher Divinity than either his

own self-respect or the good opinion of the respectable section of society. Gradually his eyes opened upon a new world, and his estimate of all things in heaven and on earth became new also. For the Catholic Church in making him her son endowed him with spiritual sight; he had been conscious of miseries in the depth of his own soul from which he sought in vain to escape, but now, “absolved and free,” he rose to a higher life and like the Ethiopian of old, “went on his way rejoicing.”

And his day-dreams, in which Nona had filled so large a place, were more than realized. Giles no longer indulges in solitary musings, for she shares his life's joys and sorrows, while in unity of heart they seek that City set upon the everlasting hills, in which they shall dwell evermore who “are written in the Book of Life, of the Lamb.”

The Dawn

By William J. Fischer

We know not when 'twill be, but Death one day
 Will come, like some black thief in gloomy night,
 And close our eyes forever 'gainst the light
 Of sun and moon and stars—then steal away,
 While swift our soul speeds from her human clay
 To meet the Saviour's face so tender, bright,
 Waiting her sentence, after life's drear fight—
 Hell's endless night of woe or Heaven's day!

O what is life, that we should thus forget
 The joyful dawn that waits beyond the gloom
 To greet our souls, while in the cold, sad tomb
 We turn to earth? Why should we doubt it yet?
 There is a life that crowns Sin's battle won,
 A life of rest in far-off glowing spheres,
 Where angels sing love-hymns through endless years,
 Where Christ's the Light—the soul's eternal Sun.

OFFICERS LAYING DUMMY MINES.

Mine-Laying and Mine-Destroying

By J. M. COSGROVE

SUBMARINE warfare, as exemplified by the mine and the torpedo, has already played a great part in the naval drama now being enacted in the Far East. The attacks on Russian vessels at Port Arthur by the Japanese Mosquito Fleet, resulting in the torpedoing of several ships, demonstrate the terrible potentialities of torpedo-craft if skillfully handled (and the Japs have little or nothing to learn in this respect), and the deadly character of the modern Whitehead automobile fish-torpedo.

Then, again, the accidental sinking of the Russian "mining transport" Yenissei—two officers and ninety men being killed by the explosion of a submarine

mine whilst she was engaged in laying mines herself in Port Arthur—serves as a striking illustration of the dangers, both to friend and foe, of this modern method of naval warfare. There is a great deal of mystery about this incident.

Mines are of two classes: Self-acting, or contact, and controlled, or observation. The Yenissei ought to have been laying controlled mines, for contact mines, which go off if a ship touches them, would be equally harmful to Russian as to Japanese vessels. Possibly a "live" mine got mixed up with some controlled mines and so blew up the luckless Yenissei.

H. M. S. Vernon is the Torpedo School of the Royal Navy, and here officers and men go through courses of

study in torpedoes and mines, in the mechanism and management of submarine-boats, in electricity as used on shipboard, in wireless telegraphy, and a host of other scientific subjects.

The school consists of two old hulks moored in Portsmouth Harbor, while H. M. S. Excellent, the famous Gunnery School, now presided over by Captain Percy Scott, is situated on Whale Island.

Mining—namely, the laying of submarine mines for the defence of the English coasts in time of war—would be carried out, for the most part, by the Submarine Mining Companies of the corps of Royal Engineers, which are stationed all over the world. Should the English, however, wish to lay mines across a harbor to prevent the egress or ingress of the enemy's fleet, this work would be accomplished by the mining experts in the Royal Navy.

Mines which go off directly a ship's hull touches them are of two kinds: mechanical and electrical. Controlled mines are divided into two classes: electro-contact and observation. The explosive charge consists of guncotton sufficient to disable utterly, if not sink, any vessel coming within their range.

Controlled mines are manipulated by an observer on shore, who can allow friendly ships to pass over them in safety, but can destroy hostile vessels. Circumstances occur, of course, in which each kind of mine would have its own particular use.

Counter-mining, or mine-destroying, would

be carried out in war time by sailors. There are three different ways in which a mine-field may be destroyed: (1) counter-mining, (2) sweeping, (3) creeping. Counter-mines are mines which are exploded in the neighborhood of the enemy's mines in order to destroy them, and counter-mining is the operation of laying such mines.

Counter-mines are carried either on a special counter-mining launch or on an ordinary launch; as a rule, twelve five-hundred-pound mines, similar to observation-mines, together with the buoys, etc., are loaded on the launch, which is taken in tow by a tug or gunboat, one of the firing batteries being placed on the towing steamer, and the other on

PREPARING A MINE.

board ship in a towed battery-boat. As the men engaged in laying counter-mines in time of war will be exposed to the enemy's fire, it is essential that the work shall be carried out with the greatest celerity.

The sailors undergoing instruction on H. M. S. Vernon are very frequently drilled in mine-destroying, and the evolution is a very interesting one to watch. So perfect is the practice in every detail that one feels assured that, when called upon to undertake the task of destroying the mines laid by a real enemy, the "handy men" who have learned their lesson well on the Vernon will do what is required of them in the most efficient manner possible.

Thanks to the automatic method of heaving the mines overboard, there is no necessity for any one to be on board the launch itself; the first buoy is dropped by a hauling-line from the tow-

ing-vessel, and the mines follow in rapid succession. When all are laid, the tug-boat uses a red flag in daytime and rockets at night; the firing-batteries are then connected, while the firing-key is pressed simultaneously at the firing-batteries, and the mines of the enemy are at once exploded. The method of mine-destroying known as "sweeping" would not be carried out under the enemy's fire, but might be resorted to after the conclusion of hostilities, in order to clear any mine-field likely to injure the conquering fleet.

For "sweeping," the men of the Vernon employ two boats which tow the "sweep"—a contrivance composed of twenty fathoms of two-inch "rounding," with charges of guncotton at each end, and fitted with irons to catch the mooring-ropes of mines. When a "sweep" reveals the presence of a mine, the boats retire to a safe distance and fire the

charge. A fresh supply of explosive is then fitted into the "sweep," and the boats proceed as before.

The object of "creeping" is to cut or explode the cables connecting the mines with the firing-stations and to destroy the multiple-junction wires. The usual method is to use two "creeps," an explosive grapnel and an Admiralty pattern "creep." The former consists of a charge of about two and a quarter

pounds of guncotton, contained in a primer-tin and fitted with detonators. This charge is surrounded by three large steel hooks, turned outwards, and fixed to the grapnel and charge is a stout rope with a single insulated cable carefully stripped along it. One end of the cable is taken to the battery in the boat, and the other end to one of the detonators in the charge, the other detonator being connected to a wire and earth-plate.

Tuesdays With Friends

A Critical Point of View

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE moment I enter this house," said the Critic, putting two lumps of lemon in his tea, "I feel as if I were out of the world, and in a place of leisure." He rose, set down his cup, and kissed the Bishop's ring. The Bishop, entering, smiled, and took his chair in the bay window.

"Nothing is changed since my last visit," said the Bishop. "Once a year I drop into this house on my way homeward,—and there are always rest and tea; I formerly despised tea in the afternoon as rather an affected English custom; but now I think it is a good thing. It, at least, gives an excuse for a little leisurely conversation. When I first went out of the West to Ireland, for a visit, I was asked to tea at five o'clock. Now, in my bailiwick 'tea' meant a substantial meal. And, looking forward to that sort of thing, I ate rather frugally at noon. When I discovered that five o'clock tea meant only tea, talk and a biscuit, I was correspondingly disappointed. I like the custom; it offers a breathing space in a long day."

"Breathing spaces," said the Critic, "are rare in our days. We're all being

driven forward like those unhappy beings,—I forget their names,—in Dante's "Inferno." We haven't even time for good manners. Quick lunches and 'rush' destroy the amenities of life. You say a gruff good-morning to your neighbor now-a-days, and forget all about him. Look at our young people! They seem to have no reverence for anybody. Fathers and mothers are treated by their children as equals. The old-fashioned reverence of children for parents has gone out of fashion."

"And I am not sure that it's a bad thing, after all," said the Lady of the House, "the old-fashioned father was somewhat unreasonably exacting; even some old-fashioned mothers were no better. We mothers of to-day may not receive so much outward reverence, but I am sure that we keep younger longer because we live with our children, and not above them."

The Critic groaned in a dissatisfied manner. The Bishop smiled.

"Our young people seem to me to be very respectful," he said, "and I am sure that the breed of altar boys has improved since my time. They are certainly more gentle, certainly less boisterous, and I

think that they have a greater sense of responsibility. God bless the boys!"

The Critic's face did not relax. "You don't live among them, Bishop. Of course, all boys treat a Bishop respectfully. I think that the manners of the modern boy are execrable, for the reason that he always does what he wants to do,—and the worst manners are those of the people that are only amiable when they feel amiable, and who make no attempt to control the outward manifestations of their emotions or moods. I know that the Bishop will recall what I have heard him say in his sermon on the mustard seed, that the true Christian will not neglect outward consideration and kindness, no matter what his mood is. Nevertheless, he frequently does. Theoretically, he may hold enthusiastically that Newman's definition of a gentleman is correct—"

"But," said the Lady of House, "what has all this to do with boys? To a mother there's no subject more interesting than boys—her own, or other people's."

"Boys," said the Critic, holding out his cup to be refilled, "are mere animals,—oh, I know they have souls,—I'm not naturalistic,—in their point of view of life. You have to teach them everything. You can't leave anything to their reason. There's my nephew, Dick; he never thinks of opening a door for a lady or pulling out a chair for her at the dinner table. He'll plump down into his own chair the moment he reaches the table; he will not even wait for grace to be said; but, with a face on which the expectation of 'grub' is written on every feature, he looks at—"

"Oh, come," murmured the Bishop, laughing, "don't calumniate the boy. You must excuse me for interrupting you; but, really, do you always remember to say grace when your nephew dines with you?"

The Man of the House, who had been silent, was heard to chuckle.

"Well, no," answered the Critic, rather reluctantly.

"Perhaps your nephew has got out of the way of expecting it," said the Bishop, "boys, like men, are creatures of habit you know. If a boy expects grace to be said at table, he will hardly plump down in his chair without waiting for it."

"Oh, it's not only my nephew," said the Critic, unabashed, "it's all boys. And girls, too,—in fact, I think girls have worse manners than boys,—if that's possible. Your modern girl screams, she crosses her legs, when she sits down, in a way that would shock the gentleman of the old school."

"Girls might modulate their voices," the Lady of the House admitted, "but I am sure you seldom see a girl out of a convent with a shrieking voice."

The Critic sniffed.

"Athletics are the ruin of good manners," he resumed, "base-ball does the work. Young male creatures are never still. They have no leisure to learn anything; they are spoiled from the cradle."

"I must go," said the Bishop, rising. "I think you promised me those three little volumes of Dante," he added, turning to the Lady of the House, "and if you don't mind I'll take them now."

"I'll get them at once," she said, moving towards the door, near which the Critic sat. She paused for a moment at the knob. The Critic, deep in his thoughts, frowned and remained seated; and then she opened the door herself.

The Bishop smiled again, and the Man of the House, at the other end of the room, chuckled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Critic.

"Oh, nothing," answered the Bishop, demurely, "only the thought crossed my mind that you'd never taught your nephews by example how to open a door for a lady!"

UNENTERED PORTS

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "A Son of Adam," "Cardome," "Borrowed from the Night," "Racing the Whirlwind," Etc.

XI.

AS Howe finished reading the telegram, his mind, dulled by the intelligence it conveyed, reverted to and dwelt upon the insignificant fact that Mrs. Boyd, with characteristic forgetfulness, had not signed her name; but his face grew white and the hand that held the sheet of paper trembled. His host, noticing these signs of perturbation, and alarmed by them and the continued silence, said:

"I hope it is nothing serious, Judge?"

Howe handed him the telegram in reply, and stood gazing with unseeing eyes on the scene before him.

"Oh! this is too bad!" exclaimed the other sympathetically. "I knew Mrs. Delgare's father very well. I must get the horse and buggy ready for you immediately."

As he spoke, he turned abruptly away to spare his guest embarrassment when he should recover from the shock; as he went, he wondered what Mrs. Delgare could be to this man that the news of her son's illness should thus render him speechless. Presently Howe regained control of his faculties, and as the dire knowledge swept across his mind, it rendered him keenly alive and swift to act where before he had been partially paralyzed.

Two hours' fast driving brought him to the old farm-house, nestling among its orchard-covered hills. A negro maid met him at the door and in reply to his anxious inquiry, told him that the child still lived. He scribbled a few words on his card and bade her take it to Mrs. Delgare. Presently the girl returned

and asked him to accompany her. A subdued light filled the room into which she led him, and the fragrance of the June roses greeted him at the doorway. There was an atmosphere of infinite peace and quiet happiness, which the little white-robed figure, propped up by snowy pillows, and the erect, kneeling woman, heightened. Howe went to the bedside and Mrs. Delgare rose to meet him. One glance at her face told him that strength and the power of endurance had all but forsaken their ancient throne. He knew that he must be strong for both. He took her hand in his steady, firm grasp, and looking down into her dry, burning eyes, said:

"Mrs. Boyd telegraphed me of your trouble, and asked me to come in her stead. She is ill and Mr. Boyd is in Canada. How did it happen?"

His words and demeanor had instant effect on her overwrought emotions. She withdrew her hands and eyes, and said, with something of her well-remembered quietude:

"He was thrown from a horse the day before yesterday. They did not think anything of it at first, but at midnight he began to grow worse; then they sent for me. There is no hope. He suffers intensely, so the doctor has to keep him under the influence of an opiate. I do not think he knows that I am here."

Howe's eyes had been quickly removed from her face, the anguish of which was rending his soul; they were now fixed on the little boy resting among the pillows. The lids were closed, the lips apart and purple, the breast rising and falling with deep respirations. He

saw that the end was closer than the mother thought.

As thus he gazed, helpless to render the service of love to the suffering woman standing mute and powerless before her approaching loss, the boy opened his eyes with consciousness gleaming from their sad depths. He saw Howe, and the ghost of a smile flitted across the ashen countenance.

"I'm so glad you have come," he said faintly. "I wanted to ask you something. Are you the little boy you told me about?"

"Yes, John," replied the Judge in muffled tones.

"I thought maybe you were," he said, weakly, "and I just kept wishing ever since that you knew my mother, and then you wouldn't be lonesome any more. There never was any one better to a fellow than my mother, and though you are a big man, she would be good to you, too, if I were to tell her how I love you. I'm so sleepy I can't talk any more, but I do wish my mother was here so I could introduce you."

"John! John!"

Mrs. Delgare's voice, in accents of uncontrollable sorrow, pierced the stillness of the room and drew back the child from the out-reaching arms of the everlasting sleep.

"O mother! when did you come?" he cried feebly, lifting his little arms.

She flung herself upon the bed and gathered him to her breaking heart, while her misery escaped her in tearless sobs. Thus she held him until the nurse, withdrawing her finger from the pulseless wrist, said to the man at the other side of the couch:

"He is dead!"

He waited, thinking she, too, had heard the dread announcement; but as she continued to hold the misshapen little figure against her breast, he laid his hand tenderly on her arm, and said:

"He is now with God."

"I know it," she said, looking up at him with dry eyes, but her clasp did not loosen from the stiffening figure of the child.

"Then won't you come away?" he asked, laying his hand on hers, that were locked tightly over the waxen fingers. "Come!" he pleaded; but she failed to obey, although her face had grown white as the one above which she bent.

"You must get her away," said the nurse, in a quick, anxious voice. "This is too much for her weak heart," she finished in lower tones.

On thus finding his gravest fears confirmed by the nurse, Howe seemed to lose all control of his emotions.

"Have you no pity for me, Lenore?"

The words broke from his pain-racked heart. They were a signal to her that she had too long abandoned her post, and womanlike she hastened back to her place of duty. With a long, passionate kiss, she laid the stiffening figure back on the pillows and permitted the Judge to take her from the room.

When he came back a little later, he found a white-haired woman kneeling by the bed, her face buried on the coverlet, her form shaken by weeping. He knew that this was Mrs. Delgare's step-mother, and waited until her grief subsided before announcing his presence. Presently she lifted her head; the Judge went to her side and in a few words explained the reason of his presence. As they stood there, speaking the sad, broken words we utter in these first moments of bereavement, the maid who had admitted Howe entered the apartment, and approaching her mistress, said, in tones of constraint:

"Mis' Grayson, Mis' Lenore says will you please get somebody to go an' tell Mistah Delgare?"

The old woman drew back with a sharp cry of pain.

"Tell her I can't!" she cried excitedly: "I have no one to send."

For a breathing space Howe stood in absolute silence; then he said:

"I am at your service, Mrs Grayson."

He saw the tall figure straighten until it grew marblelike in its rigidity, as she said with chilling formality:

"Thank you, Judge Howe, for the kindness which prompts your offer; but we do not know where Mr. Delgare lives, and if we did, I, for one, do not wish him to be told of the child's death."

"But Mrs. Delgare does," he protested, "and I know where he is to be found," as over his mind swept the memory of Editor Brady's information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Delgare's husband.

"I do not know why Lenore should do this," cried Mrs. Grayson, breaking into fresh tears. "He hated the child as he hated her."

"But he is the father, he has a right to know," insisted the Judge.

"Right!" she exclaimed, anger blazing through the tears that hid her dim eyes. "Our baby would be alive and well but for him, for he never would have fallen from the horse if he had been like other children, and he would have been like other children if it were not for that cruel, cruel man. He struck her and she fell, and her child was born misshapen and ailing, and he mocked her in her suffering and sorrow! And now she wants to send for this monster! You won't, you can't go now, Judge Howe," she pleaded, clasping her hands on his arm.

His face was ashen and there was a light in his eyes that his enemies dreaded, but although his voice was wavering, he said instantly:

"Mrs. Grayson, I do not understand at all—I only know it is her behest and I must obey it."

Hearing the answer, her hands fell from his arm, and with great pity for him welling up from her tender heart,

she turned from him and went to the couch on which the dead child lay.

Howe walked slowly from the house to the garden gate where stood the horse and buggy that had conveyed him hither.

"Isn't there a train for Cincinnati at twelve o'clock?" he inquired of the negro who had accompanied him.

"Yes, sah, but you can't kotch it," he answered.

"I can try," returned the Judge, stepping into the buggy. The horse and locomotive reached the wayside station simultaneously, and Howe started on his miserable journey.

Early in the afternoon he found himself standing before the house that Brady had named. An untidy woman answered his ring, and on hearing the name of the person he sought, shut the door in his face with the remark that he would have to go elsewhere to get information concerning Mr. Delgare. He turned away, smitten by a sense of shame, and went on blindly for several minutes. It was all so dark. Grope where he would he could not find the slightest clue leading to the light. They had been brought together, out of the loneliness of his life, the tragedy of hers, seemingly for no other purpose than to increase the former, deepen the latter. Why should this be? Why had he been brought into her life since Fate left him powerless to help her?

At the corner stood a policeman whom the Judge accosted with an inquiry concerning Delgare.

"I know the fellow you're after," replied the official, "but you won't find him in this locality now. I think his wife must have turned him off."

"That woman is not his wife," corrected the Judge.

"I didn't suppose she was," answered the officer, with composure. "If you want to see your man right away, you'd better go to the pool-room across the river."

Following the direction, Howe reached the place at a moment when the interest in a race then being run miles away was at its height, and while the assembly waited in breathless expectation the next announcement of the operator, which meant loss or gain, Howe studied the faces of the men. One especially held his attention. He was slightly built, his face, marred as it was by dissipation, still told of the comeliness it had once possessed, and the shabby clothes and soiled linen were worn with the bearing of one who had been a gentleman. Howe felt a secret conviction that that wreck of life was the one he sought, and the revulsion of feeling he experienced at being thus brought face to face with the unworthy husband of her whom he loved and revered, made him turn from the place. He could not speak to that creature; he could not bring himself to acknowledge him as the husband of Lenore, the father of her dead child. He would say that he had not been able to find Delgare. Acting on this resolution, he was moving toward the door, when his way was barred by an officer who asked if he were looking for some one. He could not now deny his mission, and he mentioned the name of the person he sought.

"That's him yonder, the fellow with the derby hat with the dent in the side," replied the officer, and the Judge saw that his suspicions were verified.

"I wish to speak with him," explained Howe. "Will you ask him to come outside?"

The officer moved forward to execute the behest, and Howe turned toward the door. He stood on the pavement, waiting the coming of Delgare, who presently appeared, and said:

"Are you the gentleman who wished to see Mr. Delgare?"

"Yes," replied the Judge. "My name is Howe."

"I am at your service, Mr. Howe,"

returned Delgare, with a courtliness that would have shocked many of his associates.

"I am the bearer of sad news for you, Mr. Delgare," began the Judge. "Your little boy died at eleven o'clock this morning. Mrs. Delgare wished you to be informed."

For an instant the keen eyes of Howe saw a change on the face before him, but it was only for an instant; then he said with brutal indifference:

"So the kid's gone, is he? I am sorry for that. I wanted him to live always, to be a care on her and a burden. But luck always did favor her, damn her!"

The fierce anger that leaped into his heart warned Judge Howe that it was time for him to leave. Without further words, he wheeled about and started down the street, when the man's cruel, mocking laugh brought him to a standstill and turned him around with white face and clenched hands.

"Don't feel so cut up, pard, over the message I sent to your lady," he sneered. "She won't mind."

The Judge walked back slowly and stood directly before the speaker.

"Mr. Delgare," he said, with terrible calmness, "I am the Judge of Bourbon County, in Kentucky. I met Mrs. Delgare at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, of Paris, with whom I stop. I am visiting in Boone County, and this morning I received a telegram from Mrs. Boyd, telling me of the child's illness and asking me to go to see Mrs. Delgare in her stead. Mrs. Boyd is ill and her husband is not at home. Now, sir, apologize for your insulting remark!"

The human brute is generally a coward in the presence of a superior, whether moral or physical; Delgare crouched before the white anger of Howe's face and abjectly craved the pardon of the stranger.

At the corner of the street, the Judge paused, undecided whether he should re-

turn to Mrs. Delgare's home. His love and sympathy drew him there by their strong bands, but prudence seemed to forbid. Yet, he reasoned, his eyes on the long suspension bridge with its ever-changing picture of humanity and its interests, if she were a friend or an acquaintance, he would not thus forsake her in her time of trouble. Why, then, should he withdraw from her when she was dearer than either? Why, because he loved her, should he leave her alone? He felt he could go back and take a brother's place by her side, and when this hour of sorrow was past, go from her deserving her grateful benediction. As thus he stood in debate with himself, he heard uncertain steps coming down the pavement behind him; glancing across his shoulder, he saw that he was being followed by Delgare.

"You didn't tell me what caused the kid's death," he observed as he drew near.

"He was thrown from a horse," answered Howe coldly.

"You think they gave you straight goods when they told you that?" he questioned. "You see," he explained, "the boy was something of an incubance, and she might have tried to get him out of her way."

The Judge listened with immovable countenance and Delgare looked baffled. His suspicions of the man might be incorrect after all, and perhaps he really was the disinterested stranger he had asserted himself to be. But his wily brain sent him on another track.

"I've heard," he continued, "that she has been investing her earnings for the benefit of the boy; now that he is dead, I have a right to half of them, haven't I?"

"If the money has been invested in his name, yes, you have a legal right to your share of it," replied the Judge quietly. As he spoke he crossed the street and waited the approach of a car, while Delgare, with a shrug of his shoul-

ders, went back to the gambling room. What a fool he had been to think that a man like Judge Howe was interested in the dull, plain-looking Lenore! The Judge's moment of indecision, however, was past. He saw that his present duty led him to Mrs. Delgare.

The hours of those days and nights crept by, until came the one that was to see the frail body of the little boy borne from the long, low parlor to the freshly-made grave in the village churchyard; and through all this mournful time Judge Howe discharged his self-imposed duty with tact and gentleness. The relatives and neighbors accepted him as the friend of the Boyds, but Mrs. Grayson was not so easily deceived, and as she sat by the white coffin and thought of what might have been but for her wicked ambition, her heart was wrung by new sorrow.

The day was drawing to its close when Howe made ready to leave that shadowed home. He had wished to spare Mrs. Delgare the pain of a second farewell, but she sent a message by her mother that she wished to see him, and he waited her coming in the old parlor. All his manhood craved the right to protect and support her under this crushing ordeal; he shrank from the thought of going away and leaving her alone; but when she entered the room and he saw the old light on her face, his intensity of feeling for her was overshadowed by pity for himself. She possessed a citadel of strength that he had not; in it she was secure against even the arrows of regret, while he must see fight to his latest hour his honor and his love.

"I need not thank you for what you have done for us—for what you have been to us," she said.

"It was a sacred privilege," he replied, as she involuntarily paused, for she was not prepared for the change she saw in the man she did not deny she might have loved. It interrupted her train of

thought. She had sought him to ask, for the satisfaction of an insistent suspicion, why he had withdrawn from the Congressional race; she perceived intuitively her answer, and it sent her hurriedly forward to another topic.

"Please tell me," she said abruptly, "when and where you and my baby met?"

He was surprised by her question, and again he saw the crowded station and the sad-faced boy standing by his knee. Briefly he related the incident, and though her eyes grew wet as she listened, her lips kept their brave smile.

"I am glad I asked you," she said when he finished. "He talked at times, you know, and it was always of this meeting, for which of course we could not account. Once he sat up in the bed and asked: 'What did the gentleman mean, grandmother, by calling me a witness of the light?' Mother's answer did not satisfy him, and then I told him what the words meant to me. He seemed to recognize me for a moment, and put his little hand against my cheek and said: 'I shouldn't wonder, mother, but he meant exactly that. He was awfully shrewd at guessing things. He guessed that I lived on a farm and had torn off the rim of my straw hat. I told him he reminded me of Merlin.'"

"What did you tell him?" asked the man in a husky voice, his eyes meeting hers unsteadily.

"That he was a witness to me of God's love and protection," she replied, slowly, solemnly, and his eyes went down before the holy radiance of hers. "And it is true—oh, truer than any one deems! We shall never meet again, Judge Howe, and I may say this to you,—if I am worthy of your love and reverence, only God can judge how much of it is due to that little boy. You have seen my husband—you know what might have been a woman's fate bound for life to such as he; I think it was my baby who saved

me. And he never knew how his frail, blighted little life was my light along the road, for he was too young to understand such things. But I believe that he knows now, better than I know myself—and that he will lead me more securely than before."

She paused for a moment, looking at him with illumined eyes; then she said:

"He loved you so well that he tried, in his poor childish way, to give you to his mother's care. She may fulfill her trust in only one manner—by prayer."

She reached out her hand; he took it, looked long and earnestly into her eyes to draw from them the strength that should hereafter be needed, then said, in a voice that told of his crushed heart:

"Good-bye!—forever!"

XII.

Howe felt that he could no longer remain in that neighborhood, and, pleading the approaching election as an excuse, he left his friend's hospitable home among the hills of Boone County. As he was waiting for his train in the Cincinnati station, he heard a soft voice speaking his name; turning quickly, he found Cora beside him.

"Going home for vacation," she explained, after their cordial greeting. "Where have you been?"

"Spending my vacation," he replied, but the forced smile betrayed him. She made no comment, and the silence that followed was not broken until the porter announced that their train was ready.

As they were borne swiftly from the city, Cora chatted pleasantly of her studies, the hardships of an artist's life, and her successes, while Howe's thoughts were divided between her and the woman sitting alone and lonely in the old house among the hills. He had known his evil moments when he felt that he must go to her and demand that she should not sacrifice his life and her own to what had never had an existence

higher or more sacred than that of the law. True marriage meant to Allen Howe the perfect blending of two souls, and this had never been known in the union of Mrs. Delgare and the man to whom she was bound. The State could nullify a contract it alone had recognized, and make the woman legally free as she was morally; but ever as he pictured himself pleading with her to secure her undeniable right to liberty by this means, he saw again her exalted expression of countenance as she spoke to him in that parting hour of her lost child. A witness of the light—so he had named him, in his ignorance; such he saw him eternally to be, in the fulness of his knowledge.

For some time silence had hung between the man and girl; he staring out of the window, she studying his face. Finally she asked:

"What has happened to you, Allen?"

At sound of his name he started as if he had been struck, for not since it had fallen from his mother's dying lips had a woman called him thus. He brought his glances swiftly to her and saw that her blue eyes wore a misty light. The year had changed Cora so greatly that at intervals he felt as if he were addressing a stranger. All her pretty little airs and glances were missing, and in their place were a large seriousness and great comprehension. He knew now that it was a woman who asked the question, a woman who wanted to be his friend.

"Cora," he answered, "much has happened to both of us. I find you changed, as you find me, but there is a difference between us—you have been benefited, I harmed."

"Yes," she replied, "I am different from the girl who left Paris last October. I have learned the truth of what you said to me that day at Aunt's reception. There have been times when the knowledge which I must meet and recognize all but crushed me; but," with her swift

smile, "it didn't quite ever. I always jumped just in time, as I promised you I should. Yet," she went on, serious again, "I have never regretted that I refused to be counselled by you. No matter how rough may be the bed over which the water flows, it is better than stagnation. I have lived more fully in these nine months than in all the other years of my life. I have learned one supreme fact: that life is worth living nobly no matter what the sacrifice demanded, what the pain incurred."

Swiftly reviewing the wrecks of hope and happiness that these same months had wrought for him, he sighed deeply.

"Therein lies the difference between us two, Cora," he said sadly. "I now question if it be worth living at all."

"Allen, can't you tell me what has happened to you?" she half pleaded.

"I was driven out of the great race of my life when it was almost won," he said, a flush mounting to his brow.

"Who drove you out?" she asked, the light kindling in her blue eyes.

"It was Brady," he replied.

"Brady?" she repeated, in surprise. "What gave Brady this power over you?"

"His knowledge of the unhappy story of the woman I love—his threat to use it against me to my discredit, her disgrace," he said.

"Mrs. Delgare?" she asked faintly.

He bowed his head in answer. Presently he spoke and told her of the circumstances that had placed him in Brady's power, and the infamous use that the editor had made of them. As he repeated the story of his cruel defraudment of the honor toward which all the efforts of his political life had been directed, the woman crouched back in fear of the demons of hatred and revenge that now lived and flourished in the man's soul. She was shown where lay the difference between them, and she

realized that something must speedily be done to save him from the crime toward which they were driving him.

"Allen," she asked, quietly, "you intend to kill Brady when you are out of office, don't you?"

"There is nothing else left for me to do, Cora," he replied.

She said nothing in remonstrance. She knew his code too well. Once it had been her own, when she would have handed him the weapon with which to defend his honor. For many miles she sat in deep thought; then a light broke

upon her mind, and she saw a way by which she might lead him from his peril.

"I admit," she said, finally, "that you have just cause for hating Brady; will you let me give you the opportunity to revenge yourself adequately upon him?"

"I do not understand you, Cora," he answered in surprise.

"It is not necessary just now that you should," she returned; "however, I exact no promise from you until to-morrow afternoon, when I shall deliver Brady into your hands."

(To be continued.)

The Rosary of Life

By LIDA L. COGHLAN

FRANCES ALLEN toiled wearily up the narrow stairs to the little attic room which she called home. She unlocked her door, paused for a moment on the threshold, then crossed the hall and knocked lightly at the door opposite. Frances' neighbor across the hall was an embroiderer for the "French Emporium," whose fine needlework was always "done in Paris."

Helen Standlee was a cheery little woman—though a helpless cripple. She was a mental and spiritual tonic to Frances, and they soon grew to be staunch friends. Frances knocked twice, and receiving no response, opened the door and stepped softly into the room. Miss Standlee sat in her wheeled chair beside the window. The waning light fell upon her sweet, earnest face, her hands were clasped in her lap and her lips moved in prayer.

"Do you never grow tired of saying your rosary, Aunt Helen? I never come in but I find you at it."

"That is because you always come in between daylight and darkness," she answered, smiling. "It is too dark to match my silks, yet hardly dark enough to light the lamp. The twilight hour holds two pleasures to which I always look forward: the time to say my rosary and a flying visit from my kind little neighbor. You look tired, dear; has it been a hard day?"

Frances knelt beside the invalid's chair. "Such a hard day, everything went wrong. I am tired, Aunt Helen, tired and discouraged. I feel just like giving up the struggle."

"Surely that is not my brave little Frances! Why should you be discouraged, child? You have youth, health and the consciousness of right. You are tired, that is all; things will look brighter in the morning."

"You have not yet answered my question. Do you never tire of saying your rosary?"

"Never. It is such a comfort to me. I am always finding some new beauty in

it. The thought came to me to-day that the rosary is very like our lives."

"How so?" Frances asked, drawing up a chair.

"It is divided into three parts: Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious mysteries. Do they not correspond to youth, maturity and old age? In youth all things are bright and full of promise: here we have the Annunciation, the Visitation and the Nativity. The first foreboding of sorrow may be found in the Presentation—the prophecy of Simeon—and in losing the Holy Child on the return from Jerusalem; yet when He is found in the temple, the joy far outweighs the pain of loss. So it is in youth; trouble is short-lived and is quickly forgotten when the cloud has passed away.

"The Sorrowful mysteries correspond to the years of maturity, when the cares of life press heavily upon us. Who has not knelt in Gethsemani and cried, with our dear Lord: 'My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me!' And how few of us have the grace to add: 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'

"And how often are we scourged. First by our passions, which are so hard to conquer; by ill-health, by disagreeable companions or uncongenial surroundings. We have all to wear the thorny crown of adversity, when our best, our most prayerful efforts fail to stem the tide which has set in against us. Do we not all have a daily cross, whether some great sorrow or an accumulation of petty trifles it matters not. We struggle on more or less bravely and many times fall beneath its weight. Ah! dear child, if we but fasten our sins to the cross and offer our hearts to our crucified Saviour, we will not have lived through the Sorrowful mysteries in vain.

"The last of the three are the Glorious mysteries. They correspond to old age. The soul that has lived down its passions, thrown off its sinful garment and risen above its human frailties, experiences the sublime grandeur of the Resurrection. Once free and untrammelled, the soul can ascend high enough to receive worthily the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Then may our souls, like the body of our Blessed Mother, be 'assumed into heaven;' and then," Miss Standlee smiled into the girl's earnest eyes—"our crown."

Frances bowed her head to her clasped hands and said, with a sob in her voice: "The way is so lonely, Aunt Helen, and I have but reached the first of the Sorrowful mysteries, my Gethsemani."

Miss Standlee stroked the bowed head tenderly. "'Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt,'" she repeated softly.

"It is so hard, Aunt Helen, so hard; and I am so weak and helpless."

"'I can do all things in Him Who strengthens me.' Courage, dear child, the rosary of life if we hope to reach remember that we must tell each bead in the last of the Glorious mysteries. Those who say only the Joyful mysteries win the reward of the innocent, but the victor's crown is given to those who stay close to our Saviour's side through the toilsome journey to Calvary. Frances, dear, my rosary is my constant companion, and—I say always the Sorrowful mysteries."

Frances raised her tear-dimmed eyes to the face of the older woman. "May I join you, Aunt Helen? That will strengthen me. Let us say our rosary together each evening."

"Gladly, my child. My twilight hour will be doubly happy when it brings together Frances and my rosary."

A BALLAD OF EASTER

By Theodosia Garrison

At the door of the tomb where Christ was laid,
The little white blossoms grew,
Trembling together as half afraid
From the weight of the thing they knew.

"Oh, brother, I died 'neath the trampling feet
Of the men with the load they bore,
When the sound of voices smote and beat,
As they rolled the stone to the door.

"But this thing befell ere the day was dead
On the breast of the twilight gray;
And who was it now that passed instead,
As a cloud that the night winds sway?

"Oh, the touch of His feet was sweet as rain
In the noon when the drouth is sore,
And I brake in sudden bloom again,
Who was trampled and torn before.

"And I tremble through with a keen delight,
And I bloom who was crushed and dead,
And on my leaves that were white, and white,
Is a stain that as blood is red.

"And strange, and oh, dread, is the sight we see
In the light of the opened day;
The door of the tomb is free, is free,
And the stone is rolled away!

"Now, what is the fate we are doomed to meet,
When He willed that we might not die,
We, who have felt the touch of His feet
And the sound of His passing by!"

* * * * *

And behold! when quick on their tender quest
Came the hurrying feet of men,
The flower of white was plucked and pressed
To the lips of the Magdalen.

But the flower of white with stain of red—
Oh, the sweeter its fate and best!—
The tears of Mary upon it shed,
On the white of her holy breast.

THE GARDEN BENCH



ATHER up the fragments."

I know a desk over which these words, illuminated, hang, and once the busy worker who sits before it told me how it happened they are there.

"I was the most discontented person," said my friend. "I think I was born with a dissatisfied spirit; but if I had not been the possessor of such, the conditions of my life were of a kind to render me miserable. My home life was not pleasant; I craved love and friendship, and neither of these was for me in that deep, full measure which alone could answer my need; add to this the necessity for hard and incessant toil and the insatiate longing for the leisure which plenty insures, in order that I might follow a certain intellectual pursuit, and you will not gainsay that there was cause for my misery and my detestation of existence.

"I believe the only real comfort I had in those unhappy days was my little Testament. It was my custom to open it at haphazard each evening and seek earnestly on the pages thus revealed for help for my daily need. I did this one night when the cares of existence were bearing so heavily upon me that I felt I could no longer endure them; and the passage upon which my eyes fell was that injunction of Christ to His disciples, 'Gather up the fragments.' I could see that it was such as the prudent Master might have given, but why, I wondered, had the Evangelist set it here, when so much of Christ's teaching and miracles have, according to St. John, been omitted. Evidently there must be a deep meaning hidden under the plain command, and I set myself to find it.

"'Gather up the fragments.'—My mind naturally ran first to its material

meaning, and from the fragments strewn over that wilderness place where the miraculous feast was spread, I came to our own modern kitchen. Before my eyes, in unsightly array, stood pots and pans with remnants of the food cooked in them lying in the bottoms, sticking to the sides; the slop-pail, with vegetable leaves and pieces of bread floating on the greasy water; the pantry shelves, with their remainders of the last meal waiting for the coming of the cook to scrape them together for the dog, making a dish that no decent canine could eat unless forced by the pangs of hunger. It was strange I had never thought of the waste constantly going on in our kitchen which, if stopped, would go a little way at least toward lessening household expenses. If the fragments were gathered up they would help out considerably on the next meal. The quantity that was left in the kettles and pans was as good and savory as that which had been taken out; what reason was there, then, for throwing it away? The slices of bread that were lying in the box and those that had been used were cut from the same loaf; why should the former be left there to grow hard before being cast out? From the waste of food-stuff, I went on to the neglect which accomplished the quick ruin of the cooking utensils, to the lack of economy in buying, and saw, in a short space of time, the hundreds of unnecessary outlets for the household funds that existed in the kitchen alone. Manifestly there was crying need for reform. I determined to inaugurate it by taking care of the fragments. I had framed and hung up in the kitchen my motto of the new regime, 'Gather up the fragments,' and in less than a month, the kitchen expenditures were reduced one-third, while we lived

equally as well if not better than formerly. The condition of kitchen and pantry was better than previously, the work was more easily managed, for now system had begun to prevail where before disorder had reigned.

"My pursuit of the meaning of the text led me past the affairs of the house, and I saw there was something of greater value than these material things also being wasted by me—time. My hours of toil were long, it was true, still my newly opened eyes now saw how many fragments were daily wasted. Each day I spent an idle hour on the street-car, and another idle hour gossiping with my companions over the luncheon table, while my evenings were given to unprofitable reading or fatal repining over my lot. I counted up the time I squandered daily and found it was a trifle over six hours, running up into a yearly loss of nearly two thousand hours. While I was deliberately throwing away this vast amount of valuable time, I was making my own life and the lives of others miserable by my repining that I could not follow a certain line of study because the necessity of toil left me no leisure! I resolved to again obey the Master, and gather up the fragments of time. I spent every spare moment of the day in reading along the line of work I desired to pursue; the evenings were devoted to study, and the time in the morning between breakfast and starting for the office where I was employed was spent in reviewing the lesson of the night before. This economy of time began to instil an economy of money. I found I could get along without things quite easily now that I was launched on the sea of endeavor, and in the course of a few years I had saved enough to meet the necessary expenses of the college course required for the securing of my degree. I found myself, because of my close application, in advance of my fel-

low students, and I carried off the honors of my class.

"But I was led on still further. My heart was hungry for the affection that was spread so lavishly on the lives of others, so scantily, it seemed, eked out on mine. As I entered this inner chamber of thought, again I heard the command, 'Gather up the fragments.' 'Lord,' I cried out, 'where are the fragments?' I do not believe that any earnest appeal is disregarded, and, sitting there that never-to-be-forgotten night, I received my answer. I was led to see that everywhere along my path lay fragments of love, affection, respect and appreciation, but I disregarded them because they were not placed there in abundance. If I were not grateful for the fragments of things so precious, how could I be able to fully appreciate them in their fulness? Would I not squander them as I hourly saw others doing? Would I not come at length to accept them as my right instead of regarding them as blessings freely given? It was asked of me to prove that I deserved these by treasuring their fragments. I was not the best-beloved in the family circle, still I had some share in its affections, and I now understand that this was a gift which I had disregarded and all but refused to accept. I reached out for it in that hour and gathered it to my heart. I cherished it, and in time saw it increase until it satisfied even my heart. I pursued the same course with those other desired blessings. I was exceedingly careful of the fragments of friendship, of love, of respect, of appreciation, and I was surprised to find how rich I am. I have schooled myself to disregard nothing, whether the friendly bark of the dog at my home-coming, or the words of commendation that my professional service to them calls from grateful hearts. I am now prosperous and happy, and I believe that my present condition is due to the fact that I faithfully tried

to obey the Master's command, which we may be sure was not set down on the sacred pages for idle purpose,—
 'Gather up the fragments.' "

* * * * *

Quite a little sermon, isn't it, for this Easter time? It is all very true, but as I listened to my friend, my thoughts, after a fashion they have, started off on a line of their own, and I found myself grappling with the problem of the great amount of wasted effort that lies scattered over this pathway of humanity. Who shall gather up these fragments? And yet how precious they are! An idea originates in the brain of a loyal-hearted man for the accomplishment of some good which, according to his vision, is needed in the world, and he draws to himself the cooperation of others. The project is exploited, its originators are hailed as benefactors of the race, and we begin to lift up our weary eyes for the white dawn of the millennium. Then something happens; we take a step forward or meet a stranger, and lo! we find that the idea from which we hoped so much is, after all, short of range. Our seer becomes a visionary and we, dupes, not followers. Yet this futile effort drew its inspiration from as pure a source as that which strengthened the most successful reformers the world has known; but there it lies, disregarded, if not despised. And yet are they disregarded, these wasted efforts, by the eyes looking on us from the unseen world? May we not believe that these fragments are gathered up by other hands and turned into good by means which we cannot understand?

* * * * *

Do you know what it is to have a poem sing its way into your soul and remain there, secure against all the changes of time and fortune? Such a poem for me is Bliss Carman's "April Weather," and with the first glint of the

bluebird's wing, which our late February days reveal, I find myself repeating some of its lines:

"Soon, ah, soon the April weather
 With the sunshine at the door,
 And the mellow, melting rain-wind
 Sweeping from the South once more;

"Soon the rosy maples budding,
 And the willows putting forth,
 Misty crimson and soft yellow
 In the valleys of the North;

"Soon the hazy purple distance,
 Where the cabined heart takes wing,
 Eager for the old migration
 In the magic of the spring;

"Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers
 Through the forest white and frail,
 And the odorous wild cherry
 Gleaming in her ghostly veil;

"Soon about the waking uplands
 The hepaticas in blue—
 Children of the first warm sunlight
 In their sober Quaker hue—

"All our shining little sisters
 Of the forest and the field,
 Lifting up their quiet faces
 With their secret half revealed;

"Soon across the folding twilight
 Of the round earth hushed to hear,
 The first robin at his vespers
 Calling far, serene and clear;

"Soon the waking and the summons,
 Starting up in bole and blade,
 And the babbling, marshy whisper
 Seeping up through bog and glade;

"Soon the frogs in silver chorus
 Through the night, from marsh and
 . swale,
 Blowing in their tiny oboes
 All the joy that cannot fail—

"Passing up the old earth rapture
 By a thousand streams and rills,

From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills;

"Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish
And the truth comes back to him;

"Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old, unfaltering dream,
Faith to follow, strength to 'stablish,
Will to venture and to seem;

"All the radiance, the glamour,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its temerities and joys;

"Soon the immemorial magic
Of the young Aprilian moon,
And the wonder of the friendship
In the twilight—soon ah, soon!"

* * * * *

But how few of us can take, or will take, the time to feel all or even a few of the joys of which the poet writes, and which young April dispenses with lavish hand? The man's way down-town, where the day is spent in the pursuit of dollars, lies under the branches of the rosy maples, but, lost in the paper's recital of yesterday's news, he does not see them; the woman, equally absorbed in her pursuit of dust, has no time to go out to the wood at her door to find the beauty of the budding windflower. They do not really live who thus deliberately turn their back on Nature. We belong to this kind old mother, and when we deny her claim on us, we injure ourselves. As if recognizing this, she comes to us in transcendent loveliness now, when the winter is past, and employs every charm to draw us back to her again. Do not refuse her invitation, but go to her woods, make the acquaintance of "our shining little sisters," linger in the twilight valley with the first robin, and give full swing to all those splendid impulses which she inspires. Only those

who do this know how deep is the joy of just living.

* * * * *

It is time we were giving our gardens some attention. Long ago the dead leaves have been raked from the beds, the rose-bushes and shrubs trimmed, and in the following days of rest, we enjoyed the beauty of the daffodil, the crocus and the snowdrop. Now, while the early tulip and hyacinth are glorifying the brown earth in the garden, and the sweet spice spreads its cloth of gold by the woodland walks, and the redbud stands like Aurora upon the hills, we must blind our eyes to all this alluring loveliness for the prosaic work of hoeing and spading. I really hope that you have to prepare the flower beds yourself, for while it is a hard task, it is one of the most health-giving of occupations. If you have no assistance, and with the fine weather warning you that it is necessary the seeds should be laid in their moist beds, the chances are that you will spend the entire day in the garden, which is worth all the spring tonics that the family physician could prescribe.

"But the house-cleaning!" I hear a familiar voice protesting. "I must hire a man to make the flower beds, because I must get the spring cleaning done."

Yes, you pay a man to do the healthy work, while you spend the days of this darling month shut up in the house. He is out here breathing the pure air, and you are filling your lungs with disease-breeding dust; he is engaged with work at once pleasant and inspiring, and you are injuring yourself over tasks that are most dispiriting. Suppose for this once you change occupations: get a man to take up carpets, take down beds, brush walls, while you spade in the garden and plant seeds. In short, hire some one to do your house-cleaning, and you take care of your garden. After all it is far more worthy of your care than the man-made house and the things it contains.

CURRENT COMMENT

Russia's Naval Losses

N. Y. Sun

Since November 1 Russia has lost fifteen war vessels, including five first-class battleships, one coast defence vessel, one armored cruiser, two other cruisers, one classified as being above 6,000 tons and the others between 1,000 and 3,000, and six torpedo boat destroyers, according to statistics compiled by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department. The total decrease in the tonnage of the Russian Navy between November 1 and January 13 is figured at 79,700 tons.

In relative order of warship tonnage Russia has dropped from third place to fourth on account of the losses. The tonnage of the Russian Navy now is 367,606. Japan's total tonnage is 220,755.

As estimated by the bureau, Russia now has 14 first-class battleships, 10 coast defence vessels, including battleships smaller than the first-class and monitors, 6 armored cruisers, 5 cruisers above 6,000 tons, 6 cruisers between 3,000 and 6,000 tons, 7 cruisers between 1,000 and 3,000 tons, 35 destroyers, 85 torpedo boats and 3 submarines.

Brunetiere a Victim

Catholic Universe

Ferdinand Brunetiere, recognized all over the world as the first man of letters in France, has a hard time to make his living in that perverted country. Says the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune:

Ferdinand Brunetiere, of the French Academy, who, in spite of his eloquence and learning, has become personally distasteful to the Minister of Public Instruction, and especially to Premier Combes, because of his increasing devo-

tion to the Pope and to the Catholic Church, has been somewhat unjustly jockeyed out of his professional functions at the Sorbonne and the College of France, thereby finding himself in straitened circumstances without a salary.

The Indian Appropriation Bill

Pittsburg Catholic

The Indian appropriation bill, as agreed upon by the committee on Indian affairs and reported to the Senate contains the following amendment: "That no portion of the funds appropriated by this act, nor the principal nor interest of any Indian trust or tribal funds held by the United States for the benefit of any Indian tribe shall be available nor be expended for the support of any sectarian or denominational school."

The Price of War

New World

Over in Manchuria General Kuropatkin has again been beaten after days of conflict. According to some estimates nearly 800,000 men were engaged in the battle of Mukden, and the armies' combined loss is 100,000 men. If this is not frightful carnage where may the same be found? It will take Russia and Japan half a century to get over the effects of this senseless war. When finished, Japan will not need Manchuria for her surplus population, and neither will Russia.

Wealth for Education

Boston Courier

With a cool \$20,000,000 in sight, the Western University of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, bids fair to become one of the strongest educational institutions in the world. It is rumored that Andrew Carnegie is back of that sum. The paths of education for American youth are con-

tinually broadening, and it is almost vain to speculate upon the tremendous strides that will be made in behalf of higher education in all branches in the course of the next quarter century, brought about largely through the liberality of our great financiers.

New New England

N. Y. Sun

For more than two centuries New England was practically a homogeneous community. The ruling strain in her blood was English, or, perhaps British would be more exact. No really great stream of immigration had poured in since the Puritan exodus from Laud and trouble, 1630-40. The Irish Famine made New England. Her manufacturing system, her railroads, her canals in the days of canals, the public works, the multiform prosperity, were due, so far as the labor was concerned, largely to "the Irish." Into the cotton factories, meanwhile, came also English, Scotch, Welsh and French Canadian operatives.

The race of the elder settlers, having done its work and now demanding a higher standard of comfort, grew less fertile. "The Irish" increased and multiplied. They possessed the land. The temporary early prejudice, natural in a provincial commonwealth, passed away. In Boston and some other cities they became the rulers. They were thoroughly acclimated. They became Americans of Americans.

Don't Be Afraid

Sacred Heart Review

People need not fear overmuch that their girls are going to "die young," simply because they want to join some religious order. For, from South Africa, comes the account of the late Mother Gertrude, whom the secular papers of Cape Colony uniformly insist on calling "Notre Mere," "Our Mother;" and who, it seems, has been for the past thirty-five years known and loved under that

title through the southern half of the Dark Continent, where she worked for the ignorant, the afflicted and the poor. It is said that her brother, Gen. de Hemingsen, by the way, fought on the side of the Confederates in our civil war. Then, off in Yokohama, Japan, we find a Mother St. Mathilda, of the St. Mur nuns, celebrating no less than her seventieth anniversary in the Order, and directing her community at the remarkable age of ninety-two years. Twenty-one of those years she spent in Singapore, thirty in Japan, no easy field, surely, yet behold her record. Don't be afraid, girls. There is a wellspring of elastic, joyful youth in the religious life. In fact, we may say that the fountain of perpetual youth is there if anywhere.

Progress in Africa

Pittsburg Catholic

The Belgian Catholic missionaries are building brick churches all over the Congo Free State that will hold congregations numbering hundreds, and in some instances thousands of persons. The cathedral they have just completed at Baudainville, on Lake Tanganyika, more than 1,200 miles inland from the mouth of the Congo, is one of the largest churches in Africa.

Losing One's Soul to Spite the Priest

Ave Maria

Of all the unfortunate mortals who belong to the far too-numerous class known as "fallen-away" Catholics, the most illogical is surely he who has abandoned the Church because of some real or fancied injustice received at the hands of one of the Church's ministers. As if God's claim upon our love and service depended upon the conduct of our parish priest! "A common sop to one's conscience," says a contemporary essayist, "is to grow eloquent over the shortcomings of the clergy; but it is doubtful if God will

judge us by what the clergy do." Yet, because Father A.—ten or fifteen years ago rashly judged or unjustly upbraided Mr. B.—, the latter, as some of his sympathetic neighbors will tell you, "has never put his foot inside the church from that day to this."

These same neighbors, with their half-hearted deprecation, not to say their actual condonation, of his unjustifiable action, are anything but robust children of the Church, and in one sense are more culpable than the recalcitrant Catholic himself. The sense of injury, fostered and fed until it has grown to be a monster passion, may partially explain, though it cannot of course palliate, his insensate conduct; but the cold-blooded, deliberate approval of such conduct by Catholics who profess to be sensible men and women is a piece of folly that would be incredible were it not often met with. Losing one's soul "to spite the priest" is surely the very climax of unwisdom, and to justify it is a work more congruous to the enemy of mankind than to a genuine Christian.

Growth of the Church

Pittsburg Catholic

Since last year two new dioceses—Fall River, Mass., and Great Falls, Mont.—have been erected in the United States. Last year there were four vacancies in the American hierarchy. This year every Bishopric is filled. According to the compilers of the directory, this is the first time in many years that there has been no vacancy in the hierarchy.

Longevity of Authors

N. Y. Sun

The publication of Dr. Weir Mitchell's new novel, so closely following the author's seventy-fifth birthday, attracts attention to the fact that our American authors have been and are to-day a long lived class. Dr. Holmes attained the age of 85. Whittier and Harriet Beecher

Stowe died at 84; Bryant at 83; Emerson at 78; Irving at 76; Longfellow at 75. Of authors still living, and with one or two exceptions actively at work, Julia Ward Howe will be 86 in May; Edward Everett Hale is 83, Moncure Conway is 72; Mark Twain is 68 and William S. Howells will be 68 this March. Holmes and Whittier both did some of their best work after 75, Dr. Osler to the contrary notwithstanding.

The End of Dowie

New World

And so Dowie is going to move his Zion into Mexico? Chicago actually is going to lose its most celebrated fakir! It is refreshing to us, yet how will the Mexicans like it? How will they regard his alleged "Christian Catholic Church?" Hitherto hundreds of parsons have inundated that Catholic country and later returned with high hopes crushed.

Korea's King a Convert

Northwestern Chronicle

A special cablegram to The Daily News of Chicago states that "according to the Osaka, Minichi's Seoul correspondent the Korean Emperor has become a convert to Roman Catholicism and requested the Seoul Catholic mission to receive him formally into the Church."

Remarkable Record

Pittsburg Catholic

That three brothers should in succession become Bishops of their native diocese, and afterwards in succession be raised to the Archiepiscopal See of their province and Primatial See of their native land, is a most remarkable family record, and is probably unique in the history of the Catholic Church in any country. Such has been the record of the three brothers, Hugh, Bernard and Roche McMahon. They were Bishops in succession of their native diocese of

Clogher, in Ulster, and Archbishops of Armagh, the Primatial See of Ireland, whose first occupant was St. Patrick.

Congress of Archaeologists

Church Progress

An international Congress of Archaeologists is to meet at Athens, Greece, in a few months hence under the presidency of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sparta. The Director General of the Antiquities and Museums at Athens has presented to the Holy See a formal invitation to be represented by a delegate, and the Holy Father has assented, and named as delegate Comm. Orazio Marucchi, special director of the Egyptian Museum at the Vatican, and archaeologist for the Pontifical Museums and Galleries.

A Doomed Institution

Catholic Record

It saves trouble to ascribe the poverty of the toiler to rum. It also relieves one of the anxiety of thinking about him, and tones down the repulsiveness of the pictures of the want of our brethren. But granting this to be true, who are responsible in great measure for the saloons, the temptations and incentives to the intemperance which clothes many of the toilers in the vesture of poverty? We do not expect this question to be answered by the individuals who own them. They could give the public some information at least; but in communities in which the liquor interest holds power, and can make its influence felt at the polls, it is not chary of benefactions for political purposes, and in which the voter sees nothing but self on the horizon, this information is not desirable. Silence then is golden. Reformers may turn their guns on departed worthies or men of straw, and be acclaimed for energy and patriotism; to meddle, however, with actualities is to court either contempt or the ire of those who have sundry gifts in their vest pocket or know how to get them. Should, however, a

saloon seek to obtrude itself in a good residential quarter there is an outburst of pious talk and the good people who look at the situation through the glasses of self-interest see fearsome things, and say so in a most edifying manner. And the prospective dabbler in drinks looks elsewhere for a market. But he can flourish undisturbed in the tenement district, and hard by the homes of the poor put out his sign and do business. And here, by the way, we may remark that many an individual who is attired in fine linen and broadcloth, and whose wives and children have an idea of looking up a family tree, owe their fortune to the dimes and half-dimes that are taken from the backs and out of the stomachs of the dwellers in the tenements. It is a poor business, and the wonder is that any Catholic should be found in it.

The Conway Cabal Exposed at Reading

By A. A. Leibold

That the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates, at Saratoga, in 1777, and the reverses of Washington's army around Philadelphia in the same year, brought about the Conway Cabal is known by every student of history. It is, however, not generally known that this cabal was disclosed, in its infancy, at Reading, Pa.

After the British took Philadelphia many of its influential men went to Reading and spent the winter of 1777-78 there.

Gen. Mifflin, one of the generals active in this cabal, and a native of Pennsylvania, lived at Reading at this time. He was secretly working among the influential men then at Reading. According to him, the ear of Washington was exclusively possessed by Gen. Green. The campaign around Philadelphia was stigmatized as a series of blunders, and the incapacity of those who had conducted it was unsparingly reprobated. The better fortune of the Northern army was ascribed to the superior talents of

the leader. It began to be whispered that Gates was the man who should of right have the place so incompetently filled by Washington.

Conway spent the winter of 1777-78, at York, intriguing with Mifflin, Lee and Gates, and with members of Congress then assembled there to bring about the removal of Washington.

The affair was at length brought to the notice of Washington in a definite shape. When Col. Wilkinson, one of Gates' aid-de-camps, was on his way from Saratoga to York, where Congress met, as bearer of dispatches, announcing the capitulation of Burgoyne, he stopped at the quarters of Lord Stirling, who was then at Reading. In a free conversation while there, Wilkinson repeated part of the letter, which Gates had received from Conway, containing strictures on the management of the army under Washington.

Prompted by patriotism and friendship, Lord Stirling communicated to Washington an extract of the letter as repeated by Wilkinson.

Gen. Mifflin now wrote to Gen. Gates informing him that an extract from Conway's letter had been procured, and sent to headquarters. This perplexed Gates and he wrote to Washington on the 8th of December, as follows: "I conjure your Excellency to give me all the assistance you can in tracing the author of the infidelity, which put extracts from Gen Conway's letter to me, in your hands."

On the 4th of January, 1778, Washington wrote to Gates: "I am to inform you, then, that Col. Wilkinson, on his way to Congress in the month of October last, fell in with Lord Stirling at Reading (and not in confidence that I ever understood) informed his aid-de-camp, Major McWilliams that Gen. Conway had written this to you: 'Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad

counsellor would have ruined it.' Lord Stirling from motives of friendship, transmitted the account with this remark: 'The enclosed was communicated by Col. Wilkinson to Major McWilliams. Such wicked duplicity of conduct I shall always think it my duty to detect.' "

Where Benjamin Franklin Wooed and Lost

By A. A. Leibold

At Coventry Hall, Chester County, Pennsylvania, beautifully located on an eminence, sloping gently to the old road running through Coventry, now called Coventryville, Benjamin Franklin wooed and lost.

At Coventry, Samuel Nutt, about 1717, built Coventry forge and Warwick furnace. His son, Samuel, married Rebecca Savage, a beautiful, talented and winning young woman. Her husband died, and she was left a widow at twenty, with a daughter two years old. She was now the owner of Coventry forge and Warwick furnace. She subsequently married Robert Grace, who died in 1766.

Her second husband had been a warm friend of Benjamin Franklin, whom he generously aided to further his experiments. To reciprocate the favor shown him, Franklin gave Robert Grace his invention of the Franklin stove, and the first plates of the once popular stove were cast at Warwick furnace.

After the death of Mr. Grace, Franklin, now a widower, continued his visits to Coventry Hall, and sought Mrs. Grace's hand in marriage. Although she admired him for his genius and his warm friendship for her late husband, she was unwilling to be joined in wedlock to one whose religious predilections were so different from her own.

When Franklin lay on his death-bed, it is said that he sent for Mrs. Grace. She visited him, and it was her opinion that in his last hours the dying philosopher accepted faith in the divinity of Christ.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

"WILD JUANO"

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

JUST at the time when the little Spanish lad, Inigo de Loyola, was leaving his castle home in the mountains of Guiposcoa to become a page at the court of the king, a Portuguese boy of the same age ran away from home and went to Spain. Like the Prodigal Son of the Bible he did not find running away an easy thing, and he was forced to become a shepherd's boy, watching the flocks on the hills of Castile.

From this he drifted into the service of a great lord, then went to the French wars which gallant King Francis was waging against the Spanish claim to Italy. A hardened soldier, Juan next fought in the campaigns against the Turks, and hither and yon he traveled, living a gay life of adventure. He was known everywhere as "Wild Juano," and well he lived up to his name, for there was seldom a deed of lawlessness in which his hand could not be traced, though he was always brave and often kind-hearted.

Yet many of the scenes through which he passed left an impression upon him, and especially the fearful things which took place among the Christian slaves in Africa. These the cruel Turks abused and punished unjustly; those who would not forsake the Christian Faith and become followers of Mohammed were tortured. They were chained together and forced to the most severe labor, beaten with stripes when they lagged over their

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work, too worn with fatigue to accomplish all the tasks which their cruel masters set for them. When overcome with exhaustion, they sank fainting by the roadside, where they were left to languish beneath the scorching sun, without a drop of water to cool their parched throats until death set their souls free, their miserable bodies, without grace of Christian burial, bleaching to skeletons upon the desert sands.

When Juan returned to Spain he could not forget these cruelties, and dwelling upon them, he recalled scenes in his own life, when a friend said to him one day:

"Art thou so much better than the Turks? Yet thou wert born a Christian?"

At this reproach he felt steal over him a deep regret for his wild life, and he resolved, for penance, to devote himself to the ransom of his brother Christians. So he set sail for Africa as attendant to the family of an exiled noble whom he had once injured. He remained in Barbary for some time, working hard and supporting the exiles by his labors, aiding the slaves by finding means of communication with their friends at home, and in some cases even paying their ransom himself.

Broken somewhat in health, he at last returned to Spain and went to the lovely city of Granada, which, like a white bird, perches upon the hills of the Sierras, her winding river flowing through the green Vega of fertile loveliness.

Here there was preaching the great man of the day, John of Avila, and with a crowd of curious ones, Juan went to the splendid cathedral to hear him.

Full to overflowing was the great church, and as the wonderful man's trumpet-like voice rang out over all that vast assembly, calling men to repent of their sins, all fell upon their knees, hardened sinners repented and the roughest soldier wept. So great was Juan's grief as he saw himself as he really was that he behaved almost like a madman, and indeed men thought him crazy, and, pityingly, took him to the hospital.

There he occupied himself in waiting upon the sick, and light came to him that that was his vocation. He could not shut himself up in a monastery to pray—he would go wild doing nothing. He could not preach—he had not the gift of tongues. He could wait upon sick people and care for them and give them tender sympathy. So he began at once to gather together the homeless, the poor, the sick, the injured, and to support them by his work and prayer. Soon

all Granada aided him; the Bishop was his patron and a splendid hospital arose to shelter his poor brothers, as he called them.

Everywhere he went; wherever suffering or want appeared his tall figure and earnest face could be seen. In the poorest gypsy hut of the Albaicin, none were too poor, too ill, to be his friends, and the people loved him devotedly and called him "Juan de Dios" (John of God).

One day his hospital caught fire, and through the thickest flame he could be seen dashing hither and yon, unharmed, until every one of his sick had been carried out. At another time he found in the streets a poor man who was so ill that he seemed near to death, and carrying him in his strong arms, Juan brought him to the hospital. Alas! every bed was full, and an attendant complained fretfully that there was no room for any more paupers and no one to take care of them.

Juan said not a word, but he carried the man to his own room, placed him on his own cot, soothed him and brought fresh water to wash his weary feet. Stooping to kiss them, he saw they were pierced with the print of the nails, and he heard a voice say:

"Juan, to Me thou doest all that thou doest to the poor in My name. I reach forth My hand for the alms thou givest. Me dost thou clothe. Mine are the feet thou dost wash!" and as he fell upon his knees in adoration the gracious figure faded from the room, and Juan knelt in prayer till morning light.

His death was as remarkable as his life, for when he was fifty-five he jumped into the swift flowing Xenil to save a drowning boy, and died from the effects of the shock.

He was canonized by the name the poor had given him, and upon the eighth of March is celebrated his feast, that of St. John of God.

LITTLE JACK

Translated from the French of Paul Favel

Jack was six years old;—his trousers were out at the knees, his little jacket, of a cut fashionable enough, was almost in rags,—on one little foot was a girl's boot, on the other a man's shoe, both much too long, much too wide, alas!—full of holes as well, and quite worn down at the heels. As to his inside he was very cold and very hungry, for it was a wintry night, and he had tasted nothing since noon the day before, when all at once the idea came into his little head to write a letter—to the Blessed Virgin.

I have got to tell you how little Jack, who knew no more about writing than he did of reading, wrote his letter.

Right in the middle of Paris, in the quarter which is called the "Gros Caillou"—just at the corner of an avenue, and not far from the Esplanade—was a little shop, belonging to a sort of scrivener, or public letter-writer. This useful scribe was none other than an old soldier of a rather crotchety humor, though a good-hearted man, of not very strict notions—oh, dear, no!—far from rich either—and whose bad luck it was not to have been sufficiently damaged in the wars to get admitted into the Hotel des Invalides.

Jack saw him through the shop window, warming himself at his stove, and smoking his pipe whilst he waited for customers. He slipped in, and said rather shyly: "Good evening, Sir, please I want to write a letter." "It is three-halfpence," said the old man, who was called, by the way, old Daddy Bonin. Jack, not having a cap on his head, couldn't take it off; but he was a polite little boy so he said, "Oh, I am sorry," and opened the door to go away. The old soldier thought him a very well-behaved little lad, so he said, "Are you a soldier's boy, my little midge?" "No," said little Jack—"I am mamma's boy."

"Ah! that's right," said the old man—"and you haven't got three-halfpence haven't you?" "Oh, no," said Jack, "I haven't any halfpennies at all." "Nor your mother either, that's evident; it is a letter to get something for supper, eh little man?" "Yes," said Jack, "that's just it." "All right, then forward my boy—for ten lines, and half a sheet of note-paper, I shall not be much poorer."

Jack came up to the table; Daddy Bonin arranged his paper before him, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote in a nice round hand: "Paris, 17 Jan. 1857." Then below: "To Mr.—what's his name, honey?" "Whose name?" said Jack. "Why the gentleman's name, of course." "What gentleman?" "The person who has to get the supper." Little Jack understood this time, and said: "Oh, it isn't a gentleman—" "Oh—the lady then." "Yes, no—I mean—" "Why, you queer little chap, you don't even know yourself to whom you want to write." "Oh yes!" said the child. "Well then, tell me, and look sharp."

Little Jack's cheeks were getting very red. The fact is, it is by no means easy to explain private correspondence of this kind to gruff public letter-writers, but the little fellow screwed up his courage and said: "It is to the Blessed Virgin that I want to write a letter." The old soldier did not laugh. He put down his pen on the desk, and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Look here, midge," he said sharply, "I hope you are not trying to play the fool with an old man. You are too small to get a thrashing, so just left wheel and march."

Little Jack obeyed, and turned on his heels—I mean his feet—because, as I said, there were no heels on his shoes to turn on, but he looked so sorrowful that old Bonin changed his mind again, and took another look. "God help us," he groaned, "but there is a heap of misery in this Paris. What's your name, lad-die?" "Jack, sir." "Jack what?"

"Nothing but Jack." Old Daddy Bonin felt something wrong with his eyes, but he only coughed very gruffly, and shrugged his shoulders. "What do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?" "Why, I want to say that mamma has been fast asleep since yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock, and that she must wake her up, since she sent her to sleep, for I can't." The old soldier felt a choking sensation in his throat—he was afraid to understand. "Well, what did you mean by supper, just now?" "Why," said the child, "that's just it. Before going to sleep, mamma had given me the last crust of bread." "And what had she eaten?" "Well! for more than two days she had kept saying, 'I am not hungry now.' " "And what did you do when you tried to wake her up?" "Like I always do—I put my cheek against hers and then kissed her, but she did not wake up."

Old Bonin turned away his head to look at something, because two great big tears came rolling down his cheeks. Then he said in a voice that was a little shaky and husky: "And when you kissed her, dear little Jack—didn't you notice anything." "Oh yes! she was so cold, so cold, but it is so very cold at home." "And she was looking different, wasn't she?" "Oh no! not at all—she was nice, so nice—her hands didn't move at all—they were crossed on her breast, and so white and beautiful. Her head was turned round towards the window, so that though her eyes were closed, she seemed to be saying her prayers and looking up to heaven." Old Bonin thought, "I have longed to be rich and well off, I, who eat well and drink well, and here is a poor woman dead from hunger, from sheer starvation." He called the little boy to him round the counter, and lifted him on his knees, gently and lovingly as his father might have done, and then said very tenderly: "Dear little fellow, your letter is sent off,

and received by this—take me with you to your mother." "All right," said Jack, wonderingly, "but why are you crying?" "Crying? I am not crying," answered the old soldier, holding the little boy to his breast and kissing him, whilst the tears ran down his face, and sobs choked his words, "I am not crying, men never cry. But you, little Jack, you will have to cry, you, poor little darling; I love you as if you were my own little boy. It is very silly, but I can't help it."

"I had an old mother once, a long, long time ago, sure enough, but I can remember her. Why, I can fancy her now at the other side of you—on her bed, just as she was saying good-bye before leaving. 'Bonin,' she said, 'be an honest man, and a good Catholic.' Just above her head was a picture of the Blessed Virgin, only a penny one, but it seemed to smile, and I liked it, and now it seems to come back to my old heart; for I think I have been an honest man—but a good Catholic—well! well!" He got up still holding the child in his arms, and he hugged him to his breast, as he added, as though speaking to some one who could not be seen: "There now, old mother, there now—be quiet and be contented. The other fellows may laugh at me if they like, I don't care; I will try to come where you are, and I will bring this little chap, too; poor little fellow, he shall never leave me again, because that stupid letter of his, which wasn't even written, has had a double answer—he has found an old father, and I have found a heart."

That is all. The poor woman, dead of a broken heart, never again opened her eyes in this sorrowful world. Who was she? I don't know. What was the long and sad history of her life? I can't tell that either. But there is somewhere in Paris, a man, still very young who is a great writer, though not by any means in a shop like old Bonin. He writes wonderful and eloquent things in the

papers, and everybody knows his name. We will call him Jack—and nothing else—as of old. Bonin is now a contented and happy old man, always an honest man, but now a good Catholic as well. He shares in the renown of the “little’un,” as he sometimes fondly calls his illustrious child of adoption, and he says—for it was he who told me this little tale without beginning and without end—: “I don’t know who is the postman who carries this kind of letters, but somehow or other, they get to their destination in heaven.” —*Fr. R. B. M.*

THE CUT-GLASS BOYS

Two brothers, Dan and Charlie Emmet, were hired one day by the owner of the cut-glass works, a wealthy woman named Mrs. Keane. Dan was a careless sort of fellow and never took much interest in the work assigned to him, even thinking he could impose on his employer because she was a woman. Charlie, on the contrary, strove conscientiously to discharge his duties the best he could, and appreciated the fact that his mistress was a kindly one instead of being mean and severe, like many others he had worked for.

“You’re a fool,” said Dan to him one morning, as both were engaged in describing a thin line around some small, plain bowls. “You take too much pains with your work and don’t get any more thanks than I do. You ought to be more happy-go-lucky, like me.”

“But I should surely spoil my work if I were so careless,” said Charlie, as his wheel buzzed under the bowl in his hand.

“What difference would it make? The other day I cracked one of those diamond-cut pitchers, and I’m none the worse off for it now. Of course, Mrs. Keane scolded terribly at the time, but

I laughed in my sleeve till the storm blew over.”

“I don’t agree with you, Dan. You’ll find in the long run that it pays to be careful.”

The boys had not been in their positions long when Mrs. Keane raised Charlie’s wages and informed Dan that henceforth he must pay for all goods damaged through his carelessness. Unfortunately, on the very day that Charlie’s money was increased, he himself ruined a little ink-well.

“Don’t worry about that, Charlie,” said his employer, as she noticed his face flush with embarrassment. “It was a pure accident. Although it’s the loss of the profit from a dozen, I shall not charge it against you. Your previous good record has not been forgotten. You, Dan, shall not receive an increase of pay until you become more like your brother.”

And for the rest of that day Dan had something to think over.

A CHILD’S APRIL THOUGHT

Another month has come to me,—
The fourth of my New Year.
I never could forget my God
When Holy Week is near,—
The week that tells of His great love,
Of how He died for me,
And rose again, that Heaven’s gate
Open to all might be.
If I loved God like this always,
It seems to me that sin
Would find no room within my heart,
And could not enter in.
So let me love Thee, dearest Lord,
As now my whole life through,
For love will help me best, I know,
Thy holy will to do.

—*M. E. J.*

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE ROSARY A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.



IT would seem unnecessary to insist on the fact that every man is called to perfection. Every one knows the invitation and command given by the Master: "Be ye perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. 4, 48). Be the cause what it may, there are, in truth, many who seem satisfied with the most ordinary and perfunctory observance of the great commandments of God and His Church. The slow and tedious work of personal sanctification, say these, is necessary only for those who embrace the religious life. Moral defection in monk or nun is shocking to them, as indeed it is to all; but to see in laymen only a half-hearted loyalty to the Master is only what is to be expected.

Now prayer is the life of the soul; without it none can follow Jesus. Prayer is the blessed bond which chains us to the path of rectitude. If we are in earnest about our salvation we must pray, we must meditate; for at least a few moments we must pause from our ordinary labors each day, to consider the things of eternity, to note our progress or retrogression, and the dangers that beset spiritual journey.

Of all forms of prayer none is better or more efficacious than the Rosary. This is so, primarily, because its component parts are the best prayers known to man, since they came, for the most part, from the lips of God Himself.

These prayers apart and alone do not constitute the Rosary. Often vocal prayer becomes mechanical. So St. Dominic added meditation to the vocal prayers he would have men recite. Meditation is an essential factor, the very life, indeed, of the Rosary. Vocal prayer

is the body of the Rosary, and meditation is its soul.

The illiterate man may plead his inability to meditate. But few there are who can not meditate sufficiently to gain the Rosary indulgences.

The Rosary appeals to rich and poor, ignorant and learned—to all Catholics, in a word. The Rosary with its fifteen mysteries, joyful, sorrowful and glorious,—covering the entire life of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother from the moment of the Annunciation to the Crowning in Heaven, and from Bethlehem to the day of Ascension—presents a broad and fertile field of meditation for all the faithful; it answers to the needs of all, it fulfills all the requirements of a perfect prayer.

THE OLD AND THE NEW PASCH.

St. James compares the Jewish Passover to Christ's Resurrection:*

"The people of Israel on the day of the Passover went forth from the tyranny of Pharaoh; but we on the day of Christ's crucifixion were snatched from the servitude of Satan. They sacrificed a lamb from the flock and by the sign of its blood were passed over by the exterminating angel; while we through the blood of the Lamb once slain are freed from all stain of corruption. Moses was their leader; Jesus is our Saviour and King. Moses divided the sea and passed through the midst thereof; our Saviour overcame the sharpness of death and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Manna was given the Jews to eat, but Jesus gives us His own Body and Blood. For 'Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more, death

* St. James was Bishop of Nisibis in Capadocia about 350 A. D.

shall no more have dominion over Him. For in that He died to sin, He died once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God.' "

"We may assert with truth and propriety that nothing whatever out of that vast treasure of all grace which our Lord has brought since the time that Grace and Truth came by Jesus, nothing is granted to us, God so willing it, except through Mary; so that as no one can have access to the Sovereign Father except through His Son, so no one can have access to Christ except through His Mother."—*Pope Leo XIII.*

"If it is true (and I hold it as certain, according to the now generally received opinion) that all the graces that God dispenses to men pass through the hands of Mary, it will be equally true that it is only through Mary that we can hope for this greatest of all graces—perseverance. And we shall obtain it most certainly if we always seek it with confidence through Mary."—*St. Alphonsus.*

"DON'TS" FOR ROSARIANS.

Don't be careless with your rosary. Remember that a rosary is not merely a number of beads fastened together; it is a religious article that has been blessed by a priest of God, and is therefore, worthy of respect.

Don't give away your rosary unless you have it reblessed. The Dominican blessing for beads is personal and the indulgences can only be gained by the one for whom the beads were blessed.

Don't put your rosary to any superstitious use. To use a rosary, or any object that has been blessed, as an amulet or charm is a sin against the first commandment.

Don't throw old rosary-beads with rubbish. Properly they should be burned. This rule holds for all blessed

articles, such as scapulars, holy pictures, etc.

Don't have your rosary reblessed every time the chain breaks. As long as half the old beads remain, the indulgences are not lost.

Don't forget to carry your rosary to work with you. Every Catholic should say a decade of the beads whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Don't forget that meditation on the mysteries is an essential condition for gaining the indulgences attached to the saying of the rosary.

Don't fail to frequently renew your intention to gain all the rosary indulgences.

INDULGENCES FOR APRIL.

April 2—Regular first Sunday Indulgences.

April 21 and 22—Good Friday and Easter Saturday: (Station), thirty years and 1200 days.

April 23—Easter Sunday: Visit to a church or public oratory, (plenary); visit to the Blessed Sacrament exposed in a Confraternity church, v. g., at Benediction, (plenary); visit to Rosary chapel before or after assisting at Rosary procession, (plenary).

April 24-30 inclusive—(Station) thirty years and 1200 days.

April 16—Third Sunday of the month: Visit to Rosary chapel, (plenary).

The conditions for gaining a plenary indulgence are: confession, communion and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father. Rosarians belonging to institutions which they are not free to leave, or to any Catholic society, may make the prescribed visits to their own chapel or oratory. "Station" indulgences are gained by making five visits to the different altars of a church, or to one altar where there is but one, and there praying for the welfare of the Church.

WITH THE EDITOR

Cold indeed and hard is the heart that is not quickened by the spirit of the blessed Lenten season. Day by day, as Passiontide approaches, the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows are vividly brought before us, and we follow Him in sorrow unutterable along His dolorous way to Calvary—and to death. But we rejoice also with our Risen Lord, for Death shall no more have dominion over Him. The glorious light of Resurrection dispels the gloom of Golgotha, sadness is succeeded by joy unspeakable, humiliation by triumph. The Crucified One is vindicated, His promises are fulfilled—He is in very truth the Son of God!

Christ is truly risen again to die no more, and our faith is not vain; and we, the members of Christ, shall also rise, purified and glorious, from the grave of sin.

Dr. Osler, late Dean of the Medical Department of Johns-Hopkins University, is perhaps the most discussed and best abused man of the hour. Naturally, his estimate of the relative value of men before and after their fortieth years is not generally accepted. Many even charge the good professor with entertaining sanguinary designs upon the aged (and "useless") portion of his fellow men! Silver-haired editors, statesmen, scholars and men of affairs indignantly and eloquently resent the genial doctor's dictum and roundly reprobate his theories and "ideas." But the new Dean of the Oxford Medical School smiles and marvels that his very modern views have been taken so seriously.

In announcing his future policy to refuse all advertising contracts for whisky, beer or wine, the publisher of a leading secular magazine declares that his loss of revenue from this source will

amount to \$75,000 annually. He further declines to accept objectionable medical advertising. Such a course is worthy of highest commendation. We referred in a recent issue of *THE ROSARY* to our own unalterable position on the subject of advertising. We are frequently urged to deviate from our rule; but our duty in the premises is clear. *THE ROSARY* shall never lend itself to the exploitation of any goods or merchandise known to be harmful or dishonest, neither shall it be a party to the shameless campaign of deceit carried on by conscienceless and cunning sharks and mountebanks who pray upon the credulity of the afflicted and distressed. We sincerely believe that no magazine in America to-day carries a higher class of advertising than *THE ROSARY*, and we invite comparison with the best.

Public interest is divided just now between the carnage in the Far East and the most recent "revelations" concerning the trusts, and notably the Beef Trust. The American people, and wage earners in particular, are wondering if adequate measures shall be taken against the hydra-headed monster that is fattening on the substance of the poor. We have abiding faith in the ability and disposition of the people, in whom real power is vested, to deal successfully with and remedy the wrongs that oppress them. The ballot is in their hands, and honest men there are in plenty to do the people's will, and bring about a reign of law and justice.

English-speaking Catholics the world over shall soon rejoice in the possession of a great Catholic Encyclopedia. Such a publication has long been discussed and greatly desired. The organization of its editorial staff has been completed

and a company established and incorporated in New York to bring out the work. The personnel of its board of editors is sufficient earnest of the high character and value of the work. We shall refer more fully to the publication hereafter.

The following from the recent splendid Pastoral Letter of The Right Reverend James A. McFaul, D. D., Bishop of Trenton, deserves to be read and deeply pondered by Catholics:

"What shall I say of the efficacy of good books upon family life and thought! When I speak of books I do not mean to restrict them to religious and devotional works. No, I include all healthy literature. In our day everybody reads. Periodicals, pamphlets, and newspapers are the literature of the millions. It is the daily newspaper, however, that enjoys the largest patronage. We must have the news warm, at our breakfast table every morning. No doubt, a newspaper is a potent factor for good or evil; and America publishes some excellent, secular newspapers, which may safely be introduced into the family. Our religious weeklies are performing a very beneficial work, and should receive a more generous support. Every Catholic family should subscribe for a Catholic newspaper and a Catholic magazine, possess a small library of religious books and such other works as will instruct and interest.

"But, what about those purveyors of uncleanness, the vulgar sheets reeking with nastiness so largely read by all classes? Reprove them for their vileness, and the reply is: 'We print the news.' Yes, they do, and such news; and such advertisements! Let us recall the words of the Apostle to the Gentiles: 'But all uncleanness, * * * let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints: or obscenity, or foolish talking, or scurrility, which is to no purpose.'

"Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude. They educate in crime, destroy purity, in a word, sow immorality. They are so many foul demons entering the family for its defilement and ruin. Perhaps the most terrible indictment that can be brought against America is that the public demand for the filth supplied by the 'Yellow Journals' is so great as to render rich and prosperous the unscrupulous editors, writers and publishers, who cater to debased appetites.

"We desire to employ all the power of our holy office to stem this flood of corruption,

and we, therefore, must earnestly beseech parents to banish all such newspapers and books from their firesides. O fathers and mothers, never permit them to contaminate your homes!"

If correctly reported, Governor Hanley of Indiana has established a praiseworthy precedent in the matter of qualification for public office in that state, and one which will doubtless cause no end of uneasiness among bibulous office-seekers and incumbents there. Replying to a friend who had asked a political favor, the Governor said:

"I should like to appoint your friend, and I have no doubt as to the merits of his service to the party, or his ability to do the work if he did his best. But railroads and other large business enterprises have of late years ruled against drinking men in their employ. That is a good policy, and as long as I am Governor of the State the same policy shall be pursued in its business. I am sorry to disappoint you, but that will have to be my decision."

Railroads and other corporations and great commercial concerns are insisting more strongly upon total abstinence among their employees, because the use of alcoholic beverages impairs their efficiency and renders them unreliable and unworthy of the highest trust. No man can habitually "apply hot and rebellious liquors" to his blood with impunity. Tippling never benefited any one, but has injured countless numbers.

President Roosevelt has won the admiration and applause of all right-minded persons by his fearless denunciation of "easy" divorce, with its lamentable train of consequences. There are numberless abuses, domestic, political and otherwise, crying loudly for correction; and the President is wisely and generously making use of his large powers and opportunities to bring about the needed relief. We regret, however, that he does not view the question of marriage and divorce from the vantage ground of truth, the viewpoint of the Church.

BOOKS

THE LIGHT OF FAITH: A DEFENCE, IN BRIEF, OF FUNDAMENTAL CHRISTIAN TRUTHS. By Frank McGloin. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1905. 12mo, pp. 285. \$1.25 net.

Judge McGloin was asked by many of his acquaintances to explain and to defend the principal truths of Christianity; he did so and has embodied the result of his labor in the present volume. They were first given in the form of lectures and embrace such truths as the existence of God, the mystery of life, belief and unbelief, evolution and the future life. The author has contributed nothing new, nothing that will throw a clearer light on any of these questions but he has succeeded in presenting them in an attractive, popular style and has not employed the phraseology of theology in his explanations. The chapters, "The Mystery of Life," and "Man and the Ape" are especially worthy of commendation because of their clear presentation of facts and their forceful repudiation of many conjectures which Mr. McGloin shows to be at variance with truth. Mr. McGloin's book is a healthful sign of the times showing as it does that intelligent Catholics have an important part to play in the dissemination of Truth, and that there is a growing number alive to the responsibility.

THE FEASTS OF MOTHER CHURCH, WITH HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE HOLIER KEEPING OF THEM. By Mother Mary Salome. New York: Benziger Bros., 1904. \$1.25 net.

The present volume is made up of chatty narratives, written with a view "to revive a taste for those too often neglected aids to practical and joyous religion, 'The Feasts of Mother Church.'" The author gives us glimpses of the lives and character of many of the saints; but good judgment and discrimination did

not enter conspicuously into her selections. She takes no notice, for instance, of St. Dominic, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Agnes, St. Francis and a host of other stars of the first magnitude in God's saintly firmament, while many of the lesser lights are given undue prominence. The work was apparently written for the young, but the narratives are too concise and the style too colloquial to be of great value to either young or old.

ST. PETER FOURIER. By L. Pingaud; Translated by C. W. W. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 12mo, pp. 194. \$1.00 net.

Few saints have met with more contradiction than Peter Fourier. Good and religious men totally misunderstood his efforts for the strengthening and rehabilitating of the faith through Christian education. The religious Order from which, owing to a sort of mystic alliance, he had drawn the spiritual ethos of his sisterhood, misinterpreted his rules, alienated his followers and opposed countless difficulties to the perfect and autonomous development of his institute. The Canons of St. Augustine, to whom he belonged by profession, stood apart from the reform he undertook at the bidding of his Bishop. That his ideas of reform were not Utopian is seen in the fact that the noble congregation of St. Maur adopted his methods. Exiled from his country, and ever deceived by Charles IV, that bundle of contrarities, Fourier, nevertheless, retained a large confidence in man and an unalterable sweetness of temperament. His passion for anagrams and enigmas reminds us of the literary artificiality of St. Aldhelm, and his drawling sentences recall the mitigated humanism of Blessed More. The most interesting part of his career deals with his reforms at Mattin-

court. There is something medieval in his miracle plays, and his appearance as civil judge; something almost patristic in the Agapés held after funerals and on feast days. In the establishment of mutual loan associations he is distinctly modern. His pedagogical ideas were simple and very imperfectly developed. If most of his works have not survived him it is because he undertook too much. In this he is a twin brother to St. Gilbert of England.

The translation is well done. Since this is almost the only life of the saint in English it is to be regretted that the original is marred by some blemishes. Lacordaire, for instance, was no reformer of his Order, but only re-established it in France. The comparison of these two great men is far-fetched, for their similarities are apparent only. Insufficient historical background in which Fourier figures, leaves the way open to misconceptions. So, too, the tone in which the author speaks of the saint's literary accommodation to the dignity of his correspondents makes the saint appear little better than a mere sycophant.

A SPOILED PRIEST AND OTHER STORIES. By P. A. Sheehan, D. D. New York: Benziger Bros. 1905. Illus., 12mo, pp. 212.

Those who have become readers of Dr. Sheehan's "New Curate," "Luke Delmege," "The Triumph of Failure," etc., are undoubtedly eager to read everything that Dr. Sheehan has written; he seems to identify himself with the product of his brain and we want to know him. To cater to this popular demand was probably the purpose or intent of the publishers in issuing this volume. It contains several stories written by the author in his younger days. Fr. Sheehan is there but without the finesse that characterizes his *later* work. "The Spoiled Priest," *narrating the life of one who was judged to*

lack a vocation for the priesthood, and "Rita, the Street Singer," with its pathos and misery will furnish delightful reading. All the stories are bright and interesting but these seem to be more like Dr. Sheehan.

THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By H. Noldin, S. J. Revised by Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C. New York: Benziger Bros. 1905. 12mo, pp. 272. \$1.25.

"Devotion to the Sacred Heart," says Father Noldin, "is indispensable to the priest who wishes to acquire the true sacerdotal spirit and the virtues proper to his state." He then goes on to show the intrinsic excellence of the devotion. It is a thorough, practical and eminently devotional treatise on the great devotion to the Sacred Heart. While much that is contained in the book is meant for priests and seminarians only still there is so clear and concise explanation of the origin, the scope, the object, and general excellence of the devotion that every devout Catholic would find it helpful. Father Noldin also explains the purpose of the Apostleship of Prayer, and in an appendix offers many beautiful prayers to foster devotion to the Sacred Heart.

THE RIDINGDALE BOYS. By David Bearne, S. J. New York: Benziger Bros. Illus., 12mo., pp. 356. \$1.85.

Here is a story for boys that bids fair to equal any of Father Finn's successes. The boys are real, live boys, talk as boys, act as boys. The hero is Lance Ridingdale. He possesses a talent for singing and a voice of rare excellence. It makes him very popular with the fair sex, but this is very disagreeable to him, and this latter trait serves to make him beloved by his companions. He is mischievous but never bad. His pranks and mishaps, as well as his good actions, will delight and entertain every juvenile reader.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ

By Rev. J. Puiseux,

Honorary Canon and Former Student of the Carmelite School

Translated from the French

By Rev. Roderick A. McEachen

This splendid Life of the World's Redeemer follows the chronological order as far as possible in using the Abbe Fouard's beautiful work as a model. Each paragraph comprises one important fact. Controversial questions are treated without entering into the various discussions, but the reader is referred to discourses and special works on these subjects. The author has availed himself of the results of modern Biblical research and of recent discoveries in the land sanctified by the footsteps of Our Lord. Valuable references are given to the scholarly and monumental works of such writers as Veullot, Fouard, Le Camus, Frette, Didon, Dr. Lepp and Ollivier.

* * * It is a simple and plain compendium of the main facts in the great story of our Blessed Lord's life on earth. * * * We recommend this book for its simplicity and clearness.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

* * * Had I the power, I would place this book in the hands of every Catholic and Protestant layman and woman on the face of the earth, and I know that as they read the beautiful story, their hearts would warm and burn within them, as was the case with the two travellers on their way to Emmaus nineteen hundred years ago. There is no better company in this world than the companionship of Jesus.—*The Globe Review*.


* * * Your brief and eloquent compendium of the Four Gospels, with its clear explanatory notes and descriptions of places, comes as if in answer to the question: "How shall I begin to follow out the Pope's advice?" No better answer can be given than this: "Read Father McEachen's Life of Christ."—*Dr. McSweeney, Professor of St. Mary's Seminary, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.*

* * * Of all the "Lives" we have seen this is the best adapted for general use. * * * It is the most useful and most to be recommended to our Catholic families.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

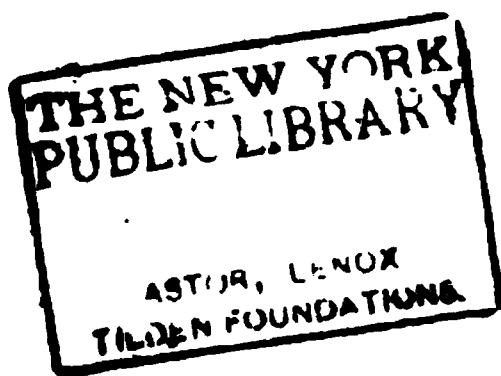
* * * I think with the critics, that it bids fair to be ranked among the classics. * * * —*Bishop Challoner*.

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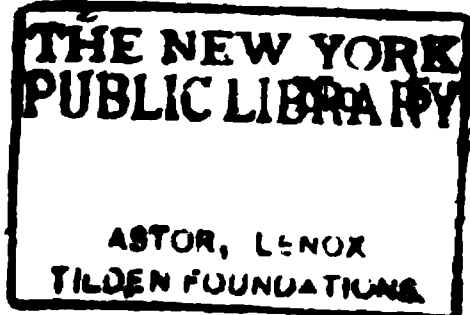


CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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Bells and Belfries

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET



WHEN Aaron and his sons were consecrated by Moses, and given priestly garments, God commanded that the robe of the Ephod should be "adorned with pomegranites and golden bells," the bells, that by their tinkling the people might know when the priests ministered before Jehovah in the Holy of Holies, and bow themselves in prayer. From the earliest times bells have been used in Christian worship, and Polydore Virgil states that an Italian Bishop of the Campania, as early as the year 400, built a belfry for the use of chimes, from which sprang the word *campanile*, used to indicate a belfry. St. Gregory also writes of them, and many of the early fathers of the Church. They are pealed singly or in chimes, they are housed in gables or in separate belfries, in towers or spires, and some of the most wonderful bits of architecture in the world are the belfries of Christendom, Gothic, Romanesque, Renaissance.

A strikingly simple belfry of the Tuscan-Romanesque style is that of the cathedral at Fiesole, begun in 1028 by Bishop Jacopo il Bavaro. The square belfry, with its simple outlines, its castellated capital, its open bell-room, frowns down almost severely upon Fiesole's spacious square, where so many of the great of old paused to bless themselves and murmur a prayer as the bell sounded

its deep-throated chime. It looked upon a beautiful scene. The hills of Tuscany, with their olive, cypress and poplar, the sloping vale, the old Dominican Convent where lived Fra Giovanni di Fiesole, the angel painter; farther in the distance the fair city of the "fleur-de-lys," Florence, with Monte Albano and the Carrara mountains, gorgeous in the sunset glow—a scene beautiful and holy enough to appeal to the pagan Byron as he wrote:

"Ave Maria, blessed be the hour

The time, the clime, the spot where so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power,

Sink in the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swings the deep bell in the distant
tower

At the faint dying day hymn still aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred
with prayer."

Very different from the Tuscan-Romanesque of Fiesole's tower is that of Santa Agata in that Italian city beloved for the sake of one whose tomb is the Mecca for all the poet-loving world.

Dante's Ravenna, with its wonderful mausoleum in his honor, its cathedral, its palaces, its churches, holds nothing more interesting than the round belfry of St. Agatha, dating from the fifth century. Built in honor of that dainty little Roman maiden, sweet St. Agatha, this *campanile* looks more like some old fortress tower than like one of the delicate belfries of Italian architecture, yet

What tranquil, happy lives were spent
in the little town of the Abruzzi! Let
there be injustice done and lo! the bell
proclaimed with brazen note and the
cause was righted. Peacefully passed
the years, until the bell-rope, frayed and
worn, hung at last unravelled from dis-
use. Noting this, a passer-by

"Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine."

Now, there lived in Atri an old knight
who had grown weary of chivalry and
lived but to hoard the miser's store, sell-
ing all his possessions to increase the
gold pieces in his hoard. One steed he
had left, a faithful servant, yet he be-
grudged him his food, and at last

"The horse was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street,
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs and torn by briar and
thorn."

But justice was to be done to the piti-
ful creature who, all unwittingly, called
to his aid a powerful friend.

One day all Atri was disturbed by the
loud tocsin of the Justice Bell, and
headed by the Syndic all rushed to the
market-place to see who cried for justice.
There, beneath the great bell, was

"No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed, neglected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vine of briony."

At this the people were much amazed,
and the Syndic, recognizing the Knight
of Atri's horse, sent for the cruel master,
demanding that the steed be housed and
fed, saying sternly:

"He who serves well and speaks not, merits
more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door,
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall
take heed
To comfort his old age and to provide
Shelter in stall and food and field beside."

At this the king was mightily pleased
and said:

"Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to Mass; my bell does more;

TOM'S TOWER, OXFORD.

its splendid old bells ring forth a chime
as sweet as those famous bells of

"Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Many are the curious legends which
cluster around these old Italian towers,
and one of the quaintest is the story of
the bell of Atri,—

"A small town,
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
And then sat down, as if to say,
'I climb no further upward, come what
may.'"

In the market-place of Atri hung a
huge bell, placed there by the king, who

"Made proclamation that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square and he, the king,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon—
Such was the proclamation of King John."

It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws:
And this shall make in every Christian clime,
The bells of Atri famous for all time."

Pisa's famous campanile was clock as well as bell-tower, and was begun by Bonnanus, of Pisa, as early as 1174, but was not completed until 1350. It stands beside the cathedral in the beautiful open Piazza, rising in eight tiers of columned beauty against the soft Italian sky. Owing to the fact that the tower is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, this campanile is popularly known as the "Leaning Tower," but whether the leaning is intentional or accidental has long been a mooted point. The best architects believe that the south wall settled in building and that the upper stories were added in a curved line.

Galileo used the oblique position of this tower to aid him in his experiment with the laws of gravitation.

The bells in the tower are particularly fine, seven in number, one weighing six tons, and their silvery peal has rung out over varied scenes in this quaint old town. They rang a peal of joy for the famous victory of the Pisans when the Saracens were expelled from Sardinia; they called to arms when men went mad with zeal for the Crusades and pious Pisans rode forth with the cross upon their breasts.

A leaning tower somewhat similar to this is at Zaragosa, under the stately shadow of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, though the Spanish tower is not so large as that at Pisa and its chime is far less melodious. This old belfry was taken

down in 1900 as unsafe. Many are the legends told of Spanish bells. To the maiden who first rings the bell of the Torre de la Vila on New Year's day a husband is assured during the year, while the great bell of Villala rings of itself when any misfortune threatens the royal house of Spain.

A most brilliant belfry under the glorious Spanish sunshine is the Giralda of Seville, one of the most perfect specimens of Moorish architecture in the world. Somewhat similar in style are the belfries of Torcello and St. Mark's, the towers of Hassan and that of the Kootsabea mosque in Morocco. These towers were not originally belfries, since the Mohammedans do not use bells, but call people to prayer by the voice of the muezzin. He stands upon the platform of the tower at the base of the spire and calls three times, "God is great! God is good! God is God! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" and the faithful, with faces turned toward Mecca, pray in their homes or enter the mosques.

When the Spaniards conquered Seville in 1248 they purified the mosque

and consecrated it for the Christian cathedral, and the muezzin's tower became the campanile, its silver chime calling Catholics to prayer.

The Giralda takes its name from Girar, to revolve, and giroutte, weather-cock, and it was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Jacub. Three hundred and fifty feet high, its proportions are singularly graceful, and it is lighted by agimez windows of varying styles. Wonderful frescoes adorn the niches, wonderful still,

Equally true is it that one who has not heard the song of La Giralda has not heard a wonder.

A far cry it is from the blue Guadalquivir to the forget-me-not covered vales of Russia, yet the Kremlin's bell-tower, with the largest bell in the world, is not so different in type from the Moorish Giralda, since both campanili trace their origin to the same source, Constantinople.

The "Czar Kolokal" is the largest bell ever cast, dating from 1733, and weighing four hundred and forty thousand pounds. Whatever this monster may have been intended for, it was never swung aloft, having been found silent and idle in 1836, left half buried in rubbish since the terrible fire of 1737, when a piece was broken from its side. It is now used as a chapel for the Greek church. Another huge bell of Moscow weighs one hundred and twenty-eight tons. It rang the wild peals of rejoicing when Napoleon retreated from the ill-fated city. One wonders what will next be the tocsin it sounds, whether for anarchy and revolution or in rejoicing that the angel of peace

CAMPANILE, FIESOLE.

though defaced by wind and weather. The topmost pinnacle is crowned with "La Girandilla," a bronze figure of "Faith," by Bartolomeo Morel.

There are six large and sixteen small bells, all of the most perfect tone, the chimes the most beautiful in Seville. To quote an old saying,

"Quien no ha vista Sevilla
No ha visto Maravilla."*

* Who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel.

has spread her snowy wings over unhappy Russia.

Nearly as large a bell as those of Moscow rests in one of the towers of the Cologne Cathedral, the "Kaiser-Glocke," weighing five and twenty tons.

Another German bell has picturesque housing in the belfry of St. Andrea, in the quaint old town of Brunswick. Begun in 1180, the church was not completed until 1420. The tall and graceful belfry is three hundred feet high, and is

elegant and dignified of proportion. Within the church are curious sculptures of the fifteenth century, of the Annunciation, the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, and, most remarkable of all, "Christ on the Throne." Our Lord is surrounded with cripples in every manner of attitude, alluding to the old legend that the Church was founded by the wealthy cripples of Brunswick. It

Longfellow has immortalized in his poem of how

"In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.

is in honor of this that the picturesque village street, with its charming fountain, around which the burgher children gather in merry groups, and upon which St. Andrea's belfry looks down, is called Kroppe-Strasse—Cripple Street.

One of the best known belfries in the world is that of Bruges, that old Flemish city which so many wars and rumors of wars have rendered famous, and which

It is not strange that such a belfry should have inspired the soul of a great singer, for it rises like a poem against the sunlit sky, and from its pinnacle, in sculptured stone-work, like a marquis' coronet, one sees a vista of beauty where

"Thick with towns and hamlets studded,
And with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver,
Round and vast the landscape lay."

The belfry of the Notre Dame de Paris gazes down upon a different scene, upon all the toil and traffic and bustle of the gayest city in the world, and her great bell, "Le Bourdon," is seventeen tons in weight.

Amiens' lovely, snowy spire boasts a fine chime, but it is not so mighty as those English chimes, long famous since the days when the monks were the bell-founders and English bells were known all over the world.

The history of bells and belfries in England is perhaps more interesting than in any other country. In the early days hand-bells were used to call people to the church services. The priest had a portable altar which he set up in a forest glade or open field beneath the pink canopy of a flowering hawthorne hedge, with a violet or daisy-sprinkled mead for a carpet. Before him went a little lad, ringing the service bell, which

was not cast in a mould, but made of sheets of metal riveted together, forming a cone from four to nine inches high, which was struck with a hammer. As early as the seventh century there were large bells in England, for the Venerable Bede speaks of one in use at Whitby. In 1050 Bishop Leofric added six large and twelve small bells to the seven already in Exeter Cathedral, and one or two of these are to be found to-day in that beautiful church, still ringing their chimes over England's green vales, though some of them are silent and their places filled by bells of Roger de Ropeford's casting, named respectively: Walter, Bockere Chauncel, Germecyn, Jesus, Mary, Peter, Trinity, and Grandison. Nearly all the old bells are named, and they are stamped to show the maker and the donor, for it was a pious custom to present bells to church or abbey in honor of some vow fulfilled. Mottoes and designs were cut into the bells, mottoes quaint and curious, the legends upon them denoting varying degrees of piety in the makers. The four famous bells of Ely Cathedral were called Jesus, Mary, John, and Walsingham, for Our Lord, Our Lady, the saint of the cathedral and the donor, Lord Walsingham.

Many bells were inscribed with the Ave Maria and others wore the legend: "Hoc Nomen Iesvs est Armor Mevs." Bells were named from the patron saint of a church, from the tower in which they were hung, from St. Gabriel and Our Lady. They were blessed and consecrated by the clergy by a special service something like the order of baptism, hence erroneously called "the baptism of the bells." It was in reality but a formal dedication of the bells to the service of

God as a church is dedicated.

Nearly all the old bell inscriptions are in churchly Latin, as one in Somerset, named for St. Catherine, "*Hac Campanella colitur Katrina puella,*" but in the early sixteenth century we find some few English inscriptions. A quaint one at Gunby, "*In ye nam of ye Trynyte, Nicholas, bell men call me.*" One very curious bell at Bitterly, Shropshire, reads in Norman-French: "*Ieus le sei ne Seynt Anne per le Ordynance Alelss Tvrye qve div Asolle Pvrse Gavnt Mercy.*"

Figures as well as mottoes are often found on the ancient English bells—the Blessed Virgin and Child, symbols of the Evangelists, saints, royal heads and all manner of things.

When Henry VIII disbanded the monasteries, many famous bells were melted up and the metal sold for cannon and other warlike instruments. During the English "reformation" the church bells were often sold, the people of a Devon town saying that they pulled down their bells, "being thereunto moved by universal talk and by persons openly preaching against bells and other ceremonies of the Church, affirming the use of them to be superstitious, abominable and popish."

With modern irreverence came a change in bell mottoes. Instead of

THE BELL OF MOSCOW.

verses from Holy Writ or pious ejaculations, rhyming couplets were employed. A Bilbie bell, cast by the famous Bilbies of Somerset, 1700, states:

"Once I had a note that none could bear,
But Bilbie made me sweet and clear."

Another declares:

"Although my waist is small
I will be heard amongst you all."

Although there still remain very beautiful bells, and quite a number of the old chimes, it is much to be regretted that so many of the English bells were de-

stroyed. It is said that devotees used to bring their silver tankards, spoons and other valuables, throwing them into the bell-metal to improve its tone, and perhaps this may account for the term "silver chimes."

Of the large bells of England, Great Paul of St. Paul's, Big Ben of Westminster, and Mighty Tom of Oxford, are the best known. Great Paul weighs

Re-consecrated in the reign of Queen Mary, it was named after her, "Mary's Bell," and she was so delighted by its resonant tones that upon hearing it she exclaimed, in purest Latin—learned lady that she was—

"Oh bellam et suavem harmoniam.
O pulchram Marique et sonat,
Musice ut tinnuit melodice,
Ut placed auribus mirifice."

SLIGO ABBEY BELL-TOWER.

thirty-three thousand, five hundred pounds, but this is a modern bell, cast in 1881. Mighty Tom, swaying aloft in Tom's Tower, Oxford, has hung there since 1680, and came from the famous bells of Oseney Abbey, "of giant bells the famous treasury." The bell was inscribed:

"In Thomae resons laude
Bim bom sine Fraude."

Many verses have been written to "Mighty Tom," and Oxfordites have sung his praises in various undergraduate measures. Some rather clever ones were penned upon the bell's recasting by one Thomas Corbet, closing:

"Though grieved to see thee thumped and
banged,
We'll all be glad, Great Tom, to see thee
hanged."



From the day it was hung in the tower of the gate house, May, 1684, to the present time, it has each evening, at exactly one minute past nine, tolled one hundred and one times for the number of foundation students at Oxford. At the booming of Mighty Tom all students have to repair to their respective colleges. It was this custom of which Dr. Aldrich wrote:

"Tingle, tingle, tang goes the small bell at
nine,
To call the beerers home,
But ne'er a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom."

The great bell of Lincoln, yclept Great Tom, was one of the sights of Lincoln. "As loud as Tom of Lincoln," was a saying for the loud tongue of a wife who scolded, and the bell was so large that a tall man could stand upright within it.

Many and interesting were the occasions upon which the old English church bells were rung. The Visitation peal was rung when the Bishop or Archbishop passed through the town, and it was considered a great affront to neglect this courtesy. When Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, visited London in 1396, the old "Acts and Monuments" state that he, "passing by the high street, did not only look and wait for the ringing of the bells for a triumph for his coming, but did suspend all such churches in London so many as did not receive his coming with noise of bells."

An entry in the church-warden's book of Melton, Mobery, Leicestershire, reads: "1557-8-Item. pd for a galland of ale to ye ryngers when ye bycchype was here . . . iijd."

When a priest was sent to his new parish the ringers rang what was called the induction bell, and before the days of Henry VIII it was rung every Sunday in the afternoon, calling all to hear the sermon. Shakespeare refers to this custom when his Prince John says: "My Lord of York, it better showed with you when that your flock, assem-

bled by the bell, encircled you to hear with reverence your exposition of the holy text."

One very old sermon bell is inscribed:

"I ring to sermons with a lusty bome,
That all may come and none may stay at
home."

The sacrament bell was tolled at the Communion, the sacring bell at the Elevation, and these were rung, not only for the benefit of those attending the solemn

CAMPANILE OF ST. AGATHA, RAVENNA.

ceremonies, but, to quote from the old chronicle of Lambeth, "that the people who have not leisure daily to be present at Mass may, wherever they are, in house or field, bow their knees."

It will be readily surmised that the sanctuary bells used in all Catholic churches to-day at the altar are but the continuation of these ancient bells hung in the church steeple or towers, and the

BELFRY OF BRUGES.

strokes sounded at the Sanctus to-day are reminders of the Sanctus bell. This was hung, that it might be heard by those afar as well as by those attending Mass, in a little bell-cote, or gable in the chancel roof, or possibly in the belfry, its cord easily reached by the server at the altar.

One of the most interesting of the Sanctus bells remaining to-day bears an inscription which reminds one of a custom of the old days, both interesting and salutary. This bell, at Clopton-in-Gordano, Somerset, is inscribed:

"Signjs Cessandis et servis clamo Cibandis." This refers to the beginning of the modern Sunday-school or catechism class, which seems to have been considered of great importance by the Church. The bells were rung twice to call people to the afternoon instruction. The first toll was from the large bells; the last ringing was of the Sanctus bell to call the servants, who were at liberty for the rest of the day from all household duties provided they obeyed the summons of the bell which called them

to receive their share of the Church's food.

Peals for the banns, for weddings, for brides, all have been rung from time immemorial, showing the Church's approval of matrimony, and some old bells bear legends referring to their use on these festal occasions, as:

"In wedlock's bond all ye who join
With hands your hearts unite,
So shall our truthful tongues combine
To laud the nuptial rite."

Bells ringing at baptism and confirmation were common, and also the Angelus bell, in use all over the world. Perhaps few know the origin of this beautiful custom in England to be from the ringing of the hated curfew, so detested by the Saxons as being foisted upon them by their Norman conquerors; an unjust resentment since the curfew was instituted by Alfred the Great. William the Conqueror, however, insisted upon its use, probably because he wished to discourage nightly assemblages of his discontented subjects. At its ringing at eight o'clock all persons were required to be in their homes, and all lights and fires must be put out. Its name arises from the Norman-French words, "*couvre-feu*" (cover the fire). The official ringing of the bell was discontinued by Henry I, but as late as 1469 the chime of Bow Bells in London rang the curfew at nine o'clock, after which it was a crime against law to sell ale or keep open a public house, an excellent preventive of midnight carousals.

In rural districts in England it is still the case that "The

curfew tolls the knell of parting day," as at quaint old Stoke Pogis, where Gray wrote his famous lines; but the use of this rest-producing chime has not been general since 1316, when its peal merged into that of the evening Angelus.

Pope John XXII ordered an Ave said each evening at the sound of a bell called the Angelus bell, in honor of the angel of the Annunciation, Gabriel, who appeared to our Lady to announce the coming of Christ.

The connection between the Angelus and the curfew is further indicated by the bell of the clock-tower of St. Albans, inscribed, "Stryke me each night at curfew time," for this same legend has been found frequently on Gabriel bells, as the Angelus bells were called. Later, the Angelus was rung thrice daily, at six a. m., noon, and at night. In rural England the midday bell was rung at fifteen minutes before twelve, and was called the "taty bell," because it was supposed to remind the housewife to prepare the potatoes for dinner.

The passing bell, rung for the dying, has been used in England since

the seventh century, and Shakespeare says:

"The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend."

Later on, the bell was rung for the dead rather than a dying soul, and inscriptions on some of the old bells show them to have been used for the death-knell. One in Lincolnshire reads:

"To speak a parting soul is given to me,
Be trimmed thy lamp as if I tolled for thee."

Funeral peals were also common, and are still used in many portions of the globe; in Hartfordshire the ringers indicate the sex of the person whose funeral is being celebrated by ringing twelve strokes for a man and thirteen for a woman, since they say a woman has one more rib than a man.

In old Puritan meeting places a hand-bell was rung to call stragglers into church, and when any unhappy wight dropped asleep during the "ninthly" and "tenthly" of a Roundhead sermon, the sexton rang a bell in his ear.

Cursing bells were used during the Middle Ages, and several curious specimens of these singular things have been handed down to us. One made of silver was cast by Benvenuto Cellini for Pope Clement VII; the design being of flies, insects, grasshoppers and serpents, in the Italian master's remarkable technique. The pest of insects had become a regular plague in Italy, and they were cursed with "bell, book, and candle," as a means of ridding people of them.

A curious legend prevails in Cornwall, where the tower of Tintagel has a superb chime of six bells, its neighbor of Boscastle not having one. The story is that twin chimes were cast in France for both towers, but the Tintagel bells were the first to be completed, were sent, arrived safely, and were raised to the bel-

fry. The fate of the Boscastle bells was different. They were cast as answering chimes to the Tintagel bells, and were shipped, the pilot of the vessel being a Tintagel man. The verses run:

"The pilot heard his native bells
Hung on the breeze in fitful spells,
'Thank God!' with reverent brow he cried,
'We make the shore with evening tide.'

'Come to thy God in time,'
Rang out Tintagel's chime,
'Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last.'

'Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,'—
The captain's voice above the gale,
'Thank the good ship and ready sail.'

'Come to thy God in time,'
Sad grew the boding chime!

Up rose that sea as if it heard
The Mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death groan of his sinking ship!

'Come to thy God in time,'
Swung deep the funeral chime
'Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last.'

Still when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves
Those bells that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide."

Another bell legend is told of the Abbey of Iona, St. Columba's isle upon the far coast of Scotland, given by the Picts to the saint in gratitude for their conversion. Here was founded the celebrated monastery which sent forth so many missionary priests to labor for the conversion of Scotland. Here the holy Columba labored until his seventy-seventh year, and when he died, the great bell of the abbey, touched by no mortal hand, rang softly for his passing.

Another beautiful bell-tower, now, alas, a ruin, is that of Sligo Abbey. Once the fairest Dominican abbey in Ireland, there is little left of its pure Gothic save the cloister with its forty-six carved arches, and the square belfry, whence in the blessed ages of Faith rang out the chimes, deep and resonant like the chanting of a friar.

The old Irish bells are peculiarly beautiful in tone. Bells are said to have been

used there as early as the time of St. Patrick, and his bell is still to be seen. St. Bridget and St. Adamnan mention the use of bells for the "more speedily calling people to church," and Irish missionaries to Iceland introduced Irish bells into the churches founded in that frigid clime.

One of the sweetest of Irish chimes is that immortalized by Father Prout in his lovely bit of sentiment, "Shandon Bells." Shandon Church, old, with its unique tower, two sides built of limestone and two of red stone, is a fair sight against the heavenly blue of the Irish sky, and as their silver-throated notes smite the air one quotes:

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spell."

The bells of our own country are modern. Independence bell, treasured in the Quaker City as having been the first to sound the tocsin for liberty, dates but from 1776, and our bells of minster and cathedral are newer still. Only the great Southwest can boast of bells older than the sixteenth century, but there the intrepid Spanish Padre set his foot, raising to the glory of God and His Mother those beautiful old mission churches, with their cloisters and open belfries, purely Spanish in type and most devotional in feeling.

The bells of the beautiful Santa Barbara mission were cast in Spain many, many years ago, and to-day they ring as sweet and clear as when they pealed in sunny Spain,

"Across the sunlit valleys,
All in the early spring,
The message: to simple hearts,
Of Mary's holy Child,
Sweet bells of Santa Barbara,
Upon the Mesa wild."

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

I.



It was night in Rome. A young man stood at the door of the English College in the Via di Monserrato, waiting for admission. Presently his ring was answered, and handing his card to the porter he was shown across the hall to a private room. He had not long to wait: the door, which had closed after the attendant, opened to give entrance to a priest in cassock and biretta. The two men greeted each other with more than ordinary cordiality. The younger man was unmistakably an Englishman, although darker than the usual Briton.

The priest, who was nearly fifty, had the blue eyes; rather wide mouth, and expression both penetrating and humorous, that indicated his Celtic origin. In spite of his nationality, however, Father William Basil was a convert. Born and educated in Dublin, and of Protestant parentage, he early joined an Anglican order, and after living alternately in England, America, and the East, was admitted quite late in life into the Catholic Church.

The young man, Philip Everdeen, was a scion of an ancient English Catholic family. The two men had known each other in London, and now met again in Rome by appointment.

"I thought," said Father Basil, as they were seated, "that General Hales was to accompany you. Your note asking for an especial interview indicated that he would come too."

"My uncle was detained," answered Philip, "and I am hardly sorry; for I would rather have the chance to talk to you alone, yet now that I am here I hardly know how to begin."

"It is about your career?" said the priest, with ready tact. "Do not hesitate to speak freely to me, and to the best of my poor ability I will advise you."

"It does concern my future," replied Philip. "I have talked it all over quite fully with my uncle. He wishes me to enter on a political or diplomatic career; but my wishes are all for the priesthood, with the hope of eventually entering some religious Order. It is not a sudden idea, Father. I have had the thought in my heart for years."

"Nevertheless," said the priest, "the wish does not always make the vocation, and there are many things to consider. Before renouncing the world you must be quite certain that you have the call. And besides," he added, "are you sure that you have considered all that a choice of the religious life would involve; the self-denial, the utter renunciation of home life and of worldly advantage, the hard work and the poverty?"

"I think I have borne it all in mind," said Philip; "the world has not so much attraction for me, Father."

"Perhaps not now," replied Father Basil, "but you have not been proved and tried. As you ask my advice, I would suggest that you wait a year before making a final decision. During that time you should go into retreat for a period, the length of which can be decided for you by some experienced guide of souls. I understand that your uncle also wants you to travel with him in the East. As you have started on this trip I would finish it, and remember, do nothing hastily. Come to me, if pos-

sible, a year from now, and by that time I think you will know your vocation. Meanwhile, my dear son, if I can aid you in the interim, be sure and write to me."

He arose as he spoke, as if to indicate that the interview was at an end.

"I am sorry to leave you so abruptly," he said, "but I have an engagement at eight; and I leave to-morrow for London. Believe me, my dear Philip," he added affectionately, "if I thought an immediate decision was the best thing for you, I would not hesitate to urge you to it at any cost."

"I am disappointed, Father," answered Philip, "and I must think it over a little. My uncle, however, will be delighted when he hears what you have said. If your advice has not been just what I hoped for, at least I know it is your sincere conviction."

"If we are both living ten years hence," said the priest, "I venture to think you will thank me for advising delay and due deliberation; and I am also sure you will be as true a Catholic then as you are now, and I hope a great power for good in England."

"Perhaps Prime Minister or envoy to France," answered Philip with a smile. "Good-evening, Father, and 'bon voyage.'"

"Good-bye, my dear son," said the priest, "do not hesitate to come to me at any time I can serve you."

Left alone, Father Basil paused for a moment. "It seemed cruel," he thought, "to urge delay in the face of so much enthusiasm; but I have known Philip several years, and I believe I have done right. His eyes show what he is by grace, and his mouth what he is by nature. Just at present the spiritual side is uppermost, and nature lies dormant. If he can blend the two he will have a splendid career, strong for good, a power in either religion or the world, according as the call is given to him."

A knock at the door disturbed his meditation, and the porter entered.

"Signor d'Azeglio to see you, Reverend Father," he said.

"Very well," answered the priest, and with habitual discipline the one need was now superseded by another; he passed out of the room and down the corridor in the porter's wake.

Meanwhile, Philip was walking home through the soft Italian night, deep in thought. There was almost a tinge of melancholy in his dark eyes as he recalled the very decided words of the priest, and the delay he counselled when he, Philip, had looked for a speedy decision.

"It seemed almost worldly advice," he thought, "and yet there does not live a man more spiritually-minded and disinterested, or more honest than Father Basil. He must have very strong reasons for advocating a year's delay before I choose my work. I wonder what that work is to be."

"So thou art deep in thought, as usual, Sir Galahad," said a cheerful, sonorous voice at his side, and looking up quickly Philip gave an exclamation of delight.

"Ewing, of all men! How glad I am to see you! What has brought you here?"

"Pretty good for an Englishman," commented the other. "If you had been educated in England, Sir Philip, you would not have expressed such outspoken joy at seeing me. What has brought me here? Well, the Royal Navy concluded it could dispense with my valuable services for a time, as our fighting guns are silent, and my aunt, Mrs. Stoker, widow of the rich American, elected to travel on the Continent for her health, and nothing would do but I must accompany her. So here I am, very much at your service."

"Nothing could have turned out better, Ewing; you are the very man I want. Here we are at the hotel where my uncle and I are stopping. Come in and see him," saying which Philip preceded his companion up the marble steps of the

hotel, and across the corridor to a suite of rooms on the ground floor. On entering, the young men found the main salon empty, and just then the General's man appeared to say his master had gone out with the gentleman who had called early in the evening, but had left word he would be back by ten o'clock.

"Now, Ewing," said Philip, "sit down and tell me all about yourself, and when you left England, and where you are going next."

"You haven't given me time to tell you," answered Ewing, "that my aunt and I are stopping at this very hotel. We left England a month ago. My leave is for three months. As to where we are going next—the ship, that is my aunt, will probably go where the wind blows."

"I wish some wind would blow me where I want to go," said Philip; and he proceeded to tell his friend of his visit to Father Basil, and of his hopes and plans. As he talked, it was easy to see that a more than common tie of understanding and sympathy bound the two young men together. They had been friends since boyhood; later they were educated together, partly in England and partly in France. Both belonged to ancient English Catholic families. Philip Everdeen, an only son, was early left an orphan, and when not at school had lived with his mother's brother, General Hales, at Canterbury. The General, a bachelor, adored his nephew, an affection which Philip fully returned. They had come to Rome partly for pleasure, partly so Philip could consult Father Basil about his choice of a career. Ambrose Ewing, a fair-haired Saxon, was one of a large family of children. Reared in a typical English home he had early entered the navy, and was a true British sailor, frank, cheerful, sunshiny, yet withal possessed of depth of character, and principles as strong as those of his more sedate friend Philip.

He listened sympathetically to the latter's recital of his interview at the Eng-

lish College, and it was only when Philip paused that he offered any comment, and then he said:

"Well, Everdeen, Father Basil gave you sensible advice; stick to your uncle for the present, and see the world, and then make your choice. You'll be better fitted to choose, and none the worse for the waiting."

"Possibly, Ewing," replied Philip, "but look at the difference between us. You are only a year the elder, yet you are a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and I—I am nothing."

"If you are seeking the religious life," answered Ewing, "age will not hold you back. It will be many years yet before you pass the age limit for that. If, on the other hand, you embrace a political or diplomatic life, in the one, advancement frequently comes by leaps and bounds; in the other, your uncle's influence will count for a good deal. I shall expect you to be a shining parliamentary light, or envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to some foreign court when I shall be plain Captain Ewing, unless some lucky war brings me to the front."

What further objections Philip might have raised remained unsaid, as the door opened to admit General Hales, and after cordial greetings, and some pleasant conversation, Ambrose Ewing took his leave. As the door closed on him the General turned to his nephew, and looking at him keenly and yet kindly, said:

"Well, my boy, what was the result of your visit?"

Thereupon Philip recounted everything with the frank confidence that can only come from deep affection, and sympathy of ideas. The General listened with unconcealed pleasure, and when Philip wound up by saying:

"I had intended to sleep on it, sir, but I think I have about decided to do as Father Basil says, and wait a year before making a choice," his uncle glanced up with an expression in his deep-set eyes

that amply repaid Philip for his sacrifice, as he said:

"Indeed, my boy, I do not think you will regret it. It is the greatest relief to me not to have you act hastily."

"And now that that is settled, uncle," said Philip, "can't we proceed at once to Naples and take the first steamer to Alexandria, as we planned?"

"I must go first to Paris," answered his uncle; and he proceeded to relate some business connected with his caller of the early evening, making it imperative to start at once for the French capital, even though it took them North again, and delayed their proposed Eastern trip.

Long after, Philip remembered his first feeling of disappointment, and the influence that the trip to France had on his whole future life. The delay in their plans at the time seemed provoking in the extreme; but the future was still hidden from view. Philip was too fond of his uncle, however, to raise unnecessary objections, so after a few more words of conversation they separated for the night. Three days later they set out for Paris, accompanied by the General's man, Hawkins, and with Ambrose Ewing and his aunt travelling on the same train.

II.

Along a lovely English road a handsome girl and two young men were cantering on horseback. From the appearance of their horses, and of the girl's hair, which had partly slipped from its accustomed confinement, the party had ridden far and fast. As they drew near an open gate they turned in, and proceeded up a broad avenue shaded by magnificent trees. A bend in the drive presently brought them in sight of a long, low building built of stone, that had become mellow with age, and portions of which were covered with ivy. The house, which was about one hundred and fifty feet long, stood back on a broad

terrace, and commanded a slight elevation. Over the hall door a clematis vine mingled with the ivy and sent forth a delicious, fragrant sweetness. The whole formed a charming picture of an English country house; so thought the young girl, Natalie Blackwood, as with her two brothers, Julian and Leonard, she mounted the broad steps of her home while a groom led the horses to the stable. The trio had been out for an early morning ride, and were returning ready for breakfast, and in the best of health and spirits. They entered a large, square hall, wainscoted in oak and hung with handsome pictures and tapestry. Across the hall they caught sight of the gleam of silver on the breakfast table, and as they entered the dining-room the steam rose from the kettle, that bubbled and hissed as if impatient of the delay. The two occupants of the room, an elderly dignified butler standing near the oak sideboard, and a handsome middle-aged man seated at the table, engaged in looking over the post-bag, turned as the young people entered.

Sir Arthur Blackwood, a retired Indian officer, had succeeded about ten years previous, on the death of his father, to the title and estates of Blackwood Manor. The property came to him clear of debt, and with a handsome rent-roll. Here Natalie and her brothers had grown up, and for two years, since the death of her mother, Natalie, now twenty-one years of age, had presided as mistress. Of the two young men, Julian, the eldest, five years his sister's senior, had early developed a taste for music and literature, and alternated between literary pursuits and assisting his father in the care of their estate. Leonard, a handsome, light-hearted young man of twenty-three, was an officer in a Devonshire regiment, and just about to rejoin his company. Sir Arthur Blackwood, a tall, fine-looking man, of a military aspect, was most resembled by his youngest son, who had the blue eyes, and fair

hair which in the father was now turned gray. Natalie and Julian were also both rather tall; but whereas his sister had brown hair and deep, dark eyes—which latter were set in an exquisitely sensitive and appealing face—the eldest son of the house had the reddish hair, blue eyes and appearance of extreme quiet refinement that frequently goes with the musical and artistic temperament.

There was something in Julian Blackwood's whole appearance and manner that stamped him as no ordinary man, and would have drawn attention to him even when his handsomer brother was overlooked.

Natalie took her place behind the urn, and commenced to make the tea, while her father went on opening his letters, and Leonard attacked the muffins and jam. Julian, with a courteous "Excuse me," to his sister, took up the morning paper and glanced over its columns.

The entrance of Hill, the butler, who had meanwhile left the room, bearing the breakfast, seemed to start every one's tongue at once; but it was Sir Arthur who took the lead. Glancing up from the letter he was holding, he said:

"I wonder, Natalie, how you and Julian would like a trip to Egypt. You have often asked me to take you there, and I have been planning it for some time. Now seems as good a time as any if you are still of a mind to go."

"How delightful!" answered Natalie, "fancy seeing the Pyramids. What do you think of it, Julian? And oh! I wonder what Anita will say."

As if in answer to her question the door was flung open, and in walked a tall, queenly looking girl. She greeted those present pleasantly, and took her seat at the table. Her entrance called forth a great deal of good-natured railery from Leonard on her tardy appearance, which she received in a lazy, amiable manner, protesting that she had no desire for an early rise and canter before breakfast. And yet, in spite of the

manner she put on for the nonce, there was nothing lazy about Anita Sargent. Her whole appearance rather denoted slumbering fires. Her hair, a rich purple-black, of a shade rarely seen, grew thick and low on her brow. Her skin, which was dark and clear, had a rich glow of color that seemed to lend fire to her eyes. The eyes in question were peculiar; not dark, as might be expected with her hair, but gray, of an almost quaker grayishness, and lacking any blue tints. Her eyelashes were long and very black; her nose straight and delicate—the mouth alone was not so perfect as the rest of her face; it was full, almost sensual, but when she smiled she showed white and beautiful teeth. When in repose Anita's eyes had an almost slumberous expression; but let her be stirred by either anger or deep interest, and her gray eyes would alternately flame like fire, and scintillate like steel. They were wonderful eyes—at times almost cold in their gray purity, and anon warm and vivid with light that seemed to attract and yet repel, like the eyes of some venomous serpent. In figure the girl was lithe and graceful. Her voice, too, was rich and sweet, its tones more like a southerner of Spain or Italy than like an Englishwoman. Anita Sargent's mother was a sister of Sir Arthur Blackwood. Of her four daughters, two were married, and the third, Anita's twin sister Madeline, had been for two years a member of an Anglican sisterhood, and was at present at the convent on — Street in London. Mrs. Sargent had gone abroad with her husband, who was in delicate health, and during their absence Anita had been visiting her uncle. Between her and Natalie there existed friendship without intimacy, their natures being too unlike for close intercourse. Julian had once said of Anita that she had magnificent possibilities; and perhaps he alone of the household understood her power for good or evil. The twin sister, with a character very

similar, had early made her choice and had thrown all the intensity of her nature into the performance of her work as a religious.

Anita's future, as yet, was a fair, open page, with little indication in the present of what she might be. The conversation now turned on their proposed trip, which was to include Anita, as well as Natalie, Julian and Sir Arthur. Leonard expected to join his regiment that afternoon, and was bemoaning his hard lot in not being able to wander lazily over Egypt with the others.

"Why was I not born the eldest son?" he said. "There is Julian, lucky dog, will have nothing to do the next few weeks but bask in the shadow of the great Pyramid."

"That is just what he won't do," commented Anita. "He will be digging up the bones of Ramesis II, or climbing the Pyramids in the hottest part of the day, or studying the source of the Nile and its inundations; and then he will sit down and write a lengthy treatise, for which some deluded editor will pay him a handsome sum."

At which Leonard groaned and wished he could make money so easily.

"It seems to me," said his father, "that I give you a generous allowance. What more do you want, my boy?"

"Nothing," replied Leonard cheerfully. "You're awfully good to me, Dad; and with my pay I've nothing to complain of. Only I wonder what Julian does with all the money he earns by his pen."

"That's my secret," said Julian.

"Perhaps time will reveal it."

"In my day," remarked Sir Arthur, "it was considered derogatory for an English gentleman to earn money; but times now are different, and the younger generation is more democratic."

"Is it not better so, father?" questioned Natalie. "Cannot a gentleman bring trade up to his level, instead of lowering himself by entering on it? The man can make the work, whatever it is,

and it seems far preferable to starving in genteel poverty, as so many of our countrymen have done."

"No doubt," said Sir Arthur. "Nevertheless England, as well as France, has lost something by the introduction of the democratic spirit among the nobility. Old barriers and old customs are broken down. In Spain and Austria the old régime is still maintained."

While this conversation was going on Anita had meanwhile sauntered to the window, and was looking out at the lovely sweep of lawn that bordered the house.

"I wonder," she said, "what grandma would say if she could hear you, and I wonder still more what her remarks will be when she knows of our proposed trip."

At the mention of his mother's name Sir Arthur gathered together his papers and arose quickly from the table.

"I must go to see her this morning," were his parting words, as he left the room.

Anita pirouetted gracefully around the room.

"And when he has seen her," she said, laughing, "we will know when we are going to Egypt. Uncle is a great man in the country, but with grandma it is still as though he were her little boy."

"Incorrigible one!" said Leonard, "when will you learn to be respectful?"

"Not while you are here," answered his cousin, making a mock courtesy, and then she flew to the window as the sound of horses' hoofs was heard on the gravel, and Sir Arthur drove past, waving good-bye as he turned down the avenue and disappeared behind the trees. He drove for five miles until he reached the gate of his mother's house, pausing only a moment for the lodge-keeper's wife to admit him. A drive of five minutes through a lovely park brought him in sight of the house. On the lawn two or three handsome dogs were racing back and forth near a lady who was sit-

ting reading under the trees. Sir Arthur drew rein and greeted her pleasantly, and was received in return with affectionate cordiality. "Well, Marian," he said, "where is mother?"

As if in answer to his question, an old lady in a widow's cap emerged from the house and came rapidly toward them. In figure she was of medium height; simply yet handsomely dressed in mourning, she carried herself well, although at times her movements were too rapid. The small cap that partly covered her gray hair surmounted a face that was decidedly plain, but full of intelligence and penetration. Although she was over seventy, the dowager Lady Blackwood had none of the infirmity of age. Her expression was firm and resolute, at times arrogant and inclined to be critical. The whole appearance of the woman was that of one who fully believed herself to be superior to the ordinary run of mortals, and who loved to order, plan and command. Such, indeed, she had always done. Of her five children, two were living at home with her, the daughter Marian, already mentioned, and the youngest son, the rector of the parish.

Lady Blackwood greeted her son with warmth. To her own family she was absolutely devoted, and it was said of her that although her children were all grown up, she nevertheless had them as well in hand as in their youth.

Taking a seat under the trees near Marian, Sir Arthur and his mother were soon engaged in an animated conversation, chiefly relating to family, country, and parish matters. They were deep in discussion about a proposed addition to the conservatory on Lady Blackwood's property, when the dogs set up a lively barking and around the corner of the house came a fair-haired, blue-eyed, rather slender man of middle age, wearing a clerical dress—the Reverend Clement Blackwood.

(To be continued.)

The Breeding of Greyhounds

By D. C. THORN

"Swift as the greyhound from the leash."

IF the sculptures of two or three thousand years ago can be relied upon, the greyhound appears to us to-day much as he did to the ancient Assyrians. Certainly since the ninth century or thereabouts, this most graceful and elegant of the canine species has changed less than any other.

The breed was probably introduced into England by the Saxons. There is ample proof that greyhound coursing, as a sport, was popular in the British Isles during the Middle Ages, but it was not until some centuries later that any trace

can be found of its being pursued under any systematic government, the first authentic code of rules having been published during the reign of "good Queen Bess," herself an ardent sportswoman.

As showing the exclusiveness of the sport in olden times, it is interesting to note that in the early days only nobles and princes were by law permitted to indulge in the luxury of keeping greyhounds, and it was further enacted that to kill one was a felony punishable by death. In those days the greyhound was more powerful, and was chiefly employed in coursing the red and fallow deer. It is recorded in the annals of the

reign of Queen Elizabeth that on one occasion at the seat of Lord Montecute, at Cowdry, in Sussex, in 1591, her Majesty witnessed the pulling down of sixteen bucks by greyhounds. Much earlier records are obtainable, showing that King John was an enthusiastic courser, and that during the early part of the twelfth century the sport was much in favor amongst the ladies.

Only those who are actively interested in the sport can appreciate the care and expense entailed in the proper training of the greyhound. For him to succeed he must have as much, nay, more, care bestowed upon him than a champion athlete. As soon as he is old enough to leave his mother, which is in about eight weeks, he is sent to a farm, where for a time he enjoys unbounded liberty. To digress slightly, it should be observed that in coursing parlance a puppy is known as a whelp until he is about eight

months old, when he enters the sapling stage. The sapling stakes are really the dog's initiation into the hard work which will be expected of him later. These stakes are invariably confined to four dogs, so that the tyro is not unduly taxed, and they are regarded largely as a means of training the dogs in the art of running in public. Very little preparation is attempted for these events, for which the dog is qualified during the whole of his first season; but he is not allowed to compete too often lest his future usefulness be impaired.

The work of training a hound is most arduous. Five or six dogs in leash are taken on a daily walk of twelve or fifteen miles.

To encourage the circulation the dog is enveloped in a thick "sheet," which is changed on his return for one of lighter material. The dog is then brushed, to remove all mud and dust

A KENNEL OF GREYHOUNDS.

from his coat, after which he is rubbed from tip to toe with a specially-made flesh-rubber, which freshens him and prepares him for his food, which is of the most nourishing kind. Broth made from beef and beef bones, in which biscuits are soaked, is the staple food, with an occasional feed of meat, vegetables, and stale bread.

Walking is not the only kind of exercise the greyhound receives; but every other day, as the time of competition approaches, he is given a gallop in company with the others of the kennel, and he is put through an actual course weekly. It is both interesting and exhilarating to watch a gallop. The speediest dog in the kennel is set going in the direction of the trainer, who stations himself about half a mile away, and then in quick succession, and at intervals of about twenty yards, the remainder are sent off after *their leader*. Some owners adopt the

plan of galloping their dogs behind a horse; but this tends to make the dog stale through the continuous hard work, and gets him into a stiff style, from which it is extremely difficult to break him.

The housing of the dogs is a very important point. The kennels must be clean, light and airy, but quite free from draughts.

Another point worth mentioning is that it is not always the swiftest dog which wins. The reason is, that a very fast dog cannot always recover himself when the hare turns, while a slower but clever animal can, and so secures the judge's decision.

The chief points of excellence in a greyhound are a perfectly straight back, standing a little lower in front than on the hind legs, well-set hocks, sloping shoulders, full chest, long neck, and powerful jaw.

At the Parting of the Ways

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE horse kicked impatiently against the wooden gate, then threw her head into the air and listened eagerly. Only a passing wind came and rattled through the bony trees. The occupant of the sleigh behind was evidently fast asleep. Upon his face was stamped a look of weariness, and his breath came in interruptions.

Presently the snow began to fall, thicker and thicker. The winds howled through the distant valleys like angry wolves—they were creeping nearer and nearer. The horse fairly shivered in the cold. Again, she turned her head and her eyes tried to seek the occupant in the sleigh. Then a shrill cry rang out into the frozen air; Nell was almost frozen—and suddenly there was a stir under the heavy blankets in the sleigh and two eyes opened to survey the surroundings. It was but a moment and the man jumped out and, patting the horse gently, threw back the gate that opened into a narrow lane leading to the comfortable stables beyond.

"Asleep again!" he muttered as he led the horse on. "Well! well! The last I knew I was driving out of Kenwick and here I am home again. I must have been asleep over an hour."

He had now reached the stable door and the horse turned her face gladly to his. "Ah, Nell!" he said tenderly, as his hand stroked the lovely, jet-black mane, "you're a jewel. You always seem to know when your master sleeps and you jog along the lone country roads and always bring me home safely. I often think God must be having a hold of the lines. But you're a jewel, old Nell, and my heart's at rest when

you are with me." And again he petted her, as a mother would her child, and she stretched her head so lovingly to him and opened her eyes so widely that she seemed to understand it all.

In a few minutes Nell was warmly housed and the man entered the house on the hill near-by. A little sign near the doorway bore the inscription: "Dr. Stewart Wilkins, Physician." It looked as if it were in its last days, this little sign. It was badly in need of a coat of paint, but what matter, since every child within a radius of forty miles knew that the little house on the hill was the home of one of the kindest souls in all the countryside.

Dr. Wilkins had passed the half-century mark in life. For thirty years he had administered to the good people of Plattsville and vicinity, and many a child at night did not close an eye before asking God's blessing upon the man who drove through storm and rain, day and night, along the gloomy country roads to bring relief to the sick and suffering. Dr. Wilkins had the whole country to himself. Other young doctors had come and "hung out their shingle" only to take it down again, after waiting wearily for the patients that would not materialize. But all loved Wilkins for his noble qualities of mind and heart, and they turned to him in all their afflictions.

But he was dying a martyr at the post of duty and no one, not even himself, seemed to realize it. When a call came from over the mountains that some one was sick or dying, no matter what the distance or the time, Wilkins was on his feet. "I will come just as fast as Nell can carry

me," he would say and every one knew that he always kept his word. For days and days, he would have to go without his rest. No wonder, then, that his eyes grew weary on the road. Thirty years ago he had come here, fresh from the halls of the university, the imprint of culture and refinement upon his handsome features—but, to-day, he looked like an old man. His step had lost its elasticity, his spirit its buoyancy and his face its peculiar charm, and yet he was only in the fifties. His hair had turned a steel-gray but it softened the hard lines that were telling on his face. The years had really aged him prematurely but, in his heart, the younger feelings were creeping back.

"I am growing younger," he said one night in the presence of friends. "Within still throb the heavenly feelings of long ago. Back from those happy days, alight with precious memories, they come, the hot, glowing thoughts that burn and consume. Love opens my heart's door to them and they enter and dwell with me through the livelong day and befriend me in the long, white silences on the far-stretching country roads. Ah! I am contented—glad to be able to work amongst this poor, pitiful humanity."

II.

Wilkins was a bachelor. In the little house on the hill the doctor dwelt in sweet seclusion; the years had schooled him into a lover of solitude and he was happiest when he was alone. A profound student, he loved books and often his light flickered through his study windows long after the starry midnight passed by. He wrote incessantly, for he was a poet and often poured out his soul in sweetest song. The doctor stored his verses away in a trusty volume and loved and

guarded them as zealously as a father would his children. If he had ever published them, he would have grown famous in a night and Plattsville would have been advertised to the confines of the earth. But the doctor willed otherwise. He was anxious to keep these lines from human eyes save his own, and he succeeded. Perhaps, when he was gone, some one would discover the treasured manuscript and then—well, then he wouldn't care. While he lived only God and himself should know.

But does it not seem strange that this man should keep to himself his life's best work? "Selfishness!" I hear one say. Ah no! pity rather. Do you know that Wilkins once loved and loved strongly. About his life lingers the memory of one of Love's saddest dramas and, perchance, his muse has wandered along these oft-frequented ways and he voices in his poems this great sorrow and writes for us the bitter chapter of his heart's romance.

Upon his book of manuscript was inscribed a name. From appearances one would judge that it had been done in ink years ago. "Madeline," it was called, this unpublished collection of verse, and the poet, himself, only knew what piercing thorns were hidden under so fascinating a name.

III.

When Dr. Wilkins first came amongst the good people of Plattsville, the times were not so bright as they are now. New roads were being opened up, forests were cut down and prairie broken. Everything was waking from a sense of profound lethargy. The people had never known what it was to have a doctor in their midst and were jubilant. A school was soon opened up to instruct the young. In those days

teachers were a luxury and when the young doctor offered several hours of his time each day to teach the little ones in the old log school-house, the old ranklings ceased and for a time, at least, all were satisfied. "How good of the young chap! May God bless him!" said an old lady of eighty. "Yes, and he is clever, and our children will know a thing or two when he is through with them," said another.

Now, in the village lived one Francois Fournier, a wealthy French lumberman, who had made his dollars easily in the North-woods. Madeline, his only daughter, was away at boarding-school and only spent a few weeks each summer at her parental home. It was on one of these occasions that Wilkins had first seen her. She was a beautiful girl, only in her teens then, but blessed with a simplicity of manner that made her a general favorite wherever she went. A few years passed and she returned—a matured Bachelor of Arts.

Often of an evening, when the doctor grew weary of his narrow, little room, he would hitch up his horse and drive down to the Fournier home to discuss matters of common interest with Madeline. Biography, history, travel, poetry, science, art—all would be touched upon and Madeline would astonish the doctor by her knowledge and wonderful grasp of human affairs. He admired her intellectuality—it drew him like a magnet. But, in time, there was a something else stealing into his heart and playing strange antics with him. Go where he might, there was the face of Madeline before him, young and beautiful as a saint's, fresh and smiling as the morning. In his office, on the road, in the sick-chamber, in the very presence of death, in joy and sorrow—there she rose before him, dimly, in clouds of mist, like a white angel of mercy—and he always felt the better for having seen her. He tried to forget her but he could not. She was uppermost

in his mind through all the hours of his busy day. Thinking of her did not make him shirk his work. He did not grow careless, but work and life were a pleasure to him, now that they were radiant with the sunshine that stole from the eyes of Madeline—his Madeline. Ah! not yet! If he could only tell her that he thought of her every minute of the day, that he often woke during the night calling "Madeline! Madeline!" until the lonely shadows shook their heads and mocked him and the vagrant breezes, outside, paused and listened and then laughed bitterly; if he could only tell her that he had worshipped her from the first day that he had seen her, that he loved her with all the love of his strong, manly heart and that he would be happy only when he could call her his wife—ah, then, his little world about Plattsville would be as near like heaven as he could ever wish it. Yes, he would tell her all. The next time his eyes met Madeline's she would know everything.

One evening in June, there was a gentle rap at the surgery door and in walked Madeline, her cheeks aglow with excitement and her lips framed into the sweetest of smiles. It was her first visit to the little house on the hill. The light from a lamp overhead fell tenderly upon her face and made it more beautiful. "Verily, she is an angel sent from paradise," thought he.

"I am glad you came, Madeline," he said cheerily. "I have been thinking of you often these days."

The girl turned her head nervously, like a frightened bird, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

"You will no doubt wonder, Doctor, why I came," she at last began and her lips quivered. "You may, perhaps, think me presumptuous. If so, then forgive me. You are too busy for a man of your years. I see that you are kept working day and night. Your practice is increasing and you must not run yourself to death. I feel that you should be

relieved of your work at the school. You have given your services gratuitously for nigh five years and I feel that I would like to relieve you of this work. I spoke to father to-day and he is quite willing that I should teach. I feel that I want to do some good. God expects me to use my talents, and why should I not be permitted to do so right here in Plattsville amongst my own people. My services will be given free. I do not mean to charge for them. You must not work so hard. It worries me. You simply must let me relieve you, and then I will be happy."

Wilkins was surprised, but the girl's earnest sentences pleased him.

"You are a noble girl," he said after a moment's hesitation, "and I thank you. But I don't see how you should be expected to give up your freedom for my sake."

"Freedom? What is it after all to a girl like me? Nothing but that vain, empty passing of precious moments without accomplishing anything ennobling in God's eyes. I feel guilty for squandering this gold. I want to work and teach little children to lead their thoughts to Him, and I don't want to see you in harness all the time. I don't want you to die soon. No! no! I want you to live—live through long, happy years!"

Dr. Wilkins gazed into the far away and, for a moment, lingered upon the music of her words. Then he began: "Since you are so kind then, Madeline, you may commence your duties at the school to-morrow. Some day I will try to repay you for all this." Then he bit his lips and silence stole in between them like a friend and drew them closer. The moonlight now fell in streams through the latticed window and with it came precious and holy thoughts to both, and that evening, as the two walked along the road in the direction of the Fournier home, they vowed that they would love each other always.

IV.

A few short years passed. "Doc" Wilkins, as the people called him, had grown in public favor. Every one, save Madeline, called him "Doc." She always called him "Doctor" in the presence of the villagers. "You worked for the title," she said, one evening as they walked to the gate, "and you deserve it. Stewart, why do you allow the people to call you 'Doc?' Why, in the city the physicians and surgeons do not like this aspersion at all. You must demand 'Doctor.' Why, were I a physician, and in heaven to-night, and were any one to call me 'Doc,' I'd simply leave the place. That's all!" and she snapped her little fingers as if she really meant what she said.

Stewart leaned upon the gate and laughed so heartily that the wooden boards fairly squeaked with alarm. Then he straightened up in all seriousness. "Why make a change and grow dignified now, Madeline? It would hurt their poor hearts were I to say anything to them and I do not want to hurt them. When they call me 'Doc,' they feel that they are very close to me and I am close to them. It breaks down the barriers between us. I know what they mean, and why should I care? I know their love and devotion and I accept 'Doc' as the sweetest music that can ever come from their hearts. They are sincere, at least, and sincerity is verily a jewel, Madeline! I have grown so used to this sort of thing that whenever the t-o-r is added I feel uncomfortable. Let them call me what they wish! I am always their friend. 'Doc' is good enough for me if they are satisfied."

"Doctor," of course, would have been more professional, more ethical, but, after all, Wilkins did a wise thing by letting things stand as they were. He had all Plattsville and vicinity at his knees—one word to hurt them, from his lips, would have driven them away forever.

It was this sympathy, this humility that tightened the iron chains about the doctor and his people.

In time, it was rumored that Wilkins would soon take unto himself a help-mate. In the Fournier home, there was general rejoicing. Madeline would soon be Mrs. (Dr.) Wilkins and all the old gossips of the village were busy wagging their tongues. It was the general topic for discussion on market days. At the county fair, a few weeks previous, Madeline had been the cynosure of hundreds of eyes. In the post-office, in the grocery store, in the blacksmith shop—everywhere, the men and women talked and argued and gibbered.

It wanted but a day and then the wedding would be a thing of the past. On the morrow, the happy event was to take place. Madeline, exhausted on account of the many preparations, retired early. By ten o'clock the Fourniers were all asleep.

Through a cellar window a pale light still flickered. Bateese Latour, the trusty butler, had only a few little things to do, and then he would creep away to rest. Before leaving the cellar, however, he drained several flasks of rich Burgundy wine. Later, he set the burniny coal-oil lamp out into the hall and, singing an old French voyageur's song, reeled and stumbled into his room.

One of the hall windows was wide open, a heavy wind was blowing—and two hours later the Fournier mansion was in flames. Men, women and children fought the fire like Trojans, but without avail. Mr. and Mrs. Fournier were safe, but Madeline could not be found.

For fully half an hour, the men had searched in vain. Presently, there was a faint cry, like one calling for help afar off. All ran in the direction of the voice. Stewart Wilkins, white as death, was in the very front. He pressed on in anguish, closer and closer to the burning

building. He saw a little, thin hand struggling through the smoke. Like a madman, he dashed into the seething flames and was lost in clouds of smoke. The heavy timbers swayed and cracked overhead. In a second they would come crashing down and all would be over.

Presently Wilkins stumbled back through the fire and smoke, holding Madeline in his strong arms as he made for the outer air. The girl was unconscious and badly burned, and Wilkins fought on, wild and distracted with grief. When he reached the open, he could go no farther and sank down and wept like a child. Bateese was almost beside himself. A glance at the suffering girl's expressive face overpowered him, and he threw himself to the ground and sobbed as if his heart would break. "O God! forgive!" he groaned, "I 'am to blame—" And, mingled with his threnody came the sound of Wilkins' wild, touching heart-cry: "Madeline! my Madeline! speak, O speak just one word and then—"

But the falling of timber and the roaring of fire alone filled his ears.

V.

A bright June sun smiled upon the green meadows of Plattsville; the birds sang out their songs in the branches of the trees and the warm breezes, stealing upward from the pleasant river, crooned lullabies through the beautiful, languid afternoon. It was one of those delightful days that steal very close to one's heart and send the blood bounding through one's veins—a day of sunshine and music into which could be crowded all the shadows and tears of one's life. Nature had flung open her leafy, prison doors and every living thing, bird and beast, flower and tree, throbbed and exulted in the vital forces of quickening

life. The sun looked through the lace-covered windows of heaven and smiled good-naturedly—impressed and pleased with the lordliness of everything out-of-doors.

Madeline had not left her bed in the last two years. But she was patient and trusted in the goodness of One Whose home was beyond the blue skies and the pale stars.

The sunbeams stole into her room through the quaint, narrow windows and threw grotesque shadows on the walls, and Madeline's eyes wandered over the green fields and meadows through which she had often roamed in her childhood's days, and along the shining river path to far beyond the distant, blue mountains.

Presently the sound of the village school bell in the distance floated over the meadow. Its music awakened old memories. Madeline tossed about nervously and tears came to her eyes. It was the first time she had wept in years. She was a brave girl (a coward never yet shed tears) and God, alone, knew the leaden weight of her heart.

The clatter of hoofs was heard. Nearer and nearer came the sound and a look of anguish crept into the girl's blue eyes. A shadow glided past the window. In an instant the rider was on his feet. It was Dr. Wilkins just returning from a call over the hills.

"And how is my little girl to-day?" he asked, happily, as hurriedly he brushed into the room, with a look of intense joy upon his noble face.

"Fine! Stewart! Isn't this a beautiful day! How I would love to be out with the birds and the flowers! But no! I am satisfied with these four walls and my little bed. My little kingdom, here, is fairly alive with many pretty fancies and dreams through the busy day. I often think until I grow tired, and then sometimes I lie asleep for hours."

Just then the old familiar school-bell

sounded its last peal and a feeling of pain stole into Madeline's heart. It revealed itself upon her girlish face, but Stewart did not notice the shadow that came and went so silently. A sigh, yet another, burst from her lips and it went, like an arrow, through Stewart's heart.

"Stewart!" at last came from Madeline's lips—but she could go no farther.

"Yes, my dear; what is it?"

Two thin, pale fingers then toyed nervously through the pages of an old copy of Longfellow on the bed. Madeline was not herself at all—something was gnawing deep down in her heart.

"Stewart! I pity you," she at last began. "You are so good, so noble, so manly and I—O what am I now but a weak, deformed little thing. You are so beautiful, and I, oh, I am hideous, nothing but a cripple. I thought you would forget me long before now. I prayed that you would forget. But you will, you must forget me, Stewart, for my sake and for your sake, won't you? It can never be—this marriage to which we had nailed our loves, and you must let your thoughts wander down pleasanter lanes. Open the door of your little heart's room and banish me from it forever! Take down the pictures of olden memories! They haunt you, they cry at you with uplifted hands. 'It can never be'—the strange, sad voices are speaking. Even now, I can hear them."

"Ah! Madeline, do not speak the cruel word! Let me only love and wait! My heaven will never be complete without the radiance of you—sweet, guiding star"—and he pressed her little hand in his and softly raised it to his lips. "Madeline," he spoke softly, "you must not speak so. I cannot forget you. Without you, my heart will be but an empty cage."

"Better that your heart were an empty cage, Stewart, than to have it hold a bird whose voice has stopped singing and whose wings are broken. Stewart,

were I to add my life to yours, how would you be benefited? It would be wrong. How could I help you? I cannot even walk—yet for your sake I am willing to suffer this all. Forget me, Stewart! Shatter the idol of your heart, God will give you another! You need the support of a strong woman's arm, you need the care, the devotion of a loving, helpful wife, able and willing to go from one end of the world to the other, through fire and flood for her husband's sake."

Stewart sat at the bedside, silent and troubled, drinking in every burning word, and through his heart ebbed and flowed even a stronger, a mightier love for the poor, little cripple, whose open avowal had much of honesty and philosophy in it. The color had left his cheeks. Just now he was fighting the hardest battle of his life.

"You look troubled, Stewart. You must not worry—" The music of Madeline's girlish voice startled him. "I will be happier to know that another will share your love and home. But I will not forget you. My love for you will continue beyond the grave. But, Stewart, you must—you will try to forget! Throw me away as a child would its plaything! Let me lie there alone on life's road and, when I shall hear that you have forgotten me, I will be satisfied to pass this life in sweet companionship with the sun and moon and stars and the Father, Who shelters in His care the sickly fledglings of humanity."

Silence, deep and solemn, filled the little room. Troubled hearts always love solitude, and now the soft-eyed messenger was doubly welcome to both. Madeline stirred slightly in her bed, the volume of Longfellow slid to the floor and the silence was broken.

Stewart raised his eyes to hers. The gleams of the setting sun threw a halo about her golden hair. "Thou, poor, little, white angel," he thought to

himself, as his eyes rested upon the picture that Love had painted on his heart. Then, in words that she alone heard, he whispered: "Madeline, it is hard, but I will try to forget"—and the two wept together.

It was a great sacrifice for both; and he went out into the great, gray presence of the world trying to forget the little angel whose fingers had lain so heavily on his heart; while she, poor frail, loving thing, moved from her bed to her invalid chair and from her chair to her bed, through long, patient years, with the golden cross of suffering ever clinging to her, like some precious, sacred thing.

VI.

Let us draw a curtain over all the long years that followed. Dr. Wilkins had tried to forget the little drama of those early years, but it clung to him always, and Madeline, poor Madeline, was ever uppermost in his mind. To-day she was still alive, standing between him and the future he dared not think of. Her father was dead, but her aged mother lived with her in the little cottage down by the pine grove. Bateese Latour also made his home with them, and did all in his power to make their lives comfortable.

Dr. Wilkins often dropped in to see Madeline. She was well up in years now, and spoke slowly and somewhat nervously. Her hair was turning gray, and she was thin and pale. The same quaint windows looked out upon the fields and the mountains. The same little bed stood in the corner, and the same little cripple (much changed however) was prisoner within the same four bare walls.

When the two met, however, they never spoke of those early days, and of the sorrow and suffering that clung to them. The past was sacred ground. But

something seemed always to draw their hearts together. And though, unconsciously, Wilkins was still the lover he controlled his feelings so carefully that Madeline never knew but that the past was a shadow that had shifted out of his sky forever. Outwardly he seemed the picture of perfect happiness; inwardly, his soul was tossed about by this wild, deep ocean of unrest. In her presence he acted his part well, this noble, fighting soldier of humanity; but in the eyes of God he stood in his true light, and doubtless there was much of pity felt for him in heaven.

VII.

All morning people had come to the doctor's surgery. The anxious feet had worn a deep path through the snow from the road to his door. For a moment the men and women paused, then knocked again and called up the speaking-tube that led into the doctor's sleeping room upstairs. But no answer came and disappointed, they drove away. "Doc. Wilkins must have gone out on a case in the night and hadn't probably returned," was what the blacksmith said, and this is what he told every one passing the smithy that day. With the afternoon the same persons waited and knocked and called at the doctor's door. But no voice came from within to give a sign of hope, and with heavy hearts they returned to their sick-beds, where suffering ones waited and longed for the sound of Nell's hoofs on the icy roads and the familiar music of her jingling sleigh-bells.

Night came with her cold winds and lonely shadows. No light shone from the doctor's study, but in the room upstairs there was the sound of heavy, rapid breathing.

Upon his bed lay Dr. Wilkins, just as he had come in from his calls the night

before, when he had fallen asleep in his sleigh and Nell had brought him home safely. The heavy blanket with which he had been covered had fallen to the floor. He seemed fast asleep, but it was a strange sleep, interspersed with twitches and nervous startings. His face was red and feverish; slowly, he turned, and a fit of coughing came on which woke him. His eyes opened—but they had a strange, far-away look in them. He seemed dazed, and he looked strangely about the room as if he were lost. Just then, the door-bell down-stairs sounded loudly. It was like a cry of agony in the startled night—ringing high above the noises of the angry winds that swept through the naked trees.

He raised himself on his bed and, holding his forehead, listened eagerly. Again the bell rang, and the voice of a child sounded through the room:

"Mother is sick. Come quick, Doctor!"

It was little Mary Malone, the blacksmith's daughter, and her voice was choked with tears. Presently Wilkins came to his senses. He jumped to the floor and made for the speaking-tube not many steps away. A violent pain pierced his side. Everything about him swam before his eyes, and he staggered and fell to the floor just as his fingers were about to clutch the speaking-tube on the wall. Almost instantly his mind became a blank, and he muttered strange words and strange sentences that no one could ever have understood. And for some time he lay there turning and throwing himself from side to side. The poor man, from exposure to cold and from overwork, had developed pneumonia. Just now he was tossing in the frenzy of delirium. He tried to raise himself to his feet, but the pain in his side would master him and pull him down like a child. Slowly and gradually he quieted down and fell into a peaceful sleep which lasted some hours.

Again, the door-bell sounded downstairs. Bateese Latour was at the speaking-tube this time.

"Madeline Fournier is dying," he cried. "She wants you. Doctor! for God's sake come at once!"

The sound of the bell had startled the sick man. "Madeline Fournier—dying—" shrieked Wilkins. "Am I dreaming—O God—" and, on hands and knees he crept over to the tube and sent down the message: "I will come at once. Get Nell out of her stable, Bateese, and hitch her up." Just then he had an awful coughing spell which almost prostrated him. He felt wretched, but his mind was a little clearer. The thought of what he was about to do nerved him for the deed. With some difficulty, he rose to his feet. New strength came to him. He walked over to the table, struck a match, and lit the tallow candle standing near. Then his eyes wandered to the unfinished manuscripts labelled "Madeline," which lay before him. All the years of his life were imprisoned in that grand, beautiful, classical poem. Slowly and nervously, his fingers ran over the written copy until a sigh escaped his lips. Then he donned his heavy sealskin coat.

"I am afraid the last chapter of 'Madeline' will close this night," he muttered sadly. He seemed to know—and his eyes had tears in them. Down the old, creaking stairs he went, little realizing what a sick man he was, his whole mind upon Madeline—his Madeline.

"Ride on ahead of me, Bateese, with your horse," he said breathlessly, as he climbed into the sleigh. A little groan of suffering escaped him, and Nell turned her head and looked nervously. Then she tossed her head into the air. "Go on, Nell! I leave it to you to-night," was all he said, and her hoofs sank into the icy road and she was off like a shot.

Dr. Wilkins reached the Fournier home in good time. Every window threw out a welcome blaze of light, and

when the sound of Nell's hoofs beat upon the icy road, the door flew open wide and Mrs. Fournier, poor old woman, stood eagerly awaiting him in the doorway, light in hand.

In a moment he was at Madeline's bedside. Life, at its best, hung merely by a thread but she recognized him and smiled sweetly. "I am so glad you came, Stewart," she said slowly, and then closed her tired eyes.

Stewart's face turned an ashen gray and his body shook visibly. Almost unconsciously, through dire weakness, he sank into the chair at his side. His hand sought Madeline's. The strange look again came to his eyes and, for a moment, the old love crept between them and made them happy. It was the sweetest moment both had ever tasted.

"I grow faint—Good-bye mother!—Bateese!" came in faint, trembling voice. "Stewart—good-bye!"

The sick man bent over the little form. "Have courage, Madeline," he whispered, "I will meet you at the parting of the ways."

Her eyes opened widely and she nodded her head sweetly, and then her eyes closed. In another moment, Dr. Wilkins staggered out into the night and made for his horse. "The page of the last chapter of 'Madeline' is open before me," he said thoughtfully, as he drove on. "'The White Footpath of Peace'—what a beautiful, soul-satisfying title. O God, I thank Thee!"

Early next morning Nell waited long at the stable-door and kicked her hoofs impatiently into the snow. She tossed her head from side to side and cried pitifully, but there was no stir in the sleigh behind this time. Her master did not hear her pleading voice. His eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, and on his face the smile lingered that came when all suffering was over.

He had gone to meet his Madeline at the parting of the ways.

A Garden Enclosed

By A DOMINICAN SISTER

Being Leaves from the Monastic Chronicles of St. John's "Unterlinden," in the Thirteenth Century

III.

CHOIR NUNS OF THE ORDER.

AGNES VON HERKENHEIM, co-foundress of Unterlinden, was, we are told, of a very holy life. She had renounced a high position and all worldly advantages to enter religion. According to those who knew her, she had never committed a mortal sin even during her married life, and in difficult circumstances. Ten years before her death, Jesus appeared to her and announced that her sins were remitted, and that she would not have to pass through purgatory. In her last years she underwent great sufferings which she endured with perfect patience. "My beloved Jesus," she would say, seeming to behold Him present, "You are my father and my mother, my sister and my brother; You are all that I love and all that I desire." The evening before her death, seeing her very joyous after matins, one of the religious asked her why she appeared so happy. She answered: "Our Lord and our Lady have been here; they have promised that I shall never be separated from them." During the following night the same religious had a vision in which she saw a wooden chest, ornamented with precious stones and filled with pure gold, buried in the cemetery; and it was precisely in this spot that the hallowed remains of Agnes were laid to rest, our Lord wishing in this way to make her sanctity known.

Tuda and Hedwige von Egenheim, daughters of Benedicta and nieces of Agnes von Herkenheim, were also most

exemplary religious. Sister Catherine Gebwiler particularly notices Tuda. A faithful imitator of her mother, she condemned herself to a very rigid life and made constant use of instruments of penance. She suffered many attacks from the spirit of darkness, who one day appeared to her in the likeness of a filthy animal; but Tuda put him to flight by a simple sign of the cross. She had a particular devotion to Saints Peter and Paul, who appeared to her one morning while she was at prayer. Their aspect was venerable and full of majesty. They said to her: "We are those whom you love so sincerely. The Lord has sent us to grant whatever request you may address to us."

A little frightened at view of the splendor which surrounded the apostles, the young religious took courage, and replied: "Behold, Lords, I ask above all things to be saved, and admitted at my death to the vision of God. Also, I desire not to leave the world until after my dear mother's death, for she is sick and paralyzed, and my cares are a comfort to her."

"It shall be done according to your desire, my daughter," replied St. Peter. "We will ask our Lord that you may not die till a few days after your mother." She died, accordingly, thirty days after Benedicta, and went joyfully to be united with her in Jesus Christ.

Hedwige von Laufenbourg, another of the first associates, entered at the same time as Agnes de Ochenstein. She arrived at very great sanctity and complete detachment from the things of earth. One day during the recreation, Hedwige resolved to deprive herself of the society

of her companions to seek that of the Saviour, and repaired to the choir. But hardly had she begun her prayer when she was ravished from earth and transported to the throne of Eternal Majesty, around which were grouped an innumerable multitude of the blessed. Hedwige recognized several persons whom she had known in life, robed in glory and enjoying the presence of God. Her ecstasy lasted more than an hour, and it was remarked, from that day she increased rapidly in perfection. She was often ill; but she received her pain with joy, saying it was "a dear guest sent her by our Lord." When she was alone in the infirmary, the departed sisters frequently visited her and sometimes sang the office with her, their voices sounding like far-away echoes from the celestial city. During the solemnity of Christmas, when she commenced her prayers before the hours of matins, all at once the place where she knelt was filled with dazzling light, and she saw the ancestors of our Lord, according to the flesh, arrive with a joyous aspect to take part in the feast. They looked kindly upon Hedwige, but while she rejoiced in their presence, she heard the signal for matins and at once quitted the glorious society of the saints and hastened to the choir. Our Lord, to reward her obedience, caused her to hear a voice coming from the tabernacle say these words: "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." An instant after, the same voice added: "Open thy heart to contemplate the immensity of that charity which caused Me to decree the Incarnation of My only Son." At these words Hedwige was again ravished in ecstasy and admitted to penetrate as much as a creature could, the abyss of Divine love. Then the same voice made itself heard the third time, saying in soft and paternal accents: "Know that I am always ready to accord the easy pardon of sin, because of the beloved Son Who is so

dear to Me." Again, she was in the choir during Mass when, at the moment of the consecration, she felt herself drawn into the bosom of the Eternal Trinity where she contemplated this mystery, which human words are powerless to express. Another time while in choir she saw, in ecstasy, our Lord in priestly vestments celebrating Holy Mass at the altar. A number of angels surrounded and assisted Him; when the moment of communion arrived, Jesus turned and made a sign to the sisters to approach. Then the glorious Mother of God appeared, followed by the Archangel Gabriel. Mary was beautiful beyond compare; a sumptuous mantle covered her, a sparkling crown was on her head. She knelt at the right hand of the altar, holding a long and fine piece of linen of which St. Gabriel held the other end, kneeling at the left. Hedwige advanced first, and after her all her companions. They received communion from the hand of Jesus, and then the vision ended.

One evening, after compline, she was praying very earnestly that our Lord would pardon all her sins, so that nothing might prevent their union at the moment of her death. Suddenly she heard the following response: "To-morrow during Mass, I will offer Myself to My Father for the expiation of your sins, and they will be forever effaced." The following day she ran to the church, full of hope, and remained long prostrate before the altar. After the sacrifice, the voice said to her: "The offering has been accepted; at your death you will enter heaven without passing through purgatory."

On coming to Unterlinden, Hedwige had brought with her her little sister Mechtilde, who died before her fifteenth year. Soon after death Mechtilde visited her sister, who knelt in prayer beside her bed. She had the same serene and gentle look as in life, and wore the Domin-

ican habit. Hedwige, transported with joy, approached, and endeavored to clasp her in her arms; but her hands encountered a void, and Mechtilde smilingly said to her: "How could you, still in the body, expect to touch me, who am pure spirit?" This vision was often renewed, and Mechtilde told her marvelous things of the happiness she enjoyed.

Godfrey, Count of Hapsbourg, found himself one day, in the year 1271, at the little grille of the parlor at Unterlinden. Hedwige was obliged by her duties to go and speak with him; and the Count, greatly struck with her holy expression, recommended himself warmly to her prayers. The manner of his request impressed Hedwige so much that she never failed to remember him to God. Sometime after she heard of his death; but while she was praying for his eternal rest, our Lord appeared to her and, uncovering the wound of His side, showed her that the soul of Godfrey was there in safety. Another time, she found herself alone in the choir, when suddenly three glorious personages entered. One was robed as a priest, the others as deacon and subdeacon; the last bore lighted candles, and Hedwige understood that they were angels. He who wore the sacerdotal vestments was taller and more beautiful than his companions; he advanced to the tabernacle, took from it a consecrated Host, and all three left the chapel. Hedwige followed them to the infirmary where she saw them give Communion to a sick nun of very holy life. On returning to herself she visited the nun and asked her how she felt. "I do not know what has happened to me," the sick woman replied, "but I have felt my soul all at once penetrated with celestial joy; I cannot express the sweetness that I feel at this moment." Hedwige related the vision to her, and soon after she died a holy death.

Hedwige was often obliged to fulfil the duty of touriere. Being a lover of

silence and recollection, this duty was painful to her. One day she was obliged to interrupt her colloquy with the Saviour to attend the tour. She made, according to her custom, an act of prompt submission, and went, peaceful and resigned, to her post. The glorious patron of Unterlinden was pleased to reward this act of obedience by appearing to her as she was crossing the cloister, and fixing on her an affectionate look which filled her with joy. The aspect of the Precursor was at once sweet and grave; he carried on his right arm a young lamb of dazzling whiteness.

The love of Hedwige for our Lord and the compassion she felt for His sorrows, led her to make a profound wound on her breast in the shape of a cross. As often as this wound healed she renewed it, in order always to carry on her body this memorial of her Beloved.

Jesus willed to accord a special grace to His faithful spouse during her last illness. He appeared to her surrounded by angels, gave her communion, and administered extreme unction. Then He said: "My daughter, although I have given you the last succors of religion, it is My will that you should receive them again at the hands of the priest. Take care not to refuse them, for all must be done according to order. I will assist you at the moment of death, and will conduct you to paradise." Having said these words Jesus blessed her and disappeared. Hedwige received the sacraments once more at the hands of her confessor, and the following day slept sweetly in the peace of the Lord.

Tuda of Colmar was a contemporary of Hedwige von Gundolsheim. She was a widow, rich and well thought of in her native city. Her children loved her fondly, the unfortunate never applied in vain at her door. After having settled her sons and daughters in life, Tuda decided to quit the world and to give herself entirely to the affairs of her salva-

tion. She entered at Unterlinden and there served God day and night with exemplary fidelity. One night when Tuda was at prayer, Jesus and the most holy Virgin appeared to her, resplendent in glory; and, while her heart seemed all melted with love, Jesus approached her and said in accents of reproach mingled with tenderness: "My daughter, you do not carry your cross with the patience and joy of which my beloved disciple Andrew has given you the example; your annoyances and troubles cause you to murmur." After He had pronounced these words, the vision disappeared, but Tuda remained prostrate on the earth until sunrise, thanking our Lord for His condescension. Thenceforth, far from carrying her cross with regret, she loved it passionately.

The following day, while at prayer, she heard footsteps at her side, and asked: "Who is it?" A voice replied: "I am He Who is; and Whom you saw last night." And at the same time she felt as if a vivid flame illuminated her mind and gave her an intuitive knowledge of the things of God such as she had never had before. The office, the readings at meals, took an entirely new meaning; all that had seemed to her hidden and obscure became perfectly clear; Tuda was become a theologian by infusion. She kept this marvellous gift for two years, but at the end of this time, a thought of pride caused her to lose it forever; however, the other graces which she had received continued to sustain her. One day she was ravished in ecstasy and admitted to behold the joys of heaven. She felt so lost in God that it seemed to her she was delivered from her body and in the possession of eternal beatitude. But then the thought came to her that she had not received the last sacraments, and that what she saw was only shown her to excite in her heart the desire to possess it. Another day she was praying with

fervor during Mass for one of her sons who was lying ill. At the moment of the elevation, her son appeared to her; he had just drawn his last breath, and she saw him presented to the supreme Judge with the august Victim Who effaces the sins of the world. And, in fact, he died at the moment when the vision was shown her. She had another son who, by his evil courses, was in danger of losing his soul. The courageous mother prayed that God would take him out of the world, while permitting that he should die a good death; and her prayer was granted. After this, we hear no more of Tuda.

Elizabeth von Senheim was full of graces and virtues, says the chronicle. Her love for her sisters knew no limits; she was always ready to assist them by her prayers and kind offices, and never did any one observe in her a movement of impatience or irritation. She suffered much from ill health. One day when she was more than usually in pain, and uniting with her whole heart her cross with that of our Saviour, she heard the voice of Jesus saying: "Know, my daughter, that I have ordered Saint Luke the Evangelist, the particular friend of My Mother, to cure you of all your infirmities." And at the same moment Elizabeth felt completely relieved, while a celestial light flooded her mind, and she received the same gift as Tuda—of understanding the Scriptures. More happy than Tuda, however, she kept this gift during the rest of her life. At the moment of her death one of her sisters, who had suffered tortures from neuralgia, begged her to obtain her cure; the prayer was heard at once, and the sisters thanked God for having given them a new protectress in heaven.

Eligente von Soulmatt was a religious of the same period as Elizabeth von Senheim. Her parents had married her very young to a brave and loyal soldier. At the death of her husband Eligente en-

tered Unterlinden, together with her three young daughters, and gave all her property to the monastery. Mother and daughters all became irreproachable religious. Eligente was assiduous in serving God by fasts and watchings, and disciplined herself to blood every day.

The devil often endeavored to excite trouble in her holy soul; at one time he appeared to her under the form of her dead sister, and said to her: "You will never be saved; your place among the damned is already prepared." At these terrible words, Eligente was seized with extreme terror; however, she did not lose hope, and hastening to the choir she knelt before the altar, saying: "Merciful Saviour, have mercy upon me; in spite of my unworthiness do not cast me away from Thy face, either in time or eternity." Our Lord, touched by her sorrow, answered her in a voice perfectly distinct to her natural ears: "I and My Father will give you for eternity all that We possess." This assurance took away all fear from Eligente; a pure joy took possession of her heart, and she was able to say with the Psalmist: "According to the multitude of the sorrows of my heart, Thy consolations have rejoiced my soul."

Eligente felt the most filial affection for the holy Virgin. One day in choir, she began to meditate between the lessons on the glories of Mary, and said to her: "Most merciful Mother of God, how miserable I am that I can only offer you some dry 'Aves' every day!" But at the same moment she felt herself tenderly caressed, and a voice said: "My well-beloved, your 'Aves' are never dry—I always receive them with joy." Eligente lived to a great age, and when the prioress questioned her shortly before her death as to the favors she had received, she said: "I have never asked our Lord for a favor in vain, always I have been heard."

Rinlinde von Biseck was of very illustrious birth and great wealth. She was

married to a noble chevalier. They had eight children, six daughters and two sons. They loved each other most tenderly, and nothing was wanting to their happiness; however, they resolved to renounce the world and give themselves entirely to God. The Chevalier von Biseck, with his sons, entered the order of Teutonic Knights, while Rinlinde placed four of her daughters in different Dominican convents, and brought the other two with her to Unterlinden. They all became faithful servants of God in religion.

Rinlinde had a very delicate conscience and judged herself with great severity. Often her tears fell in torrents during Mass and office. One day she entered the common room and, as she worked, she wept and sobbed with more than usual bitterness; when the voice of our Lord said to her: "Why do you weep and afflict your soul? I am always with you, I will never abandon you, and will be your eternal recompense." At these words a sweet confidence took the place of her desolations. She confided this favor to her daughters, telling them not to reveal it till after her death.

Werner d'Erlebach, a pious Dominican, confessor of Rinlinde, administered the last sacraments the evening before her death. Having heard the passing bell, he understood that his penitent was dying and began to pray for the repose of her soul, when Rinlinde appeared to him dressed in the Dominican habit. He begged her to say what was the state of her soul, and she replied: "The Lord threw upon me a look full of mercy at the moment of my death, He assured me of the pardon of my sins and eternal salvation. He has filled me with such a torrent of joy that if I had to support alone all the sorrows of humanity and all the sufferings of the martyrs, I should be amply repaid by the delights I now enjoy. Nothing can compare to the consolations with which I am loaded." The father asked her if she had been at once

admitted to heaven, or if she would be obliged to pass through purgatory. "I shall remain in purgatory for twenty-seven days," she replied; "after that nothing prevents me from enjoying the beatific vision." Werner having begged her to re-appear to him when the time of her purgation was ended, she consented, and disappeared. At the appointed hour, Rinlinde again presented herself. Her face and clothing shone like the sun so that the monk could not endure to behold her; and having cast on him a joyful look, she departed to the heavenly country.

The next sister mentioned is Adelaide von Muntzenheim, an orphan, young, rich and beautiful. Her relations wished that she should make a brilliant marriage, but she declared that she would have no other spouse than Jesus Christ. As she was only fourteen years old, she was examined by the Bishop of Trent and several other distinguished theologians, in order to test her vocation; but like another St. Catherine of Alexandria, she defended herself with so much sagacity and clearness that these learned men at once decided she might enter Unterlinden and there pronounce her vows. In spite of her youth she soon equalled the oldest religious in gravity and wisdom. Her devotion to the choir, her love of silence and mortification, rendered her an object of veneration to the whole house.

One of the nuns had a remarkable vision concerning her, in which she beheld in the cloister a superb throne, on which the Queen of heaven was seated, surrounded by dazzling splendor. Adelaide von Muntzenheim was placed before the throne. Mary, after having looked affectionately at her, took from beneath her royal mantle three magnificent crowns of gold, sparkling with jewels, placed them on the head of the young religious, and said to her: "Before the end of this year you will be admitted to the joys of heaven." But the

sister who was beholding this vision, full of astonishment, addressed our Lady, saying: "Deign to tell me, most clement Lady, what has Adelaide done to merit these precious crowns?" "She has merited the first," answered Mary, "by the fidelity with which she has followed my example; the second by the combat she has sustained to preserve the flower of her virginity; the third by her faithful observance of the rule of the Order."

Adelaide died before the end of the year, as Mary had foretold. At the moment of her death, two of her companions saw a luminous globe rise rapidly towards heaven and disappear in the clouds.

Two sisters who entered Unterlinden together, Herburge and Gertrude, called Herkenheim from the place of their birth, were both illustrious from their virtue and rapid progress in perfection, but while Herburge, highly educated, and well versed in the Scriptures, took her place among the choir nuns, Gertrude, simple and illiterate, became a lay-sister. Her history will take its place among those of the other lay-sisters.

Herburge, full of charity towards others, was hard upon herself; prayer and good works filled her life. Our Lord revealed to her the secrets of heaven, hidden from the wise and prudent of the world. One evening after compline she went to a solitary place to pray, and saw heaven open, and the majesty of the All-Powerful; her ecstasy lasted until sunrise of the following morning. Recalled to herself, Herburge made haste to go to the tour of the monastery, which it was her duty to attend that day, when Mary, the glorious Queen of Heaven, came to meet her robed in a magnificent mantle; and, having put aside this mantle, showed her the Infant Jesus lying in her arms. The beauty of the Mother and Son filled Herburge with joy; from that moment nothing earthly could distract her, so that she seemed more like an angel than

a human being. Another day, Herburge went to the garden after matins and knelt to pray in a hidden corner, when she was so overpowered with sweetness that she was fain to cry out like St. Francis Xavier in a later age, "No more, oh Lord! this joy is too much—cease, or I must die." But our Lord continuing to pour out His graces upon her, she lost consciousness, and for several hours was like one dead.

One marvel succeeded to another in the life of this holy religious. Consumed by the fire which our Saviour came to enkindle upon earth, she found no repose here below and only sighed for heaven. She no longer slept, but passed the whole night in tender colloquies with her Beloved. One night, when the loving complaints of Herburge had been more ardent and prolonged than usual, our Lord deigned to console her by appearing to her, full of tenderness and majesty, and saying: "You have called Me, My well-beloved, and behold, I am here. I am your God and your eternal salvation; since you desire it, I will unite you to Myself forever." And while Jesus spoke to her Herburge herself became luminous, and, as it were, transparent. Those only to whom our Lord has accorded the same graces can have an idea of the torrent of delight which filled her soul during this vision. She remained long afterwards languishing and feeble; but our Lord soon after restored her health.

One day, in choir, she saw two of her companions become diaphanous and surrounded with brilliant rays after communion. God thus revealed to her that these souls were specially dear to Him and had attained a high degree of purity. Though she strove to hide the favors which she had received, her sisters looked upon her as a saint and had recourse to her prayers in their necessities. One evening a religious came to Herburge in tears and begged her prayers for two of her brothers, who, involved in a family quarrel, made in-

cessant war, and laid ambushes, the one against the other. Herburge, though she was then old and loaded with infirmities, passed the night in imploring the Divine mercy. In the morning she told her companion that the trouble was not yet at an end, but that God would not permit that her brothers should do each other any harm, and at the end of some years they would be reconciled; which prophecy was exactly fulfilled.

The last time that Herburge was present at the office, on the feast of the Nativity, she was ravished in ecstasy during matins, and when her turn came to read one of the lessons, she remained, her eyes fixed on heaven, her head circled with an aureole, unable to utter a word. The sisters looked at her with astonishment; then one of the others read the lesson in her place. Not long after, Herburge left the miseries of this earth to be united for eternity with the only object of her love.

Margaret von Brisach, from the moment of her entry at Unterlinden, engaged herself resolutely in the way of Christian perfection. She deprived herself entirely of recreations and of human consolation, but while the Divine presence occupied all her interior powers, she fulfilled all the outward duties with which she was charged with perfect attention and promptness. She practiced abstinence in a heroic degree, and mingled ashes, or the leavings of an infirm old sister whom she nursed, with her food. During forty years she never touched fruit, eggs or fish; she often passed the whole night kneeling on the bare stones of the choir, even in the intense cold of winter; "and her venerable presence," says Sister Catherine, "became one of the ornaments of our church."

One day during the Holy Sacrifice she was ravished out of herself and transported before the throne of the Most Holy Trinity. During an hour she was permitted to see God as He is, and to

know Him as do the elect. After this vision Margaret appeared more perfect in purity, more detached from earth than before. This grace was followed by one yet greater. Our Lord appeared to her in His sacred humanity, and told her that her sins were effaced; then He added: "I will be near you, My daughter, when your soul separates from your body; I will receive it in My hands, and it will be eternally with Me."

The prayers of Margaret were powerful; she obtained of God all she desired. One day her dead mother appeared to her; she was enveloped in flames and said that she was suffering cruelly in purgatory. At this sight Margaret burst into tears; for several days she prayed without ceasing. At the end of this time her mother again appeared, joyous and beautiful, dressed in robes of dazzling whiteness; she thanked Margaret for having delivered her, then she disappeared. This holy religious also delivered her brother and three other persons who appeared to her imploring her assistance. Soon after, she herself went to enjoy the presence of God.

It was an apparition of the Infant Jesus which determined the vocation of another religious, Adelaide von Tordlzheimer. She was of noble birth and great wealth. One day, in her seventh year, she joined a company of pious persons who were following a priest carrying the

Blessed Sacrament to the sick. At the moment when the Host was presented to the dying man, Adelaide saw a little boy of dazzling beauty, robed in priestly vestments, appear in the sacred particle. She cried out for joy and wished to embrace him; but she saw him placed by the priest on the tongue of the sick man, then he disappeared. This vision was for her the end of her childhood. She lost the relish for childish amusements and had but one desire—to enter a convent. Her wish was gratified some years later. The eve of her entrance at Unterlinden, a very pious religious heard the following words which seemed to come from heaven: "The young girl who will enter to-morrow to take the habit, has been an elect vessel from all eternity."

Adelaide was gifted with a magnificent voice which she used only to sing the praises of God. For many years she directed the choir; but she was subject during a long time to cruel infirmities. During her last illness the devil sought to drive her to despair, and appeared to her under a hideous form. Terrified, she endeavored to throw herself from her bed, and the sisters had difficulty in restraining her. But soon her face was lighted by a joyous smile; she thanked our Lord aloud for having come to her aid; and then passed away, calm and confident, to the better land.

(To be continued.)

St. Macarius and the Skull

By Henry Austin

Of Saint Macarius this legend runs:
 In solitude Saharan, wandering once,
 He found a skull; a mummy's past all doubt,
 Since with a face-cloth it was wound about;
 And on the linen was a strange device,
 A scarab; and an odor like burnt spice,
 Only more subtle, from the mouth arose.

Uplifting it, the Saint said: "I suppose
 Thou must have been a pagan's, thou poor head!
 Mayhap, a tyrant Pharaoh, long since dead
 In all his sins of purple and scarlet hue."
 Then the Skull answered: "Saint, thy guess is true."
 "Alas!" Macarius cried, "Where now doth dwell
 The soul that once informed thee?"

"Deep in Hell!"

The Skull replied.

"How deep?" inquired the Saint.

"So deep 'twould make the mortal fancy faint
 To plumb it—deep, as Heaven from earth is far."
 "Be any deeper than thou art?"

"There are.

Deeper than mine the spirits of those Jews
 Who did refuse thy Master and abuse."
 "And be there any deeper still?"

"In sooth,"

Rejoined the ghastly Bone, "to speak the truth,
 Although it much may pain thy pious ear,
 The very deepest in the Burning Sphere
 Are Christians: those who had the light, but showed
 By graceless deeds, for them it vainly glowed:
 Who were too haughty or too rich to care
 About His doctrines and His cross to bear:
 Hell's fiercest depth unfathomed—they are there."
 Years flew in Egypt, as with us they fly;
 And good Macarius with a grateful sigh
 Fell upon sleep, till Resurrection's dawn
 Shone roseate. But, when o'er the world had gone
 Five centuries more, in Araby arose
 A mighty leader, awesome to his foes;
 The camel-driver's son, who did devise
 From Christian lore and Hebrew legends wise
 A new religion for the barbarous hordes
 That gave him readily their souls and swords;
 And in this book he, likewise, pictured Hell,
 With all the grades of wretches there who dwell;
 Pagans and Muslim heavy with their sins,
 Christians and Jews, foul fiends and naughty djinns;
 But to the deepest and the hottest pit
 Assigned all those who play the hypocrite.
 Thus did Mohammed use the legend quaint
 Of good Macarius, the hermit Saint.

In Quest of the White Flower

A Dream

By **LYNDALL C. BURDEN**



ONE day I slept and I dreamed a dream; I thought I was in a garden of wondrous beauty and fragrance; there were roses and lilies and violets, and all the flowers and plants that I had ever seen, growing and blooming in great profusion. There were great, tall trees whose branches made a pleasant shade; at intervals the sun peeped through them and made bright yellow spots among the flowers and grasses. I say there were many flowers and of varied hues—but there was one for which I searched, and searched in vain.

People had looked for it since the world began, but it had only been found once in many centuries, and had faded almost as quickly as it was touched; nevertheless, it was so beautiful that the memory of one glimpse of it would last a lifetime.

This flower was large and snow-white and its fragrance was of the rose and violet and all other sweet perfumes combined. It was the Flower of Happiness.

I walked a long time through garden and woodland and met no one. By and by I came to an old woman, sitting by a broken tree; she was wrinkled and gray with years and suffering. I said to her: "Can you tell me where I can find the Flower of Happiness? I have looked so long but have not found it." "I have never seen it," she answered wearily, "I do not think it grows in this world—do not strive to search for it, for you will never find it; I looked for it all my life, but each time when I thought I had found it, it was but that of Sorrow."

I left her and went on. After a time I came to a place where there was a

small garden, standing all by itself. It was full of red flowers of unusual size, and so fragrant that the scent of them stifled me and I seemed bewildered. I forgot all about the White Flower and reached eagerly to pluck one of these blood-red ones. Ere I could do so, a musical voice called to me: "Beware of the Red Flower; it is poison—and its fragrance kills," and turning I saw a beautiful girl standing by a flowing fountain and looking at me with wistful eyes.

"Why," I asked, "is it poison? it is so beautiful," and again my eyes sought the brilliant garden and its perfume dazed me.

"It is the Flower of Sin," she answered, "and it is colored by the heart's blood of its victims; all who touch it find death, and many do so in spite of my warnings."

"And who are you?" I asked, as I moved neared to the fountain and bathed my hands in its cooling waters.

"My name is Prudence," she said simply, "and I am put here to warn people of the blood-red flowers that Temptation, which is their fragrance, entices hither."

Then I remembered the flower for which I searched, and questioned her, but she knew it not, so I wandered on.

Soon I came to another field in which there were many people, mostly children or the very young; there were lovers walking among the flowers, and children gathering small, white blossoms which they wove into garlands and placed upon each other's brows. There were others who danced and sang and their voices were very sweet.

"Surely this is Happiness," I cried to myself, and then I questioned a rosy-

faced child. "What place is this?" I asked, "and what flowers are those?"

"This is Love's Garden," she said, "and these are the Flowers of Love; do you not want some?"

But I was disappointed, so I shook my head and went on: "I must find the White Flower," I whispered to myself, "I want no other."

After a time I noticed that the blossoms along the way became fewer and fewer and were without fragrance; still I did not stop. Then after a while I came to a desert; the sky above me was dull and dark; great rocks were scattered here and there. Upon one of these sat a woman with bowed head, her face buried in her hands. I spoke to her but she did not heed me; then I touched her on the arm and she raised her head. Her face was pale and thin, the eyes deep and dark and full of tears.

"What place is this and why are you here?" I cried, and she answered: "This is the Desert of Despair, and I abide here."

"But nothing grows," I said, "there are no flowers?"

"There were once," she answered again, "but they were washed away by tears," and her own fell upon her thin hands. I felt very sorry for her.

"Come," I cried, "leave this terrible place, come with me," and I grasped her arm, but she only shook her head and said sadly: "My abode is here," but as I moved away she pointed to the right, saying: "Go over there—that is the Field of Hope," and I fled quickly on, my feet stumbling over bleached bones and hideous skulls half-buried in the dry sands.

It was a long journey, but I reached there at last. It was very beautiful and there were flowers in which were reflected the colors of the sun and moon and stars, all in one, but no white flower was to be seen. Above was a blue sky and a many-colored rainbow. I made a garland of the flowers and journeyed on in the direction of the rainbow. I thought:

"Surely when I reach the end of that I will find the Flower of Happiness," and I drank from a cool spring and felt tired no longer.

Thus I went on and on, a great way. But after a while the rainbow grew dimmer and dimmer, and by and by it was entirely gone.

I was alone in a wild, weird place and looked about me in search of a sign as to which way to take. A rugged, steep mountain was before me; it was covered with rocks and underbrush. I sat down to rest. A hot sun shone down upon me and I was very thirsty. For a long time I had not seen even one flower. All was desolate and strange. Presently a cloud came between the sun's rays and me. I closed my eyes; I was very grateful to the cloud; so grateful that I even forgot the thing I longed for.

Soon I fell asleep, and when I awoke it was nearly dawn; a thin gray mist hung over everything. I stretched out my limbs and felt no longer the old weariness, yet I was still thirsty and longed for a cool spring from which to drink.

I arose and started up the mountain, searching among the rocks for one, but none was to be found. The sun rose and, again, it became very warm. Presently I saw something growing by the side of a great rock; it was a cup-shaped flower, the color of the sky. I ran to it and knelt down beside it. I knew what it was, for I had heard of it before. It was the blue Flower of Faith.

My heart was very glad. Then I noticed something glisten within it. I stooped nearer; it had gathered its cup full of dewdrops! I cried out in gratitude to God, and drank thirstily. The draught put fresh vigor into my limbs and cheer to my heart, and I struggled onward up the hill; it was briar-covered and very steep, and soon my hands and feet were bleeding, but still on and on I went, urged by something, I knew not what.

When I reached the mountain top the sun had set and a cool breeze blew into my face. I did not think much, now, of the White Flower but only of rest, so I laid me down. As I lay there looking down the valley on the other side, I noticed some strange things.

It seemed very dark down there and heavy clouds hung low and threatening. Great, black birds flew around and above sombre-looking trees, while black-robed figures waved their arms fantastically. Then I knew that this must be the Valley of Death.

After a while I closed my eyes wearily. Soon was wafted to me the soft strains of the sweetest music I had ever heard. It filled all the earth and sky and air, and was unlike anything I had ever heard before. At first I thought it must be the angels, but when I opened my eyes, I saw I was still on the mountain.

It grew twilight, and still I listened. It was like the chiming of silver bells, or the sound of many aeolian harps, or all the stringed instruments in the world, sounding a heavenly chant in unison with angel voices.

I rose and walked along the mountain, my one thought being to find where the music came from. As I advanced it seemed nearer, and soon I came to a white chapel before which I stood and listened. The heavenly sound came from within. I went to the open door and, very quietly, knelt down. On one side there were rows of black-robed nuns and white-veiled novices telling their beads; there were little children, and old men and women; some were blind, others were crippled, but they did not look like the women in the Desert of Despair, but calm and peaceful. At the far end was a great white altar with its many candles gleaming softly over the upturned, rapturous faces. Before this stood a priest clad in a rich chasuble upon which the emblem of the cross was embroidered in gold. Sweet-faced acolytes, in purple and

white, carried the incense lamp, while the soft music rose and fell in symphonic grandeur. When it ceased, the low voice of the priest was heard; it was then that I saw his face; it was gentle, benign and old, and very different from any other I had ever seen. When he ceased speaking, all was very still; only the soft rattle of many beads was heard as they slipped through the fingers of these pious devotees. I could view the altar very closely now for the priest knelt before it.

High above hung a great crucifix, so real and life-like that none, upon seeing it, could do aught but fall upon their knees and utter a prayer, as I myself had done. Such a feeling of peace as came over me then I had never felt before. I thought no more of the White Flower nor of my long and tiresome journey, but only that I might remain here forever. Again I looked at the figure of the Christ, and then my eyes lowered until they became riveted beneath the nailed feet. There, below them, and above the tabernacle, was a single flower,—large and snow-white, its perfume mingling with the burning incense.

My heart leaped with joy! Here was that for which I had travelled and suffered and searched so long.

I closed my eyes and a wild delirium of joy swept over me. It had not been in vain, my journey, and thirst, and weariness. I had found it at last—the Flower of Happiness! The White Flower! The White Flower!

So engrossed was I in my thoughts that I heard nothing more, and when I opened my eyes I was kneeling alone in the chapel. At the altar a brown-robed monk was putting out the candles.

I approached him timidly and touched his sleeve; pointing to the White Flower I asked, excitedly: "That flower," I said, "I have looked for it long,—what do you call it?"

"That flower?" he murmured, and his smile was like sunshine, "we call it Peace."

Cathedral of St. Machar

By VICTOR MITCHELL



PERHAPS few on this side of the Atlantic ever heard of the old Cathedral of St. Machar, which stands on the Scottish coast near the mouth of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. It is a massive and picturesque pile situated on the top of a grassy knoll overlooking the winding stream. Though sadly shorn of its ancient glory it still possesses great interest for the tourist and the stranger on account of its chequered history and romantic associations. Embowered in a cluster of elm trees as venerable as its gray granite walls, there rise from its western end twin spires of unique design, which form prominent landmarks for miles around. These hoary spires are modelled in imitation of the Pope's tiara, or triple crown, being divided into sections by three horizontal bands embellished with pinnacles of delicately carved work. This ancient edifice was founded by St. Machar in the middle of the sixth century. St. Machar was a follower of St. Columba, and, according to tradition, he was chosen by that great saint to go as a missionary to the east of Scotland. He was told to take with him twelve disciples and to proceed along the coast until he came to a river, the windings of which resembled a bishop's crozier or pastoral staff. Obeying these instructions St. Machar went along the east coast, preaching as he did so, until he arrived at the Don, and there at a point near the mouth of the river he observed that it assumed the form which St. Columba had described. The saint at once resolved to make this the centre

of his missionary labors and, with the aid of his companions, erected a rudely constructed church, the forerunner of the great cathedral. In addition to the twin spires already referred to, there at one time arose from the edifice, at the intersection of the transept with the nave, a lofty tower of Gothic design, which could be seen for many a mile out at sea, and acted as a landmark for the sailors when making for Aberdeen harbor, situated about a mile and a half south of the cathedral. If, as frequently occurred, the land was obscured by fog, the peal of bells which hung within the great central tower warned the mariners to keep clear of the treacherous rocks and shoals with which that part of the coast abounded, and they thanked the good Bishop whose gift these harmonious bells had been. For many years the Cathedral of St. Machar stood in solemn majesty, its stately towers vying with the neighboring hills for dignity and splendor, and its substantially built walls defying for centuries the storms which swept over the bosom of the cold North Sea.

There came a day, however, when an enemy more cruel than the wind and the waves attacked the hallowed and venerable structure. Clouds had gathered over the Catholic Church in Scotland, and when the storm of the so-called Reformation broke over the land the work of centuries was in the course of a few months well-nigh obliterated. Plunder of the churches and religious houses was the main object of the rabble which gathered around the recreant nobles who had cast avaricious eyes on the church

lands. To say that they were animated by zeal for any religion, old or new, is mere mockery. In the year 1560 a mob fresh from the spoilation of monasteries and churches in the south of Scotland, marched tumultuously to the north, bent on further acts of sacrilege and robbery. On arrival at Aberdeen, led by some of the ungodly barons, they made for the Cathedral of St. Machar, expecting to find there a rich harvest. But their coming had been anticipated by the Marquis of Huntly, a nobleman who had remained faithful to the Catholic religion, and under his protection the jewels which adorned the various altars and the sacred vessels were removed to a place of safety by the Bishop and priests. Great was the rage and disappointment of the rabble. They ransacked the sacred building from end to end, and stripped it of everything of value that they could lay their impious hands upon. Having wrecked the interior of the cathedral they turned their attention to other parts of the edifice, and ascending the main stairway they tore the peal of bells from the beams on which they were hung and carried them off. These vandals even went so far as to strip the lead from the roof of the cathedral with the object of turning it into money.

No one in the ancient city of Aberdeen or neighborhood could be found to purchase the bells, and the "Reformers" resolved to ship them to Holland. A vessel was accordingly chartered for this purpose, commanded by one William Birnie, who had no scruples in taking plunder as part of his cargo. After due preparation the ship set out on her voyage across the North Sea. She had scarcely passed the harbor bar when a storm arose with startling sud-

denness, and to make matters worse the land became obscured by thick mists mingled with driving sleet. The captain lost his bearings and knew not which way to steer.' He knew full well that to the south of the entrance of the harbor was the rugged headland known as Girdleness, around which were innumerable reefs which meant destruction to any vessel cast upon them by the angry waves, while to the north, on the further side of the bay, were treacherous quicksands which were none the less to be dreaded by the mariner. Forgetting for the moment the sacrilegious raid which had furnished him with a portion of his cargo, Birnie grasped the tiller and strained his ears for the sound of the bells of St. Machar; and white as the seething foam was his weather-beaten face when he remembered that the cathedral tower was empty and the warning bells silent within the hold of his ship. The vessel drove on, the terrified crew knowing not whither, but the sound of the breakers told them that the deadly rocks were not far off. The wind rose higher and higher and the waves leaped forward as if to engulf the frail craft. Through the cordage of the rigging the tempest moaned like a spirit crooning the death song of those on board. At last a terrific shock told the crew that the vessel had struck. A huge wave carried her back into deep water, she quivered for a moment, and then sank out of sight for ever, with all on board. About a half mile off the Girdleness the bells of St. Machar lie fathoms beneath the blue waves, and mariners say that in stormy weather their notes are faintly heard, mingling with the sound of the waves and the cry of the seabirds.

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

IX.

GERALD'S VIEWS, AND A MISFORTUNE.

AS this is not merely a story of all the faults and a record of all the difficulties which befell a certain young gentleman who was called Gerrie by his companions, Gerald by his father, and Albury by his teacher, but also a veritable account of how he made many of these faults and imperfections stepping-stones to better things, it will be but fair to show some of the better and brighter traits of his character, merely remarking that if there be any charm in the narrative it arises from the quaint methods pursued by the young gentleman himself in his striving, amid many a stumble, for what was right.

It is almost impossible to put one's finger on a particular event in a boy's career, and say: "Here was the turning point. Here the boy began to give evidence of an ambition for better things, being content no longer with the dead level of mediocrity."

That a boy could, and would, and did steal custards and cherries, and even sell old rags to their owner, and at the same time be and remain a really good boy at heart, and with even high ideals, will not be denied by those who have anything more than a mere superficial knowledge of boy nature. Such pranks are rather the result of thoughtlessness than of meanness or malice.

We have seen that Gerald hated even the appearance of meanness. He was a boy who did a deal of thinking, too, after his own fashion. He had now been attending St. Mark's for two weeks and

was getting along fairly well. He began to understand the stern-looking teacher, and found that he was "not so bad" after all, while the teacher himself was making a close study of the boy.

On the third Saturday of the month Gerald conformed to the practice of the college by going to the monthly confession. It was the first time he had ever gone to confession to any one but his own parish priest.

That evening, after supper, all the children of the Albury household were sitting out on the lawn. Gerald was feeling particularly "good," and trying to keep as quiet and recollected as possible until Mass and Holy Communion on the morrow.

"I wonder what Mr. Watson meant when he said that he would rather see me dead and in my grave than like some college boys he had known," said Gerald.

"Did Mr. Watson say that?" asked Blanche.

"Yes; when I went there to tea with Willie."

"Then he must have meant there were some boys at school whom he did not want you to imitate."

"Are there any bad boys there now, Gerrie?" asked William.

"I don't know, Will; but if there are I am not going to join them, that's sure."

"Why?" asked William, more for the sake of asking a question than anything else.

"Why! It isn't right to be bad, is it? Doesn't the catechism say we must shun evil companions?"

"But are there any bad boys at St. Mark's?" asked Blanche.

"No, of course there are not," answered Gerald positively.

"Why not?" persisted his sister.

"Oh! 'cause. Don't everybody have to go to confession once a month. How could they be bad and do that?"

"I don't know how they could," remarked Blanche, "but Mr. Watson, when he said that dreadful thing about you, meant St. Mark's."

"But that was years and years, and years ago," said Gerald.

"But they had to go to confession then just as now, didn't they?"

"I suppose so," replied Gerald.

"Well, then, how could they be bad?"

Gerald looked puzzled. He could not contradict his own statements, and he could not doubt the word of his legal friend. He remained silent for some minutes.

"I guess," he said at last, "there must have been some boys there then who were not Catholics."

"And because they were not Catholics they were bad! Oh! that's not fair," said Willie.

"Oh! I don't know," said the puzzled eldest son, "I suppose—yes, that's it—there must have been some bad Catholic boys there who did not go to confession at all. I am sure Mr. Watson would rather see me dead than I should not go to confession regularly."

"But you said just now, Gerald," urged Blanche, "that everybody had to conform to the college rule, and go to the college church once a month."

"Yes, that's true. Mr. Laffington told me to-day when I was in the music room that that was a custom in every Catholic college all over the world."

"If all had to go, how could there be boys who did not go?"

"I don't know, Blanche. Perhaps they went and got wicked afterwards, and then got good again before they went to confession."

"May be," suggested Willie, "that they never got good, but made bad confessions. My! wouldn't that be terrible!"

"I don't know how it was. It must have been very bad, or Mr. Watson wouldn't have wished me dead. He must have meant mortal sin."

"Ain't you ever going to commit mortal sin?" asked Master William. He seemed particularly perverse in his questions this evening. He was a strange boy, at best, and very unlike his brother.

"William Albury!" said Gerald indignantly, "what are you talking about. Of course I am not. Don't you know that mortal sin is the death of the soul, and if you should die in that state you lose your soul for all eternity in hell."

Willie remained silent. Of course he knew all this.

"I am not going to commit a mortal sin in all my life," said Gerald, "I would be afraid to, for fear I might die in it."

Childish, twelve-year-old talk, if you like, but no one seeing Gerald at that moment could doubt his sincerity. There was a beautiful light on his face—a light seen only on the countenance of early childhood, before the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil has been tasted. This conversation was carried on quite naturally among these children.

It is not unusual for such and similar subjects to be discussed freely in Catholic families where religious practices prevail. A cynic has remarked that one-third of the world's conversation turns on the weather. With truth it might be remarked that in good Catholic families, as large a proportion of the conversation turns upon Church and religious matters. Nor is this surprising when one realizes how great a hold religious thought and practice has among Catholic people, and how intimately the individual and the domestic, life are touched and influenced by the Church's love and law and teaching.

The family of Judge Albury were not singular when they spoke of these things with as much freedom and openness as they showed in other matters of domestic intercourse.

"That is right, Gerald," said his sister. "That is the proper thing to say."

"And you are never going to steal custards any more?" asked William, who would have declared himself cynically inclined that evening, had he known what that meant.

"No."

"Nor cherries?"

"No, never."

"Nor steal old rags?"

"You stole things too, sometimes," retorted Gerald.

"I did not say I haven't," said Willie, "but then I ain't setting myself up."

"No, 'cause you haven't been to confession to-day."

"Not for two weeks. Say, Ger., don't you think all those things you did were mortal sins?"

"Naw!! Of course not. What are you talking about! They were naughty, of course, but they were not mortals. Don't you know what is required for mortals, Will?"

"Yes, full deliberation, full knowledge, and gravity of matter," said Master William, giving the substance of his catechism. "What do you mean by gravity of matter, Gerrie?"

"Teacher said to-day it meant the importance, or value of a thing."

"Oh! I thought it meant weight."

"You are stupid to-night."

"But isn't a lie a mortal sin?"

"I never told a lie in my life!" said Gerald warmly. He was very sensitive on this point.

"I did not say you had—did I, Blanche?"

"No, he did not, Gerald. Can you not answer his question without getting angry?"

"I am not angry, but I thought that he meant that I lied. I never do. I am always going to speak the truth. It's dishonorable to lie."

Gerald Albury had abundance of good intentions after his confession, but whether he was true to his resolves when a real occasion of trial came we shall see. An occasion which was to test his firmness of purpose came sooner than was expected, and, as is always the case, in a way entirely unexpected, and from a quarter where he did not look for it.

Mr. Laffington, of St. Mark's, was, as has been stated, a musical enthusiast. He was a musician of no mean order, and an excellent trainer of voices. He managed the college choir and the glee clubs, and had a general supervision over the mandolin and guitar organizations. It was his custom to give a monthly concert during the last hour of class in the afternoon, to which all the students were invited. An invitation, on these occasions, was generally extended to the relatives and friends of the performers.

Ever since Mr. Laffington came to St. Mark's these monthly performances had been quite an institution, and were looked forward to by everybody with anticipations of pleasure. To be kept away from one of them was considered the maximum punishment by most of the students, and such a punishment was very rarely imposed.

"I humbly solicit the honor of your presence in the music room after your lunch, and again after class in the afternoon," said the music teacher to Gerald Albury on the Monday which followed the conversation recorded above.

Gerald touched his hat and said:

"All right, sir. I will be there at a quarter after twelve."

The boy had become more or less accustomed to Mr Laffington's quaint and often humorous way of speaking, and had begun to like him.

"I want you, Albury, to sing the soprano part in 'The Larboard Watch' in the next concert, and that requires careful practice. You and Darce will have to sing the words without the music, so you had better learn them as soon as you can. Try to learn the first verse before the noon practice, will you?"

"I'll learn it, sir," said the boy, and the teacher walked away.

"Oh! bother!" exclaimed Gerald, as soon as Mr. Laffington was out of hearing, "just as I had dared Jig to that game of hop-scotch. Laffington is as bad as a snark; he's worse, he's a regular boojum, that's what he is."

"Say, Granville, I can't play that game with you," he said, as soon as he caught sight of his friend. "I have to learn some lines for Mr. Laffington."

"What's he giving you lines for?"

"Tain't lines, but it's some verses of a song I am going to sing on the thirtieth—the first concert, you know."

"That's the way. There's always something interfering. All right. I suppose you will have to learn them. We will play the game right after class this evening."

Gerald did not tell his friend that this time had been engaged too, but allowed him to go away under the impression that the postponed game would be played at that hour. He felt just a little bit uncomfortable in consequence. For a moment he thought of running after Granville and explaining how matters stood. He hesitated for a moment and while doing so, young Granville was lost to view. He then let the matter drop and applied himself to the learning of the lines of the song.

The noon practice passed off quite successfully. Gerald was assured that the duet in which he would take part would, undoubtedly, be a great success, and would be the most important number on the programme of the first concert

of the year. So sure was the teacher of Gerald's accuracy of ear and correctness of tone that he told him at once to invite his father and mother and Blanche and William to hear him sing at the end of the month.

Whether Gerald was tired with the noon practice, or whether the game arranged for was particularly inviting, or whether Granville's persuasions were unwontedly seductive, it happened, that instead of repairing to the music room after the afternoon session, as arranged by Mr. Laffington, Gerald went to the yard, and was soon oblivious to everything but the game, and when it was finished, went home without going near the music studio.

He did not know what Mr. Laffington would say to him the next morning, but he had the idea, in common with many a boy with a fairly good voice, that in some way he was indispensable to the success of the concert, and that consequently, the teacher of singing would not be very hard on him for his absence.

"Oh! mamma, dear," said Gerald, rushing into the house, all excitement, "I am to invite you and papa, and Blanche and Willie, to the concert on the thirtieth. Mr. Laffington says I am going to be the best at the concert. It's going to be fine! You will come, won't you, mamma?"

"I shall be delighted to go and hear my boy sing," said his mother, "but I am not sure whether your father will be able to attend. You know he cannot easily get away in the daytime. However, I will ask him to come if it be at all possible for him to do so."

There was a twinge in Gerald's mind—a sort of presentiment of something about to happen on account of his disobedience—when he threw his arms around his mother's neck. But this foreboding he brushed away, and began to talk in glowing terms of the glories of the forthcoming event.

The next day Mr Laffington met the boy in the corridor.

"Hello! Albury, were you sick last night?"

"N—no, sir; that is—no, sir, I was not sick."

Gerald had almost slipped into an untruth. He blushed furiously, because his memory instantly reverted to the conversation on the lawn on the evening of his monthly confession.

"No? Then your professor kept you in?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"No! then what do you mean by not coming to practice when I told you to come?"

"I—I played a game with Granville, sir."

"And deliberately broke your engagement! This is serious. I never overlook such things. To teach you a lesson, I drop you from the concert programme."

"Oh! sir. I—I—"

The shock was very great. He could say no more. He did not expect anything like this. At home he was accustomed to receive repeated warnings before condign punishment overtook him. How different at college! The retribution followed immediately on the offence. He was learning his first lessons in the sterner ways of the world.

"Oh! sir, I invited mamma and papa, as you told me to yesterday!"

"I regret that you have. In these matters I never overlook disobedience. My time is too much occupied to wait on the mere caprice of boys. Once in getting up a Christmas play, for non-attendance at rehearsals, I dropped three boys who had principal parts, and only a week before the play was to be produced. Let this be a lesson to you. I shall not want you this month. I will get another boy to sing your part," and the vexed professor walked away.

Gerald was thunderstruck. Had the end of the world come! After Mr. Laffington had said so many complimentary things about his voice, too! Many lessons, and hard ones too, are learned in a college outside of the classrooms, and not from books. There is very little sentiment in managing a large college. There is no room for it. Many a boy's character is formed, and he is braced and fitted for the harder knocks of later life by just such happenings as these. Gerald thought Mr. Laffington was ruthless. This idea was merely subjective with Albury; the teacher was no more than a rigorist in matters of discipline. No boy who had dealings with the music teacher ever disappointed him more than once, and it is safe to say that Gerald kept all his appointments with him in the future with the greatest exactitude.

For the present the boy was in a quandary. He could not tell his parents of his misfortune and withdraw the invitation. Ah! perhaps Mr. Laffington was only saying these hard things without meaning them. Yes, that must be it. To-morrow he would undoubtedly send for him, and it would be all right. He need not tell those at home anything about the incident. That night he said as little as possible about the concert, and turned the conversation whenever the subject was broached.

"Oh! I do wish it was the end of the month," said Blanche. "The concert, I know is going to be lovely! What shall I wear to it, ma?"

"Your walking dress, of course. Would you want to go in white muslin in the afternoon?"

"And you, ma, what are you going to wear?"

"There now, Blanche, do not worry about my dress. I suppose my black silk with white lace will do. It is pretty enough, is it not?"

"It is pretty enough; anything you wear is pretty mamma, dear. May I wear a rose in my hair?"

"The idea! a rose in your hair and a street dress! But there will be plenty of time to talk about it. There are two weeks yet."

"But, ma, Gerald is going to sing, you know. I am just so excited about it that I am sure I shall not sleep a wink from now till the concert."

Of course, every boy who reads Blanche's last sentence in his infinite superiority, and his infinite wisdom will say: "That's just like a girl!"

"Ha! ha! ha-w!" laughed William, the cynic, "just think, ma, she is going to stay awake for thirteen nights all on account of a concert! It may never come off, or Gerald may not sing after all."

"Gerald not sing!" exclaimed Blanche, aghast at the thought. "William! what are you talking about. You must be out of your mind!"

Gerald looked sharply at his brother to see whether he had any inkling of the fatal news. His scrutiny satisfied him that William knew nothing, and that his remarks were made at random for the boyish delight of holding perverse opinions. Gerald, nevertheless had a growing sense of uneasiness. Suppose Mr. Laffington should remain obdurate!

X.

THE CONCERT.

On the last day of September a number of carriages drove up to the entrance of St. Mark's College. Early in the afternoon the two large college parlors were filled with a fashionable and expectant gathering. Judge and Mrs. Albury were present with Blanche and Willie, and even Charlotte, who had insisted on coming and had finally succeeded in having her own way, as the youngest mem-

ber of the family usually does, providing he or she is old enough to have any will at all.

Rumor had gone abroad into various homes regarding the phenomenal quality of Gerald Albury's voice. Many were the anticipatory congratulations which both father and mother received on the coming triumph of their son.

"My boy has been remarkably silent at home," said Mrs Albury to a lady who was talking enthusiastically of the expected musical treat, "—remarkably silent, about the concert. When told that he would be allowed to sing he was all enthusiasm, but lately he has said nothing about it."

"Ah! my dear lady, it is the modesty of genius! My boy Horace is positively envious of your son's powers; such tone! such timbre! such excellence every way, he declares. I am positively dying to hear this wonderful child."

"I intended to take the children to the matinee this afternoon," said another lady, as she gently waved her ivory fan, "but from all I have learned about your son, Mrs. Albury, from my boy, I am sure we should hear nothing like it at the theatre."

The mother's eyes sparkled with pleasure in the praise of her son and in the anticipation of his success. She looked forward to the concert with unlimited pleasure.

"Judge, I hear your boy has a wonderful voice," said a prominent business man. "He is practically the talk of the city, that is, among the young folks. They say that nothing like it has been heard at St. Mark's in fifteen years."

Judge Albury coughed, and was human enough to be ever so little deaf, so that the sweet words of praise had to be repeated.

"If there is any talent in my boy," he remarked, "these teachers at St. Mark's are sure to discover it."

"That's true. I used to be something

of a singer myself when I was a boy, and before my voice changed. Hadn't sense enough to stop singing while it was changing, and have paid for it ever since. It is generally in a fog-horn condition now."

The gathering had overflowed into the corridor when the President appeared.

"I think," said he, bowing to right and left, "that as the classes will be dismissed in ten minutes we had better proceed at once to the hall."

There was a swish of silk gowns, and a gathering of skirts, as the invited guests, all chatting merrily, followed the lead of the President. They were scarcely seated in the college theatre when the five hundred boys came trooping in. The orchestra filed into the hall from a stage door, amid much clapping of hands by the boys. A professional pianist had been secured, and near the instrument, screened by palms and rubber plants and pots of chrysanthemums, stood Mr. Laffington, baton in hand, ready to begin the entertainment.

At the last minute, two young boys, in their Sunday clothes—in which they looked, and probably felt, remarkably uncomfortable — blushing delivered some clever, hand-made programmes, which announced five numbers for the first half, and five more after an intermission.

After the first number had been given and the applause had partially subsided—no encores were ever given—Blanche said to her mother, who was sitting next to her:

"Mamma, I do not see Gerald's name on the programme. He told us he was going to sing 'The Larboard Watch.'"

Mrs. Albury had already made a similar discovery. With a heart sinking, a foreboding of some coming humiliation, she had endeavored to explain to herself why her boy's name did not appear on the programme. Judge Albury overheard his daughter's remark.

"Eh! What's that? What did you say, Blanche? Gerald's name not down after all! That is very strange! I have not looked at my programme yet," and he nervously fumbled for his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Dear me! This is very remarkable," he continued, after he read the programme through. "This was the concert at which the boy was to appear, was it not, mamma?"

"Yes, the first concert. I suppose it is all right. Perhaps they intend him as a surprise at the last. I am sure he would have told us if he were not going to sing."

"I am going back to the door to see some of the professors about it," said the Judge.

"No, no; don't make a scene. That will not help at all. I am sure it will be all right. I am sure it is merely an oversight on the part of those who made the programmes."

"Perhaps Gerald's not let," said Blanche, forgetting her grammar in her anxiety. She showed the chagrin which she was already suffering. Mrs. Albury, too, had a worried look on her face. Since her arrival she had seen nothing of Gerald. That young gentleman was far back in the audience, keeping as far away from his parents as possible.

During the first half of the entertainment, owing to their discovery, Judge and Mrs. Albury, Blanche, and even William who saw there was something wrong, but did not understand what was the matter, lost all interest, notwithstanding some very excellent work was being done.

"Judge, Judge Albury," said a prominent lawyer, as he tapped the Judge on the shoulder and leaned forward, "I do not see your boy's name on the bill of fare. What is wrong? I came on purpose to hear him."

"I am sure I do not know. Something has gone wrong somewhere. I wanted to

go back to the door and investigate, but my wife would not let me."

"If the boy does not show up, I shall declare to the President that he is getting money—at least I mean an audience—under false pretences," said the corporation counsel humorously. Mrs. Albury, to whom the remark was partly addressed, laughed nervously. She was burdened with a presentiment of further humiliation and vexation. To make matters worse she could hear her son's name mentioned by his fellow students in all parts of the hall. "Where is young Albury?" "Where is the sprinter?" "Thought young Albury was going to sing." "Guess Mr. Laffington is saving him for a 'piece de resistance.'" "That must be so; he generally has an overwhelming surprise for us at the end."

Mrs. Albury, although she would not consent to her husband leaving his seat to investigate, unable to resist the promptings of her own curiosity, and wishing at all cost to allay her anxiety, spoke to a big boy who happened to be passing down the aisle.

"Can you tell me what has happened to my Gerald, and why his name is not on the programme?"

"Gerald? Gerald who, ma-am. I do not know such a boy."

This was probable enough, as the speaker was an undergraduate, at the top of the college, while Gerald was at the very bottom, in the Preparatory class. Boys in big schools keep in their own sets, and do not know or become acquainted with half their fellow students.

"Gerald Albury, son of Judge Albury. He told me he was to sing this afternoon."

"I assure you, madam, I know nothing about it," said the young man, politely. He saw her nervous vexation, and felt sorry for her. "I will go down to the door, and find out what I can for you."

"Thank you ever so much."

At the door the big boy found out too much, and not wishing to be the bearer of such bad news, did not return. This naturally made the poor mother more vexed and anxious, so that by the time the second half of the programme was finished, she was so agitated that she was very near to tears. Blanche, also, was very near breaking down.

At length the long, and, owing to the untoward circumstances, the wearisome programme was finished. When the applause of the last number died away, there was a pause in the noise. Perfect quiet prevailed. Everybody was expecting that Mr. Laffington would spring the surprise of the day upon them.

The musical director stood at the end of the piano, on one side of the orchestra. He was flushed and vexed. He, from amid the palms, had seen the spirit of unrest that had prevailed among the invited guests, and once or twice had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Albury's face. He surmised the lady was the mother of Gerald, and that she had not been told that her son had been dropped for failure to attend practice. He was sorry now that he had not sent a note to Judge Albury to that effect.

The boys rose, and cheered, according to their custom, as the visitors left the hall. When the ladies and gentlemen were all out of the hall and the doors were closed for a moment there arose a general swell of voices among the boys, all asking where the promising singer was, and why he had not appeared. One or two went so far as even to call aloud: "Albury," "Gerald Albury," "The Larboard Watch."

"Silence," said Mr. Laffington. "Sit down, boys, I have a word or two to say."

There was instant silence. Mr. Laffington walked from the middle of the hall back to the orchestra chairs. Facing the boys, he said:

"You need not call for young Albury."

I doubt if he will ever be allowed to sing for you. The reason why he did not appear this afternoon is quite simple. He was dropped by me two weeks ago for failure to attend practice. Those who know me know I never condone that; discipline is more important than musical ability, and obedience than success, however brilliant. I must say that I believe you have missed a treat, for the boy has a remarkable voice. What I regret most is that Albury did not tell his parents of his dismissal. They came in the expectation of hearing him and have gone away very much chagrined."

Where was Gerald all this time?

Early in the progress of the concert he had asked a prefect for permission to pass out. That official, thinking he was to appear sometime during the afternoon, and that he wanted to get around to the stage without being seen, allowed him to leave the hall.

Gerald went down-stairs and out by the front door of the college. He felt mean and small, not so much on account of not being allowed to sing, although that had its sting, but because he had not informed his parents, and had let them be disappointed in public.

He knew they were vexed. From between the shoulders of two big boys in front of him he had seen the constant talking and pointing to the programme by his father, mother and Blanche. He knew what it meant, well enough.

He did not go home, but walked along the boulevard, with his hands in his pockets. He was doing more thinking than, perhaps, he had ever done in his life in the same amount of time. His conscience was persistently asking him one question:

"Have you not done a very dishonorable thing? Have you not, Gerald Albury, been acting a lie?"

"I told no lie," he said to himself again and again. "When I told them I was going to sing, I was going to. It was

after that when Mr. Laffington dropped me, and my! didn't he drop me suddenly! Guess I'll go next time he says so. The Sisters wouldn't be so hard on a fellow. Wish I was back with them, anyhow!"

The unpleasant thought came again and again: "Gerald Albury, did you or did you not act a lie? You told your brother and sister after your last confession that you were never going to tell a lie, and now have you, or have you not told one by your actions? Answer, Gerald Albury."

"Oh! I can't answer that question," he said aloud, to the surprise of a passing pedestrian. "What I said, when I said it, was true. I was not bound to deceive anybody."

"Then you knew they were deceived! You knew that," urged Conscience again.

"The people at home might have found out at the college."

And Conscience answered:

"What was the necessity when you gave them the information. They trusted you." So it went on for a long time, Gerald's conscience accusing him, and he trying, without much success, to justify himself.

It is fair to state that Gerald never once considered any unpleasant consequences that might accrue to himself from a very vexed mother, and a more or less angry father. There was that much nobility about him. His troubles just now were purely matters of conscience. He arrived at home at about half-past six.

"Where have you been?" asked his father.

"For a long walk, sir."

"Tea is over, and you will have to go to the kitchen for some. When you have finished come at once to the sitting-room."

"Yes, pa."

(To be continued.)

DROMOLAND CASTLE.

A Day in Thomond

By MICHAEL CORBETT



ON a little eminence overlooking the town of Killaloe and the placid waters of the Shannon stood the thatched dwelling of Donald O'Brien. Donald was a farmer whose possessions were not large for the "mere Irishman," but his residence was distinguished from those of his neighbors by the neatness and care with which it was kept. It was shaded by a little grove of ash and poplars, and surrounded by well-trimmed hedges. There was an air of refinement about the premises, and a strong suggestion of antiquity, with mounds of gray stone representing castles and shattered battlements, which recalled sad memories of the dismembered patrimony of the proprietor.

"Yonder," Donald would say, pointing in the direction of the ancient site of Kincora, "you may see the exact spot where the original structure stood." But there is little left to indicate the vanished wealth and glory of that magnificent pile that once controlled the des-

tinies of Munster, and, for a time, of all Ireland. The stranger will doubtless listen with mingled interest and amusement to Donald's picturesque tales of marble halls and battlemented towers; but let him take with him a few legends and visit ruins of lesser note which still render this territory most interesting. The time is summer; the woods are charming in their wealth of foliage, and resonant with the music of feathered songsters; contented kine browse in the rich pastures, fields of yellow grain adorn the uplands, and handsome villas repose peacefully in the grateful shade.

A short distance to the north of Killaloe, where the river winds up to its source, is the historic Lough Derg, in whose islands repose the ruins of famous monasteries. To the south is the delightful hamlet of Castleconnell, rich in historic lore and once the seat of the O'Briens, kings of Munster, and of the chieftains O'Connings, from whom it derives its name.

If we turn our steps westward, away over the rich corcasses of the Shannon, we behold the enchanting woods and lawns of Dromoland, and a more delightful prospect a poet never fancied. Here, too, is an old castle of the O'Briens, grim, ivy-grown, defiant in its decay, keeping watch over acres whose entire substance was in olden times devoted to warriors. At the present time it is the property of a descendant of the family—I don't believe it has ever passed from the name—who vegetates in the Anglicized title of Lord of Inchiquin. The descent from "chieftain" to "lord" is a long one. But the present owner is highly regarded and is said to possess many of the noble characteristics of his ancestors.

Perhaps the traveller has turned aside to Corcomroe Abbey—another monument to the devotion and generosity of the O'Briens. It was built by Donald O'Brien in 1198, about the time of the erection of St. Mary's Cathedral. Local tradition has it that the site was chosen hundreds of years before by the "Goban Saer" (the fabulous Irish builder of antiquity) for a temple to Baal

and Druidism; but Donald conceived the idea of building there a temple to the living God—and certainly no more devotional spot could have been selected. A pathetic and interesting legend connected with Corcomroe may here be related: A chieftain and subject of the Dalcassians (O'Briens) lived adjacent to the abbey. He had an only daughter, beautiful and attractive as the evening star, the pride of her father and the idol of many a royal young prince. Among her worshippers was a dashing young scion of the royal house of O'Brien. He had an ardent rival in the son of a neighboring chieftain, equally skilled in all the manly arts. She found it difficult to decide between the suitors. And though she loved the former the better, she suggested that they compete for her hand in some athletic feat. It was agreed, therefore, that whichever succeeded in swimming across the river Shannon should be the favored one. Young O'Brien had easily the advantage, but just as he was about to reach the shore in triumph, he sank beneath the waters and was drowned. His rival

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.

of course claimed the prize; but before the appointed day of marriage had arrived, the young lady sickened of grief and died. The wailings of her father were rendered into verse by a local bard:

"O, Corcomroe, in thy sweet shade
No more shall roam my beauteous maid;
No more thy voice, so soft and clear,
Shall greet a father's loving ear
He loved her well—yes, Brian's son,
For her he fought and strove and won.
She loved him, too, my precious child,
For him she lived and loved and died—
She died for him, the good, the brave,
Who lost his life beneath the wave."

It is evening as we pass along Cratloe's woods, sombre and weird. The sun's departing rays are mellowing trees and fields, the cows are going to the milking-bawns, the haymakers are leaving the meadows; an air of rest is settling on the scene, and we pause awhile in delightful contemplation. Music, soft, soothing and sublime, comes over the breeze—it is the chimes of St. Mary's sounding the knell of the departing day.

By and by, the dew-fog arises, the fairies and goblins of Thomond come forth under cover of dusk, and you can almost discover their shapes in the wreathing mist. It is under such circumstances that the celebrated "Irish Jarvey" becomes most interesting; and small wonder is it that this region is invested with an air of the mysterious and the weird.

Let us return again to Kincora and consider it from a legendary and historic standpoint—for we found its ruins uninteresting. Beneath a beautiful harvest moon we are asking, with James Clarence Mangan, these questions:

"O, where, Kincora! is Brian the great,
And where is the beauty that once was
thine;
O, where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red
wine;
Where, oh, Kincora?"

We find a partial answer in the traditions of the people. Kincora was totally destroyed by Turlough O'Connor, King of Ireland, in 1119.

It is said he even carried away the stones, as a mark of his conquest and as a further humiliation of his rivals of the Royal House of Munster. Its wealth was immense, and no palace in Ireland possessed such treasures of art and the precious metals. Its halls were the most magnificent, its princes the bravest of any in Erin; yet, looking over its site now, we may well exclaim with Ossian: "Why doest thou build thy halls, O son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day, yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."

Not far away is a gray rock overlooking the Shannon, known as Craglea. Tradition says it is the home of Aebhin (Eeven), the "banshee" of the O'Briens. We tarry an hour in the hope of hearing her "cavine," so poetically described by the natives, but we hear only the voice of waters rippling their songs to the silent night.

St. Mary's Cathedral was founded by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in the year 1198 A. D., and improved by succeeding members of his distinguished house. In the early days of the

Church, bells were considered a necessary part of church equipment. They not only called the people to prayer, but ushered in the work-day and marked its close. The bells of St. Mary's were taken down in the times of the religious persecutions, when the church was given over to Protestant worship, and buried in the Shannon where they still remain. Their exact location, it is said, is known only to the oldest friar of the Augustinian Order in the city of Limerick. The secret has been preserved in this community through all the years, and will be revealed only when the sacred edifice becomes again the property of the Catholic Church.

These chimes represented the life-work and were the glory of an Italian bell-founder, and were considered by competent judges the finest in Europe. Their symphonies were the delight and admiration of all that heard them in that poetic land of calm evenings and beautiful sunsets. But in some manner they disappeared from their belfry and found their way to the city of Limerick. Their maker, was

grief-stricken when he missed his beloved bells; but he prayed that he might not die until he heard their sweet rhythm once more. He travelled western Europe in a fruitless endeavor to locate them, and finally turned his steps to Ireland. As he was ascending

the Shannon on a summer's evening, the dear, familiar tones of the well-beloved bells rang out clear and musical from the tower of St. Mary's, and so elated was the poor, heart-sick wanderer that, tradition says, he dropped dead for joy.

The Servants of Mary

By A SERVITE FATHER.

THE Servite Order, or Order of Servants of Mary, came into existence in the thirteenth century. It was founded by seven patricians of the city of Florence who, in obedience to the express command of Our Blessed Lady, had withdrawn from the world in order to lead a more perfect life. They were canonized by Leo XIII in 1888, and enrolled in the catalogue of saints under

the following names: Sts. Bonfilius, Alexis, Manettus, Amideus, Hugh, Sostete and Bonajuncta. The century in which they lived although a period of sturdy Catholic faith was also an age in which the dark and gloomy clouds of envy and hatred were overshadowing Christian Europe, and the feuds of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines had caused the fair land of Italy to be torn with intestine strife. All this was repugnant to the peaceful dispositions of the seven youths, who had been taught in childhood to hold aloof from this spirit of

rancor and enmity, and in the midst of the world and their business pursuits, the teachings of early days guided their conduct. For this reason they enrolled themselves under the banner of Our Lady in a pious confraternity called the "Laudesi," or "Praisers," composed mostly of nobles and wealthy merchants of Florence. The above-named confraternity had been instituted in 1183 to promote devotion to Mary

ST. PHILIP BENITI.

and to obtain her protection for the distracted Florentine republic.

It was in the year 1233, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, that a remarkable apparition occurred. The sun shone brightly in the clear Italian sky, the feathered songsters caroled their joyful lays, and all nature seemed to greet in a particular manner that happy day when our seven youths were pouring forth their hearts in thanksgiving after Holy Communion. They were absorbed in prayer, their hearts were inflamed with Divine love, when

suddenly they fell into an ecstasy. Each seemed to be surrounded by a brilliant light. At the same time he heard a voice calling upon him to leave the world and retire into solitude. It was the voice of Our Lady, who appeared before their enraptured gaze surrounded by choirs of angels; and having invited each to follow her, with a sweet smile upon her lips, she disappeared.

The last notes of the chant that ended the services had died away; the cry of prayer was hushed into secret aspirations, and the members of the confraternity, except the seven, had departed. Stillness reigned, and each of the privileged youths was gazing wistfully on the others, not knowing what to do or say in the overflowing fulness of heavenly affections, when the voice of the eldest, Bonfilius Monaldi, broke the silence, and he confided to his companions the vision and supernatural calling with which he had been favored. He learned with astonishment that the vision, the call, and the inward desire to comply with the invitation of their Blessed Mother, had been vouchsafed to each one. They decided to carry into effect the holy inspiration on the approaching festival of Our Lady's Nativity.

With the approbation of the zealous Bishop Ardingo de Forasboschi, they retired to a small country house, and there, clothed in a coarse gray tunic, they passed their time in contemplation, procuring the bare necessities of life by alms which they begged from door to door in the streets of Florence; and as they went about, tradition tells us, they were greeted by infants in their mothers' arms with the exclamation: "Behold the Servants of Mary." The report of the heavenly favors they had received spread throughout the city, and their little hermitage was thronged by crowds who wished to place themselves under the spiritual direction of the saintly recluses. Their humility and the peace

of their contemplative life were endangered. They therefore consulted the Bishop, who generously offered them the land which he possessed on Monte Senario, a spur of the Apennines, about ten miles from Florence. His offer was accepted, and thither they repaired to continue their lives of solitaries. It was the desire of the Bishop and Cardinal Castiglione, the Legate of the Holy See, that they should admit others to their community; but they did not wish to found a new Order. They promised, however, to implore the light of heaven and to consult the will of Our Lady. Her pleasure in their regard was soon manifested to them by a miracle. Near the crest of the mountain was a vine which the hermits had planted. They were astounded one day in the midst of the winter season to see it blossom and produce luscious grapes, whilst at the same time the ground all around it was covered with fragrant flowers. The same night the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bishop Ardingo, and, showing him a vine with a sevenfold branch, told him that it typified the seven hermits, who were to found a religious Order and were to be fathers of a numerous spiritual progeny. The Divine Will was clear, and preparation was made for the reception of postulants, which was to be preceded by a triduum to be celebrated during the three days before Easter. The evening of Good Friday arrived, and the seven saints were rapt in contemplation in the little chapel, when in the midst of the darkness Our Blessed Lady appeared, radiant with glory. She was robed in a long black mourning garb. A host of angels surrounded her, some bearing instruments of the Passion, others, habits of the same color as the Virgin's mantle; one carried the Rule of St. Augustine, and lastly was one who unfolded a scroll on which was written in golden letters the title: Servants of Mary. Our Lady seemed to clothe the seven in the

habit, and after bidding them wear it in memory of her bitter sorrows, the vision faded away. The Servite Order was thus founded. It was not, however, till 1304, after repeated trials and persecutions, that it received the seal of papal approbation from Blessed Benedict XI, a Dominican. This was but one of many gracious favors extended both before and since that period to the Servants of Mary by the sons of St. Dominic. Meanwhile, the work was progressing. Many defenders of the new Institute were found, among others the Dominican martyr, St. Peter of Verona, whom Innocent IV in 1243 commissioned to inquire into the lives and teachings of the religious of Monte Senario. The man of God was favored with a vision in which our saints appeared as seven lilies, which he was given to understand symbolized their purity and sanctity preserved amidst the thorns of penance. He visited them at Monte Senario, and ever after was their firm and staunch protector.

The zeal of the saints and their first disciples in combating error, in upholding the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff, and in spreading devotion to the dolours of Mary, a devotion which appeals to the true Catholic heart so strongly, attracted many to the company of Our Lady's Servants. Indeed, so flourishing did the Order become that at the death of the last of the founders, St. Alexis, in 1310, there were six provinces, containing over one hundred convents and many learned and holy religious. One of the most renowned of these was St. Philip Beniti, afterwards Prior General of the Order, who was spiritual guide to St. Peregrine Laziosi and St. Juliana Falconieri, the foundress of the Servite Third Order.

St. Philip travelled through Italy, Germany and France, propagating everywhere devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. So successful was he as a missionary, and so famed for sanctity and

learning that, on the death of Clement IV, he was elected Pope. He refused the proffered dignity, however, and concealed himself in a retired spot till a new Pontiff had been chosen.

• Since his time the work entrusted to the Seven Founders by the Mother of Sorrows has been carried on in different lands by their spiritual children. In recent years the vine has been transplanted to this country, and the American province now has five foundations: three in Chicago, one in Denver, and one, a house of studies and novitiate, at Granville, Wis., in Milwaukee archdiocese. Surely the future is rich in promise for the Order in the fair land of America, which is under the patronage of Our Lady, and where devotion to her is so strong in Catholic hearts.

Every religious Order has some one characteristic spirit, a mark by which it may be distinguished from others. This may be said to indicate the scope of the Order. It is mostly the spirit that animated the founders when they gathered their first companions around them, and drew up the code by which their lives were to be regulated. The mission of the Servite Order is to labor wherever the good of religion demands, to give missions and retreats, and to engage in parochial work. Its special mission is to spread devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows, to compassionate her dolours, and to lead others to have recourse to her who was the most afflicted of creatures yet "comfortress of the afflicted." To increase this devotion the scapular of Our Lady of Sorrows and the rosary of the Seven Dolours, since richly indulgenced by the Church, were introduced by the Seven Founders, and a confraternity established. Thus is their work still carried on, and the mystic vine which bloomed on Monte Senario nearly seven hundred years ago bids fair to continue to flourish long and to nourish with its fruits the humble clients of the Mother of Sorrows.

In the Shadow of the Blight

A Winter Ramble in the Western Province of Ireland

By MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO



IRELAND has had another dream of the lean kine. Under the genial hypnotism of political prophets and doctrinaires, native and foreign, she is perpetually visited by an encouraging dream of the fat ones. This, unfortunately, never comes to pass, while at intervals of every few decades the dream of the lean kine becomes a stern and depressing reality.

It is usually from west of the Shannon, from the land of the Snow of Con, that is first heard the dreary periodical cry of want. Quaint old priest-historian Geoffrey Keating says of the western province: "It received its name, as some suppose, from a trial of necromancy between Kinalach and Con, two Druids of the Tuatha de Dananns: the prize fell to Con, who, by his magical skill, covered the whole country of Connacht with snow; Connsneachta signifying the snow of Con, whence it obtained the name of "Connacht." Last year a mightier wizard than the Druid Con covered a large part of Connacht with a mantle not of white, but of black, not with a fall of snow, but with a prolonged and ruinous one of rain, that caused the green stalks to shrivel and darken, and the crops to rot in the ridges, and the pungent and poisonous odor of decay to float over the stricken countryside. The staple food of the people was swept away, and the lean kine of the too frequent national dream were again in miserable evidence, with fleshless ribs and drooping bodies.

In the vast Province of the Snow of Con, spangled with bright lakes, bristling with rugged mountains, here smiling with emerald plains and meadows, and

there gloomy with black bogs and somber moors, may be found in peculiar combination and development some of the leading national features. These include the alliterative ones of patriots, politicians and peelers, police barracks and poorhouses, pilgrimages and patterns, pettifoggers and petty sessions, poets and poetasters, pounds, pigs—and I was naturally going to add, potatoes, but that the latter have become a sadly diminished and disappearing quantity. While some attribute the present potato blight to the incessant rain, others insist that it has been brought about by the too prolonged and general use of the same kind of seed. The "Champion" potato was introduced into Ireland with good effect twenty-five years ago, as a result of the potato failure of 1879. Ever since, with a conservative attachment which embraces both politicians and potatoes, the Irish have been planting and replanting the "Champion," until at length, say the experts, that overworked genus, deprived of sap and vitality, declines any further resurrection and ends its worn-out existence.

So, as the squat little cars of the Midland Great Western railroad rumble and clank down in the West, one hears nearly everybody talking potato, anxiously discussing this latest calamity arising from overdependence on that deceitful tuber, the dubious gift to Ireland of that cultured pirate, Sir Walter Raleigh, over three centuries ago. Its noted periodic failures have since sacrificed many hundred times more Irish lives than were quenched by Raleigh and his fellow marauders when, with their "pracas," or harrows, they ruthlessly tore up the

growing native corn by the roots and spread artificial but awful famine over the land they coveted.

"A rale good spud was the poor ould 'Champion' in its day," said a little, stocky, frieze-coated farmer, as he knocked the ashes out of the bowl of his pipe on the window of the railway carriage; "but now I'm afeard it's as played out as a Nationalist that's turned landgrabber."

"Troth, then, it's a very bad business and a very blue look-out," responded a listening P. L. G., solemnly shaking his head. A P. L. G., by the way, is a poor law guardian, member of a class of unpaid officials elected in each district by popular vote, who meet once a week, under strict control of the alien-appointed Local Government Board, to administer the affairs of those citadels of poverty and degradation, the gaunt gray poorhouses, also incidentally to talk politics and social conditions and to pass resolutions. In the provinces nearly everybody of any account has sundry letters attached to his name expressing membership of some public body; he is a U. D. C. or a T. C. or a D. C. or all these together, and woe to the newspaper that omits his titular appendage.

"Potatoes are going at famine prices already," continued the P. L. G., "and few of them to be had even at that. Yesterday I was watching Mary Lavelle trying to get some out of her garden; after digging nearly twenty feet of a ridge she had hardly a dozen, and all as small as marbles—'poreens' (small potatoes) only fit for pigs, though maybe 'tis many a poor man and woman will be glad to get them same sort of 'poreens' between now and St. Patrick's Day."

"Oh, come now, Anthony, have sense," put in a drummer, with assumption of impatient optimism; "don't go painting black pictures so early in the game. Time enough to bid misfortune good-morning when we meet it, and I haven't seen any living skeletons as yet,

nor heard of anybody dying of starvation."

The P. L. G., who was a gaunt, long-faced man with a scraggy beard, shook his head more solemnly than ever. "No, Dick, of course you haven't," he retorted grimly; "man alive, it's too soon for that yet awhile. But neither, I'll bet, have you seen many orders this trip, for the shopkeepers' tills are light, though their bills are heavy. Look out on that platform, my boy—there's a solid warning for you and your firm."

The train, with loud and regular clanking, had slid into a lonely rustic station, apparently far from all abodes of humanity, for the country town of which it was an adjunct, lay off around the base of a hill. Several roughly dressed men, some carrying sticks and handkerchief-wrapped bundles, stepped out on the rainswept platform and despondently took their way along the muddy road. They were local "spalpeens," or harvestmen, returning from their annual labor or rather search for labor in England, and returning distressed and penniless, with no means of paying their rent or supporting their families, for times are hard and work dull in England, now writhing under the penal sequel of the Boer war.

A strange, virile, much-enduring, long-suffering race those Irish Firbolgs, whose territory, as occupied by them for a vast period of time, lies mainly between the towns of Foxford and Ballaghaderreen, Swinford and Ballyhaunis. Their ancestors were fugitive slaves from Greece, who made the conquest of Ireland and were in turn subjugated by later colonists. The Milesians decreed them Daer Clanna, or unfree tribes, and relegated them to the dark swamps and morasses, where this oppressed race has lived for nigh three thousand years, successively plundered by Milesians and Normans, landlords, agents and gombeen men, or loan sharks. "Barren among the most barren," the place was

described in Queen Elizabeth's time when she "granted" it to the first Lord Dillon for his services to her cause in Connacht. In these bleak fastnesses lived, in the seventeenth century, the hereditary chief lord of the soil, Colonel Dudley Costello, avenging his wrongs upon Dillon in night raids lit by blazing towers and villages, until shot dead in a skirmish on the banks of the Moy. Here was raised the celebrated Regiment de Dillon that won deathless glory under the fleur-de-lis at Cremona and Fontenoy—its sister corps, the equally famous Regiment de Bourke, was raised just westward of here in this same large county of Mayo:

"At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Bourke

Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.

His saber is flashing—the Major is dressed,
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!

Yet they rush to the ramparts, the clocks
have tolled ten,

And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men."

They are a small, wiry, dark-haired race, these Firbolgs, many of them with the protruding mouths that characterize the craniums of their ancestors. Most of them are now prospective peasant proprietors, for some years ago the imbecile Congested Districts Board confirmed and perpetuated congestion and poverty in these parts by purchasing at a good price from Lord Dillon his vast Irish estate (which the rackrenting absentee peer had never seen), consisting largely of bogs and boulders, and settling thereon his quondam tenants in perpetuity amid their squalid physical surroundings. In its ostensible object of relieving congestion and giving the people suitable lands to live on, the Congested Districts Board in its purchasing exploits seems to studiously ignore the broad, fat ranches whence the people were driven in former days to make room for sheep and cattle for the English market. But where some poor, half-

reclaimed mountain or slob land is for sale the Board buys it with avidity, and confirms thereon, to continue their dreary fight for existence with scanty and semi-barren holdings, the devoted tenants, whose consolation under the circumstances is an abnormal bump of locality which makes them cling under all hazards and hardships to their bleak native corner of the world.

And prominent Irish agitators have come to realize these things. "The Western land problem is very different to the one they are trying to solve in Tipperary," said John E. Redmond in a recent speech. "If they gave the people of congested districts a present of their farms, without charging them a penny purchase money, they could not live upon them."

This is the trouble in these parts, and, in order to obtain a livelihood, thousands of these lately made "peasant proprietors" are obliged, as they have always been, to make a grand annual exodus to England and Scotland to earn money by working at the harvest. This year they have been able to earn little or no wages over there—instead, some of them have had to write home for money to pay their way back—and now, with their crops ruined and their credit with the local shopkeepers exhausted, the plight of these itinerant tillers is a serious one.

In the northwest quarter of this old Firbolgic section lies a tract of excellent grass lands, long since swept clear of its human tenants, including the parents of Michael Davitt, who was born here, nigh the ruined Dominican convent of Strade. A country road winds along where the swollen waters of the rivers Moy and Guishden flood the lowlands by the ancient feudal stronghold of Ballylahan. In the thirteenth century this was the residence of a Viceroy of Ireland. Over the central gateway, flanked by two massive Norman towers, one sees the gap left by the raiding Clan MacDonagh

in 1381, when they tore down the tablet graven with the arms of the Barons D'Exeter, or Jordans, and bore it away as a trophy to be built into the walls of their own castle of Ballymote. The road leads north to where the little town of Foxford huddles beside the white falls of the Moy, amid the grimy boulders and stony foot-hills of the Sliabh Gamh, or Windy Mountains, or, as most people still call them—although the teacher of Gaelic is abroad in the land—the Ox Mountains.

An oasis of struggling industry is Foxford, its industrial citadel being the Providence Woolen Factory, run by the Sisters of Charity. Foxford was formerly known as "the key of Tyrawly," and it was near here the Puritan troops crossed the Moy at "Cromwell's rock," on their march into the rich neighboring barony. It is an old town, dating back to the time when James II attainted its resident landlords, the Binghamms, who were naturally Williamites. But its antiquity is rather mildewed than picturesque. Its people are genial and hospitable, but the sights and sounds are depressing. Cheerful must be the spirit that can withstand the drizzling of the rain on the gray puddles in the deserted street and the sight of the bedraggled fowl holding melancholy meeting in shelter of the idle carts. I may mention that some of these fowl are recent barn-yard colonists, introduced under the auspices of the Congested Districts Board, whose agents and lecturers go about the country "tachin' hins to lay eggs," as a rustic P. L. G. sarcastically remarked. Some years ago an Irish peasant woman did not mind what breed of fowl she kept, barring a crowing hen, which, like a whistling woman, was considered of evil omen; but now she is educated in the fine points and qualities of Plymouth Rocks, Black Minorcas and Indian Runners. Even the school children are versed in such matters, and the definition given by a thirteen-year-old

Mayo monitress might with advantage be adopted in the Irish agricultural textbooks: "The best bird for Ireland is the hen that lays the most eggs on the smallest amount of food."

To American republicans Foxford ought to be a pilgrimage of interest from the fact that it produced that marvellous naval and military genius, Admiral William Brown, the Paul Jones of South America. The Browns, poor emigrants, left Foxford in 1786, and came to Pennsylvania, when, their lot rendered worse by the death of the father and provider, the boy William, at the age of nine, took to the high seas, which he sailed for twenty years. When the war of independence broke out between Spain and her colonies, Buenos Ayres appointed Brown commodore of her opera-bouffe fleet of seven puny trading vessels, tramps and nondescripts, and with these as a naval nucleus, he, aided by his brother Michael, actually succeeded in smashing both the Spanish and Brazilian fleets and giving the southern republic its liberty! When he towed into their port his last string of a dozen captured men-of-war, the Buenos Ayrians, wild with joy, drew that phenomenal Foxford-man in triumph to his home, and Congress voted him the thanks of the nation. And now, as if in return, Argentina from its vast pampas is preparing to flood the English markets with cattle beyond competition, and thus kill the curse of grazing that has helped to send myriads of Irish adrift on "the waves of the world."

Foxford has a fine Catholic church, St. Michael's and St. Mary's, with a stately octagonal spire of cut limestone, one hundred feet high, which was only completed last November. The presence of such temples, soaring in the midst of humble homes, is a most remarkable and pathetic token of the devotion of the Irish to their ancient faith. The pastor is the kindly and zealous Father Martin

Henry, well known in many American cities, who joins with the Protestant rector, the Rev. Mr. Landy, in stating that he presently sees nothing between the people of Foxford and famine. The population of the place is about six hundred. It was in 1891 that the Sisters of Charity, under Superioress Morogh Bernard, established their convent in Foxford. In 1895 a Connacht industrial exhibition was held here under the patronage of earls and countesses "go leor," who said all manner of pretty things about Irish thrift and self-reliance. By and by a debt of £14,000 (\$70,000) impeded the exertions of the good nuns; but their woolen factory still gives employment which helps to keep the wolf from several doors. The sisters also visit and give aid to many poor bog and mountain people who have no potatoes for their salt. Their factory, although hampered by an annual interest payment of £600 (\$3,000), is now paying its way and turns out excellent products in blankets, flannels, tweeds, friezes, clerical cloth, scarfs and hosiery, and even ladies' dress materials of beautiful texture and design. Near Foxford is Pontown, of beautiful scenery.

Eight miles north of Foxford, where the Moy broadens for its final rush to the sea as it swirls between the bridges connecting the counties of Mayo and Sligo, is the fairly presentable town of Ballina, the largest in the county, with a population which has, however, dwindled away under five thousand. It has historic associations, pleasant surroundings, and people piquantly interesting. typical Celts, occasionally intense in religion, always intense in politics. The town was founded in 1749 by James O'Hara, Lord Tyrawly, a "high roller" in his day and congenial friend of Dean Swift. He brought hither a colony from the North, which vanished in course of time, giving place to the rugged indigenous stock. Here, in 1795, settled a colony of Catholic weavers from Ar-

magh, when the armed Orangemen ordered them "to hell or Connacht." And through here, in gallant 1798, passed Humbert's little army of blue-clad "sans culottes," with the tricolor and the green flag, marching to victory at Castlebar, where they routed a red-coated host five times their number. A beautiful statue of liberty commemorates General Humbert (who was afterwards second in command at New Orleans) and other French and Irish heroes of the insurrection. A bad eyesore to "West Britons" is this same statue. Some time ago, when some young local hoodlums made a wanton attempt to mutilate it, their dastardly conduct was commended by a partisan judge on the bench.

Ballina is a cathedral town and therefore the seat of a Bishop. The cathedral stands on the east or Sligo side of the Moy, near a ruined old Augustinian abbey and the suburb of Ardnaree. It is a stately and symmetric pile, called in honor of St. Murray, or Muredach (a name dubiously Anglicized through the Latin from the Gaelic). He was the first Bishop of Killala and was fifth in descent from Laoghaire, king of Ireland in St. Patrick's time. The cathedral was founded in February, 1828, since when five successive prelates have had part in improving and beautifying it, including the present estimable incumbent, Bishop John Conmy, one of the most unassuming but able and popular ecclesiastics in Ireland.

Local history has some lurid passages to which remaining landmarks give vivid and sinister strength. The name of Ardnaree, meaning "hill of executions," comes all the way down from the sixth century, when the Four Maols—ecclesiastical students who for a bribe murdered their preceptor, Bishop Calla, of Kilmoremoy—were put to death there by being torn asunder by wild horses; their dishonored remains were interred beneath a pagan cromlech, still fully preserved, on the opposite side of the river.

And up the stream is the deep, broad Scotchman's Pool, so-called since the fatal morning in September, 1586, when some thousands of Scotch Redshanks, with their wives and children, were surprised and slaughtered by the troops of "Black Dick" Bingham, Governor of Connaught, and dead bodies floated down to the sea "in plumpes," as Bingham described it.

Ghastly memories these of this pleasant, crystal, fishful Moy, gliding so serenely to the sea.

The fear of famine does not yet appear to have struck home very seriously in the neighborhood of Ballina.

"Och, sure it was about time to get rid of thim ould 'Champions' anyhow," philosophized a cheerful farmer in the market square, amid a chaos of donkey carts and creels, with the murmur of the Gaelic tongue all around, as in a recess of the ancient parliament of Tara. "Can't we fall back on a better potato, and that's the 'Northern Star?' A man from the County Sligo tells me he got one hundred and twelve pounds of potatoes for every pound of its seed. And there's the 'Up-to-date,' a good little potato, even if it is a thrifle hard. Then there's the 'Langworthy,' and the 'Ever-good,' and the 'Royal Kidney.' And there's the 'British Queen.'"

"Is it the ould queen it's called after, Meehaul, or the young wan?" inquired a woman in the long blue peasant cloak and plaid headshawl of her class.

"Troth, not a bit of me knows, Mauria; but sure what difference does it make?"

"Why, man alive, when the p'yaties went bad before, it was the ould wan said, 'Why can't thim Irish ait bread?' British queens and the likes of them know nothing about either us or the p'yaties, an' 'tis foolish to be namin' them after such."

"They ought to call a kind afther yourself, Mauria," gallantly suggested Meehaul.

"Thank you kindly," she retorted, "but I'm blighted enough for the present. Thry it on yourself, agra."

In Ballina they take much interest in the Gaelic revival. Said Rev. M. J. Munnelly at a recent meeting: "Everybody knows that since the advent of the Gaelic League the people have more legitimate amusement than they had before. From year's end to year's end the poor country people had scarcely a single moment of pleasure; now they have their grand annual concerts in nearly every schoolhouse in the diocese of Killala."

And not for pleasure or social intercourse alone do these Irish peasant folk use the language of ancient saints and warriors; they also apply it, with high spiritual gain, in their religion. During the last week of a recent mission in the Ballina cathedral, Irish prayers, hymns and instructions were given every day, with the result that eager and pious crowds were waiting at the cathedral doors as early as 3:30 a. m., and the doors had to be opened at 4:30 to admit those ardent modern supplicants in the ancient tongue of Patrick, Bridget and Columbkille! So, in "Irish Ireland," does patriotism advance the cause of religion.

There is now no industrial organization in Ballina. Some were formed in recent years, but the Boot and Shoe Factory followed the Enniscrone Motor Company into liquidation. With the splendid water-power of the Moy cataracts at its door, the town is lighted by gas. But of late electric lighting has had solitary introduction in a sawmill.

Next to the failure of the potato crop that of the vaunted Land Purchase Act has brought disappointment to the people both here and throughout the rest of Ireland. Tenant farmers who expected to become owners of their holdings, and perhaps of a slice of good land adjoining, at reasonable terms, now find the realization of their hope apparently as

far off as ever. Landlords who would be satisfied to sell their estates at fifteen to seventeen years' purchase before the passage of the Act—when Irish land was worth more than it is at present—now demand twenty-four to thirty years' purchase, they to retain over the "sold" lands their old seigniorial rights to game, fish, timber, minerals, etc. And in this gold-brick proposition they prefer to deal direct with their tenants, haughtily ignoring the government circumlocution bodies; namely, the Congested Districts Board and the Estates Commissioners, which were appointed to carry out the provisions of the Land Purchase Act, and whose official record has been in the main one of delay, bungle and injustice. For many years past it has been the cheering habit of some orators to depict Irish landlordism as dead or dying; from its present front and bearing it seems, however, to be an animal of much vitality and audacity.

In North Mayo the chief land magnate is the Earl of Arran, a descendant of Gerald Gore, a London Alderman, to whom Queen Elizabeth made a grant of other people's land in Ireland in gracious return for a present of silk stockings, then considered a great novelty or luxury. The late Lord Arran, who died about four years ago, was distinguished as a traveller, diplomatist and friend of Irish industries. The present one, when Lord Sudley, was noted some years ago in London as defendant in an action for breach of promise brought by a six-foot Gaiety actress who rejoiced in the name of "Birdie" Sutherland, and in Ireland for his efforts to raise recruits to fight the Boers, in which fighting Lord Arran's brother-in-law, the Earl of Airlie, was killed. Recently, at his instance, a sum of near \$1,600 was subscribed and distributed to the families of unfortunate and misled young men who took the "Saxony shilling" and lost life or limb in *the war in South Africa*. Lord Arran *modestly* demands twenty-six and one-

quarter years' purchase from his tenants as the price of their holdings, and under the landlord conspiracy, the same preposterous terms are named by Sir Roger Palmer, a survivor of the Balaklava charge, and by Colonel C. H. Knox. The latter owns estates in both North and South Mayo which he inherited through the marriage of a humble ancestor with a daughter of the noted Cuff, Lord Tyrawly, who left no legitimate issue. The property consists of confiscated lands of the Bourkes and others in Kilmaine and Glenhest (called after the Welshman Hesty, or Hosty Merrick, who seized the place in the thirteenth century), which were among those distributed to land-hungry adventurers by Cromwell, and afterwards confirmed to them by the ingrate Charles II. The demands of these landlords have been indignantly spurned by their tenants, and the agrarian deadlock now lies over the country in general like thick-ribbed ice on an Arctic sea.

In the parish of Moygownagh, northwest of Ballina, the people are mostly peasant proprietors, they having been encouraged to buy under the much more favorable terms of the old land purchase act by their late pastor, the Rev. Michael Smyth. But their holdings are generally small and inadequate. A movement was afoot to increase these by the purchase and cutting up of some neighboring grass lands, but it was cut short last autumn by the death of Father Smyth, a scholarly, energetic and patriotic clergyman, whose loss is deeply regretted.

A halo of saintly memories combines with the changeful lights of history and the purple of romance in this remote corner of the old world, this ancient territory of Tir-Awley—the land of Awley, or Amhalghaidh, King of Connacht, brother of the warlike monarch Dathi, last ruler of pagan Ireland, who was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. That was fifteen hundred years

ago, yet local names and landmarks still vividly recall that distant time. Strikingly does this occur on the seven-mile drive from Ballina to the ancient seaside town of Killala. The place abounds in Patriciana, and every turn of the road is like a turn of the leaves of the Tripartite Life. In that holy well to the right, round which pilgrims are encircling in the "station," the Apostle of Ireland baptized King Dathi's son, Eochy; and that grassy mound beside the brown brook flowing into the mill-dam is the sepulchre of Eochy's wife, Queen Ectra. The gray ruin on the hill is the church of Patrick's disciple Olcan, and further up is the rock of Liag, with the ancient cross in the circle, now almost hidden by interments, which Patrick sculptured on his visit to these parts so long, long ago. At Crosspatrick, further on, where gray cranes stalk among the rushes near the lonely graveyard, he had his lurid contest with the Druids; at Mullafarry, to the left, he baptized the King's sons and thousands of their people, and built for them a church of clay, "because there was no wood;" while the village of Foghill, beside the brine, retains the name of that great wood beside the Western Sea, whence, in his early dream in Gaul, he heard the mysterious voices pleading: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and dwell amongst us." Away to the right rise the square bell-towers of Rosserk and Moyne, over hoary, roofless, monastic ruins that cluster in pathetic desolation on the banks of the Moy.

"In all these peregrinations one moves in what our oldest books allow to be the footsteps of Patrick, and everywhere meets the same pious and gentle-mannered people as those whom he may be supposed to have gone amongst more than fourteen centuries ago." So wrote the late Sir Samuel Ferguson on an archeological visit here thirty years ago, and so it is to-day. But mournful, even since then, is the reduction in the population. The children seem to grow up

only to go away, and aged parents sit lonesome at many a fireside.

Over the hills appears the blue sea horizon. The white breakers burst and smoke on the yellow sand dunes of Bartra, where perished a stately galleon of the great Armada. And yonder appears the slender round tower of Killala, built by Goban Saer, the "Noble Mason" of the misty past, the credit for whose works has been long contested as whether of Christian origin or pagan:

"He was the builder of the wondrous Towers,
Which, tall and straight and exquisitely
round,
Rise monumental round the isle once ours,
Index-like, marking spots of holy ground.
In gloaming glens, in leafy lowland bowers,
On rivers' banks these cloiteachs old
abound,
Where Art, enraptured, meditates long hours,
And Science flutters like a bird spell-bound!"

Killala, where the railway ends, consists of a curious arrangement of ancient streets, holding less than six hundred people. For many centuries the place was the seat of a Bishop. A large house to the left, as you enter the town under a sylvan arcade, was the Bishop's palace. Now it is a poorhouse! It is a combination of ancient and modern buildings, in which historic associations struggle with the sordidness of the poor law. In a narrow chamber therein, where mice scampered over him and ran away with his candle, lay hidden the last Catholic prelate who tenanted the palace, namely, Bishop Francis Kirwan, who was given shelter by Walter Bourke, to whom the Cromwellians had given the palace in lieu of a castle they had seized from him, and who at the same time had as guest the English general commanding the district. "I can point out with my finger the spot in this house where he is hiding," said the soldier in reference to the Bishop, to whom, however, on being introduced, he extended his friendship and protection. The name of the humane general is not given. Bishop Kirwan died in exile, in Rennes, in 1661.

In one of the rooms of the palace-poor-house is pointed out a dark stain on the floor, the story of which goes back over a couple of centuries. Thomas Otway, Englishman, Cambridge graduate and Protestant Bishop of Killala, 1670-1679, was a prelate of the strenuous order. He rebuilt the Catholic cathedral of Killala—which, with the palace, had fallen into his hands—and, says Ware, “he killed three notorious, rebels,” i. e., native chieftains who had been robbed of their lands; for Bishop Otway was an evangelizer who carried the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. Tradition points to this stain, or alleged stain, as marking where fell the life-blood of one of those rebels, or “Tories,” as they were called, whose head was hacked off here in front of the hearth. Otway was looking for promotion at the time, but his ghastly act excited disgust and indignation, especially that of the Earl of Ossory, then acting as deputy for his father, the Duke of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was no way justifiable, wrote Lord Ossory to his father, for a private man to kill an outlaw, unless he made resistance: “I know not how liable you may be to censure, to prefer a clergyman that was so indiscreet and violent as to have a Tory’s head cut off in his own house when brought in a prisoner.” Nevertheless the Bishop-executioner was promoted to the see of Ossory and duly installed in the episcopal palace in Lord Ossory’s own home city of Kilkenny.

The old cathedral, now the Protestant church of Killala, is an edifice of small proportions, with a spire, and little to mark the great antiquity of the place save an ancient doorway and baptismal font, and an extensive and mysterious catacomb whose entrance is in the churchyard. In the east end of the church a worn slab is said to mark the resting place of Owen O’Connor, brother of the O’Connor Sligo and first Protestant Bishop of Killala, who died

in 1607. Beneath lies the dust of numerous Catholic prelates of olden days—O’Ruaans, O’Mulfovares, the seven MacCeles, or MacKellys, and others—but their grave-slabs were about fifty years ago broken up and thrown out by a vandal rector named Little. But more enlightened days have come, and what archeological relics remain have now a faithful custodian in the venerable Archdeacon Croly, recently transferred here, who has been presented with the testimonial of a gold watch and chain by his late Catholic neighbors.

Sooth to say, this happy hunting ground of the archeologist has been sadly and variously marred by vandals lay and clerical, both Protestants and Catholics. On that green inland hill of Mullagh-cairn, overlooking the town, is the grave of King Awley, with the cairn, or tomb-mound of rocks, on which for centuries the kings of Connacht were inaugurated. Several years ago, to increase the size of his field, a Catholic parish priest tore down the cairn, destroying one of the most historic landmarks in Connacht!

Very fine is the panorama that extends around the old king’s sepulchre. Memories of the French are everywhere. Beyond yonder headland rose the masts of the *Concorde*, *Medée* and *Franchise* frigates, when Humbert’s army was set ashore; from that ridge in front of the town the redcoats retreated; and down the street where the Lagan fishermen are leading their mules galloped the dashing green-coated *chasseur*, Duffy, “banneret knight of the tricolor,” whose sabre drew the first blood of the invasion.

It is a place of stirring views and memories, qualified by the reflection that around that historic and romantic seaboard the white food of the people is rotting in the ridges.

Inland, forming an almost equilateral triangle with Ballina and Killala, is the little town of Crossmolina, or O’Mulleena’s Cross, so-called from a pious old

Milesian family whose name has vanished from the earth. Crossmolina is known as "the Holy Land" on account of its hitherto remarkable immunity from epidemics and other evils. The dreadful cholera of 1832, which strewed Ireland with corpses, avoided Crossmolina. But the present blight has struck hard there; all the potatoes are rotten along the banks of the meandering Deel; Monsignor O'Hara, the parish priest, describes the people as "dazed" at the prospect that confronts them. Around here, in the smile of summer, the land is as rich as roses and wine; but in this winter following the

blight, it is sodden and dispiriting. Looming blue-black against a dreary sky the great isolated mountain of Nephin hides its crest in an inverted sea of gray, and broad Lough Conn wrinkles desolately in the melancholy breeze.

Such are sights, memories and impressions in that corner of the world, whose people insist on placing implicit confidence in King Potato, although his face is ever liable to become blackened and shriveled from failure. By the blight a problem that must soon be solved is being again pressed insistently to the front. Its solution, sure and simple, lies in bigger and better farms for the people.

Queen of the May

By Sr. M. Carmelite

O thou Virgin-Mother, all stainless and blest,
With thy little Child Jesus adored on thy breast,
'Tis thine eyes fill the skies with our sunshine to-day—
'Tis around thee we're crowning thee—Queen of the May!

Now when blows the bloom fairest 'mid gay woodland bowers,
Birds caroling rarest to listening wild flowers,
'Tis with praises of birds and blossoms to-day—
We're surrounding, we're crowning thee—Queen of the May.

From hillslope and garden, from dingle and dell,
Come laden the children who love thee so well,
Come bringing thee brightest of garlands to-day—
Singing round thee, we're crowning thee—Queen of the May.

In our chaplet of beauty lie prayers at thy feet;
Then caress thy true-lovers, pure Maiden most sweet,
Bless the hands and the hearts and the flowers, to-day—
That, surrounding, are crowning thee—Queen of the May.

Lady Mary, we love thee, we'd die for thy sake;
If thy smile would not shine, oh, our fond hearts must break;
But these poor hearts so sure of its shining to-day—
Gaily round thee dance, crowning thee—Queen of the May.

From the sunny-hair'd Babe in thy beautiful arms,
Mother dearest, we'll steal sweetest heavenly charms,
And His graces we'll twine in our May-wreath to-day—
Wreathing round thee, all crowning thee—Queen of the May.

GENERAL VIEW OF TANGIERS.

The Empire of the False Prophet

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

FROM Tarifa in Spain to the nearest point of Morocco, is said to be a distance of less than twenty miles, but when we boarded the Gibel Musa for Tangiers, we felt that we were embarking for another and an unknown world. We were leaving the Empire of the Cross and were destined to travel many thousand miles and through many lands, all of which might well be grouped under the title: The Empire of the False Prophet. It is true the Cross is to be seen in many parts of this vast territory, but Christians are few in number even in the Holy Land itself, so that in travelling along the southern, eastern and even the northern shores of the Mediterranean, till nearing Greece the tourist feels that he is always within the influence of Mohammedan religion and civilization. European Christian nations have obtained footholds here and there, but their influence on that great territory amounts to little more than affording police protection to their citizens. Our own experience, as a nation, a few months ago in the case of Mr. Pericardis and his companion shows how difficult it is even to secure police protection in these countries.

Our boat, the Gibel Musa, was bound for Tangiers, the very place where the two Americans were kidnapped and held for ransom a few weeks later. We visited the tribe which contains many followers of the outlaw Rasuli. It was another case where ignorance was bliss, and when we read some weeks later of the condition of things at Tangiers, we were glad we had seen the place and thanked God that we had escaped trouble.

The first view of this city of twenty thousand inhabitants is enchanting, a feeling which closer contact soon dissipates. The first awakening came when we fell into the clutches of the half-naked porters who scaled the sides of the vessel, snatched our satchels or fought for possession of them, filling the air with the awful din of their cries and probably curses also. We grew accustomed to this sort of reception later and learned to protect ourselves and baggage from these wild pirates, but in this, my first experience, I was completely helpless, and watched two swarthy Moors fight for the possession of my suit-case over the thwarts of two rude boats until I feared that its final resting place would be the bottom of the sea. Finally, one fel-

low conquered and I meekly followed him to the hotel, paid him the usual fee, only to encounter the second, who seemed to think I owed him something for the fight he had made for my poor little suitcase. It is a small peg, indeed, upon which any follower of the Prophet can not hang a demand for backsheesh.

A walk through the streets showed Tangiers to be a city of narrow, tortuous lanes, indescribably filthy. There is not a wheeled vehicle in the town, because its widest street would not permit a narrow cart to pass through it. The market-place is so filthy that the only safe place is upon a donkey's back. It is the rendezvous of snake-charmers, voodoo doctors and religious charlatans. The Moorish inhabitants of the city are but one step above the Rufinos, a tribe of savages who inhabit a village of mud houses, partly under ground, just beyond the city walls. We rode through the village and saw the half-clad natives with matted hair and filthy bodies, who seemed more stupid than savage. It was a relief to escape from their pitiful surroundings and ride through groves of oranges and tangerines which we might pluck at will. The air was balmy (February 19) as on a day in June at home. The clear sky, the bracing air, the view from the hill top, Mount Washington, where live the consuls of different nations and a little colony of health-seeking Europeans and Americans, explained to us how these civilized people could live amid surroundings otherwise repulsive.

Tangiers is, I believe, the nearest place to actual civilization where slavery still

exists. How many slaves there are in the city no one knows, because the census does not exist in the domain of the Sultan of Morocco. Even the number of people in Tangiers is estimated at from twenty to forty thousand. The slaves seem quite as comfortable as their masters. Every official in Morocco from the Sultan down is for sale, and it is a case where the longest pole knocks the per-simmon. No native, however innocent of crime, is safe at any time. We witnessed the arrest and imprisonment of a man accused of knocking at his neighbor's door with evil intent. The policeman who held him was robed in baggy trousers, flowing skirts and cloak, and our fancy pictured him trying to capture a sneak-thief or pickpocket in the streets of New York or Chicago. The accuser followed to see the sentence executed. There had been no trial. The *cadi* had decided the case at sight of the accuser's purse. The just *cadis*, by the way, are all in the school readers.

Our guide told us the poor fellow would remain in prison till the accuser relented or the prisoner's friends collected more money than the accuser could raise. This system of justice courts is at least not complicated nor is there ever change of venue.

The most interesting thing for me in all Morocco was our guide. He was a native of Tangiers, who had been around the world three times, as sailor in English, Dutch and American sailing vessels. Leaving the last vessel at Baltimore, he drifted to a farm in Ohio, where he spent seven months. He speaks nearly all the languages of Europe and is

well informed generally. Yet he cannot write his own name nor read even Arabic. When we asked him why, in all the weary hours before the mast or on the farm, he never learned to read or write, his answer was, "What is the use of it?" When I pointed out his diligence in learning to speak so many languages he replied, "Guides must talk, not write." All guides are not of his opinion. I have letters from several dragomans, which are very well written. This man, Hadji Mehemet Brek, was, I believe, the most enthusiastic disciple of the Prophet we employed during our trip. He had made the trip to Mecca on foot, across all Northern Africa and part of Arabia, that he might wear the sacred green turban and write Hadji (Pilgrim) before his name. In his neat little rooms (about ten feet by twelve, for which he paid a monthly rental of six dollars) there was no chair. We asked why, and he answered: "The floor is more comfortable to sit upon, and when I tire sitting, I lie down. What need of chairs?" His Turkish trousers were of broadcloth and his jacket heavy with gold embroidery and buttons. His experiences in Christian lands had made no change in his Mohammedan faith. He is still a firm believer in all its doctrines. There is a class of men whom Mohammedans call holy men, because of their physical or mental disability, usually imbecility, which they look upon as sent by Mohammed for their special distinction. These men are allowed certain privileges in the mosques, and at their death are buried in their own houses, which then become shrines. These shrines may be known by the rags which are hung upon them by petitioners for their intercession. Hadji Brek pointed out to us a wealthy Jew, who was paralyzed as a result, he said, of having mocked a "holy man." When we tried to have him admit some other possible cause for his affliction, he became quite angry.

He took great pride in showing us two cafes. One was conducted by Europeans. It was like an American beer garden. A glance through the wide open doors showed us a mixed crowd of many nations, seated at tables drinking and smoking. On a platform at one side were seated two girls in gaudy attire, who danced for the patrons of the cafe. Brek said they were Spaniards, and the patrons certainly looked like Europeans. From there he led us to an upper room about twenty by fifty feet in size. The floor was covered with matting, over which rugs and pillows were scattered. Two-thirds of the room was filled with gray-bearded old men in all the flowing Moorish robes, with turbans of yellow, white or green, according to their rank. They were squatted, cross-legged on the floor, and each had some sort of musical instrument. Accompanying themselves on these instruments, they all sang in concert (?) wierd laments, which, we were told, were love songs from the Koran. The love that could withstand an attack of such music (?) could certainly endure all things. At one end of the room were tables, around which were grouped a goodly number of Moors and a few Christians. The former were present because they enjoyed the music, the latter, including our party, out of curiosity. The refreshments served were Turkish coffee, tea and sweetmeats—which meant a sort of jelly, of which a teaspoonful is put into a glass of water. Nearly all were smoking cigarettes and nargilehs. Nothing intoxicating was for sale. It was the only place south of England that I recollect where tea was to be had, and I was surprised when our guide, so untouched otherwise by his Western experiences, asked for tea. I asked him whether he had acquired the tea habit in Cincinnati or Baltimore, but he did not answer.

When comparing notes later, we Christians had to admit that the com-

parison between Mohammedans and Christians that night, had not been in our favor. But that is only one leaf in our book of experiences.

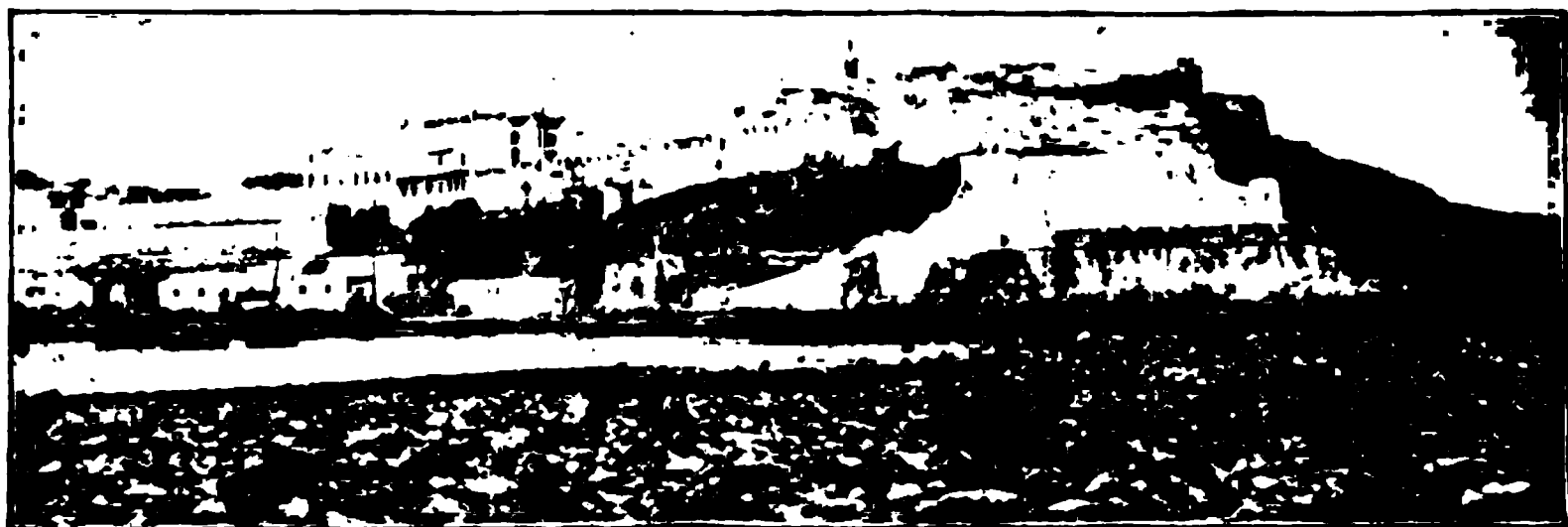
Next morning we saw a Moorish wedding procession. We witnessed later a number of such processions. They differ in detail in various parts of the Prophet's Empire, according to the wealth of the parties and local customs, but on one point the same rule obtains everywhere; namely, the bride is brought in a closed conveyance to the groom's house, when he sees her for the first time. The Tangiers bride was carried in a box-like sedan-chair on the back of a donkey. Arriving at the groom's house, the box is deposited on the floor. All retire and the groom opens the box to learn what kind of a prize he has drawn in the marriage lottery. He cannot reject the woman, because the opening of the box is the marriage ceremony in Morocco. Divorce, however, is easy (for husbands) in all Mohammedan countries.

The people of Morocco are the least affected by contact with Western civilization of any we met. It is off the line of travel and is passed over by the managers of popular tours, who usually visit Algiers instead, whose long occupation by the French has given a European tinge to its African atmosphere. Morocco is African to the core. Not a mile of railway, telegraph wire or even stage coach does it possess. The existence of slavery is perhaps the best indication of its condition. The price of slaves is an-

other. They sell for from thirty to fifty dollars, while a good donkey brings seventy-five to one hundred. Curiously enough, the keepers and guards of the prison at Tangiers are slaves themselves.

I tried to get a picture of the keeper of the prison for women, but at sight of the kodak she fled. My kodak nearly brought me into trouble several times. The natives fear them so that even the children cannot be bribed to pose.

The trip from Tangiers to Egypt is one of over two thousand miles, crossing the entire continent of Africa. I do not mean to imply that we made the journey by land across the desert of Sahara. Mohammedans do it. Our friend Brek did it in three months' time, when he went looking for the green turban and the title of Hadji, but it would require much greater inducement to bring us to face that awful journey. It would indeed be interesting to visit Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, to gaze on the sites of "pent up Utica," the Carthage of Dido, Hannibal and St. Augustine, and the "parts of Libya about Cyrene," but we chose the more prosaic water route. Some day another Cecil Rhodes will build a railroad from Tangiers to Cairo, and the sybarite fleeing from London fogs and the midwinter woes of Northern Europe will hasten to the latest life preserving station, Cairo, by an all rail route. Think of it! From London and Paris to Cairo and the tropics without change of cars, for by that time the straits of Dover and Gibraltar will be tunnelled.



Tuesdays With Friends

The Modern Spirit

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

SPRING had come. The daffodils and narcissus on the piano meant nothing—for the florists had supplied daffodils and narcissus since Christmas time; but soft glowing green seemed to float about the maples, and there was a tight little bunch of arbutus in a vase; and through the open windows came soft whiffs of fragrance.

"New books?" asked the Student, as he went breathlessly towards the table in the bay window. The Student was always in a hurry.

"Novels," said the Lady of the House, "but I've given up reading them; and, besides, I do not have time to read books that come from a circulating library as these do. To enjoy a book I must own it."

"I like a good novel," said the Judge, stirring his tea,—the Judge always stirred his tea as if he were determined to bore a hole through the cup,—"but I don't like too much froth,—most of the novels to-day have too much froth. And you can't trust the opinion of the critics about them. Most of the critics seem to be publishers in disguise. When I was young I read Edgar Poe's impressions of his fellow authors. I remember how angry his criticism of Longfellow made me, and yet it was better than the 'perhaps this is the best work of fiction since Thackeray' or 'distinctly this novel is a great work of art,—probably the first of the century.'"

"I know that style," said the Lady of the House, laughing.

"Well, I don't read at all," said the Student. "I cram. I've done a course

in Prose Fiction, but I did it through a text-book and the professor's schedules. I haven't time for books. I'm always in a rush. What with laboratory work and lectures, I can't get a chance to open a book outside my line. You were talking of Faber's hymns the other day. I borrowed the book; but I have not had time to read it."

"Time!" echoed the Judge, looking hard at the Student. "You have all the time there is."

"There isn't much, then; I seem to be running away from something all the time, trying to catch up to something else that has just disappeared around the corner."

The Young Lady from Virginia laughed.

"That's the Northern way," said she; "now, in the South, people take life more leisurely. We read books there; but I must say that there doesn't seem to be as much time as there used to be," she added, turning to the Student. "I should think you'd have some time for culture."

"A specialist now-a-days," answered the Student, with pride, "has no moment for anything but his speciality."

"He's a one-sided man, then," said the Judge, emphatically.

"A monster!" added the Young Lady from Virginia. "The men of culture who lived before the war, as my mother often says, have almost entirely disappeared, and even the lawyers and doctors are no longer learned men. My grandfather could quote Horace continually, and he had Virgil at his fingers' ends."

"He had time for that sort of thing," said the Student, in an injured tone. "If I get a glimpse of the newspaper or run through a short story in a magazine, it is all I can do."

The Judge took another cup of tea.

"Your life will become very dry and arid, after a time, if you do not lay up a store of beautiful things of the mind," he said, gravely. "It seems to me that if you bought a good book occasionally, instead of borrowing it, you would have a greater desire and, consequently, find more time to read. If you continue to be such a busy man as you grow older, you'll have no time to travel; and literature is the only substitute for the culture that comes from intelligent travel. A man who hasn't time to read Faber's 'Eternal Years' when the book is at his hand seems—pardon me!—to understand very little the value of time."

The Student shrugged his shoulders.

"They've got me down," he said, smiling at the Lady of the House, "don't let them jump too hard on me!"

"Do you really mean to say that you don't get an hour in the day for 'finding' yourself,—for meditation,—for leisure?" asked the Lady of the House, unheeding his appeal.

"No," said the Student, "but I'm just like hundreds of other hard-working people in business or out. I'm going in for one thing. That's the price I shall pay for success."

"But you and these hundreds of men only half live. The best of life is uncultivated," said the Judge.

"No," said the Student, lifting a piece of his favorite cake, "not as long as I am allowed to come here,—this is the one hour in the week when I am at leisure,—so, remember," he added, turning to the Young Lady from Virginia, "you ought to try to be particularly interesting, in order to refresh the tired mind."

"Oh, certainly," she said with sarcasm. "I know, of course, that I don't have

time for anything, but then I've to look after all the family's social duties. I must begin to take a course of study. Life is such a rush. I haven't a moment to myself. Sometimes I drop into an open church for a minute, but I can't stay long, and when I hear of women in society finding time to improve their spiritual condition I'm amazed; I haven't time to think,—or, if I have time, I'm too tired."

The Judge was silent.

"Ruskin certainly was a crank," he said, after a long pause, "but if telephones, telegrams, fast trains and feverish progress produce this condition, he was right, after all, in his protests against them. So you don't know Father Faber's Hymns,—you haven't time for that sort of thing? If I haven't forgotten it, I think I can play the accompaniment to one we always sing at home in Ohio on Saturday nights,—there's the book on the piano stool."

"Think of having time to sing a hymn on Saturday night!" exclaimed the Young Lady from Virginia. The Judge opened the book, and pointed out "The Pilgrims of the Night."

"I think I can manage it," said she. The Judge began the accompaniment, and the Young Lady, after a little hesitation, began:

"Darker than night life's shadows fall
around us,

And, like benighted men, we miss our
mark,

God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely
found us,

Ere death finds out his victims in the dark."

The four joined in the chorus, the Student singing a very good tenor:

"Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night."

"It's very refreshing," said the Student, guiltily, "but it seems odd to waste time in this way!"

UNENTERED PORTS

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "A Son of Adam," "Cardemo," "Borrowed from the Night," "Racing the Whirlwind," Etc.

XIII.

CORA, this is folly—it is worse than folly, it is madness!"

Mr. Allison, who was pacing the floor, paused in front of his niece as he made the statement and regarded her with bewilderment on his countenance.

"The money is not due for two years, and as far as I can judge, he will want to renew the mortgage, for Brady's affairs have not been improved by his action against Howe. Ultimately his property will have to be sold for debt, and you will find that I made a profitable investment for you when I loaned him your money. You cannot possibly invest it elsewhere more securely and advantageously—"

"You don't know, Uncle William," she interrupted, with a silvery laugh; "I may want it to buy a gold mine."

"A gold brick, more likely!" retorted he, in as severe tones as he could use to a woman. "You cannot have any immediate need for that amount," he was continuing when she asked, regarding him with her clear eyes:

"How do you know?"

At the words, he sank helplessly into a chair, and gazed at her in silence. All women were more or less of an enigma to this man, but in his experience with them, he had never met one as entirely inexplicable as this girl.

She had always been wilful, always inclined to fly off at a tangent and do the most unexpected things, as many a household revolution brought about by her could bear witness to; but he thought her eccentricity had reached its *limit* when she had decided to study art, and while regretting the step, he had con-

gratulated himself that now the worst was over, and hereafter the girl's actions would recede toward the normal.

His first interview with her on her return strengthened this belief, for Cora evinced much common sense and sound judgment in her conversation, although he was obliged to confess that it was of a quality entirely different from that for which he had commended other women. If the truth were told, it was too masculine for his old-fashioned notions concerning womankind; still it was an improvement. At the breakfast table that morning she had displayed more of this good sense, and when, at the conclusion of the meal, she asked to see him on business, he thought it might be possible, in view of her reformation, that she desired his advice on the matter of her marriage. Instead of this she coolly informed him that she wished to get possession of several thousand dollars which he had carefully invested for her in a mortgage on Brady's property. On recovering from the shock he began to reason with her, only to find that he had now the intractable girl to deal with, and not the clear-headed woman he had been admiring.

"Cora," he said weakly, out of the silence that followed her last question, "what do you intend doing that you need immediately that amount of money?"

"I want to go to Europe, Uncle William," she said quietly.

He drew a breath of relief. Fortunately he had some money on hand, and a trip to Europe, in these days of cheap travel, does not call for a small fortune.

"I can let you have all that you will need without your having to touch your investment, Cora," he said, with a fatherly smile.

For answer she sprang to her feet, and going to him threw her arms around his neck, and, true to her impulsive Southern temperament, kissed him repeatedly. He was accustomed to these whirlwinds of affection from her and his daughters, and submitting to them with the grace which custom gives, drew her to his knee and called her a little minx.

"But, Uncle William," she said, "I do not think you could spare me as much as I shall need without causing yourself inconvenience."

"Nonsense, child! A trip to Europe isn't so expensive now," he said.

"But I am not taking a trip to Europe," she corrected. "I am going to spend several years there in the study of art."

"Cora, are you crazy?" he gasped.

"Not the least bit," she rejoined cheerfully. "Now, Uncle William," she pleaded, "don't oppose me! Think what I shall have to endure from Aunt! I haven't great talent, I know, but I have some, which if properly cultivated will bring me a fair measure of fame. I am not like other girls—I wish I were! I wish I could be happy and contented with home and society as Alice and Ray are, and look forward to marriage as the supreme good of existence; but these things are like Dead Sea fruit to me. I am hungry, hungry all the time, and the only thing left me is my art. If I didn't have that, I believe I should go mad or commit suicide. There! I've shocked you, haven't I?"

"I never heard such words from the lips of a woman, Cora," he said, gravely, "and that you—the child of our dearest affection, should speak thus—"

"But can I help it that I am different from other girls?" she asked tragically. "Was it not always so?"

"Yes," he said, sadly. "Oh! why must it be, my poor Cora? Don't you know that there is nothing but sorrow in store for the unusual?"

"Only too well!" she said, with a little

break in her voice, and he caught the glitter of a tear on her long lashes. The sight unmanned him.

"There! there! we shan't talk about such things, my pet!" he cried. "There was never a life, Cora, altogether miserable, and don't you also know that when happiness comes to such as you, it is as different from what we ordinary mortals know as the brick sidewalk out there is from a grassy woodland way? It is the only joy of the gods that filters down from Elysium."

"There was never such a comforter as you, you dear old darling!" she cried, giving him another little hug. "There is plenty of joy in my life while I have you."

He was generous enough to forbear asking why, then, she must thrust herself miles away from him; being wiser, perhaps, than she or others deemed him, he realized that such affection unites but cannot blend hearts.

"And so," she went on, "being different, I must live my life differently. I am as happy working as I can expect to be, and the hope of success is to me what other things are to Alice and Ray."

"But why must you go to Europe?" he asked. "Why not content yourself with New York if you are dissatisfied with Cincinnati?"

"Why must I go to Europe? You might as well ask the bluebird why he must come North, or the lover why he seeks his sweetheart, as so to question an artist. I am drawn to Europe by the needs of my nature, by the calls of kindred souls. I must go!"

She rose as she made the statement, and stood looking down upon him with shining eyes; and a feeling he could not have explained took possession of the man. She dawned upon him, in that moment, as the incarnation of Genius. What if the difference between his niece and other women were due to the possession of this diviner power, and, instead of recognizing and helping it toward its

expression, he had worked to thwart and destroy it? But her beauty and frailness made appeal to him, and aroused his protecting instinct. If he could only go with her!

"Cora, you cannot go alone," he said.

"I shall take Aunt Lindy with me," she said, referring to her negro maid.

"What possible service could Aunt Lindy render to you?" he exclaimed.

"She can give me the sort of cooking I've been used to all my life," she replied, "and that is a most important service, Uncle William! I assure you I nearly starved in Cincinnati at first, and never did get accustomed to the way they cook. If there is so great a difference in cooking between us and the Ohio people, what do you think it must be between us and the French? If I am ill, she can nurse me; and given some one to care for me in these two particulars, I can take care of myself for the rest."

"You have the courage of a man, Cora!" he exclaimed, with admiration; but added slowly: "I am afraid your aunt will never consent to your going alone, and will insist on accompanying you."

"In that case, I shall join the Foreign Missionary Band and go to India," she replied, with a laugh.

He sat for a time in deep thought; then said with a smile:

"I see that you will need a larger amount of money than is required for a trip across the ocean. I can, of course, get you all you need—"

"But I do not want to borrow money," she interrupted. "I want to get back what I loaned to Mr. Brady. I do not want to touch my bonds and, of course, I shall not sell my land."

"But, Cora, that mortgage is not due for two years, and Brady is not in a position to accommodate you were he ever so willing to do so," protested her uncle.

"I know that, Uncle William," she assented; "but I daresay I can get money on his note?"

"O certainly," replied he. "I—"

The entrance of a servant with Judge Howe's card interrupted him.

"I sent for him," explained Cora, when the servant had been sent to show him to the library. "I think I shall be able to get the money without difficulty."

Howe had been puzzled by Cora's promise concerning his enemy, and when he received her message requesting an interview, he felt that she had sent for him to make good her word. How, and in what way, could she do it, he questioned. What power had she over the man, that she could deliver him to her friend? Curiosity and interest dispelled, for a time, the cloud that had fallen on his life. When he entered the room and saw the flushed cheeks and shining eyes of the woman and the dejected mien and troubled brow of her uncle, he realized that, while victory was hers, it had been fought for; and the mystery, for him, increased.

They welcomed him with that cordiality which seems effusive to many of our colder friends of the North, but which is, instead, the beautiful and sincere expression of a warm-hearted people. For an hour they chatted on various matters of common interest; then, out of a silence which he had maintained for a little while, Mr. Allison said:

"Judge Howe, we are going to lose Cora again."

"I regret to hear that," said he, with genuine feeling, looking from the speaker to the beautiful girl.

"I need not say that it is a blow to me, all the harder because so unexpected," said the older man.

Howe looked again at Cora, for he thought, from such words, she was going to marry. The girl read his mind, for she said quickly, the pink deepening on her cheeks:

"Yes, Uncle William is quite heart-broken because I am following the well-worn trail of the artists and am going to Europe."

For a moment the Judge said nothing, conscious all the while of a sharp regret that Cora was going away; then he spoke:

"I am sorry to hear this. It is selfish in me, I know. I had counted so much on your friendship—"

"Our separation cannot touch that, Allen," she said, with that new dignity that made her seem so strange and yet so close to him. "And it is necessary that I should go."

"For your art?" he questioned.

"For my art," she said.

"Shall you stay there always?" he asked, and the dejection was again on his face, in his voice. He never craved the friendship of a woman until now. Cora had come back, it appeared, to give him what he yearned for, and after lingering long enough to show to him how precious a thing is such a comradeship, was putting herself again out of his life.

"Not always," she replied slowly. "I shall study in Paris for some time; then I want to go to Italy. Afterward I shall go to Greece."

His thoughts went back to an hour in this house when she had asked flippantly where Greece was to-day. How wise he had thought himself then! What was it she had said about his not being able to understand the nature of woman? He knew now that she was correct in her measurement of him.

"It will mean a great deal for you and for your art," he said presently; "so, for your sake, I am glad that you have thus decided."

"But I may not be able to carry out my decision," said Cora lightly, although there was a tremor in her voice.

"I should be greatly surprised if any project of yours, once your mind was fully made up, should fail," observed her uncle.

"But I have not been confronted by my present difficulty on other occasions," she replied. "You know," she contin-

ued, turning to Howe, "Uncle William, as if foreseeing I should develop the artistic craze—as he mentally terms it, although too polite to express it—tied up my money in a way that would call for time and no end of botheration to unloosen, excepting seven thousand dollars which were loaned to Mr. Brady, he giving me a mortgage on his property. But this is not due for two years, and of course I am handicapped unless I can get some friend to advance me the money on this note. I sent for you this morning, Allen, to ask if it would be convenient for you to accommodate me?"

The blue eyes were fixed on him with an expression that forever afterward dwelt in his soul. By it he saw and understood; more, perhaps, than the woman wished. She was making herself an exile from home and friends to save him from crime, and yet secure for him revenge in the fullest measure. He felt abased before the knowledge, as true manhood, true womanhood, ever is before a sublime sacrifice for it, knowing its own unworthiness.

The example of her heroism was not without its instant effect on him, and in that moment he felt himself strong enough to forgive Brady and refuse to accept the means of avenging himself for the wrong done him by the editor. Bitterly he regretted that his passion had carried him so far that it demanded this from the friend who had grown so dear; and he then learned, what others who use it must also bitterly learn, that revenge is a two-edged sword, and if one edge slays his enemy, the other cuts into his own life. He could not refuse her offer to avenge himself on his foe, and to accept it was to separate himself from the dearest friendship of his life.

He could say nothing, for he perceived that she had purposely arranged this meeting in the presence of her uncle to prevent the words which he must have spoken. She tacitly said to him:

"Here is your enemy, delivered over as I promised. You can make him feel the full weight of your hatred and revenge, and still save yourself from crime, and keep sorrow from the heart of the woman you love and the friends who love you. It is a revenge worse than that of death, for it gives you supreme power, not only over the man, but also over those persons and things which are dear to him. He knows that he will not be able to redeem his property, and those two years will be to him years of torture; and when the time is passed you can deprive him of his means of support, which he employed to destroy one of your political ambitions."

All this rushed through his brain, and then the first thought hurled itself back upon him—that she was leaving home and country, braving the perils of the ocean and the dangers of that new life, to save him. And this was the woman he had once deemed too weak and shallow to mate with him! He felt humbled to the dust, and from the bitterness of his position he could have cried out, pleading with her not to exact acceptance of her sacrifice.

His silence was painful to Mr. Allison, who feared that Cora's request was embarrassing his friend; but the woman understood, and the tender smile began to show around her lips, while the light of the blue eyes was growing misty.

"I was on the point of telling Cora, that I think I shall be able to accommodate her, Judge, when you were announced," hastily remarked the elder man.

The sound of his voice broke the spell of silence that had overtaken Howe. Rousing himself, he said quietly:

"Permit me, Mr. Allison, the privilege of serving Cora. I have the amount lying idle in the bank, and I need not say how happy it will make me to be of this slight service to her."

"Oh! certainly, Judge," replied he, courteously.

XIV.

The years rolled on until four had passed. The tide of affairs had carried Howe successfully onward until now he was the recognized leader of Democracy in Kentucky. Through his politic management harmony was being brought into that sorely distracted party, and it was apparent that the admiration and gratitude of its members would bestow on him the gubernatorial nomination when the next convention should be called. Outwardly his life was what it had ever been, although the sorrow that had taken up her abode in his heart gradually began to reflect her presence on his face and in his demeanor; but the unthinking attributed this gradual change to the cares of his position, while his enemies called it pride.

When Brady learned of the power over him that had been given Howe, despair took possession of him. As the time of payment approached, he tried vainly to raise the money to redeem his property, but his efforts failed; for men had grown suspicious of him, and, though the paper was still read, the editor was in disfavor.

His condition was one to inspire even a bitter foe with pity, for his family was helpless, and depended solely on the income which the paper brought. In the torture of those days and nights, Allen Howe was amply revenged. One morning, within a few days of the maturity of the note, a letter from his enemy was handed him, and supposing it was a legal notification that payment should be forthcoming, Brady's spirit broke, and he bowed his head and cried aloud in his misery. His son, who was his assistant in the office, broke the fatal seal, but as his eyes took in the meaning of the few lines, he cried out in joy:

"O father! read what the Judge says!"

The editor lifted his gray head, and tears sprang into the eyes of his son at sight of the anguish and despair of the

aging face. With trembling hands he took the note and read Howe's courteous announcement that Mr. Brady's note would be due on such a date, but if he wished to renew the mortgage Judge Howe would be pleased to accommodate him.

Brady rose and, walking to the window, looked long and earnestly on the street below, while he revolved some things in his mind. Then he sat down and wrote steadily for a long time.

The next week's paper caused a sensation rarely experienced in the staid county, when men beheld in cold, pitiless type Brady's retraction of every word that he had written against Allen Howe, his declaration that his utterances were mainly untrue and inspired by a petty, personal hatred, and his announcement that he had compelled the Judge to withdraw by threatening to calumniate some equally innocent and helpless persons whose name and honor were dearer to the Judge than a seat in the Congressional Hall. He then related the incident of the mortgage, and told of the noble spirit displayed by the man he had so cruelly wronged. But the conclusion of this strange editorial was as pathetic as was ever penned by repentant man, ending with the mournful words:

"When my friendship could have helped him, I turned traitor; he does not need me now."

After reading the paper, Howe's eyes went to the window which showed him the bluegrass fields stretching beyond the town to the misty horizon, and thought:

"Another great victory for Cora!"

Then he laid the paper carefully on his desk, rose, took his hat, and going down stairs, walked to Brady's office. This confession of the editor meant the loss of every subscriber who was Howe's friend, unless prompt measures were taken to prevent it. There was but one way to do this, and though Howe's heart beat painfully, he did not hesitate.

Some one had notified Brady of the Judge's coming, and when Howe entered the office he found his ancient foe, pale of face, standing by his chair, clutching it for support. They greeted each other, then Howe said, advancing with outstretched hand:

"I still need your friendship, Mr. Brady!" and the hand-clasp which followed was a seal upon the compact for all time. * * * * *

It was May-time again in the bluegrass country, and this Sunday morning the Judge had walked farther than was his wont on the smooth road that led through the green lands where the white haw and red-bud bloomed, and the peach orchards spread their rosy veil. The spell of memory was over him, so strong, so persistent, that he felt as if Mrs. Delgare were walking by his side—that if he were to put forth a hand, it would be softly clasped by hers.

"I shall hear something of her," he thought, as he entered the town on his way home.

On reaching Mr. Boyd's, he was informed that a telephone call had come for him from Cincinnati during his absence. He felt a singular sensation at the announcement, and his hand seemed powerless as he took down the receiver. He was relieved on hearing Cora's voice, requesting him to come to Cincinnati that day. Consulting his watch, he found that he had just time to catch the morning train. He remembered afterward that he did not ask her what had happened requiring his presence in that city.

Anxiety made the way long, but half an hour after reaching the city he was in Cora's studio. He feared that something had befallen her, and when he found her well and busy his mind rebounded, and as he walked from picture to picture he talked and laughed with the gayety of a boy.

Cora's European masters had discovered the bent of her talent, and, interested in the lovely Kentuckian, they had

taken every pains to cultivate it. The result was that her miniatures had gained her recognition in Paris and fame in her own country, to which she had returned a year previously.

"I shall never offer advice to a woman again," said the Judge, as he took a chair by her side.

"We usually know what is best for us," she observed.

She gazed abstractedly at the picture-hung wall for a moment, while his eyes were fixed on her face. The bud of beauty had developed into a rose of surpassing loveliness, which the fine artistic taste knew well how to enhance. But beyond the physical charm was the true and loyal nature of the woman, as it had been shown to him, and the recollection of all that he owed to her flooded his soul with veneration. But for her he might to-day be languishing in a felon's cell, his life, or its best years, given as hostage to the law for his revenge. And not only had she saved him from this dreadful fate into which passion would have hurled him, but her example had made him strong enough to thrust hate and the desire for vengeance out of his heart, caused him to be a Christian in action as he had ever been in belief, and had destroyed whatever of suspicion against him that might have lingered in the minds of men, thereby assuring his elevation to the Governorship—for, as never before, men now loved and honored Allen Howe.

Certainly a man never had a friend to whom he was so deeply indebted as Howe felt himself to be to Cora. But he could do nothing for her in return, and this hurt his generous heart. She was so far beyond his life, she had so little need of him or his friendship in this sweet self-sufficiency which is our dear mother Art's precious gift to her children. Whoso loveth her truly knoweth not the need of lover or friend, and understandeth in measure the meaning of heaven.

Presently she turned her blue eyes on him, and said, slowly, pityingly:

"Allen, I sent for you to tell you about Mrs. Delgare."

The blood left his face, and a chill ran along his veins; he knew that the words she had to say were words of sorrow. He had not seen Mrs. Delgare since they had parted in the farm-house, four years before, but he heard of her from Mrs. Boyd, and more frequently from Cora. He knew that she and her stepmother were living in Cincinnati, where Mrs. Delgare had a position on the editorial staff of one of the papers.

"After coming from Europe," began Cora, "I met Mrs. Delgare. I did illustrating for one of the magazines for which she wrote, and that and a similarity of tastes drew us together. We became fast friends. After a while she told me something of her life; then I loved her the more."

She paused, for there was a break in her voice and he felt the lowered lids were hiding tears. He said nothing, but sat with face as cold and gray as if carved out of stone, waiting for her next words.

"Some weeks ago," began Cora, and the voice was dull and limping, "Mr. Delgare was taken ill with an incurable disease. The unfortunate woman who had been his companion abandoned him. His family was notified of his condition. They refused to take him home, although they engaged medical attention and a nurse for him. When Mrs. Delgare heard of his illness, and learned from the physician that his recovery was an impossibility, she went to him. Her coming and forgiveness seemed to bring great comfort to the dying man, and he asked her to stay with him for the short time he had to live. His people advised her not to comply with the request, but she believed it to be her duty. The day before he died the nurse broke down, and as none could be secured immediately, Mrs. Delgare and one of her sisters-in-law, took charge of him. Mrs.

Delgare's work kept her at the office until ten o'clock that night, when she relieved her sister-in-law, who lay down in the next room. Toward morning she was awakened by groans. She hastened to the sick-room to find her brother-in-law in his death-throes. Mrs. Delgare was lying on the floor."

Cora's breast was heaving convulsively, her words came in gasps.

"The other Mrs. Delgare called a gentleman who had rooms across the hall. It was thought at first Lenore had swooned. But she was dead. She had been dead for three hours. The husband died that afternoon. They said it was heart-disease that killed her—but, O Allen!" she cried, in piercing accents, "there were the prints of fingers on her white throat!"

That afternoon they went down to the farm-house among the blooming orchards, and the next day laid Mrs.

Delgare by the side of her father and her little son.

Then the lover and the friend rode back in silence to the city. But when the first circle of its restless, pressing life reached the woman, and she found herself drawn into and made a part of its relentless energy, she spoke to the man such words as were calculated to rouse him from his lethargy of despair. He heard listlessly at first, but then there came to him the conviction that these words could only come from a heart that knew what it was to lay its best beloved in the grave (if made by human hands or not, it did not matter), and he grew strong to bear as she had borne.

Then they parted; he turning to the great country where Honor stood waiting to crown him, she to the city where Fame was waiting to receive her.

"On the earth the broken arcs; in heaven, a perfect round."

THE END.

Cheeriness

By John Maryson

A little bird, of a melting morn,
When all of the woods were drear,
He swung on the top of a blossoming thorn,
A chirping and carolling clear,
Such warbles and rills and happiest trills
'Twas surely a gladness to hear!
"O what tho' the morning be gloomy and gray,
I'll cheerily sing, and sing!
I'll sing of the dawn of a summer day,
For there's coming a Spring! a Spring!"

So thou, good heart, if the day wax dim,
And thy soul grows sick for the Light,
Remember yon atomy perched on the limb,
And cheerily call with thy might:
"O what tho' the living be gloomy and gray,
I'll heartily sing, and sing!
I'll sing of the hope of a Heavenly Day,
For there's coming a Spring! a Spring!"

THE GARDEN BENCH

SEVERAL professional women, meeting informally, began to discuss the sad cases of need, physical, mental and spiritual, that so frequently came under their observation in the performance of their work, and it was suggested by one that they should form a "secret" society for doing good. The public character of charitable institutions and associations, she argued, prevents them from serving those cases which are often the most deserving of assistance, while an organization bound to secrecy in its workings and using secret methods could be approached by, or reach, temporarily embarrassed people and those whose pride prevents them from disclosing their sufferings. As the talk progressed the names of several, eligible for membership in such a society if it should be started, were mentioned; but when one woman was named, she was objected to on the ground that she couldn't give a tramp a scrap of cold bread and meat without wanting it put in the newspapers.

How many duplicates of that woman there are in the world! Sometimes she will begin a recital of her good deeds with, "I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you, and I don't want you to mention it," (we know she would be sorely disappointed if we were to take her at her word!) or, "I wouldn't speak of this only I want to show you how many claims there are upon me," etc. Now Christ explicitly commanded us not to let even our left hand know what the right hand did if we would have the blessing of the Father upon our good deeds, and one's left hand is much nearer to one than the chance caller. As for the other excuse, which of us who even feebly attempts to do her duty has not more claims than it seems possible for

her to meet? So truly as you open heart and hand to do one good turn, so surely will two opportunities for repeating the action present itself, and if we were wise we should see in this the approval of the Father for our first kind deed. It is folly to set up a claim of a superior number of duties, for these wait in legions on all, from the poorest to the richest;—and it is a well-known fact that the former are often the most faithful in recognizing and discharging them.

"There is an acquaintance I honestly admit I dread to meet, because I am forced to listen to the recital of her good deeds—deeds which, practiced in my own home, have been familiar to me from infancy, though there they were never dignified by that appellation, but were simply regarded as the courtesy due to our fellow creatures," said one of these projectors of the new society, when, after the fashion of women in conference, the conversation was switched off from the main line by the protest against the woman who proclaims her charities. "We never regarded it as a piece of philanthropy to give a passing stranger a meal; it was simply hospitality. But the other day this woman kept me waiting for half an hour while she lengthily recounted her giving a poor man a luncheon of cold meat and bread on the kitchen table. Had it been my mother, she would have started the kitchen fire, made him a cup of coffee, hot biscuits, fried some meat, and served him in the dining-room; and would no more have thought of mentioning it than she would think of announcing that she had said her prayers that morning. There is another objectionable feature in all that she does for others: she will question the recipient of her charity (as she calls it!) on the most personal matters. He pays for his

entertainment with his family history. There is nothing in worse taste than that—more lacking in the Christ-spirit. It is not anywhere recounted in the Gospels that Christ exercised any curiosity regarding the objects of His mercy. He didn't even preach at them; simply cured them and sent them away. Yet if some one were to tell this woman that she is lacking in Christian charity, she would call it another illustration of the calumny to which she has so often been subjected for doing good."

"I have an acquaintance the opposite of yours," said another woman. "I knew her to be possessed of considerable means, but as she is of a family noted for its closeness, where money is concerned, I never suspected that she would part with any of it for the alleviation of human misery without exacting the guerdon of publicity in payment—all of which goes to prove how easy it is for us to misjudge others. The other day our new colored washerwoman asked if I knew Mrs. So-and-so, and when I said I did, she launched forth in praise of her kindness. The colored family had occupied a house of hers, and shortly after moving in the mother was stricken with small-pox; the father of course had to stop work, and though they were strangers and poor, this woman came forward with money and medical attendance. Then two of the children died; she bought the graves and paid the funeral expenses, never even exacting the promise of payment from the father. It is a long time since I listened to anything more pleasing to my ears than that negro's story and her expression of heartfelt gratitude for the woman who had stood by her. Now I doubt if her own sister knew of that act of true Christianity. If it had been done by your acquaintance—"

"She would have had an article and her picture in the papers!" exclaimed her friend.

* * * * *

There was never such a place as that old garden, and never such a time to visit it as an early May day. Then the apple-tree was a pyramid of bloom—and to my way of thinking, Flora wrought her masterpiece when she fashioned the apple-blossom,—the late tulips made gorgeous the borders, the snow-ball and flowering almond displayed their beauty, and the yellow rose lured us down the green alley by its golden gleaming and its fragrance. If you were a child making flower-beds there one such day, you might have seen a tragic white face on the bench under the cedar tree, and you might have heard the sweet, familiar voice of the Lady of the Garden saying to it some such words as these:

"You say there is no such thing as a divided sovereignty? In the kingdom of love this is true; there there can be but one ruler. When a second appears, the power of the first is weakened; it is a divided kingdom which eventually must fall. Man often makes the mistake of thinking two can here reign equally: a woman never makes such. But friendship is a different realm from love, and republican in its rule. Woman makes the mistake of confounding the one with the other. She cannot understand that she is secure on her throne, and must grow jealous of the ruler of that other realm, give herself great pain, and often end by wrecking her own happiness and dethroning herself."

And too frequently she takes a pleasant acquaintance for this powerful friendship. Friendships are alas! rare. The story of Romeo and Juliet is so common that it has required the genius of artists and poets and sculptors and novelists since time began to save it from oblivion, while the love of David and Jonathan has been immortalized by a few lines of Biblical writing, and Damon and Pythias, mentioned by a historian, hold their places secure for all time in the temple of Fame.

The name friend is indiscriminately bestowed. Not to half to whom it is given goes the confidence it implies—no! not to ten, to five, to two. Indeed, happy is he who has one to open his soul to, as friend speaks to friend. He who is a true friend is never turned from us. He may condemn our faults, but he gives no accusation against us. The most perfect example of friendship recorded by time is given us by Christ. Forsaken by all those disciples of whom He said, "I have called ye friends," yet, understanding, He forgave that fear which caused them to disperse and leave Him alone to meet His foes, a fear natural to man. He knew that yielding to it did not prove them unworthy of His trust, and we see Him from the cross confiding His Mother to the forsaking John, and afterward entrusting His cause to the hands of the denying Peter.

But how few follow this noble example! A trifle light as air is often set up as sufficient cause to destroy a friendship that, perchance, has withstood the test of years. True friendship is one of the sacred affections of the soul. And as you should guard it carefully when it is your own, you should refrain from touching it when it belongs to others. You may, and very likely will, break up this friendship of which you are so jealous between the one you love and the other woman, but do not think you have made your own position the stronger thereby in his heart. Far from it! Though he be ever so good and noble, it is but natural to deplore the loss of something that was dear. You would do so yourself. Though you may succeed in emptying that chamber of the heart, you will not be able to fill it; will you not, then, find that vacancy as great, if not greater, menace to your happiness? We are many-sided creatures, and it calls for a variety of things to meet our needs.

THE DREAM.

"I stood where gifts were showered on men
from heaven,
And some had honors and the joys thereof;
And some received with solemn, radiant
faces,
The gift of love.

"The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,
Of gold the gleam,
A voice spake to me standing empty-handed,
'For thee—a dream.'

"Forbear to pity, ye who, richly laden,
Forth from the place of heaven's bounty
went;
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still
empty—
I am content.

"Ye cannot guess how dowered beyond the
measure
Of your receiving, to myself I seem,
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on enraptured,
I have my dream."

* * * * *

What shall I do?

How often that question is asked of those visible to the eye, or those of the unseen world, and how seldom an answer is vouchsafed! But sometimes, out of the void within, a voice of majesty replies, and tells us that whether pain or poverty or other ill be clutching at the heart, to do what we can, keeping good courage and patience. Why besiege the ear of God with pleadings for deliverance? Do you not know that what you endure, another also can? Therefore, set the example of bearing for your brother. Be steadfast for him! Ah! it may be that one is waiting at your elbow who needs not the happiness your happiness could give him, but the strength which your endurance will teach.

* * * * *

"How restful is this room," said a neighbor, calling at the home of a friend. "I do not know if others are so susceptible to the mental atmosphere of a place as I am, but if the mentalities of those who live there, or frequent it, are strong for peace, beauty and harmony, or for the opposites of these, I intuitively become aware of it and am sensibly

affected by it. But if I were to meet the one with whom I am in perpetual dispute, I do not think I could quarrel in this room."

The words drew my attention to the outward things of the room, and I saw that they were few and good and harmonious; the first gave space, the second security, and the third pleasure. Then I remembered that the lives largely lived here were preeminently tranquil, unquestionably due to the influence of my friend, the wife and mother. After her neighbor left, we took up her comment.

"It is true," said my friend. "I, too, have experienced these atmospheric influences. I find nothing strange in it. We feel the electric storm before it breaks, and, though we go forth with closed eyes of a morning, we know whether the weather is moist or dry. We feel it in both instances. If the family live in a state of turmoil it is going to affect the atmosphere of the home, just as the approaching storm affects the atmosphere of the earth. It is not only possible but comparatively easy to cultivate this tranquility of mind and foster its growth in the minds of others. There will always be some friction between minds, but why need we increase it by constantly calling it into action? In our home each recognizes the rights of others and does not interfere with them, and subjects upon which we know from experience there will result inevitable disagreement, are ignored. Of course we have our arguments, but they are always conducted good-manneredly."

She was afterward led deeper into the subject, and I quote some of her remembered words:

"The spirit of rest can have no abiding-place in the home ruled by the spirit of unrest, and peace flies from the soul where petulance, dissatisfaction and impatience reign. If we would preserve rest and peace, we must be restful and

peaceful. We cannot change the matters of our life and the lives of those we love by a hair's breadth, not though we could beat down the doors of heaven with our pleadings. The cause of all the evil in our lives, lies in ourselves. God's gifts are waiting for us, but we are not fit to receive them. As a man may partake of nutritious food, but, if the physical being is undermined by disease, the effect of the food is lost. First, the man must destroy the germs of the disease, then begin to build up the wasted parts. When these are sound, the nutriment will be of some avail. Now it is wasted. Even so is it with the spiritual body. We pray for gifts, when instead we should pray for worthiness necessary for us to possess those gifts.

"Niggardliness is a base vice in a man, yet we dare accuse God of withholding His treasures from us! God's gifts are waiting for us. It is ourselves who are at fault. We need not pray for this or that thing which would make us happy. It is waiting for us. What we need to do is to pray to be made worthy to receive it. When we are in that state, the desired object will fall into our hands.

"There are things we want changed? There is some one we love whom we would see free from care, whose life we would fill with happiness? Hitherto we have brooded over that one's lack of earth's gifts, reproached ourselves, perhaps, because we could not give them to her. Instead, when we think of our loved one's lack of these, let us pray that she shall be made worthy to receive those gifts which wait on her worthiness. Prayer accomplishes wonders; repining destroys the things we already possess.

"There is a great or good work we want to do? We pray for the means to accomplish it? Oh! first let us make ourselves ready for the work, and then the means will not be wanting. Pray for worthiness to receive God's waiting gifts, worthiness to do His work."

CURRENT COMMENT

Secretary Shaw's Tribute

The Republic

A keen observer of men and things is Secretary of the Treasury Shaw. In an address before the Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he said:

"Not long ago a Methodist minister asked me, 'Why is it that the Catholic Church is more successful in reaching the poor than we?' I replied, 'That is easy. They never talk about it. They draw no distinctions. The Methodist Church was designed for people; rich people and poor people; educated people and uneducated people; cultured and uncultured. But I do not believe it was ever the design of God or man that it should be the church of one to the exclusion of the others.'"

This tribute to the Church from such a source is valuable—chiefly because it reveals the drift of the times.

The Pace That Kills in Washington

Saturday Evening Post

The Washington social season just closing has a larger list of victims, with more distinguished names on it, than any of its predecessors. No doubt next season will be still worse. The silliness and the insanity grow apace. More and more costly "entertainments," later and later hours, bigger and bigger expenditures, less and less hospitality, more and more vulgarity. All the high officials, except a few that are too poor, all the Embassies and Legations, all the idle rich who make Washington their winter home, have joined in the conspiracy to destroy the nerves, the brains and, worst of all, the point of view, of the national public servants.

Washington used to be hospitable; it is yearning and striving to be fashion-

able. Put aside all the questions of the decency or indecency of such "goings on" at the Capital of a democratic Republic, how is the public business to be transacted properly in the environment created by snobs battling for social position with the weapons of vulgar display?

A Success

Cosmopolitan

Once upon a time there was a man who started out to be popular.

First, he began to take a kindly interest in every one's affairs, in all the things that they were anxious to talk about.

Second, he lent money to his friends when they asked for it.

Third, he learned how to smoke and drink.

Fourth, he made a rule to tell all those whom he met that they were looking so much better than when he saw them last.

Fifth, he acknowledged his own ignorance.

Sixth, he never objected.

Seventh, he laughed at all the stories he heard, and never under any circumstances told any himself.

Eighth, he neglected his family. And when he died they put over his grave: "He was popular."

Rich France

Everybody's

France is the country of small farmers, small shopkeepers, small manufacturers, small savings and possessions, the aggregate of which makes France very rich, though she has few citizens wealthy according to the swollen American standard. A Frenchman is a "millionaire" with a million francs, less than \$200,000. Yet less than twenty thousand Frenchmen have or are known to have that amount or more. Only ten Frenchmen

with more than \$19,000,000; only one hundred worth from \$10,000,000 to \$19,000,000; only fourteen thousand worth from \$193,000 to \$386,000. There are as many farms in France as in the United States, which is fifteen times larger. Nine million Frenchmen or Frenchwomen pay taxes. It is the ambition of almost every Frenchman in business to retire with a small competence, say at fifty. The more reckless and rather spendthrift Americans have much to learn from the French.

A Beautiful Custom

The Pilot

The Swiss mountaineer has a custom of calling through speaking trumpets at dusk each evening, "Praise the Lord God!" This call may be started by one herdsman and is answered by others from neighboring peaks, the sound being much prolonged as it reverberates from one mountain to another. After a short interval supposedly devoted to prayer a herdsman calls in the same manner, "Good night!" this, too, being repeated by his fellows. Then all retire to their huts.

The Catholic Press

Standard and Times

What a vigilant and outspoken Catholic press can do for the preservation of Catholic faith is once more demonstrated in regard to the Filipino students. In a wee paragraph, hidden away amongst the telegraphic brevities of the daily papers, was found the important item of intelligence that Father Vattmann, retired chaplain, had been ordered to duty in the Bureau of Insular Affairs in Washington, as assistant to the superintendent in charge of Filipinos in the United States. Here is proof that Mr. Taft is determined that there shall be no further ground for complaint over the allocation or supervision of the young exiles. Enough harm has been done already by leaving them to take their

chances among those who are either anxious to entice them from their own fold or indifferent as to what befalls them in the nature of religion. Had these young people been placed under a Catholic supervisor at the outset, it is highly improbable that any of them would have succumbed to the blandishments of the proselytizing emissaries.

Adoration of Wealth

The Republic

Adoration of wealth—which seems to be the commonest vice of our time—is a curious perversion of a sound and sensible instinct. The possession of property means independence and more—the best safeguard a human being can get against the meanest and most harassing and most dreadful ills of life. Not to appreciate that the man who has a competence is in so far enviably situated is to be lacking in common sense. But it shows an equal lack of common sense to lose sight of the real and only purpose of property—just as if one, appreciating that a suit of clothes was a good thing, should erect it into a deity, or should go about wearing a dozen suits of clothes, one over the other.

The man who keeps himself usefully employed at that which he does best is an intelligent and satisfactory citizen, whether he gets rich incidentally or doesn't. The man who makes employment a means to the end of getting rich is pitiful and ridiculous—but neither so pitiful nor so ridiculous as those who worship him and his habit of wearing a dozen suits at a time where one would adequately cover him.

A Colored Catholic

Catholic Union and Times

It is not generally known, but none the less very interesting, that the Hon-Charles W. Anderson, the colored orator who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt as collector of internal revenue at New York City, is a

Catholic, and a very consistent and devoted one at that. He is a remarkable man. Thoroughly educated, he knows how to use great abilities in such a way as to disarm prejudice and win friends. That he will be a notable success in his office is a foregone conclusion, for he has tact, judgment and wide experience in dealing with public men and public matters.

Mr. Anderson is one of the really great orators in the United States to-day. His fame as a speaker is national and his power over audiences remarkable. Long a member of the Republican State Committee, he has been a consistent supporter of the President, and his selection as a collector is another instance of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, unlike some of his immediate predecessors, does not take an apparent delight in forgetting his friends.

The Simplon Tunnel

Everybody's

The Simplon Tunnel, bored through the Alps under the Simplon Pass between Brigue, Switzerland, and Iselle, Italy, was completed the other day after seven years of labor. The Swiss and Italian governments and the railroad which is to run trains through the tunnel, pay the fourteen millions which it cost. In 1857 Dr. Holmes advised the millenarian to order his ascension robe

When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore.

The Hoosac is only four miles and three-quarters long; the Mont Cenis is somewhat more than seven and a half; the St. Gothard, nine and a quarter; the Simplon, about twelve and a quarter. You can now go direct from Paris to Milan, avoiding the heavy grades of the St. Gothard.

It was long thought a physical impossibility to tunnel the Simplon, and only the greatest engineering science has accomplished the task. Cold springs dis-

charging five hundred gallons a minute were encountered, and the work on the Italian side had to be stopped. Last fall tremendous amounts of "hot water," that is, made hot by contact with hot rock, poured into the tunnel, and work was shut off for some months. Unusually hard rock here, treacherous, shifting material there, inundation—all obstacles were overcome, and excellent care was taken of the workmen.

The Effect of Newspapers Upon the Young

The Sacred Heart Review

Some time ago a poor old mother bewailing the disappearance of her son, a lad of sixteen, said she was sure he had not run away voluntarily, as he was always a good boy and worked steadily. He never went out nights like other lads of his age in the city where he lived. Instead, he brought home the paper—in fact three evening papers—every night, read them, and then went to bed. She seemed to see no probability that this reading of three daily papers every night may have been the cause of her boy's sudden freak of wildness. But it seems very plain to us that the boy whose immature mind feeds on the horrors and crimes served up in one yellow journal every day—to say nothing of three—is as sure of collapse in his morals as he would be of a collapse in his health were he to eat continually of poisonous food.

A Million New Americans

Colliers'.

The stream of immigration, which slackened a little last year, has swelled again to a volume without precedent. In February, 1905, the arrivals were 67,116, against 33,967 for the same month of 1904, and a similar rate of increase continued through March. At that rate we shall have over a million immigrants in the calendar year, of whom a third, if left to themselves, will stay in New York and two-thirds in half

red gate a dozen Eastern States. The Commissioner of Immigration is trying to devise some means of relieving this congestion and sending the newcomers where they are needed and where they can have some chance of developing into prosperous citizens. Mr. Sargent proposes to attain this end by establishing an exhibition hall at Ellis Island, devoted to displaying the resources of the various states and the opportunities they offer to settlers. The exhibits are to be furnished by the states and local commercial bodies and explained by a corps of guides. In this way the immigrants will learn that there is a considerable fringe of the United States beyond Hoboken.

Jefferson Davis of Irish Blood

The New World

Just now, while discussion is rife as to whether or not Lincoln was ever a Catholic (which is hardly probable), the fact seems entirely unknown or overlooked that Jefferson Davis, once President of the Southern Confederacy, was of Irish descent.

Proof of this is absolutely conclusive. Davis so admits in his memoirs, and in the "Life of Davis," published in 1868, while the famous Southerner yet lived, the fact is chronicled dispassionately and was never denied.

There is other proof, moreover. Davis was a brilliant commander in the war with Mexico. His dash and military genius saved the day at Buena Vista, and in a lecture entitled "The Expatriated Irish in Europe and America," delivered in Boston on Feb. 11, 1858, Hon. Caleb Cushing declared that in that battle "a man of Celtic race (Jefferson Davis) at the head of the Mississippi Rifles, performed a deed of which there is but one other example in the military history of modern times"—and Davis' exploit ante-dated the other.

The fact that both Davis and his Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, both distrusted and condemned the Know-

Nothing party of old days is made amply clear by capable Southern historians. Stephens especially arraigned the movement in two speeches of unparalleled logic and eloquence.

Pere Lacombe

Outing

Doers of big things—men who have made history—we still have with us; but not every maker of history has by the mere lifting of a hand prevented massacres that might have wiped out the frontier of half a continent. Few leaders have rallied half a hundred men to victory against a thousand through pitchy darkness, in the confusion of what was worse than darkness—panic. And not every hero of victory can be the hero of defeat, a hero—for instance—to the extent of standing siege by scourge, with three thousand dying and dead of the plague, men fleeing from camp pursued by a phantom death, wolves skulking past the wind-blown tent-flaps unmolested, none remaining to bury the dead but the one man whose hands are over-busy with the dying.

And not every hero is as unaware of the world's blare as a child; and as indifferent to it. Such is Pere Lacombe, known to all old-timers from the Mackenzie River to the Missouri.

The Gould Biblical Prize

N. Y. Sun

Whatever the object of Miss Helen Gould's offer of prizes for the best essays on "The Origin of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church and that of the American Revised Version," it certainly seems as though an excessive price had been paid for the three prize-winners which are published with the title "Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared" (Bible Teachers' Training School, New York), edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D. D. The chief discovery

seems to be that the Catholic Scriptures include some books which are regarded as apocryphal by Protestants, a fact which might have been ascertained without awarding \$1000 prizes. The essays are mainly bibliographical; the one that took first prize is marked by a bigotry which fully explains the refusal of Catholics to serve on the committee of award, and justifies Catholics in their general abstention from the competition.

Las Casas

The Sacred Heart Review

In its review of "The Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre Jean de Smet, S. J.," the New York Evening Post casts a slur, in passing, on Las Casas, whom it calls an "injudicious and extravagant, constantly storming and almost raving zealot." We don't see how the Evening Post can so describe the great Dominican who did so much to prevent the enslavement of the Indians by Spanish adventurers. Anyway, we prefer to take our idea of Las Casas from Professor John Fiske who in his "Discovery of America" says that "in contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas all words of eulogy seem weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in awe before a figure which is, in some respects, the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the apostolic age. When now and then in the course of the centuries God's Providence brings such a life into the world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most precious and sacred possessions."

Men at Church

Catholic Union and Times

If the doubting brethren who think Catholic men do not attend church will visit the cathedral this week (March 30) they may have an ocular demonstration of the falsity of their view.

There is a men's mission in progress, and at all Masses, as well as at the even-

ing devotions, the great cathedral has been filled with men—men deadly in earnest in an endeavor to save their souls.

The eloquent Dominicans, Fathers Splinter, O'Connor and Foley, are devoted members of the grand Order they represent and never think of sparing themselves, though their work is most arduous.

The women's mission last week was equally successful, and it was truly inspiring to note the devotion of the mothers and daughters who attended the services.

If example goes for anything, and it does, the result of the present unparalleled awakening must be wonderfully beneficent and lasting.

Too Little Reading

The Century

But according to our observation there is vastly too little reading done, rather than too much; and we think it fortunate that President Roosevelt's example has been set forth as an illustration of what can be accomplished, in the most occupied of lives, to broaden the intellectual outlook. His example will serve everywhere as a stimulus. And the slow reader should not be discouraged, but encouraged rather; for if he really has the "disposition" to read, the year's end, under whatever difficulties, will give him, also, a list of readings accomplished which will shame the indifferent and vastly increase his own intellectual wealth. Reading for the relief of troubled thoughts, as a mere sedative, is immeasurably valuable, as many an overwrought brain has found; and so is reading for the highest forms of pleasure, for healthy enjoyment as well as for desired information, for new outlooks, for the broadening of sympathies and the correction of narrow views, for culture—above all, for inspiration.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Baby Birds

By R. U. Magee

FOR some time there have been solemn doings in the nest. Mother-bird has had serious business on hand, and has stayed persistently at home, to look after those troublesome eggs that must not be allowed to get cold, and that need frequent turning that they be warmed all through, and not merely at the top. Her mate is not far off, for any moment he may be called upon to take his turn on the eggs; so he trills bright snatches of song, to mark his presence and cheer the monotonous watch. These snatches are generally not more than call notes, or single sounds, uttered in rapid succession. But some birds, such as the warblers, are so fond of their family that is to be that they sing their very best, most complicated songs, when they are perched up close to the nest where their mate is setting; while if she is away and he is on duty, he stops his song and calls at intervals, that she may easily find her way back to the nest.

But if a hungry cat is caught sight of

crouching under the tree, or a hawk is seen, then the call changes to a note of alarm, quite unmistakable when once you have heard it; and this is quickly communicated through the bird clans, till all the families have gathered together their straying adventurers into a place of safety.

So potent is this danger signal that even the chick helping itself out of its shell will instantly stop, preferring safety and its egg-shell prison to the unknown, but suggested, dangers of the world.

One naturalist tells of a sparrow who took a most unfair advantage over her credulous fledglings by sounding the warning note when their noisy chatter became too troublesome in the early morning.

If there is no danger ahead, the work of shell-breaking continues, and finally—somehow—a little naked, helpless thing with a long neck and a good deal of beak, and an almost transparent skin, comes forth. This is true of our

YELLOWHAMMERS.

perching, or Passerine birds, those that we know so well, and the warblers, yellowhammers, robins, and the others that make spring magical with their darting brilliance and wonderful song. The chick of the large Rasores, or scratchers, on the other hand, like turkeys and domestic fowls, comes into the world perfectly self-possessed and ready for action. Off bustles old mother hen, with encouraging, loving cluck, and the little downy, egg-shaped babe follows her at once, full of affairs and self-importance. Recent experiments with incubators prove that nestlings do not know their natural enemies. One naturalist relates how he taught some fledglings that he had brought out artificially, to peck at things by tapping his pen before them on the ground, and tested their recognition of enemies. One day he brought into their midst a large cat and a fox-terrier. The little ones had no fear whatever. The dog seemed to them to be a *delightful* new friend, and *under his* warm well-

coated body they proceeded to nestle in perfect security. They would probably have been glad to welcome Puss in the same way, but unfortunately her good behavior was not assured, and she was not allowed to come dangerously close. But the terrier had been carefully trained as a sub-warden, or under-nurse, and unhesitatingly accepted his temporary motherhood as he crouched carefully above his brood.

But while the fledgling seems to inherit an understanding of the alarm-notes of its own species, it is quite indifferent to those of others. A few hours after being hatched the young cuckoo proceeds to clear out the nest for his own sole occupation. It has been seen to raise a fledgling on its back, and then with a few clumsy flaps of its naked, claw-like wings, to shuffle it over the side of the nest to destruction. Then,

YOUNG BLACKBIRDS.

proudly and comfortably, the little usurper reigns supreme, the sole object of the unwitting parents' love.

The first change in the appearance of the nestling is when the little knob at the end of the beak drops off. This was placed there by nature for the sole purpose of breaking the shell. And then, if they are Passerines, and have been born blind, they proceed to open their sharp, little, round eyes, which have eyelids like ours, and another one as well, a thin, transparent membrane that can be moved very quickly from the side.

Then something very strange happens to the skin. It turns a deep salmon pink, and is all covered with a little pimply rash. This doesn't mean that the fledgling has caught scarlatina and is going to die. No; in a day or two, tiny shoots of feathers will be seen on its back and wings and head, and those ugly pimples were the beginning of sockets, in which, afterwards, the quill of the feather fits.

YOUNG CHICKADEES.

Here again the scratchers and swimmers have the advantage. They have a provisional coat of down to keep them warm till real feathers come. Down is like feathers, except that the little barbs which grow on the quills are each separate. A feather, on the other hand, is most complicated. First, there is the quill up the middle, and the barbs growing on it at either side. Then each barb has little barbules projecting from it, just as it does from the quill; and the barbules on one side of the barb have

little claws, or barbicels, and those on the other side have a little ridged lip running along the top and turned at the end into a sort of spike. Round this edge the barbicels catch firmly, and the whole is joined together into a continuous surface. These first feather-clothes are generally sombre in tone, and remain so until the autumn, or early spring of the following year, when it is time for it to put on a gay dress, and think of nest-making for

YOUNG THRUSHES.

itself. The little brown-gray linnets appear in the spring with bright carmine breasts; the yellowhammers put on their vivid yellow; the robins get their red, and all become more beautiful.

But we have jumped to next spring and its breeding season before we have done thinking of the present summer. Along with feathers comes the desire for more space and exercise, and if the young bird comes of a ground-feeding family, like the thrushes, or blackbirds, or robins, it will soon find its way down to earth, and follow its parents about while they do the digging and tugging; it will manage to be at hand when a find is made so that the poor mother has to put down its greedy little throat the choice worm she had selected for herself.

Sooner or later, all Passerine birds learn to fly, but it is uncertain whether they do it by sheer instinct, or whether the parents teach them.

But however cleverly the little nestling may be learning his early lessons, however shrewd at worm-hunting he may be, he is still an infant, unfit for serious business, till he can sing. The first sounds uttered are little chirping calls; many birds can make these as soon as they are hatched, while others seem to need instruction.

But the real songs are rarely mastered before the bird is quite full-sized. It is only those, therefore, which have been hatched very early, that have much time for singing that same year; and perfect songs are not heard till springtime comes again, when all tune up their little instruments, and prepare for the great concert of love and joy.

THE MARTYRS OF CARTHAGE

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

Many centuries ago when the wicked Emperor Severus persecuted the Christians in ancient Rome, there dwelt in the little town of Scitilla, not far from Carthage, nine men and three women who were all devout Christians.

The Emperor had ordered all to be persecuted who would not pour out a libation to Jove. But Saturnius, the proconsul, was not a cruel man and kindly asked the Christians to return to the gods of their fathers. Then Speratus, the oldest of the men spoke for all:

"We have injured no man, we have spoken ill of none; for all the evil you have brought upon us we have only thanked you. We give praise for all His dispensations to our true Lord and King."

"But you must be loyal to the state," said the proconsul, much puzzled over their speech and behavior. "You must swear by the genius of the Emperor and pray for his well being."

"I swear not," said Speratus, calmly. "His genius I know not of; I serve my God in His high heaven Whom no mere man may see or hear. Your laws I have not broken, I have been guilty of no crime. I never fail to pay custom upon that which I purchase, for I acknowledge the Emperor as my ruler; but I can worship none but my Lord, the King of kings." And all that were with him bowed their heads in assent when Saturninus asked if they believed as did Speratus. The proconsul, therefore, scarce knowing what to do and willing to give them every opportunity to save their lives, since he knew them to be good citizens, sent them to prison to be kept in chains until the following day.

Next day he commanded all to be brought before him and addressed himself to the women, hoping to intimidate these tender blossoms of the Faith.

"Nay; we cannot sacrifice to His Majesty the Emperor," said one of the women. "We render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's, and worship is due unto God alone."

"I also am a Christian," said the second, "and worship the Christian's God;" and the third answered even more frankly:

"I believe in the one God and none other; therefore can I not worship, serve, and adore your gods, of whom the Emperor is one."

"Alas," said the proconsul, "you will neither consider your danger nor leave me any loophole through which to reach out mercy to you."

"Do what you please," cried Speratus, boldly, speaking for all his brethren. "We will joyfully die for our sweet Lord and Saviour."

"What books are these which you read and revere?" asked Saturninus.

"The four Gospels of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the epistles of the Apostle Paul, and the Scriptures, which are all inspired of God," announced Speratus.

The proconsul then offered to give them three days in which to reflect, but Speratus spoke again:

"We are Christians—myself and all those who are with me. Never will we depart from the faith which is in Christ Jesus. Do with us what you will."

"Surely," thought Saturninus, "there must be some magic in a religion which can rob death of its terrors, even for tender and delicate women. I would I knew more of it, and that I could spare these people, for of a truth they are good citizens and well for the state."

But he could not avoid carrying out the edict of the Emperor, so with much sorrow, since they would not recant, he ordered them all to be beheaded. Upon hearing their sentence they were all filled with joy that the crown of martyrdom was to be theirs, and kneeling down they all prayed fervently for strength and grace to die for Christ, and they prayed also for the soul of the proconsul; and joyfully they yielded up their lives and not one faltered, so that the proconsul in wonder and admiration exclaimed:

"What manner of people are these who go to death as calmly as a Roman soldier to battle!" And he sought out one of the Christian teachers, was in-

structed in the true faith, believed and was baptized. Thus died the martyrs of Carthage.

ST. AMBROSE and the EMPEROR

By H. F. N. R.

The Emperor Theodosius was both rash and hot-tempered. Not intending to be wicked, he often fell into trouble with the Church because of some hasty act, for which he was too proud to show the repentance he really felt.

In the year 390 A. D. there was a slight tumult in Thessalonica in which, by accident, the Emperor's officer, Botheric, was killed, and Theodosius, enraged, "let slip the dogs of war," and seven thousand innocent people were slain in a single day.

Then St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, wrote thus to the Emperor: "If a priest does not warn the wicked, Your Majesty, he must be answerable for it to God above—thus sayeth the Holy Book. I love you, I cherish you, I pray for you, but blame me not if I give precedence to God. Into His Holy Church you may not set foot until you have done penance for your sins against these poor people."

Theodosius remained away from the Church eight months, and then sought to enter by force.

"The Emperor is coming," said Rufinus, one of his counsellors, to the saint.

"I shall hinder him from entering the vestibule," was the sturdy reply. "Yet if he will play the king, I shall offer him my throat!"

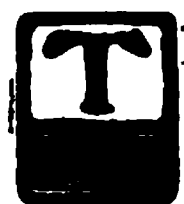
"I will go," said the Emperor, when Rufinus reported to him the reply of Ambrose; and he hurried to the church, only, however, to throw himself at the feet of the sturdy Bishop, promising to submit himself to him in every respect.

The saint required him to do public penance, and make a law, by which all warrants for execution be held for thirty days before being carried out, that their fulfilment might be just and free from any trace of anger.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

ROSARY MISCELLANY.

I.



THE publication of miscellany is an entirely new feature in periodicals whose aim it is to spread devotion to the Queen of the Rosary. This devotion has taken so firm a grasp on the piety of Catholics that any re-discovery of its manifestations in the past is not only instructive but also edifying and suggestive. The material here gathered together is so widely scattered that it were impracticable, if not impossible, for Rosarians to look it up for themselves. We do not intend, of course, to write a history of the Rosary, and shall not, therefore, follow the chronological order, for to do this would be to defeat our purpose. The historical method is not necessarily destructive of piety; but as a matter of fact, it unfrequently does not promote it. Here we shall undertake merely to give an historical resume; for, to give a connected history in such a place would mean for the reader constant reference to matter published before. We trust that the matter of this department shall open up the way to a higher appreciation if not to a more thorough study of that devotion which has helped so many to heaven, whilst it left its impress on the inner spiritual history of the Church.

II.

Several years ago M. Jules Doinel, archivist of Ande, in France, discovered in the monastery of Prouille a document ratifying the loan of some money to that community. The seal of the sisterhood shows the Blessed Virgin with the Infant on her knees. A Dominican kneels below, accepting from the hands

of the Virgin Mother an object which Doinel declares to be a rosary. The document bears the date July 30, 1330. This positive and documentary evidence has been overlooked by those historical investigators who would rob St. Dominic of the glory of establishing the Rosary.

III.

The Litany of Loretto is doubtless the result of growth, gradual and organic, despite the conclusions of Sanzen and Vogel. Its long list of invocations could hardly come from one head, though Vogel argues strongly to the contrary. Until the fifteenth century the Litany contained many invocations now lost. A proof of this is found in an old edition of the works of Palestrina, published at Leipzig, and which contains the musical record for a Litany sung "in the chapels of the Rosary Societies." It is divided into five parts, one part to be sung after each mystery. After the invocation, "Queen of Confessors," Palestrina inserts "Queen of the Preachers." In 1606 Paul V granted an indulgence to Rosarians who are present at the singing of the Litany after the Rosary procession. In 1615, the Dominican chapter of Bologna ordered the Litany to be sung every Saturday in each convent, and this rule is still in force in the Order. Leo XIII added to the Rosary the title, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."

IV.

The fine arts have placed at the feet of Mary, Queen of the Rosary, some of their choicest productions. Thus Durer painted a Madonna of the Rosary for the chapel of the German merchants of Venice. It ranks with his best productions. Perhaps it is his most spiritual

work. Stoss, and that unknown "Master of St. Severin" have also painted beautiful pictures in Mary's honor. The silk weavers, especially in England, have left many superb banners of the Rosary Queen. Some of the best specimens of intaglio work are to be found in the beads of precious stones; whilst many unknown artists have achieved remarkable results in cameo on the Gloria Patri beads, and the cross annexed to the beads.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

May devotions have a peculiar attraction to the faithful. The warm spring air, the lingering twilight, and the beautiful hymns to Our Lady, all combine to make a deep impression on every Catholic heart.

It is with especial appropriateness that the Church has dedicated the month of May to the Blessed Virgin. What season of the year is fairer than May? All nature is springing into new life; the fields are once more green, the delicate freshness of the newly opened foliage, the scent of flowers, promises of fruit to come, fill our hearts with reverence and love of God, and with wonder and admiration of His works.

What month, then, could more fitly be consecrated to Mary, the fairest and noblest of God's creatures, whose nearness to Divinity fills us with awe, and through whose instrumentality God's averted countenance was once more turned with favor on mankind?

But it would be impossible to express in words the love and veneration for the Blessed Virgin which are in every Catholic heart. Devotion to Mary is the touchstone of Catholicity; and Rosarians, to whom nothing which effects Our Lady's honor can be of small moment, should take the greatest interest in the devotions of this month. Pope Pius VII* has granted an indulgence of three hundred days to all the faithful for attendance at any public exercise held in

honor of Our Lady during May together with a plenary indulgence which may be gained once during the month.

They who thoroughly love the Rosary and know the Rosary are never lonely. With it in their clasp, even here they dwell in heaven and join the songs of saints and angels; even here time and space vanish; they are with their absent, with their departed, with their Catholic brethren unknown to sight the wide world over; and ever and forever with Jesus, Mary and Joseph, in unspeakable union with God. How holy the lives should be of us who say a million times over and over the sacred names that ravish heaven: Jesus and Mary; Jesus and Mary—Holy Divine Redeemer, Mother Immaculate and undefiled.—From "The Inner Life of the Soul," by S. L. Emery.

INDULGENCES FOR MAY.

May 5—St. Pius V, O. P.: C. C., prayers for the Pope (plenary).

May 7—First Sunday: (1) C. C. prayers for the Pope during attendance at Rosary procession (plenary). (2) C. C., prayers for Pope during visit to Confraternity church (plenary). (3) Presence at Rosary procession (seven years and 280 days).

May 10—St. Antoninus, O. P.: C. C., prayers for the Pope (plenary).

May 28—Last Sunday of the month: Plenary indulgence for all Rosarians who have recited with others five decades of the Rosary three times each week.

An indulgence of three hundred days every day in May for those who attend public devotions. Rosarians who meditate at least fifteen minutes every day may gain a plenary indulgence once each month.

* March 21, 1815.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

WITH THE EDITOR

Gladly does every true Catholic welcome the return of May, the month of Mary. In every land, throughout these glad May-days, devoted clients of Heaven's Queen rejoice, and offer up the tribute of their heart's best love to God's Mother and their own. Devotion to Mary is said to be almost a mark of predestination. But certain it is that no one can love and honor the Virgin Mother without also honoring and loving her Divine Son. Rosarians, particularly, should hail the advent of May. They are the special friends and clients of the Rosary Queen and pay her signal honor through her well-beloved beads. Truly is the Rosary the "queen of indulgenced prayers," and none can recite it aright without pleasing God and His Blessed Mother and benefiting themselves; for its essential vocal prayers are absolutely the best, and the meditation of the mysteries of joy and sorrow and glory brings vividly before the mind the greatest events in the life of our dear Redeemer and that of His Blessed Mother. The knowledge and the imitation of these should ever be our highest aim and study. We earnestly urge our readers to cultivate particular devotion to our Lady during this month, and, if not already enlisted, to enroll themselves under her banner in the Confraternity of the Rosary.

From time to time the daily press regales us with graphic accounts of outbreaks of lawlessness in state or secular colleges and universities. The students of such institutions not infrequently take forcible possession of the college town, terrorize its citizens and deport themselves generally, in a way that shows at once their utter want of respect for authority and their absolute contempt of law. The practice of "hazing" is re-

garded in certain institutions of learning as legitimate and proper diversion for the older and more dignified (?) students. The "initiation" of unsophisticated freshmen is marked by methods that are not only senseless, but shockingly brutal and savage, and revolting to all right-minded persons. Often the victim is maimed for life, or his reason permanently impaired—and sometimes, even, his life is sacrificed! Occasionally the dastardly perpetrators of these acts of villainy fall into the clutches of the law and are summarily dealt with; but generally they escape unscathed, their crimes are unpunished by the state—and the college authorities virtually admit their powerlessness in the premises, and confess their inability either to prevent the crimes or punish the criminals. Clearly, there is something radically wrong in a system of education which makes such things possible. And yet, not a few Catholic parents send their sons to these places in preference to Catholic colleges.

We begin with this number a new serial story entitled, "The Vocation of Philip," by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis. Miss Curtis, who is no stranger to our readers, is a talented and graceful writer, and her work is eliciting much favorable comment from the critics. Her latest story is founded on facts and deals in an interesting and instructive manner with the Catholic phase of English life.

With this number, THE ROSARY MAGAZINE enters upon its fifteenth year. The Magazine was established primarily to promote devotion to our Blessed Mother, to foster and strengthen piety and religion, to encourage Catholic literary effort and spread good, sound, wholesome reading among our people.

There was and is need of just such a magazine as THE ROSARY. The enthusiastic reception accorded to it from the very beginning by prelates, priests and people proved conclusively its necessity and opportuneness; and its subsequent growth and achievements established firmly its right and title to existence. From the very outset the Magazine took a prominent position in the ranks of Catholic periodicals; and it has not only maintained its place of honor, but has advanced steadily to a place of distinction in Catholic literature. The causes which contributed to the splendid success of THE ROSARY were various. First of all, the Magazine was launched under the patronage and protection of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and was intended and designed specifically to do honor to Mary Immaculate and make her better known and loved throughout the Christian world, and this chiefly by means of her Rosary. This alone were enough to call down a wealth of heavenly blessings upon the enterprise and insure its certain triumph. But superadded to heaven's benediction were the efforts, untiring, unselfish and devoted, of the editors of the Magazine, together with the hearty approval of the members of the American Hierarchy and priesthood, and the generous co-operation of noted Catholic writers, lay and clerical, and the unfailing and loyal encouragement and support of readers and subscribers. Whatever of glory has been given to God and His Blessed Mother, whatever of good, in the natural and supernatural order, has been accomplished through THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, has been shared in by those who have contributed in any way to its success; and on the "Great Day," when God's records shall be unfolded and His judgments made manifest, due credit shall be awarded to them and to each of them. Few there are who adequately appreciate the trials and the difficulties that beset the Catholic editor, and fewer still

who understand and realize the enormous power for good which resides in the Catholic press. Truly, in the language of the great Leo XIII, is the work of the Catholic press in the Catholic home the work of a religious mission. Never was this work more sorely needed, never was good, Catholic literature more imperatively demanded than at the present time. This is preeminently a reading age, a skeptical, material and a sensuous age. Naturally, and unfortunately, much of the literature of the day is impregnated with false principles and maxims, inimical to faith and morals and wholly destructive of right thinking and living. If Catholic parents realized their awful responsibility, and understood their duty to their children, they would see to it that the innocence and purity and faith of the tender and immortal souls confided to their care were safeguarded and preserved, and that no vile and pernicious books or magazines or papers ever entered the sacred precincts of the home; and if Catholics generally, gave more serious thought to the question of reading, and followed the promptings of conscience and their Catholic instincts, how much better and holier they would be, how much could be done for the Apostolate of the Catholic Press, how much for religion and piety and faith! But our people are surely, though slowly, awakening from their lethargy and hearkening to the voice of reason and duty. Each year shows a gratifying increase in the number of regular subscribers and readers of Catholic magazines and papers, and the tone and character of current Catholic literature is consequently improving. Progress has marked THE ROSARY MAGAZINE from its first issue. Its high literary merit is admitted by competent judges everywhere. In the matter of typography and general mechanical excellence it compares favorably with the best secular magazines, and no Catholic periodical

with which we are familiar approaches it in the number and beauty of its illustrations. No expense nor effort shall be spared in the future to still further improve, in every way, **THE ROSARY**, and make it worthy of its noble mission. We ask of our friends and readers their prayers and continued cooperation; we ask them to say a good word for **THE**

ROSARY, and to extend its influence and make it known as widely as possible among their friends and acquaintances. Then, indeed, shall they become active missionaries in a righteous and a holy cause; and God will surely bless them, and Mary, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, shall become their friend and advocate.

BOOKS

RELIGION AND ART AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1905. 12mo, pp. 235. \$1.00 net.

Any volume appearing over the signature of Bishop Spalding may unhesitatingly be acclaimed as a valuable addition to literature, hence there can be no doubt but that the volume under present consideration will receive a cordial welcome. It contains five essays, the first of which gives the collection its title, *Religion and Art*. In this essay the author has surpassed himself. We believe it contains the best thoughts which have ever been put forth on this subject. The author demonstrates unanswerably that Religion has ever been the inspiration of Art, and Art in its turn the handmaid of Religion. We find throughout the essay the author's usual depth of thought, inerrancy of judgment and faultless diction. There is less of the epigrammatic, but more that suggests Macaulay and Addison. The paper was evidently written with heart and mind aglow, for from beginning to end it is fairly alive with a compelling enthusiasm. Note this beautiful tribute to the mission of Art:

"Art's highest mission is to reveal to the world Jesus Christ in His birth, in His life, in His death, in His resurrection. He is the ideal of art—the most beautiful and perfect conception of the divine mind. He is God, the All-Beautiful, made manifest. Purity and gen-

tleanness and grace, with power and majesty, combine to make Him the fairest and noblest figure in history, to Whom the whole world bows in love and adoration. There is no other like unto Him; between Him and all other men there is the distance that separates heaven from earth, the divine from the human. Every highest aspiration and worthiest love find in Him at once their inspiration and ideal. * * *

* * * "To preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, is not to preach true religion only, but also the ideal of art. The first and noblest art is eloquence, which is in itself sculpture, painting, poetry, music—yea, and architecture; for what worthier temple of God do we know than the human body, all-conscious with soul, tremulous with generous passion, vocal with sublime thought and heroic sentiment? Christ Jesus blessed eloquence and bade it convert the world. 'Go ye, therefore,' He said, 'and teach all nations.' The divine command was to preach the word, not write it, and this living word, spoken by lips touched with celestial fire, has inspired life and warmth into the world, converted the nations, and changed the face of the earth."

There are some persons so strangely made and so unsymmetrically developed that imagination is with them a dead faculty, and so they scoff at poetry; but read what our author says of poetry: "Poetry is akin to eloquence, and, like it, has a religious mission. The universe is God's poem, and art but a feeble attempt

to interpret its mystic and infinite meaning. Poetry is the natural language of all worship, and the muse soars her loftiest flight only on the songs of religious inspiration. The most poetic word in language is the brief, immense word—God. It is the sublimest, the profoundest, the holiest word that human tongue can speak. * * *

“When we see clearly and feel deeply, prose no longer satisfies us. Poetry is truer than prose—expresses more nearly what all ought to feel in the presence of the glories of God’s universe. What depth and spiritual force has not the Christian religion given to poetry! Groves, flowers and running waters satisfied the poets of paganism, but not the boundless ocean, nor the starry heavens, nor aught else can express the infinite thoughts and emotions which fill the soul of a Christian. What chastening and ennobling influence has not the veneration with which the Church has surrounded the Blessed Virgin exercised upon the spirit of poetry.

“We can not think of Mary but religion melts into poetry; and the thousand heavenly thoughts and heavenly sentiments which in Christian lands and Christian hearts centre in the hallowed names of mother, sister, wife—highest names of love, of beauty, of truth—owe their sweetness and their power to her influence.

“What poetry is like that which Christian faith has inspired? Dante, the sovereign poet, looms in colossal majesty above all who have followed him, and none is comparable to him.”

From the consideration of poetry, the author passes naturally to music, for he says:

“Music is poetry in tones. It is the language of feeling, the universal language of man. The strong emotions of the heart all seek expression in modulation of sound, and religious sentiment is both awakened and calmed by music that lifts the soul out of the world of

sense and elevates it towards the infinite and invisible.

“There is doubtless a music as vast as creation, embracing all sounds, all noises in their numberless combinations, and rising from the bosom of discord in boundless and harmonious swell,—the hymn which the universe chants to God. From the dewdrop that murmurs its inward delight as it kisses the rose-leaf, to the deep and infinite voice of the ocean, sounding like the heart-pant of creation for rest; from the reed that sighs upon the river-bank, to the sad and solemn wail of the primeval forest; from the bee that sings upon the wing among the flowers, to the lion who goeth forth into the desert alone and awakens the sleeping echoes of the everlasting hills; from the nightingale who disburdens his full throat of all his longing, to man, whose very soul rises on the palpitating bosom of song from world to world up to God’s own heaven,—all nature is vocal in a divine concert. ‘There is music in all things, if men had ears.’”

“The organ, the master-instrument, is the voice of the Christian Church,—‘the seraph-haunted queen of harmony,’—sounding like an echo from a mystic and hidden world. How full and deep and strong it rolls out its great volume of sound,—an ocean of melody! Now it bursts forth with irresistible power, like the hosts of stars when first they wheeled into their orbits and shouted to God; and now, with a veiled and mysterious harmony, it wraps itself around the soul, shuts out all noise, and composes it to sweet, heavenly contemplation. It is tender as a mother’s yearning, and fierce as the deep and raging sea; sad as angels’ sighs for souls that are lost; plaintive and pitiful as the cry of those who in purgatorial fires cleanse their sins; and then its notes faint and die, until we hear their echoes from the eternal shore where they grow for ever and for ever. With the failing day we enter the great cathedral’s sacred gloom, and at once

are in a vast solitude. The huge pillars rise in giant strength, upholding the high vault already shrouded in the gathering darkness, and silence sits mute in the wide aisle. Suddenly we have been carried into another world, peopled with other beings. We cease to note the passage of time; and earth, with its garish light and distracting noises, has become a dream. As the eye grows accustomed to the gloom, we are able to observe the massive building. Its walls rise like the sides of a steep mountain, and in the aisles there is the loneliness and mystery of deep valleys into which the sunlight never falls. From these adamantine flanks countless beings start forth, until the whole edifice is peopled with fantastic forms, upon which falls the mystic light reflected from the countenances of angels, patriarchs, apostles, virgins, martyrs, who from celestial windows look down upon this new-born world. In the distance we see the glimmering taper that burns before God's presence, and then suddenly a great volume of sound, like the divine breath infusing life into these inanimate objects, rolls over us, and every stone from pavement to vaulted roof thrills and vibrates; each sculptured image and pictured saint is vocal; and from on high the angels lend their voices, until the soul, trembling on the wings of hope and love, is borne upward with this heavenly harmony, and, entranced in prayer, worships the Invisible alone."

This essay should be read and re-read by every lover of good literature.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By the Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D., Bishop of Fall River. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 12mo, pp. 194. \$1.00 net.

Socialism is undeniably one of the important questions of the day. Essays, pamphlets and books on it are daily falling from the press; from every platform, from every pulpit, its principles are being discussed; in every country polit-

ical parties pledged to its theories are being formed, because Socialism concerns itself with matters of supreme and undeniable importance to man. As the scholarly Bishop Spalding well says: "After the things of absolute and everlasting import, after God and the soul's immortal destiny, that which most vitally and profoundly concerns awakened minds is the social problem, which touches us as closely as God's being and our own eternal welfare; for only those know Him and love their own souls who strive in all earnestness to found on earth a heavenly kingdom wherein each one shall have opportunity to work and to grow, wherein truth, love and justice shall prevail. This is the ideal in whose light all the wise and good think and strive, however various and conflicting their opinions and the measures they would enforce."

One of the most notable contributions to the study of this subject lies before us. Bishop Stang has always proven himself to be possessed of the faculty of seeing clear and thinking straight; moreover, he knows how to invest subjects ordinarily dry and forbidding with an interest that makes them live before all and that makes the study of them enjoyable, for the Bishop is eminently a practical man. We urge our readers to take up Bishop Stang's book on Socialism, and we warrant they will read it from cover to cover and will find themselves happier and better every way for the reading thereof.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS. London: Kegan Paul, French, Treubner & Co., 1905. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 8vo., pp. 277. \$1.60.

The collection of the miraculous incidents in the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, known as the Fioretti (the Little Flowers), is so full of unction and heavenly simplicity that an authentic English edition will be cordially welcomed. Into this age of materialism and

intellectual pride, the childlike recitation of marvellous and supernatural happenings which fell into the life of one of God's greatest saints brings a delicious refreshment which must be palatable to the minds so woefully sated with "isms" and "ologies" as are those of the modern reader. For the nonce, throw aside all the carping, pedantic spirit, the self-sufficiency and the skepticism which have been begotten of the modern intellectual atmosphere in which you live; be a child again—a child of strong but simple faith, and read these Flowers of the sweet Saint Francis, and something of the joyousness of youth will again possess your soul.

CARDOME; A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY.

By Anna C. Minogue. New York: P. F. Collier, 1905. 8vo, pp. 306. \$1.25.

Not so long ago, while speaking with a person of acknowledged literary discernment, the question was asked of us, "Why is Minogue not more in vogue?" After having read "Cardome," the question comes home to us with more significance, and we will answer that our astonishment is great that a woman who can write a story like this should be obliged to work so hard with her pen to make a living. Cardome is better in every way than many of the novels which have gone through successive editions and are labeled "popular." The story is well-conceived and, though there are many incidents, the artistic unity is never sacrificed. In the unravelling of the plot the interest is kept alive to the very close. The scene is laid in Kentucky at the time of the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, thus investing it with something of an historical character and that peculiar charm which the South before the war undoubtedly possessed. The technique of the story is faultless. Here and there one finds descriptive passages of matchless beauty; the characters are consistently worked out; the dialogue is natural and strong. Though

the story is of the South, written by a Southern woman, there is happily no fanaticism in it. To be sure there is an occasional wail of the Lost Cause, but not so frequent nor so prolonged as to be offensive even to Northern ears. Altogether the story is one we can heartily commend, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation.

NUT-BROWN JOAN. By Marion A. Taggart. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1905. 8vo, pp. 314. \$1.50.

The heroine of this story is one of those girls who, unfortunately, are becoming less and less numerous; girls who have the courage and the will to face difficulties and surmount them; girls who in time of trial become a help to their parents rather than a burden. The motif of the story is not new; it is that of the well-known ugly duckling of Hans Christian Anderson, but in the setting given by Miss Taggart it becomes invested with the charm of novelty and the wholesome lesson is unmistakably taught. It is a book full of interest and one which ought to be productive of much good. The decorations by Miss Ostertag are original and striking, and indeed every help has been brought into service to make the volume attractive.

DAS ROSENKRANZGEBET. By Wm. Schmitz, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1905. 16mo, pp. 113. 75c.

This little work is valuable inasmuch as it contains in small compass a record of the influence of the Rosary on the peoples of the closing Middle Ages. It gives an account of the Rosary among the people of Denmark and Scandinavia, and for this reason alone it is valuable, as little has been written of the Rosary in these countries, and few know of the flourishing condition of this devotion there. The introductory chapters contain some statements, however, that can hardly bear the light of critical investigation.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ

By Rev. J. Puiseux,

Honorary Canon and Former Student of the Carmelite School

Translated from the French

By Rev. Roderick A. McEachen

This splendid Life of the World's Redeemer follows the chronological order as far as possible in using the Abbe Fouard's beautiful work as a model. Each paragraph comprises one important fact. Controversial questions are treated without entering into the various discussions, but the reader is referred to discourses and special works on these subjects. The author has availed himself of the results of modern Biblical research and of recent discoveries in the land sanctified by the footsteps of Our Lord. Valuable references are given to the scholarly and monumental works of such writers as Veuillot, Fouard, Le Camus, Frette, Didon, Dr. Lepp and Ollivier.

* * * It is a simple and plain compendium of the main facts in the great story of our Blessed Lord's life on earth. * * * We recommend this book for its simplicity and clearness.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

* * * Had I the power, I would place this book in the hands of every Catholic and Protestant layman and woman on the face of the earth, and I know that as they read the beautiful story, their hearts would warm and burn within them, as was the case with the two travellers on their way to Emmaus nineteen hundred years ago. There is no better company in this world than the companionship of Jesus.—*The Globe Review*.


* * * Your brief and eloquent compendium of the Four Gospels, with its clear explanatory notes and descriptions of places, comes as if in answer to the question: "How shall I begin to follow out the Pope's advice?" No better answer can be given than this: "Read Father McEachen's Life of Christ."—*Dr. McSweeney, Professor of St. Mary's Seminary, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.*

* * * Of all the "Lives" we have seen this is the best adapted for general use. * * * It is the most useful and most to be recommended to our Catholic families.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

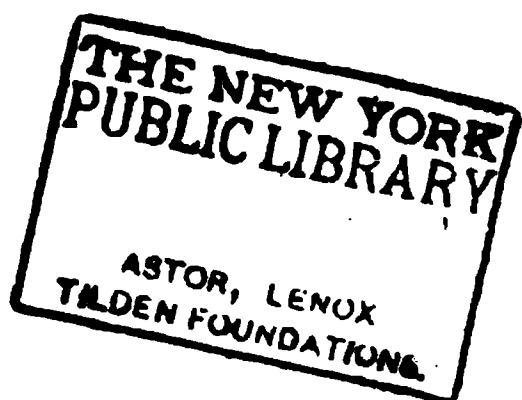
* * * I think with the critics, that it bids fair to be ranked among the classics. * * * —*Bishop Challoner*.

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THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, Somerset, Ohio.



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4.

*"Behold this heart which has so loved men that
it has spared nothing, even to exhausting and
consuming itself, in order to testify its love."*

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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English Promenades

By GEORGE A. WADE

WHETHER there are in England any promenades equal to one or two of the most famous on the continent is a question concerning which there is much difference of opinion; but all admit that four English promenades, at least, stand out prominently above all others, and take first rank among the great promenades of the world; these are: Hyde Park, London; the Parade, Brighton; the Spa Promenade, Scarborough, and the Grand Parade, Eastbourne.

Rotten Row, Hyde Park, and its offshoots, occupy the foremost place among

British promenades. Those who see for the first time "The Park" on a Sunday in the season, during what is known as "church parade," can never forget it, for it is one of the sights of the world. Royalty, aristocracy, the fairest, best-dressed women and the noblest men in the world—the fairest representatives of all nations make up such a picture, such a diversified and splendid array of rank and fashion as is to be found nowhere else, not even in the Bois de Boulogne nor on the Riviera in March.

Rotten Row has acquired a world-wide fame. Tourists almost invariably visit

the celebrated promenade; and no "country cousin" comes up from Westmoreland or Shropshire to the metropolis without making a point of seeing that noted "church parade."

The carriage drive is filled during the bright afternoons of London's season with vehicles of every description. The "Cyclist's Row" is equally well patronized. The Row itself presents an array of equestrians that is good to look upon; the pedestrians pass along the shady avenues in couples or groups, all of them well dressed, and many splendidly and richly attired, and all seemingly gay and happy. The most fashionable parade of those about Rotten Row is the one leading up toward the marble arch from the Achilles statue.

The Row itself is about a mile and a half long, and is supposed to derive its name from a corruption of "Route du Roi." Only royalty has the privilege of driving down the riding way. Rhododendrons, azaleas and geraniums, and countless other flowers and shrubs, bor-

der the drive, and when these are in full bloom the sight is truly beautiful.

The second most fashionable English promenade is undoubtedly Eastbourne, though some consider Scarborough Spa its superior. Eastbourne has one great advantage over its northern rival, however; it is nearer town, and more accessible to society folk. Moreover, Eastbourne has a far longer parade than has Scarborough.

The whole sea front at the Sussex town is divided into three separate promenades, known as the Royal Parade, the New Parade and the Grand Parade. It is the latter that has made Eastbourne's fame as a social center. On every fine summer evening Grand Parade fairly rivals Rotten Row in the very middle of the season. The music at Eastbourne is notable, and is the source of untold delight to the enraptured throngs that hear it.

The Royal Parade boasts the famous "Splash Point;" and this also is well patronized each evening, though the

EASTBOURNE.

ultra-fashionable visitors generally keep to the Grand Parade farther west.

Scarborough is next in importance. Scarborough Spa boasts the finest sea and cliff view to be found at any well-known seaside resort in England.

Dear, beautiful Scarborough! What wonderful scenes that Spa might recount if it could speak! There was that memorable night when a terrible fire swept away all the Spa's beautiful structures; there was that other night when this same Spa promenade was crowded with an excited, speechless assembly that watched, with bated breath, big seas driving over the pinnacles of the buildings behind, and carrying a doomed vessel nearer and nearer to the spectators, until they saw it dashed to pieces at their very feet, and, horror-stricken and powerless to render the slightest assistance, watched men drowning below them!

Scarborough Esplanade, above the Spa grounds, is the favorite Sunday

parade after church service is ended. Owing to the height of the Esplanade, the view is even finer than the one from the Spa promenade below.

There is no promenade in England that can equal in either length or breadth that of Brighton, from Kemp Town to Hove.

The Hove Lawns on a Sunday morning after church present a wonderful and truly inspiring spectacle. Time was when only the ultra-fashionable people were to be seen "doing the parade" at Brighton. The glories of the regency days and the early Victorian period, as regards Brighton, need no retelling. But to-day things are much changed.

The tremendous rush of jostling folk on bright week-day evenings, or on Sundays on the Grand Parade, Brighton, or about Hove Lawns, is not made up of the ultra-fashionable as a rule. One will see more of the aristocracy in twenty yards at Scarborough

parade, or on the Grand Parade, Eastbourne, than in the whole length of Brighton's promenade. Yet London-by-the-Sea is largely patronized by the fashionable set at certain times.

Another fashionable parade is the celebrated Stray, at Harrogate, an inland town noted for its society, and rising high above the level of the sea. What Cheltenham and Bath were in bygone days, Harrogate is to-day.

Harrogate has but few attractions for the cheap tripper of Blackpool or Yar-

beauty; the hotels and boarding-houses are of the highest class; and the air—what can be said of it?

Folkestone is proud of its curiously named parade. The Lees are extremely fashionable and very popular, with their striking background of big hotels and boarding-houses that overlook the channel.

The cliffs which connect the Lees with the sands below are irregular, and not laid out in gardens, as in many places. This in itself is a point of special attrac-

SCARBOROUGH, SOUTH CLIFF CHURCH PARADE.

mouth or Margate. It abhors him and all his ways, and it does everything—and most successfully, so far—to keep him at a distance and preserve its quiet loveliness unspoiled.

The Stray is a large common, much intersected by pretty walks. It divides the town, and may be regarded as Harrogate's particular pride. The grass *is of the greenest*; the trees are of the *finest*; the flower beds are visions of

tion to many, and a relief to the constant succession of prim flower beds that one usually finds bordering noted parades at the seaside. Folkestone is bright and breezy; it is, nevertheless, select and fashionable, rather than "popular" with the ordinary tripper, and its patrons therefore are composed mainly of the more exclusive set.

Leamington has ever been noted as a society center among English inland

FOLKESTONE, THE LEES.

INVALIDS' WALK.

watering-places. The day-tripper seldom goes to Leamington, as he considers it altogether too slow for him. There are no cocoanut shies, no penny shows, no old Aunt Sallys at Leamington. Its fine, wide streets, so clean that one could eat from them, as the saying is, are simply a mass of flowers, in hanging baskets and window boxes, all through the warm months of the year.

What is called the Parade at Leamington is really the chief shopping street, and if you would see the fashionable people of the Warwickshire town you must visit the famous Jepson gardens, and watch the promenading along the walks there when the band plays, or see the strollers along the well-known avenue in the Pump Room gardens on a fine Sunday.

Leamington and Richmond are certainly the two flower gardens among fashionable resorts in England, and the title of "Leafy Leamington" is well deserved.

In its particular week, no place can boast a more fashionable society gath-

ering than Cowes. But "Cowes Week" comes only once a year. At other times, however, the Royal Yacht Squadron gardens are the scenes of select assemblies, and their walks are the most famous in all the Isle of Wight.

The finest promenade, and certainly the best known in the west of England, is that at Ilfracombe—the Capstone. It is, perhaps, too far from the town ever to be crowded with visitors as are the Lees at Folkestone and the Spa at Scarborough, but it is a notable parade, nevertheless.

Somebody called Bournemouth "Bright Bournemouth," and somebody else named it the "Resort of the Invalids!" It is much to its credit to merit the designation of "bright;" and certain it is that the sick are benefited by a visit to this beautiful spot.

"Under the Pines" at Bournemouth conveys the same idea of fashionable society and loveliness that the name "Unter den Linden" does to those who know the great Berlin promenade.

Outrooted

By P. J. Coleman

I.



HE cruelty of man is incomprehensible," said Father Denis wearily to his friend, Dr. Little, in the study of the latter's humble manse.

"Incomprehensible, but old," sighed the parson. "The oft-repeated, but ever true: 'He came unto His own and His own received Him not.'"

"The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always," continued the priest, soliloquising in bitterness of heart on the scenes he had that day witnessed.

A murmur of voices reached them from without.

"Blind, blind," mused the parson sadly. "Blind and stiff-necked and unregenerate! Ah me, to have eyes to see and see not; ears to hear and hear not. God help such men in the day of His wrath!"

"It is bad enough not to help us in this dreadful emergency," said the priest, red with anger. "But to take advantage of the people's suffering to exact from them their honor, dearer to the poor Irish than life itself—oh, the thought almost makes me fly in the face of God and to question the justice of His providence. 'Quousque, Domine, quousque?'"

"'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake; theirs is the kingdom of heaven,'" whispered the parson.

"Ay; 'tis our only consolation," said Father Denis.

Outside on the lawn a horde of beggars were clamoring for food—an importunate, pathetic crowd in rags and tatters, some with toes protruding

through the stockings they wore in lieu of shoes against the January frost, some lacking coats, some, more fortunate, with flannel sleeves to their waistcoats; poor women with little shawls drawn over their heads; mothers with wailing babes in their arms; tender girls who had never before known the humiliating pinch of want. A lean, hollow-eyed, cadaverous multitude—appealing in vain for the food that neither priest nor parson could give.

"If Lord Gallen could only see this sight," said the parson, going to the window, "I think his heart would soften."

"The old story of easy indifference," answered Father Denis. "I don't think he's a bad man, but he never bothers about his tenants. Just leaves everything to this pashaw, Jackson, and treads the primrose path of dalliance between Mayfair and the Bois de Boulogne, while his people are perishing here like sheep with the rot."

"Good God! can we ever din into the ears of this heartless generation what Ireland is enduring?" moaned the parson. "If they would only stay their evictions, until God in his mercy helps us tide over this terrible winter, 'twould not be so bad! And now cholera coming on top of starvation—'Quousque, Domine, quousque?'"

The two cronies were compiling a list of the peasantry whom by that day's diligent investigation they had found to be in dire distress. Mendicancy had become heart-breaking in its appeal, but even with hunger gnawing at their vitals, with death sitting lank and grinning at their thresholds, there were those who preferred to lie down helpless on their pallets of straw, awaiting his slow, re-

lentless approach, rather than discover their bitter need to priest or parson. For to the end they would keep their Irish pride intact. But for these blessed relief was at hand, for a consignment of American meal was expected in Derreen on the morrow, and Father Denis and Dr. Little were making out the slips which, duly signed by them, would entitle the holder to the merciful measure of food sent by a kindly people over the wide Atlantic.

There was a knock at the door and Hannah Crane, the parson's housekeeper, poked in her gentle old face, framed in its border of snowy linen.

"If you please, sir, and you, Father Denis, Luke Finn is in the hall and wantin' badly to see ye."

"Luke Finn?" said the priest, in astonishment. "Surely Luke is not after relief. I thought Luke could wait if any man in the parish could. Poor fellow! he's been giving bountifully of his own poor means ever since this trouble began."

"He appears to be in sore distress, sir," said Hannah sympathetically.

"All right, Hannah; send him in," said the parson.

Hannah retreated, and a ponderous footstep without was followed by Luke's entrance.

He was a tall man with auburn hair and beard, wearing a coat of blue frieze, buttoned with brass, corduroy breeches, blue stockings and low shoes. From his shoulders hung a "cotha-mor," or ulster of frieze, hooded, and spangled with buttons of brass, and in his hand he carried a stout ash-plant.

"Well, Luke," said the parson, "you're heartily welcome. Is there anything you desire us to do for you?"

"Nothing in the way of relief, your reverence," answered Luke, declining the chair the good parson had offered him. "But there's a great deal that you, an' no one else but your reverence, can

do in the way of obtainin' justice for a poor, wronged, innocent girl—"

Father Denis and Dr. Little flushed angrily, divining the sequel.

"Go on, Luke," said Father Denis.

Luke paused in indecision. His firm, set mouth, his short, panting breath and the heaving of his burly breast showed the emotion under which he was laboring and which he strove vainly to suppress.

"Oh!" he burst out hoarsely at last, smiting his staff on the floor with one hand and dashing away with the other the tears that he could no longer restrain, "Oh! it's too terrible a story entirely, so it is! An awful story, your reverences. You know my little girl, Eily—"

"The whitest lamb of my flock," interjected Father Denis.

"The tendherest, sweeshiest, lovingest girsha in the parish," went on the afflicted father. "She's the pulse o' my heart an' the light of my home—the only light left me now since her poor mother died—God rest her soul this day, an' praise and glory to His holy name that she's not alive to-day to see the disgrace that has come upon the colleen."

"Disgrace?" ejaculated parson and priest in horrified unison.

"Yes, yer reverences, black, bitther disgrace. You know what a wolf Jackson, the agent, is? Well, he has ordered Eily to work in the Court."

"Impossible!" commented the parson; for well he knew the horrible significance of Luke's euphemistic expression "to work in the Court."

"Yes, sir," resumed Luke, "he was over at my place yesterday, an' he saw Eily. He's often seen her before and spoken to her on the road, an' going to Mass or market in Derreen. You know what that has meant for many a poor girl on this estate for the last ten years? Well, your reverences, he sat down in the kitchen for a while, talkin' nice an' sootherin' to Eily, and at last he says,

'Luke,' says he, 'I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent coming due next gale-day. You have a fine holdin' here, an' when so many of Lord Gallen's tenants are not able to pay, it's only right an' sensible that them should pay that can. You ought to be payin' twice as much as you are,' he says. That left me wid the alternative of beggary or eviction, your reverences; for, though I've kept it to myself as much as I could, and helped the poor when I could hardly afford it, no one on the estate has felt the pinch of famine more than myself."

"God will reward you for your bounty," commented the priest.

"'But,' says Jackson, 'if your daughter, here, can go for service at my house, I think I can manage with Lord Gallen to let you off at the present rent.'

"'Never, Mr. Jackson,' says I. 'Beggary, death itself, before such dishonor as that. I know what you mean,' says I, 'and I know the black thought that's in your blacker heart.'

"'Take your choice, then,' says he, with that wicked smile of his. 'Take your choice. There's plenty of better men than you going to Canada on the government ships.'"

"Did he say that?" broke in Father Denis, bringing his hand down with a bang on the table.

"Them were his words, your reverence," answered Luke.

"Then, they are the words of an exterminator—of a murderer," said the parson. "It is quite clear that he means that your daughter should sacrifice her honor in order to save your holding and home."

"That's it in a nutshell," answered Luke, gripping his staff till the knuckles went white with tension, "that's it, and do your reverences wonder that I come here this mornin' with the heart of a murderher in my breast, askin' ye to stand between my child and dishonor?"

"No wonder at all," sighed the priest,

commiseratingly. "But mind you, Luke, there must be no violence, no murder."

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,'" mused the parson.

"All you have to do is to stand firm. By no means let your daughter go to the Court, and we will see to the rest," said Father Denis.

"Thank your reverences," said the grateful father, "and may God reward the two of you."

And with a curtsy Luke strode from the room.

For a moment the two cronies sat in speechless indignation; then Father Denis, the younger and more impetuous, broke out:

"Small wonder that he feels like murder under such awful provocation. When will God send us a deliverer from this atrocious tyranny, or could the civilized world believe that here in the British Isles, in the year 1847, under the reign of Queen Victoria, such a state of things exists, not on this estate alone, but on nearly every estate in Connaught? I will not stand it. I will go this very night to the Court and denounce Jackson for his villainy."

"Calmly, my friend, calmly," said the gentle old parson. "I will go. A hot-head can accomplish nothing. And, besides, seeing that Jackson is a Protestant, remonstrances will come with a better grace from me."

The priest saw the force of his friend's argument and acquiesced.

"Very well then, Doctor, I'll leave it to you," he said. "In the meantime I must be off. It is late, and God knows how many sick-calls may be waiting for me. Famine and plague are awful partners of death these days. But, thank God, the comfort of religion is left the people, if all else is taken away."

And the good priest shook hands with his friend and fellow Samaritan, and in a few minutes had mounted his horse and ridden off to his presbytery at Derreen.

That night Doctor Little ambled slowly on his cob up the stately avenue of elms that led to the Court, the palatial residence of Lord Gallen's agent. The windows of the place flooded the lawn with light and there was an air of bustle about the spacious stable-yards, where horses stood champing their bits and grooms moved to and fro with lanterns. The poor might suffer, but Jackson and the gentlemen of the Gallen Hunt might not forego the pleasures of the chase and feast. In all the bravery of scarlet they were dining now in the gilded saloon within, having spent the day in fox-hunting—an inauspicious moment for a humble minister of the Gospel to come denouncing God's anger on a lecherous oppressor of His people.

The powdered flunkey stared hard at the gray-haired old man in frayed and faded broadcloth who rang the bell of the great main entrance and asked for audience of Jackson.

"He's dining with the gentlemen of the hunt," said the flunkey discouragingly.

"Oh, I won't detain him a moment," said the parson. "You know me, Jones. Just tell him Dr. Little wishes to see him urgently for a moment—only a moment."

"Perhaps," thought he, "the geniality of the occasion will soften him and render him amenable to advice."

His musing was interrupted by Jackson himself, who entered with a show of annoyance.

"A rather unusual hour, Doctor," he grunted, pulling nervously at his mustache.

"I must plead an unusual emergency as my excuse," said the old man, rising. "No, thank you, I will not be seated as I do not mean to keep you from your guests. I have merely come to plead for pity on Luke Finn."

"Luke Finn? What have my relations with him to do with you?" snarled the agent in angry pique.

"Nothing, as far as your business relations are concerned; but everything, as far as a minister of the Gospel can shield his family from dishonor."

"Dishonor?" laughed Jackson, satirically. "You choose to be enigmatic, Dr. Little."

"To be plain," said the parson, "I know of your threat to Luke Finn, and I warn you, now, if you cannot be turned aside from your unholy persecution of his daughter, that God will punish you for your sins."

"Enough," growled Jackson; "I will not be threatened by you, sir, here in my own home."

"I do not wish to use threats," replied the parson, "but I plead for justice to an innocent girl. You know her father pays all he can afford in the way of rent. You know the awful tribulations of the people; and yet you take advantage of these harrowing circumstances to compel Miss Finn to an unholy pact."

"Silence, sir; I'll hear no more of this," roared Jackson, stamping his foot in anger.

Unmoved by the other's anger, the parson retorted:

"You cannot disguise your intentions by plausible words. 'Come to service at the Court,' indeed! Ah, Mr. Jackson, you know what that has meant for poor Mary Moore. She came to service at the Court, and to-day she is an outcast maniac. Katharine Giblin, too, she died heart-broken in the poorhouse. But, beware! Mary Moore's brother is yet alive with his regiment and may return any day. As for Miss Finn, don't you know that she is engaged to Dominick Keenan, who is away in England earning in hard labor the money that you are spending in riotous living? In the name of God, Mr. Jackson, take heed and be advised of me who wish you well. Leave Miss Finn alone. Let her indulge her innocent dream of love for the worthy young man to whom she has plighted her maiden troth. Do not

bring down her father's head in sorrow to the grave. Do not stain an honorable name with dishonor. But if you persist—"

"Then?" queried Jackson.

"Then I will denounce you from the pulpit. I, for one, am independent of your anger. I hold my incumbency from the Government, and no agent can turn me aside from my purpose with threats of eviction."

In the fervor of his denunciation, shaking his gray head in indignant wrath and emphasizing his every word with vehement gesture and accent, the venerable minister towered at that moment before the agent's ken like a prophet of old, reincarnate and menacingly terrible.

"Luke Finn and his daughter may not thank you for your zeal in their behalf," smiled the agent significantly, as the old man went wearily from the Court.

II.

Spring came at last with its blessed rejuvenescence of all things glad and green. The buds came back to the hedgerows; the woods put on their raiment of green; the primrose peeped shyly out from mossy nooks beneath hawthorn and sloe-bush; the cuckoo called in the forest, the chaffinch and linnet trilled in the silken foliage of the beeches; the pert little wren, with his impudent defiance of elfin notes, sat atilt on the wall that held his nest in its crevice. Nature was glad and gave the keynote of joy to the hearts of the people. The dreadful winter was over—over, with its unnumbered horrors of famine and pestilence, its tragic memories of death and desolation. The old churchyards of the land held the victims of famine in happy repose, and over them spread vernal mantles of moss and flowers and gentle growing things. Greening meadow and distant vales,

clothed in soft tints of violet and purple, spoke of hope.

From hut and hovel came the dwellers of the land, gaunt and wild-eyed, but animated with new confidence. God had chastened them, but He had not deserted them. Man might be cruel, but nature was still the same mild mother, and earth held in her teeming womb the promise of bountiful fruition. The footprints of famine were over hill and valley; but a new spring, a new revelation of God's love and pity, a new promise of redemption was at hand. So they ploughed the upland and broke the brown clods in the furrow, and set therein the seeds of a new harvest that would banish sorrow from their hearts and once more relume the fires of joy on their desolate hearths.

But a change had taken place that no whisper of spring might make them forget. Death had seared the tale of his presence in indelible characters of flame on ruined homesteads and deserted hamlets. The great exodus of the Celt had begun—not an exodus of choice, but of hard compulsion, and blessed were the dead, sleeping calmly in their consecrated clay—aye, thrice blessed, in that they might not behold this new anguish of their kin.

The roads of the west saw that strange exodus. Its byways and "boreens" echoed to the ululations and shrill wailing of that awful hegira. They were going—these old men and young men, these bowed matrons and weeping maidens—whither, God in His mercy alone knew. America called them—that magic word, whispering of hope and resurrection out of the golden sunset. America! America! Peace and plenty! Freedom and happiness—there was exaltation, intoxication, in the word after the dreary winter they would never forget; sweet assurance of comfort for the pangs of parting, balm for the wounds of bereavement. And so they packed up their little Lares and Penates, their

pathetic household gods, shrined for centuries in the peat-smoke of hut and hovel; took the flowers from the graves of their dead and set their faces seaward, where the black hulks lay waiting for them in port and harbor.

Father Denis and Dr. Little were heart-broken at the enforced expatriation of their people. It had been for them a winter of unrelaxing toil, of penetrating grief. Whole villages had been blotted off the estate, Jackson, under plea of transplanting their inhabitants to more fertile holdings, having removed them in the day of their bitter trouble and added their land to his private park. There is many a proud demesne in Connaught that grew thus, piecemeal as it were, out of the cruel misfortune of impoverished tenants and the harsh exactions of unscrupulous landlord and agent.

It was bad for Luke Finn that his farm lay just outside the wall of Lord Gallen's demesne. It gave Jackson a further pretext for expelling the father of the girl who had been brave enough and virtuous enough to flout his ukase. The Finn farm would make a desirable annex for the park. Eily had not "gone to service" at the Court, and Jackson had accordingly raised Luke's rent to the point of ruin. Never a rich man—just "snug," in local parlance—his meagre savings had been dissipated by the disastrous year preceding. He had given bountifully of his goods to his less fortunate neighbors, always promising to recoup himself, with the splendid optimism of the Celt, from the year of plenty that he hoped and prayed the new spring would bring. But when the March "gale-day" came around, he found himself unable to meet the advanced rent demanded by Jackson, and was duly served with a notice to quit.

He was not the only victim of the agent's rapacious vindictiveness; but the thought of having to leave the little cottage, consecrated to him by immemorial

associations, unmanned him. He dreaded exile, and clung all the more tenaciously to his home. On its floor of clay he had played in barefoot innocence. There he had known a mother's love and a father's care. Thence he had seen father and mother borne to their long rest in Kilcoleman. Thither he had brought his bride. Over its threshold that same bride had been carried on the shoulders of her kinsmen to mingle with the dust of forgotten generations by the little Church of Saint Coleman. But now the day was at hand when he must leave that sacred spot forever. Truly, Jackson had his revenge! but Eily's honor was safe—what though ransomed at a price terrible to contemplate.

The wholesale emigration of their kindred, the bitter partings from their flesh and blood, coupled with the memoried horrors they had just come through, and the threat of impending evictions on a large scale, aroused deadly resentment against Jackson in the hearts of those who remained behind. It was a sullen resentment, apparently calm and orderly, but burning like a volcano in the depths of the land.

"They are too cowed, too beaten, too dispirited to resist," thought Jackson; but he knew not the Irish heart, and the eruption came when field and furrow lay smiling in the first tender rapture of spring. The fires that had been smouldering throughout the winter burst into scathing fury on a day sacred to the people, and the lava passions of his victims opened Jackson's eyes to the terrible truth to which he had long been insolently blind.

Word had gone around that Jackson had chosen the Feast of the Annunciation for the wholesale evictions so long heralded. Perhaps it was Jackson's way of adding wormwood to the gall of his oppression, for the Feast of the Annunciation is a day of especial devotion in Ireland. Be that as it may, he could

not have chosen a more inauspicious day for executing his will.

Father Denis felt uneasy, and Dr. Little expostulated eagerly, but vainly, with the agent. He had taken as his text, the previous Sunday, the beautiful words from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" but Jackson, in his pew beneath the pulpit, knowing that the admonition was meant for himself, had sat contemptuously stolid and derisively stubborn throughout the venerable man's pleading. He would have his way, and Luke Finn should be the first to go.

There were gentlemen in the congregation who deplored Jackson's attitude; among them Major Stone, who commanded the battalion of British infantry quartered in Derreen. With the humane instinct of the true soldier, Major Stone did not approve of unnecessarily inflaming the passions of a people naturally brave and impulsive and keenly smarting under the sting of famine, which, rightly or wrongly, they attributed, not to the visitation of Providence but the heartless maladministration of an alien government. Moreover, the Major knew that in the event of trouble, the onus of repressing it would fall on him—a task distasteful to him.

"You are a fool, Jackson," he said bluntly to the agent after the service. "There is absolutely no reason for such harsh methods. You know as well as I that those poor people cannot meet your demands, and common humanity should dictate forbearance in the present awful emergency. The people will fight, and you know it. Instead of goading them into a breach of the peace, it is the duty of every man who is loyal to the Government, to placate them by every means. They are a generous, an honest people, and will not evade their obligations to Lord Gallen. Give them time to pay. Give them a chance for a fresh

harvest; but for God's sake stay your evictions."

"I thank you for your counsel," sneered the agent. "It is altogether superfluous. I know my duty to Lord Gallen, and I hope you will show that you know yours to Her Majesty should those d—d rebels show their teeth."

"My duty to my Queen," retorted the Major, "does not consist in driving her subjects into revolt." And, sore at heart, he strode off to his barracks. He for one would not be responsible for any outbreak; so for the next few days all leave of absence was suspended, and the men who had been wont to fraternize with the rough element in the taverns of Derreen were kept strictly to barracks. It was a dangerous time in the town, and the Major knew that the sight of a red-coat might at any moment precipitate trouble among a people keenly sensitive to the historic wrongs symbolized by England's uniform—a uniform which they associated with landlordism, as its chief support and strong right arm.

Father Denis, too, had, in burning and tearful eloquence, pleaded with his congregation from the pulpit. He warned them against resistance to the laws. He threatened them in denouncing anger, should they provoke the bloody reprisals of bullet and bayonet.

"God knows it is hard to endure what we are enduring," he had said. "In His inscrutable providence He is refining our suffering land as gold in the furnace of tribulation. But we must be patient. We must bow to His will; and if cruel men add to our hard lot, remember: 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord. I will repay.'"

But his words for once fell upon stony ground. The hearts of his people were hardened against Jackson, and they had determined to resist his evicting agents.

All that night preceding the Feast of the Annunciation, mysterious fires burned on Bocka Hill and the heights

eastward to Tallachan, on Sliev Roe and the ridges running westward and northward to Brosna and Tavrane. Strange signals were blown on bugle and rolled on drum from village to village. Major Stone saw the fires and knew their message. Father Denis, on his distant sick-calls, heard the mustering signals and shuddered at their significance.

Now, apart from the fact that it was a day sacred to the people, the Feast of the Annunciation was the very worst day that Jackson could have chosen for his evictions. By old usage it was Fair Day in Derreen, and in Ireland every one, young and old, who possibly can, flocks to the Fair. There they meet old friends from distant townlands and villages. There they gossip over rent and crops, births, deaths, marriages and politics. There, periodically, the whole barony rubs elbows. There weddings are arranged and doweries settled between marriageable youths and maidens. There they hear the wandering fiddlers, bagpipers and ballad-singers of the province. There the more mischievous find risky pleasure in baiting soldiers of Her Majesty or members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and there, very often, the cares of six months are forgotten for a while in the infatuation of the cup.

So it was on this memorable day; but a more sinister, more tragic, more compelling motive brought the people townwards to-day. The young men trudged in with stout ash-plants and blackthorns, and made unnecessary demonstrations outside the closed gates of the barracks, where the Northumberland Fusileers lay, stoically indifferent to their jibes and cheers.

The evictions lay mostly near the town, so Jackson was on hand early, riding in from the Court with the Sheriff of the county, and putting up at the constabulary barracks.

Towards noon, fair-green and marketplace were well thronged; but the young

men did little trading. True, there was but little trading to be done, in the impoverished state of the country; but to-day the cattle drowsed peacefully in the fair-green; the horses went through their paces without their usual audience of critical young farmers. Only a few jobbers for the English market went, in heavy ulsters of frieze, among the pigs in the square and passed from cart to cart examining the different litters of "bonnives" therein. But the strong youths of half a dozen villages hung on the sidewalks in whispering knots, while the girls were neglected for the nonce.

Just as the Angelus-bell was ringing and every head was reverently bared, Luke Finn made his way through the crowd, heading for the chapel in quest of Father Denis, with the desperate hope that even at the last moment the good priest might intercede to stay the agent's hand.

Father Denis was not at home. He had gone on a sick-call over Bocka Hill; but, as he had been away some time, he might be back any moment. So, while waiting for his return, Luke crossed the chapel-yard and entered the chapel to make the stations of the cross, praying the gentle Christ for pity on his hard lot, and beseeching Him for Eily's sake to soften Jackson's heart. Again he returned to the house, but Mary, the housekeeper, once more shook her old head in sympathy and wiped a tear from her eye, as she told Luke the priest had not yet returned.

"Then, God help me!" was all the poor fellow could say, as his voice choked. "I musht be off. It's afther twelve, an' Jackson'll be on the move, I'm thinkin'. I can't leave Eily all alone be hersel' to meet his murdherin' crew."

"God an' His Blessed Mother help you this day, Luke Finn!" sobbed Mary. "It's sorry I am for yoursel' an' the little girl. The curse o' Crummel on Jackson and his kind!"

Heavy at heart, Luke Finn left the

presbytery and walked down the chapel-yard to the street. It was a quiet part of the town, but men were running past the chapel-gates towards the market-square. Luke could not divine the cause, but as he neared the place he saw a vast throng of young and old swaying and heaving like the waves of the sea, and filling the square from curb to curb, while sticks were being brandished and a tumultuous roaring, like that of the wind in the woods of Tullachan, rent the air. Then, as he gained the skirts of the crowd and pushed forward to its centre, his heart stood still at the sight before him.

There, with fixed bayonets, a solid line of scarlet topped by towering bearskins, stood the Northumberland Fusileers, facing the infuriated mob. So close were they that the bristling steel almost touched the breasts of the young farmers. But the young men flinched not. With sticks close clutched they stood like hounds in the leash, yelling defiance at the red-coats, and only needing a leader to dash upon the bayonets.

Major Stone sat on his horse, white and stern, riding up and down the line, and with sulphurous speech and objurgatory threats ordering the people to disperse and return to their homes before the Riot Act was read.

"Go home, like the pack of d—d fools you are!" he roared. "Go home for heaven's sake, and don't bring your blood on your heads!"

But he was answered only by derisive yells and minatory laughter, while his horse pranced and reared before the hedge of steel. And there, behind the line of scarlet, calmly surveying the inferno of murderous passion, sat the cause of it all—Jackson, with the Sheriff at his side, and around them their posse of bailiffs and constables.

"You have ordered them to disperse. They won't, so I, as Magistrate, will read the Riot Act," said Jackson to Stone.

"As you will," sneered the Major; whereupon Jackson produced the sinister document and began to drawl out its hackneyed legal phrases, so pregnant with lethal threat. His voice was lost in the tumultuous cheering of the crowd, as a tall man, bearded and bronzed, with unmistakable military bearing, leaped into the space between the Fusileers and the people.

"Steady, boys, steady!" he bawled, pacing along the people's front and holding them in solid alignment, as a Sergeant might range his platoon.

In a moment he was recognized and a storm of cheers went up.

"Mark Moore! Mark Moore! Hurrah for Mark Moore!"

Jackson, glancing up from the parchment he was stammering through, saw the man and heard his name. Mark Moore, cudgel in hand, stood glowering before him, and the agent grew ashen pale; for he was face to face with Sergeant Moore, late of the Connaught Rangers, brother of Mary Moore, and just that day arrived in Derreen after long service in India and England.

"Steady, boys, steady!" shouted Moore, gripping his cudgel.

Jackson had finished the Riot Act, and a deadly silence fell on the square, broken presently by the click of triggers, as Major Stone gave the sharp staccato:

"Ready!"

The Major eyed the crowd in pitiful despair! If only they would disperse, but they would not.

"Present!" bawled the Major, and the muskets came with a glitter of barrels to the shoulder, while the towering bearskins bent above them, taking aim.

"Fire!"

A flash, a rending report, and a swirl of smoke, and then, before the soldiers could load again, out of the smoke the figure of a furious horseman, tearing along the line and smashing right and left with clubbed whip!

"Back! back! back! for God's sake!" he shouted, striking at the young men. "Don't shoot, Major! I'll take them away!" he roared, wheeling with uplifted hand on the Major.

The Major saw him and was glad. "God be praised for this, Father Denis," he called back. "I'll get them away! Quick!"

The people recognized the rider, plunging barehead between them and the soldiers.

"Father Denis! Father Denis!" they yelled exultantly. Surely he would lead them against the hated red-coats. But no! Rising in his stirrups, with voice and gesture of irresistible command, he shouted:

"Come men! Follow me! Come on for God's sake!"

And he spurred his horse out of the square. By common impulse the vast throng swayed and fell in behind him, and so, loyal and obedient to their "soggarth," they, who a moment before had stood unawed and unarmed before the majesty of England's soldiery, followed him meekly to the chapel. There Father Denis harangued them in tones of impassioned denunciation for their suicidal rashness in inviting massacre at the hands of the soldiers. Nor did he unlock the doors until night had settled on the town and the passions of the day had died down in sober afterthought.

"Well, you have had your way," said Major Stone coldly to Jackson. "You are doubtless pleased with the result. There are your victims."

And he pointed to where three figures lay still in the trampled straw and mire of the market-place. The shouts of the people had died away towards the chapel, and the soldiers had sheathed their bayonets preparatory to returning to the barracks.

"It's lucky for the fools!" he thought, "that I ordered the men, before leaving the barracks, to fire over their heads."

"Fall in!" he called. As the men

fell in behind him and he wheeled his horse towards the barracks, Jackson spurred to his side.

"Are you not going to escort me to the evictions?" he asked in dismay.

"Mr. Jackson," blurted the Major, "I have done my duty and given you all the protection you deserve. The people have withdrawn. You can execute your writs yourself, with your bailiffs and constables. As for me—march!" he shouted to the men.

And the tramping feet echoed back from the surrounding houses.

But, passing where lay the men shot down in the fusillade, he halted the soldiers and had stretchers brought from the barracks. On them their bodies were laid and borne to the infirmary, if haply there might yet be left some spark of life. Two of them were dead—young fellows of the town.

The third, a man past middle life, was moaning feebly as they laid him on the stretcher, his russet beard dabbled with blood, and the breast of his shirt stained red with its trickling ooze.

"A priest!" was all he could murmur.

Father Denis was called from the chapel, and, bending in the barrack infirmary over the poor victim of Jackson's vengeance, tears of commiseration and indignant wrath mingled with the holy oils of Extreme Unction, as he saw that the man was Luke Finn.

"Poor Eily! God in His infinite mercy pity and help her!" he prayed.

And, two days later, Luke Finn was laid to rest in Kilcoleman, while poor Eily made ready to leave forever the home of her fathers.

III.

The evictions had become a hideous memory, the evicted had left Ireland, and the crops were well up. Already the ridges in the potato plots were tasselled with purple blossoms—harbingers of hope and heralds of plenty to a people

long tortured by hunger. Day after day the farmers were out watching the fields with poignant solicitude, and the merry song of the young village girls once more vied with the skylark's delirious carol, as they moved, splotches of vivid scarlet or shining white, with trussed-up kirtles, among the green furrows.

It was the season of love, and many a tender maid, weeding her father's plot, dropped burning tears at the thought of brother or betrothed gone forth in the great exodus to seek their fortune in America. Many a damsel, standing to rest her back aching with long stooping over the stalks, sent wistful thoughts over the hills that shut out her little world from the great ocean beyond, and murmured fervent Pater and Ave for the ships speeding westward thereon.

Insolent as ever, Jackson noted with wolfish satisfaction the promise of bountiful harvests in verdant plot and blossoming field. Teeming bins and bursting haggards would mean for him plentiful rents. But the young girls in the fields dropped their gracious heads amid the stalks and stopped their lilt of joy at his approach. His coming was as the coming of a hawk, when the skylark falls earthward and nestles dumb with fear in the meadow-grass.

The tragedy of Eily Finn was too vivid, too recent, too agonizing to be easily forgotten.

It was St. John's Eve, and the folk were making ready to light the annual bonfire in honor of the saint. The old Druidic festival of midsummer, when Baal-fires were kindled to propitiate the sun-god of Erin who fertilizes the earth, was now invested with Christian significance, and, the swinking toil of the day being done in field and bog, the people of Derreen wended their way to the place on the road, just outside the town, where the boys had already piled up the huge beacon of turf and whins and sundry boxes and barrels, raised on the firm substructure of a great sugar hogshead.

The musicians of the town—the blind favorites skilled on fiddle and bagpipe—had been requisitioned for the dancing that is a feature of "bonfire night." The little boys and girls were in high feather. This was their night of nights, when they might indulge to their hearts' content their mischievous bent. They might toss tar-balls galore in lieu of the more modern fireworks; they might make fun of the schoolmaster to his face and thus equalize many an old score; they might even stick pins in blind Dan's bagpipes, to the serious detriment of its music. So they frisked and gambolled about the fire, as the great flames rose heavenward, and their more demure elders moved around from group to group, hailing here an acquaintance, there an old friend, here some "shenachie," primed with fairy lore, yonder a town wag, mimicking some local character.

The fun was at its height when a shy figure crept out of a near-by meadow into the circle of light where men and women stood silhouetted against the ruddy flames. For a moment he surveyed the scene with anxious eyes, and moving leisurely to and fro among the crowd, knowing but not known, his hat drawn over his brows, he scanned the faces about him eagerly. He was about to turn away with a sigh of disappointment when Hugh O'Grady, the local schoolmaster, laid a hand on his shoulder and, gripping him by the hand, said with a tone of hearty greeting: "Dominick Keenan, as I'm a livin' saint!"

"Misther O'Grady, my old teacher!" replied the young man. "And lookin' hale and hearty as ever."

"It's a cure for sore eyes to see you, me boy," went on the old schoolmaster. "I thought you were miles away in England."

"Just got back to-day. In fact I only reached Derreen about an hour ago, and thought I might, maybe, find Luke Finn here with the boys. Luke was a

good hand, I remember, at keepin' up ould customs."

"Yes, yes," sighed the pedagogue, "a good hand, indeed, God rest his soul!"

The young man whitened at the word.

"God rest his soul!" he gasped. "Surely he's not dead?"

"Ah, Dominick, my poor boy," answered the schoolmaster, recalling that his former pupil had been betrothed to Eily Finn, "Dominick, my poor fellow, I'm more sorry for your trouble than I can say," as he saw the tears roll down the young man's cheek. "Come, my boy, come out of this and I'll tell you."

And with gracious sympathy the kind old schoolmaster led the way out of the zone of light into the gloom of the meadow, where, seated under a white-thorn tree, he told Dominick all the harrowing tragedy of the past year.

"My God, 'tis awful—awful—God curse him for his black heart!" moaned Dominick. "And so Eily's gone—gone! Poor little girl, and I coming home so happy in the thought of marrying her after my five years of working and waiting in England."

His face sank into his hands, and there, the schoolmaster silent at his side, he had his bitter travail under the white-thorn tree, even as the Master travailed of old under the olives of Gethsemane.

He was roused from his grief by a tumult of roaring and yelling at the bonfire.

"Come," said the schoolmaster, "let's see."

They waded through the deep and fragrant grass to the stone wall. Within the circle of light a woman, with one hand on the bridle of a horse, her other hand lifted in denouncing menace, was cursing the rider. It was Mary Moore, "mad Maurya," as the people called her, and the horseman was Jackson. He had been dining with a friend some miles away, and his return to the Court brought him past the bonfire, whither the poor demented victim of his villainy

had wandered from some unknown solitude.

"You scoundrel! You hell-hound!" screamed the woman, her loosened hair waving about her face like coiling snakes. "An' so you thought to ruin Eily Finn, too—God's curse upon you! Marry me, marry me and save my good name!"

Dominick's blood went wild at the sight. There was the man who had wrecked his life, destroyed his dream of love.

"Let me go!" he said, as the schoolmaster laid a detaining hand on him. "He's not fit to live. Let me go for Eily's sake. After that let come what may!"

"No, no," pleaded Hugh O'Grady, "Leave him to God—'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'"

The horse was rearing to shake off the woman's hold. The lurid light of the fire and the shouting men around had terrified it. Then Jackson raised his whip and, with an oath, struck the woman on the head. With a scream she relaxed her grip on the bridle and dropped, stunned, to the road. The agent cast a derisive glance at the yelling men who ran to lift her, and, striking deep his spurs, dashed into the darkness with a diminuendo of furious hoof-beats.

That night Dominick Keenan lay at the home of Hugh O'Grady, at the old man's urgent solicitation. In the morning he went to the presbytery to question Father Denis as to Eily's destination in America.

"I cannot tell you, Dominick," said Father Denis. "All I know is that she has cousins in Montreal, and that she sailed six weeks ago from Galway with the bulk of the people who left here."

"Montreal?" said Dominick. "Then I will find her. I will search for her if I spend my life in the search. God will help me to find her. I love her and must protect her—poor, fatherless, homeless,

wandering little dove! But, first, I will kill Jackson—”

“What?” shouted the priest, in horror. “Kill him? And you dare to tell me this? No, no, Dominick, there must be no murder hereabouts. We have suffered, but we must not stain our honor. Leave him to the God of justice—the Lord of sure, unerring retribution. ‘Blessed are the peacemakers, they shall be called the children of God.’”

“Am I not justified?” asked the stern young man.

“Murder is never justifiable—‘Vengeance is mine. I will repay,’” whispered the priest. “You must bring an honorable name to Eily Finn. She would never mate with dishonor—she who suffered eviction, exile, orphanage, for virtue’s sake and her fair name.”

“Then God give me patience!” sobbed Dominick Keenan, seeing the beautiful cogency of the priest’s persuasion.

Leaving the presbytery, he passed up the town westward to where formerly stood Luke Finn’s homestead. The place drew him with poignant associations. He lingered lovingly at every well-known spot. The brook from Bocka Hill, a violet cone in the distance, chattered merrily as of old under the gray arch where often he had sat with Eily; but its silvery babble brought tears to his eyes, and he passed on. To his left rolled the ridge of Slieve Roe, its slope a patchwork of meadow and oats, of blue-flowered flax and dark-green potato fields. That, too, tortured him with bitter memories. Over the hedge-rows rose the ivied ruin of the old castle near the mill. How often he had paced its storied close with Eily! Then out of the highway and up over the familiar stone walls he went, the corn-crake calling from the empurpled meadows with mocking echoes of vanished joy. It was all there as of old—the same peaceful land under the same gray sky, mottled with the same cloud-shadows, and wear-

ing its old immortality of green and gold and tender violet and soft, misty purple. But his paradise was gone—that ineffable, intangible enchantment made of old by the light of a girl’s eyes, evoked by the spell of a girl’s laughter.

The moon was rising when he set his face towards Derreen, and his heart was surcharged with blackest melancholy. He strode along, musing on the past, anxious about the future, and thinking bitter thoughts, when the noise of hoof-beats coming from behind brought him back to his surroundings. Turning, he recognized Jackson, trotting townwards. High hedges shut in the road on either side. The town was some two miles distant, the nearest farm-house the length of several fields. The time and place were opportune for Dominick’s revenge on the man who had exiled his sweetheart, caused the killing of her father, and shattered his own paradise of dreams. He stepped deliberately into the middle of the road, his teeth set in grim determination, his muscles tense with deadly purpose.

Jackson saw him and reined in his horse with a check that almost threw it on its haunches.

Dominick’s breath came in short gusts. He saw the sneer on Jackson’s lips, and raised his hand to grab the reins. Then, suddenly, before him rose Eily’s face, and Eily’s voice pleaded for pity on the agent. “You must bring an honorable name to Eily Finn,” thundered the priest’s words. There was a swift struggle of indecision in his heart, and then, dropping his uplifted arm, he passed to the side of the road and allowed the agent to ride on.

But farther on, another man leaped into the roadway from the gloomy ambushade of the hedge, and seizing the bridle with a sullen oath, levelled a pistol at Jackson. The plunging horse sent the bullet wide of its mark, and the man sprang at Jackson, catching him by the leg and dragging him from the saddle.

The agent shouted in dismay, and smote at the man with his whip. The man was Mark Moore, the returned soldier. He wrenched the whip from Jackson's grasp and clubbed him on the head, the horse rearing and plunging the while. Then, shaking loose the hand on its bridle, it dashed madly back along the road it had come, the agent hanging helpless at its side, his feet tangled in the stirrups, his head leaving a trail of crimson in the white dust.

Dominick Keenan saw the horse tearing towards him and essayed to stop it; but the frightened animal veered aside and flew by with its mangled rider.

"God have mercy on him!" murmured Dominick, seeing the man he hated and pitying his terrible doom. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," he whispered, white and weak from the horror of the thing. Then he gave chase to the horse, which was heading for the Court. He was winded when he gained the gate-house at the avenue, and there the gate-house keeper and people from neighboring houses stood in a group about the form that lay, still and ghastly, on the grassy roadside.

That night Mark Moore vanished from Derreen as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come to it—perhaps to re-enlist in his regiment, perhaps to roam haunted of remorse for Jackson's death around a world whereof he had learned the vanity and nothingness.

The days wore on, but Dominick Keenan still haunted the scene of his love, held by the melancholy fascination of the place. He found a sad pleasure in going over the land that was once the Finn farm, but now part of the Gallen park, the site of the Finn home indicated only by the less luxuriant grass that covered the floor where Eily's feet had played. Night after night he visited the place, lingering lovingly in every hallowed spot, hearing in every wind that

sighed through the pines and elms the echo of Eily's voice, seeing the light of Eily's eyes in every ripple of the moonlit brook that sparkled by.

To observant eyes he began to fail, and his habit of solitude and brooding gloom aroused the anxiety of Father Denis and Hugh O'Grady.

"He's not the same at all he used to be," said the schoolmaster to the priest. "We must get him away from these maddening memories. He was always so light-hearted and happy, but now—always moody, always silent, always that look of far-away abstraction in his eyes and that pensive smile that stabs one to the heart with its very sadness."

But Dominick dispelled his friends' anxiety by the promise of action which would withdraw him from his cankering thoughts and which is the only balm for hurt hearts. "I am going at once to find Eily," he told the priest one morning in August. "If only I could be sure of where she is! It is too soon for any news of the ship's arrival by returning vessels. What was the name of the ship she went on?"

"Hamish Burke, who went with the people to Galway, says it was called the 'Seagull'—an ugly, black-looking thing that suggested a huge coffin afloat!" said Father Denis.

"The 'Seagull?' I can't forget that, and, maybe, I'll pick up some news of her in Liverpool. I'm returning to England first to arrange my little affairs there, and then—to find Eily."

So, two days later, the young man set out on his far love-quest, taking the famous old Biancini coach which plied between the West and Dublin. In another week he had booked passage for Boston in a sailing vessel from the Mersey. He would lose no time now in finding the girl he loved, and he was for the moment strangely elate as the ship dropped down the Mersey and the English coast fell away—a blue line on the horizon.

But again all his old-time melancholy came back and gripped him savagely when the hills of Down rose, a mist of green, over the westering sea. His heart took wings and outvied the seagulls in their landward sweep—away, away, over intervening wave and hill and plain—away to the land that lay in the light of the sunset, where Connaught thrust out her granite buttresses against the Atlantic surge.

The ship sailed leisurely, putting into Sligo for emigrants, and thence steering a straight course westward.

"Did you ever hear of the 'Seagull?'" asked Dominick of a sailor who was leaning on the bulwarks at his side, eyeing the beautiful coast that was fading momentarily from view.

"Ay, that I did," replied the sailor. "Why, man, the 'Seagull' went down six weeks ago, near Cape Cod—struck in the night. She was naught but a bloomin' old coffin."

"Went down? Six weeks ago?" echoed Dominick, with a voice that seemed as the voice of a ghost, strangely unreal, whispering from illimitable distance.

"Ay, and only half a dozen saved. Some fishermen of Cape Cod picked them up and we took them aboard on our return to Liverpool. Landed them there a fortnight back—all sailors though."

"No woman among them?"

"Woman? No, man, no woman—only a lot o' rough sailormen that fought their way, I suppose. Woman? Why, bless your soul, man, do you suppose a bloomin' woman would have a chance when a ship strikes like that in the night and the men go bloomin' crazy afightin' for their lives? Woman?" And the rough fellow chuckled to himself at the humorous situation pictured by the wild Irish youth.

"They say that the bloomin' old 'Seagull' was chartered for Davy Jones, any

way," went on the sailor. "She was an Irish emigrant tub, an' lots o' thim things leave port and are never heard of again. Mebbe it's the bloomin' Irish as sinks 'em; but in the 'Seagull's' case I heard it said that the old man's trunk was picked up ashore by a Cape Cod fisherman. Washed there with a lot of other ruck. And the chap that found the trunk got in it a letter from the owners—Somethin' & Co., of Liverpool; an' blame me, if the bloomin' firm didn't offer Thomas—that was the Cap'n's name—another command, if he'd sink th'ould tub. So help me, if they didn't!"

But Dominick heard not the rough sailor's terrible arraignment of "Somethin' & Co." His mind was elsewhere. He was vaguely conscious of a voice at his side. He saw as in the shadowy unreality of a dream, the great waves come shouldering up and break in cataracts of green and white. He saw the blue crest of Knocknarea and the nebulous purple of Ben Bulbin melt dimly distant and dissolve like some aerial paradise. But nothing bit him with the acid of reality and etched its clear-cut self on his brain. His mind had become as an erased tablet, sponged clean of every impression save one—that of an ill-looking ship striking on jagged rocks in the blackness of night, and of a frail girl battling for life with a horde of profane savages.

"Yon bloomin' Irish chap's daft, I think," said the sailor to a comrade. "Look at that crazy smile—silly as a baby's. 'Struck' in the night, 'struck in the night,' 'six weeks ago,' 'six weeks ago,' is all he can think of, since I told him a couple hours ago of the bloomin' ole 'Seagull.'"

The two men stood aside as Dominick went by, smiling at the deck and muttering incoherently.

"Poor devil! mebbe he lost a friend on the 'Seagull,'" said the other sailor.

"Like as not he did—but he's certainly daft. Did you notice that queer eye of his'n?"

"Ay, ay! Touched, poor chap!" said the first sailor commiseratingly, applying a significant finger to his forehead; "touched—God help the poor beggar!"

Dominick disappeared into the depths of the ship, and night came down with a sprinkle of vivid stars in the blue-black void above, and a full moon that turned the calm sea to rippling silver.

About midnight he crept stealthily up the companionway and emerged on the shining deck, deserted save for the dark silhouette of a sailor at watch in the shadow of a sail. Above him towered the pyramid of canvas, bellying to a fresh breeze. The rigging gridironed the sky, and the waves lisped and gurgled at the side. A silver haze—a soft nebula of fleecy mist—lay on the face of the waters, and the silence aboard was unbroken save for a shuffling of feet where a few sailors, aft, were moving to the mate's orders.

Dominick stole to the bulwark and stood there, arching a hand over his eyes and peering into the mist.

Presently the man on watch saw him and moved towards him with an objuratory command to go below.

Dominick waved him back with an admonitory gesture, and placed one hand on the bulwark. The sailor quickened his pace, seeing the purpose in his crouching attitude.

"Stop!" he bawled hoarsely. "Stop!"

Dominick turned and laughed at him.

"Don't you see her face out there in the mist?" he stammered, pointing eastward into the haze. "She is calling—calling. Don't you hear her? I'm coming Eily; I'm coming, alanna."

Before the sailor could check him, he vaulted to the bulwark, swayed there unsteadily a moment and then, with another burst of laughter, sprang into the sea and was lost in the mist.

For an instant the sailor had a glimpse of his white face, then the water closed over it, and Dominick was gone.

A Reverie

By A. Edna Wright

At morn, dear heart, I think of thee,
And kneeling, pray our God of love
To keep thee from temptations free;
To guide thy steps lest thou should'st stray
Along the rough and weary way,
That leads us to His home above.

When shades of night around us fall,
Again I think of thee, dear heart,
And bid fond memories recall,
The happy hours when thou wert near
And our young hearts were filled with cheer,
Before God willed that we should part.

I gaze into the silent night
And fondly think, dear heart, of thee;
And as the moon and stars shine bright,
And pictures from the bygone years
Hasten to dim my eyes with tears,
I wonder—wilt thou think of me?

Master Minds of Medicine

II—Thomas Sydenham, the English Hippocrates (1624-1689)

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER, M. D.

"As long as Almighty God shall give me life, I shall still press forward to my avowed end of doing all the good I can in my calling."—*Thomas Sydenham*.

MEDICINE is a practical science, and there are two open roads that lead great, thinking minds to a better understanding of it. Every doctor, in his daily routine work, comes upon these pleasant places, and recognizes the two strong currents of thought that tend to the perfection of a science which has made wonderful strides in advancement in past centuries and the present; currents of thought at once vital and important—the one scientific, the other practical, but both necessary to the solving of problems of real benefit to the great, throbbing humanity about us. We have, then, two schools in medicine—the scientific school, of which William Harvey was the founder, and the practical, or clinical, school represented by Thomas Sydenham. "The great merit of Sydenham," writes one, "was to proclaim the great truth that science was, is, and always must be incomplete;

and that danger lurks in the natural tendency to act upon it as if it were complete. The practical man has to be guided not only by positive knowledge, but by much that is imperfectly known. He must listen to the hints of nature as well as to her clear utterances. To combine them may be difficult; but the difficulty is solved in minor matters by the faculty called common sense; in greater affairs, by the synthetic power of Genius."

Thomas Sydenham, then, the English Hippocrates, as he is sometimes called, occupies a unique place in the history of medicine. In the words of Horace—"medicus in omne aevum nobilis"—he

was a physician famous for all time. Dr. John Brown, the essayist, calls him "the prince of practical physicians;" and it is said that Boerhaave, one of the most eminent teachers of medicine in Europe, never mentioned Sydenham without taking off his hat as a sign of respect and admiration. "Sydenham's is a name," writes another, "not for England only, but for the world."

Many pleasant memories cluster

THOMAS SYDENHAM.

around the humble little Somersetshire village, famous because it was the birth-place of this man of genius, who lived, like Harvey, at a time when his country's heart was in a state of wild unrest, and the staid old English character was being moulded into shape by these strong influences of internal strife and disorder. Yet, withal, he emerged into the light of eminence with a character as noble as it was beautiful.

In an unknown little corner of England, at a place in Somerset called Wynford Eagle, Thomas Sydenham, the great physician, first saw the light of day. Old chronicles give the date of his baptism September 10, 1624. Sydenham's biographers all speak of the scarcity of material at their disposal concerning his life. The history of the seventeenth century is much clouded, and the life of Sydenham, like that of other contemporaries, could stand a genuine outburst of sunshine to bring out clearly the many little details that give color to the picture which the historian, not through any fault of his own, paints so poorly and imperfectly. Wynford Eagle is a hamlet and chapelry about eight miles from Dorchester. In the famous old Domesday Book, it is called "Wynfort." The house in which Sydenham was born is an old gray, ivy-grown structure and stands to-day, a well-preserved building. "It lies," says one, "in a hollow, sheltered by the downs and upland pastures, and is a pleasing specimen of a seventeenth century manor-house. The front is composed as usual of three parts, each surmounted by a gable. The whole building is very solidly constructed of stone and flint." Even to this day one of the fields near the old home goes by the name of "Sydenham's."

Thomas Sydenham was the fifth son of William Sydenham—out of a family of seven sons and three daughters. His mother, a woman of pious mind, was a Mary Jeffery, daughter of Sir John

Jeffery, of Catherston. Tracing the genealogy of the Sydenhams backward into the Middle Ages, we find that the family contributed some distinguished names to current history. One, Richard Sydenham, was a judge in the reign of Richard II; another was a Bishop in the reign of Henry V. A daughter of a Sydenham married Sir Francis Drake in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Then there were numerous members of Parliament, sheriffs and knights. Very little is known of the early life of Sydenham except that he was under the care and guidance of honest and conscientious parents. It is thought that his early education began at the grammar school in his native village or at Dorchester. Others, again, state as probable that, like many families of his day, he was instructed by the regular tutor living in the same house, or that the local clergyman, as was customary, instructed him in Latin.

At eighteen, Sydenham was sent to Oxford—the college selected for him being Magdalen Hall. Here he matriculated on May 20, 1642. A turn in political events, however, soon put a stop to his academic career, which could not have exceeded a few months. The old, old struggle between the King and the Parliament was fiercely raging. They were stormy times. There was much fighting, much bloodshed. Think of the influences they would bring to bear upon the life of Sydenham, "who," as one writer puts it, "brought into matters of thought and science the courage of a soldier and the independence of a rebel." On August 22d, the King raised his flag at Nottingham. The cry of civil war was in the air, and Peace, poor, white-souled thing, spread its wide wings and fled the country. Every Englishman with a heart in him had to decide on which side he would play his part. The young Sydenham espoused the cause of Parliament, notwithstanding that Oxford and its university were followers of the King. Anthony Wood,

a contemporary writer, says: "Sydenham left Oxford without taking arms for the King as the other scholars did." Thus the lad of eighteen threw his books aside for a sword and the brilliant uniform of a soldier in one of the most memorable conflicts on the page of history. In looking over old records we often come across the name of the Sydenhams. Here it was a brilliant victory, there a display of courage and heroism under most trying circumstances. The "fighting Sydenhams," they were called—this father and his four brave, daring sons. Two of them died in battle—soldiers to the last. How a lonely mother-heart must have pined for the husband and the precious, valiant children!

We know very little of Mrs. Sydenham, but she must have been an heroic woman, full of the endearing qualities that ennoble lofty womanhood. For her, this war must have been a tragedy—awful and soul-crushing. She, herself, innocent victim, later was killed by the hand of a Royalist—a certain Major Williams. An old chronicler roughly tells how Thomas Sydenham—the loving son—avenged the wrong done his mother. It happened that he and this very Williams chanced to meet later on in battle. "For a soldier in the field to find himself confronted in arms by the slayer of his mother would be a crisis strange and startling enough to turn even a coward into a hero," writes Payne. "It must have roused the Sydenham blood, which was not that of cowards, to an unexampled heat. What followed must be told in the words of the old narrative, since we can add nothing to them, nor have we the right to take anything away:

"So soon as Colonel Sydenham saw Williams, he spake to his men that were next to him to stick close to him; for said he: 'I will now avenge my mother's innocent blood;' and so he made his way to Major Williams, and slew him in the place, who fell dead under his horse's feet." Could anything be more highly

tragic than this sad event in the family history of the Sydenhams?

In passing, we might note on account of its bearing on medical history, that Richard Wiseman, the most eminent surgeon of the seventeenth century—often called the Father of Surgery—acted as a surgeon on the King's side during the civil war.

In 1646, Sydenham returned to Oxford University. He says: "It is now the thirtieth year since the time when, being on my way to London, in order to go from there a second time to Oxford (from which the misfortunes of the first war had kept me away for some years), I had the good fortune to fall in with the most learned and honorable Dr. Thomas Coxe, who was at that time attending my brother during illness; and then, as he has been up to the present time, practising medicine with great distinction. He, with his well-known kindness and courtesy, asked me what profession I was preparing to enter now that I was resuming my interrupted studies and was come to man's estate. I had at that time no fixed plans, and was not even dreaming of the profession of medicine; but moved by the recommendation and influence of so great a man, and in some way, I suppose, by my own destiny, I applied myself seriously to that pursuit. * * * After spending a few years in the university I returned to London and entered on the practice of medicine."

The war also had its depressing effects upon Oxford University, and sadly crippled it. The halls and rooms of the colleges had been turned into military garrisons, and the songs of the merry students were drowned by the shouts of busy soldiers, the former being very much in the minority. "Both the university and the colleges were impoverished by their quasi-voluntary gifts to the King; some of their buildings were in ruins, and there was, in Anthony Wood's words, 'scarce the face of a uni-

versity left.' " This, then, was the condition of the university in the time of Sydenham but, despite these circumstances, many bright minds lent a refreshing glow to the depressing picture. The intellectual life about Oxford, however, was a redeeming feature. Wallis, the great English mathematician, and Seth Ward, the astronomer, came over from Cambridge to add glory to it. Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Cromwell's physician, who constructed the first telescope in England, and Dr. William Petty, the economist and lecturer in chemistry, also frequented this noted seat of learning. Then, besides, there were Christopher Wren, that "miracle of a youth," the noted Robert Boyle, Thomas Willis, the anatomist, and Robert Hooke, the chemist. This group of scientific men often met of an evening at the home of Dr. William Petty, where scientific discussions generally took place upon regular meeting nights. How pleasant it would be for us to picture Dr. Sydenham at one of these meetings, surrounded by this noted circle of Immortals. However, we have no record of him attending them; but we do know that he and Robert Boyle—one of the most brilliant members of the group—were fast friends.

When Sydenham attended Oxford, the Earl of Pembroke was Chancellor of the university. On April 14, 1648, Sydenham was created Bachelor of Medicine. Some claim that he also received an M. A. degree, but Wood, the historian, denies this. "The modern reader," writes the biographer, Payne, "may wonder a little that medical degrees, involving professional privileges, were conferred as readily as honorary titles in arts or law are given at the present day. Sydenham could not at this time have made any serious study of medicine, having been barely a year resident in the university and in a time of great confusion. He had thus the rare good fortune to obtain a degree at the

beginning, instead of at the end of his student's course. So much he owed to patronage. But if we consider the incalculable gain to the science of medicine involved in making Sydenham a doctor, we must admit that seldom has the blind Goddess of Patronage dispensed her favors with a happier hand."

In 1648, the young physician was appointed to a Fellowship of All Souls' College and, in March of the next year, the Senior Bursarship of the college was given him.

Comparatively nothing is known of Sydenham's life at the university. We are told, however, that "when Sydenham had returned to the university after three years' absence, he had forgotten his Latin, but recovered it by obstinate reading of Cicero, translating him into English and then re-translating into Latin, correcting from the original." Cicero, it is said, was always a great favorite of his. Sir Hans Sloane tells us that Sydenham always kept a bust of him in his study. In those days Oxford offered few facilities to the student in medicine. Sir Thomas Clayton—Regius Professor of Medicine—gave bi-weekly lectures on the doctrines of Hippocrates and Galen. Then, also, there were classes in anatomy—but the study of anatomy was in its infancy almost, and little could be effected in this line. Not until Willis and Lower set to work did it gain any point of eminence.

"Sir Thomas Clayton, who held the chair in Sydenham's time, is said to have had a weakness which entirely disqualified him for his office, namely, that he could not bear the sight of blood." He finally resigned, and the chair fell to the famous Dr. Wm. Petty, who is said to have studied at Leyden and Paris. Chemistry and botany were also important branches in Sydenham's time.

A second military service again cut short Sydenham's career, but we will pass over it in silence for it does not bring out anything of importance that

might add to or detract from the personality of this great English physician.

In 1665, Sydenham resigned his Fellowship in All Souls' College, and in the same year took unto himself as wife a certain Mary Gee—a Dorsetshire lady, it is supposed. The year following, he settled down to practice his profession at Westminster. His rooms were in the immediate neighborhood of Whitehall—the mecca of politicians, statesmen and parliamentarians. But a few blocks away lived the immortal Milton, the sweet, blind singer of "Paradise Lost." Is it not possible that the young physician might have been called in many a time to administer to the growing infirmities of the immortal bard? There is nothing left to tell us that he ever did so, but would it not be pleasant to draw so charming a picture about the life of so great a poet and so great a physician?

The neighborhood in which Sydenham lived had, as we will see later, a great bearing upon his own writings. He wrote mostly on fevers and agues, and the whole Westminster region—a swampy and malarious country—was a breeding spot for such diseases. Cromwell himself is said to have died of a malignant ague, probably contracted at Whitehall.

It is now an almost undisputed fact that Sydenham studied at Montpellier as well as at Oxford. French writers assert positively that he was the pupil of the celebrated physician, Charles Barbeyrac. This Barbeyrac had a wonderful reputation throughout the whole of France and other countries as a consultant. He was not connected with the university, but formed private classes amongst his students. It is said "some ten or twelve of them used to accompany him in his visits to his patients. On the way he would give them a sort of clinical lecture on the cases and their treatment, answering the numerous questions of his pupils with excellent judgment and fluency. His ideas about many dis-

eases were entirely novel, but lucid and well-founded. His practice was admirable, being at once simple and easy. He had discarded a large number of the useless remedies employed before his time, which served only to embarrass the sick man; making use of a few only, but those well-chosen and efficacious. These he employed so well that no physician ever had more successful and striking results from his treatment."

Barbeyrac's bedside clinics must surely have had a great influence upon Sydenham's wonderful mind. Locke, Sydenham's great friend, who also studied at Mountpellier, used to say that he never knew two men more alike in opinions and character than these two physicians. M. Bouteille, a Frenchman (1776), said that Sydenham had learned his cooling remedies in fevers (*choses rafraichissantes*) of Barbeyrac.

The date of Sydenham's return from France is not known, but we have reasons to believe that he was back in London in 1661. His observations (published later) on the weather and diseases in London begin with this year. He obtained his license from the Royal College of Physicians in 1663. The coveted Fellowship never fell upon his shoulders. "From all we know of Sydenham," writes Payne, "we should conclude that he cared little about academical distinctions, and doubtless bore the privation with equanimity. And, in later years, when the same difficulties might not have stood in the way, he had ceased to care what letters he could write after his name. The more surprising fact is that he did, after all, think it worth while to take a doctor's degree so late in life; but of his motives in so doing we have no knowledge."

Sydenham, however, like others, had friends and enemies as well in the college. A certain Dr. Andrew Brown, an intimate of his, tells us that Sydenham had once complained to him that "he had only gained the sad and unjust

recompense of calumny and ignominy, and that from the emulation of some of his collegiate brethren and others, whose indignation at length did culminate to that height that they endeavored to banish him, as guilty of medicinal heresies, out of that illustrious society."

Some years after his return from Mountpellier, Sydenham was engaged in studying and investigating the epidemics of London. Just about this time that terrible calamity known in history as the Great Plague swept over London. It was another Black Death, strewing the land with suffering, sick bodies and killing off young and aged—at one time at the rate of seven thousand a week. The plague swept away a whole cityful of people—the mortality tables showing sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and ninety-six deaths; statisticians claim that fully one-fifth of the inhabitants succumbed to the deadly disease. It quickly spread towards Westminster. The King and Queen went to Oxford. The dreaded peril lay right outside of Sydenham's own door, and the cries of the suffering stole into his study. Consequently, the doctor and his family moved to Dorset, a little spot a few miles from London. Many writers blame him for leaving London at this critical period. They assert that, as a physician, he should have considered it his duty to fight the disease in the dark valleys. Was it not a distinct loss to medicine, they further ask? Might he not have added a striking and interesting chapter to the history of medicine? But Sydenham had a wife and young children to pull at his heart-strings and, after all, the sick did not suffer for want of medical aid for there were physicians in plenty around. He wrote, however, of the plague, but his treatise did not make much of a stir.

But Sydenham was not idle during those plague-stricken days. He was busy with his pen during those months of absence from the city, and produced

his first book on the "Treatment of Fevers"—a work of momentous importance to the course of medicine. The treatment of a few acute diseases such as rheumatism, pneumonia, and erysipelas, was also included. The title of the little book was: "Thomae Sydenham Methodus Curandi Febres, propriis observationibus Superstructa." (Thomas Sydenham's method of treating fevers, based upon his own observations). Fevers had a much greater relative importance in his time than at the present day, since he estimated that they made up two-thirds of medicine. In our own day the same class of maladies, called in official returns zymotic diseases, are credited with only one-tenth of the total mortality from all causes. The book was written in Latin, as were all Sydenham's books, contained one hundred and fifty-six pages, and was dedicated to the Hon. Robert Boyle, philosopher and man of science. It was divided into four sections: I. On Continued Fevers; II. On Certain Symptoms which Accompany Continued Fevers; III. Intermittent Fevers; IV. Smallpox. Very few books were written in English in those days. "Surgeons and quacks might write in English, but for an orthodox physician to do so would have been an act of bad taste almost amounting to a crime." Sydenham wrote a very beautiful preface to his fever book. It shows us in an instant the inner, sensitive, lofty soul of the man—his "religio medici"—the deep, sincere, religious undercurrent swaying all his feelings, and the noble, lofty ideals he set for himself in his life's own foot-path. "Whoever applies himself to medicine," it reads, "ought seriously to weigh the following considerations: First, that he will one day have to render an account to the Supreme Judge of the lives of sick persons committed to his care. Next, whatever skill or knowledge he may, by Divine favor, become possessed of, should be devoted above all things to the glory of God and

the welfare of the human race. Moreover, let him remember that it is not any base or despicable creature of which he has undertaken the cure. For the only-begotten Son of God, by becoming man, recognized the value of the human race and ennobled by His own dignity the nature He assumed. Finally, the physician should bear in mind that he himself is not exempt from the common lot, but subject to the same laws of mortality and disease as others; and he will care for the sick with more diligence and tenderness if he remembers that he himself is their fellow sufferer."

Sydenham's book, it may be imagined, made quite a stir in those days of few books and fewer discoveries, for it contained much of vital importance to sick, suffering humanity. It was William Harvey's story, served again with extra trimmings by the critics. Some rose up and called him "blessed;" others—a certain Henry Stubbe principally—condemned him with scathing bitterness. This Stubbe, a physician at Warwick, had been at Oxford with Sydenham, and enjoyed somewhat of a reputation as a Greek scholar. He assailed Sydenham's smallpox theory especially. Sydenham thought that smallpox was due "to a spontaneous effort of the blood to bring itself into a new state, and—putting off its native state by a process like moulding—to put on, as it were, a new shape." Stubbe criticizes him thus in his lines beginning: "Whether Dr. Sydenham intend to ascribe sense, appetite and judgment unto the blood, I cannot well tell, but either he canteth in metaphors or explaineth himself in his general hypothesis about Feavers as if his meaning were such. But it seems strange and irrational to attribute such an understanding to the blood, and to transmute a natural agent into one that is spontaneous, and, which is more, having represented it as such, to make it so capricious as not to know when it is well; but to run phantastically upon

such dangerous changes as occur in putrid feavers and the smallpox, for even this last 'ariseth from a desire the blood hath to change its state.'"

To be sure the theories of a Sydenham do not look well now beside our own very modern ideas. He made the same mistakes of other contemporaries, but he left a strong foundation for a more perfect building than was to be evolved out of his own mental architecture. However, his book was well received. In the same year it was reprinted in Amsterdam, and Sydenham was by far better appreciated in foreign countries than in his own England. It was the eternal story all over again—the prophet forced to seek glory and appreciation under alien skies, far away from the familiar faces whose smile would have meant so much to him. Schacht, Professor of Leyden, recommended the work to his students. Ettmuller of Leipzig, Spon of Lyons, and Dolaeus, an encyclopaedic writer on medicine later on, often spoke a good and cheering word of "the fever-curing doctor." In 1668, a second edition appeared, with an added chapter on the plague. On the first pages of the book appeared a long Latin poem, written by John Locke, one of Sydenham's intimates—a word of praise for honest, conscientious research. We quote a few lines of the lengthy poem below:

"With Fever's heat, throughout the world
that raged,
Unequal war has mourning Medicine waged;
A thousand arts, a thousand cures she tries;
Still Fever burns, and all her skill defies,
Till Sydenham's wisdom plays a double part,
Quells the disease and helps the failing Art.
No dreams are his of Fever's mystic laws,
He blames no fancied Humour as its cause;
Shunning the wordy combats of the Schools,
Where an intenser heat than Fever rules.

* * * * *

Thy arms, Victorious Medicine! more intend,
Triumphant, thou the unconquered Plague
shalt end,
Live, Book! while Fever's vanquished flames
expire,
Thee and the world await one common fire."

In 1676 appeared a third edition and in 1685, a fourth. Many new editions and other changes crept into the volumes. Numerous observations on London epidemics from 1661-1675 were added. It contained lines on measles, quinsy, scarlatina, etc. "With all deductions," writes one, "this work will always remain one of the greatest of medical classics. The descriptions of many diseases and symptoms are so admirable and complete that they have never been surpassed nor are likely to be. Many flashes of insight and pregnant hints might be collected which contemporaries did not understand, and to which later knowledge is only able to do justice. Above all, the resolute endeavor to study natural facts by pure observation, putting aside the theories, facts and fictions collected out of books, which he says 'have as much to do with treating sick men as the painting of pictures has to do with the sailing of ships'—this endeavor, successful or not, will always be the best example of method to all students of medicine."

Up to this time, Sydenham's writings all referred to acute diseases. Requests now poured in from all corners, asking him to write something on chronic diseases. In 1680, he published his "*Epistolae Responsoriae duae*"—answers to some letters which he had received pertaining to the treatment of certain diseases. The first of the letters contains these charming lines. What a noble mind this Sydenham must have had! "I have always thought," he writes, "and not without reason, that to have published for the benefit of afflicted mortals any certain method of subduing even the slightest disease was a matter of greater felicity than the untold riches of a Croesus. I have called it a matter of greater felicity; I now call it a matter of greater goodness and of greater wisdom. For what more abundant instance of wisdom and goodness can any one display than (seeing his

own share of our common nature) to continually refer such things as he has accomplished, not to his own glory, but to the advantage of the world at large, of which he is so small and contemptible a particle? I agree with that illustrious master of language and thought, my favorite Cicero, the leading spirit of his age, if not of the world at large, that 'as laws place the welfare of all men above the welfare of the individual, so a good and wise man, obedient to the laws, and mindful of his duty as a citizen, will think more of being useful to men in general than to any one or to himself.'"

In 1682, appeared another letter, "*Dissertatio Epistolaris*," addressed to Dr. Cole of Worcester, an authority on apoplexy in his day. The letter deals in part with the treatment of smallpox and hysteria. Sydenham gives us an almost perfect picture of this common disease. "*Tractatus de Podagra et Hydrope*" appeared in 1683—a treatise on gout and dropsy. On the title page is a quotation from Bacon—Sydenham's favorite author: "*Non fingendum, aut excogitandum, sed inveniendum, quid Natura faciat aut ferat*" (We have not to imagine or to think out, but to find out what Nature does or produces). In this book, also, appear the following lines, so characteristic of Sydenham, and which give us a view, along other lines, into the noble character of the man: "It is my nature," he says, "to think where others read; to ask less whether the world agrees with me than whether I agree with the truth; and to hold cheap the rumor and applause of the multitude. And what is it indeed? Is it any great thing for a man to do his duty as a good citizen, to serve the public to his own private loss, and to make no glory for doing so? If I take a right measure of the matter, I am now so old that to study my own reputation will soon be as if I studied the reputation of one who is not. For what can it profit me after my death if the eight let-

ters which compose the name Sydenham should pass from mouth to mouth among men who can no more form an idea of what I was, than I of what they will be; of men who will know none of those (then dead and gone) of the generation before them; who will use other language and have other manners; such is the inconstancy and vicissitude of all things human."

The treatise on gout was by far the more important book of the two, and is looked upon as Sydenham's masterpiece. He himself suffered from the disease for thirty-four years. "The Gouty Physician," he was often called. No wonder, then, that he gave us so true a picture of the malady. "It may," he writes, "be some consolation to those sufferers from this disease, who, like myself and others, are only moderately endowed with fortune and intellectual gifts, that great kings, princes, generals, admirals, philosophers, and many more of like eminence have suffered from the same complaint and ultimately died of it. In a word, gout, unlike any other disease, kills more rich men than poor, more wise than simple. Indeed, Nature, the mother and ruler of all, shows in this that she is impartial and no respecter of persons; those who are deficient in one respect being more richly endowed in another; her munificent provision for some men being tempered by an equitable proportion of evil. Hence, that law universally recognized that no man is 'ex omni parte beatum' nor yet, on the other hand, in all respects miserable. And this mixture of good and evil, especially appropriate to our frail mortality, is perhaps the best thing for our happiness."

In another part of the book Sydenham oddly says that the best beverage for gouty persons is "one which neither rises to the generosity of wine nor sinks to the debility of water, such as London small beer; but water, pure and uncooked, is dangerous."

Some writers have expressed surprise

at not finding mention of Harvey and his great discovery anywhere in Sydenham's writings. Sydenham, as is well known, paid little attention to anatomy and physiology. They were perfect strangers to him almost—unimportant as far as his own thinking went, and it is said that he often spoke of the researches made in these branches with contempt. But he did not, however, totally disregard anatomy. He held that a physician ought to know the structure of the human body. One writer has called him "one-sided" on this account.

In 1684, Hans Sloane, afterwards the founder of the British Museum, having completed his studies abroad, returned to London with a letter of introduction to Sydenham. The letter said in part that he was "a ripe scholar, a good botanist, a skillful anatomist." Sydenham read the letter quickly, then he sent a hard look into the young man's face. "This is all very fine," he blurted out, "but it won't do! Anatomy—botany! Nonsense! Sir, I know an old woman in Covent Garden who understands botany better, and as for anatomy, my butcher can dissect a joint fully as well. No, young man, all this is stuff; you must go to the bedside; it is there alone you can learn disease."

"*Schedula Monitoria de Novae Febris Ingressu*" (a sketch by way of warning of the approach of a new fever) was Sydenham's last work. It was published in September, 1686. The volume contained a chapter on calculus and a perfect description of St. Vitus' dance, or chorea—the dancing mania of the Middle Ages, "Sydenham's chorea" it is called to-day in our modern text-books on medicine. In the closing lines of the book he states that he has now delivered nearly all that he knows respecting the cure of diseases.

In Sydenham's day, there was a certain Gideon Harvey, physician in ordinary to Charles II, a man of sound education, whose special delight it was to write

scurrilous attacks on other physicians. Sydenham also fell a victim to his ridicule. He refers to him as "a trooper turned physician," and again as "a Western Bumkin that pretends to Limbo children in the smallpox by a new method." Very few escaped Harvey's caustic remarks—the anatomist and physiologist were both subjects of his burning but witty criticism. Listen to him in the following lines—rather an amusing picture of the doctor at divine service! "The church door shall no sooner be opened but 'ecce!' Mr. Doctor, sitting in the most visible seat, Grave, Deaf, Dumb and immoveable as if an Apoplexy of Devotion had seized him, out of which his Apothecary is to raise him by knocking at half sermon at his pew door to fetch him away post haste to a dying patient; by which means he draws the eyes of the whole congregation after him; but instead of going to the pretended House of Visitation they both drop into a cabaret, there to pass the fatigue of a forenoon Sunday. This knack of confederacy is to be repeated several days, until it hath made an impression on the people, that he is a man of importance and of great Physick business."

Very few pen-pictures of Sydenham's personality are at hand. The following, by one of his biographers, may however give the reader an idea of his warmth of character: "Thomas Sydenham, as we judge from his portraits, was of a large and robust frame, his complexion reddish, his eyes gray, his hair first brown, afterwards gray, worn long, in its natural state, without a wig. For his actual features we refer to the portrait. We suppose him to have been in his manner manly and simple, but, perhaps, somewhat rustic rather than polished and conciliatory—more the manner of a Dorsetshire squire and captain of horse than that of a courtly physician. He was essentially a man of action when most physicians were men of books. We can

imagine him taking command of the sick room and having his orders obeyed, with a rough word or two if things went wrong. He undoubtedly gained the most complete confidence of his patients; of this there is abundant evidence. But it would have been by his plain honesty and benevolence and the ascendancy of a strong nature rather than by pleasing and flattering. In his treatment he was eminently straightforward."

Sydenham all his life remained a reader of books—Latin principally. He called Cicero "the author I most admire as the great teacher both in thought and language, the first genius of his own and, perhaps, of all ages." Then there were Homer, Lucian, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Seneca and others—all friends of his in his silent hours.

It cannot be denied that Hippocrates, Bacon and Cicero had a formative influence upon Sydenham's writings. He adopted the medical system of Hippocrates, and through all his writings one comes across quotations from the old master—"the divine old man." But Sydenham went further. He made new inroads into the undiscovered fields of thought and observation. Others lay on the hilltop, dreaming, filled with a sweet contentment; but he went down into the valleys to hear the strong, beautiful messages springing up everywhere like flowers in the springtime, and we know he learned many a secret from the willing lips of Nature. In short, he was "the first who explicitly laid down the principle that diseases should be studied by the natural history method, like natural objects, without trying to explain them." Sydenham's idea was: "Investigate first, explain afterwards if you like; but remember that nature is always something very much greater than all your explanations."

Francis Bacon, "that great genius of rational nature," also lived next door to Sydenham's heart. Real man of science that he was, Sydenham always men-

tioned his name with great love and admiration. And, then, of course, there was Cicero, whom he loved deeply and read always.

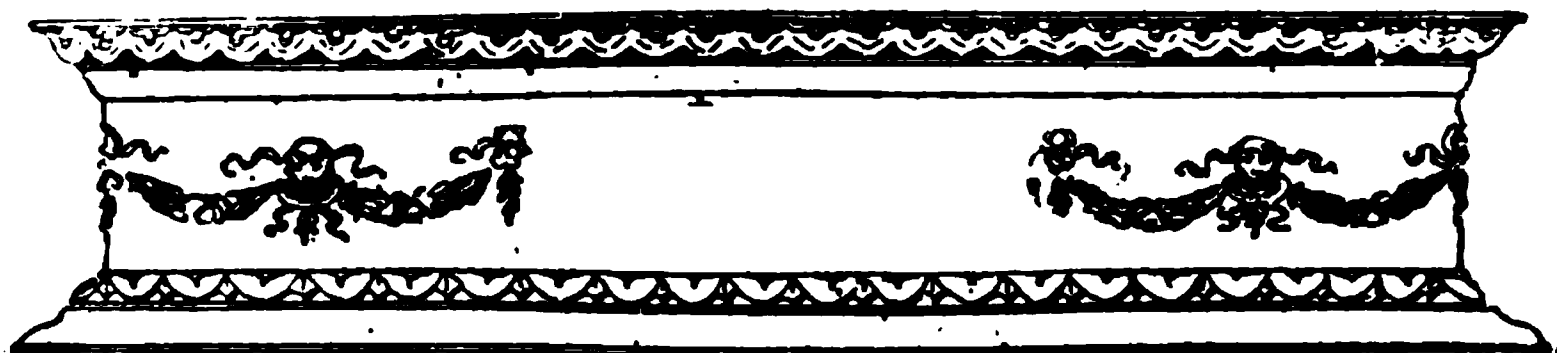
In this sketch it will also be interesting to touch, in passing, upon two of Sydenham's great friends—the real men of action who came in contact with him, whose heart-throbbings spoke to him more strongly than words could ever do. His most interesting friends without a doubt were Hon. Robert Boyle, great man of science, and John Locke, physician and philosopher and Fellow of the Royal Society. Boyle and Sydenham were about the same age; both were Baconian to their heart's core and both were wedded to original research. Locke was somewhat younger in years than Sydenham, but such a friendship as that which existed between these two great physicians must have certainly been a congenial one. They often extended to each other a helping hand in the preparation of manuscripts for publication.

Sydenham's last days were uneventful. He must have been the father of a family, for in his will we see mention of his two sons, Henry and James. We must conclude, also, that his home life was everything that could be desired, for he always speaks of his family in words of strong endearment. His wife, it is thought, preceded him, as there is no mention of her in his will. Provision is made, however, for her mother, Mrs. Gee. We have reason, also, to believe that Sydenham's professional practice was a large one, and that he numbered many distinguished persons amongst his patients. Several attacks of gout

and calculus helped to make his last days miserable. For years he dieted carefully, drove a great deal in the open air, and retired early. It is said of him also that often on an evening he could be seen at his open window in Pall Mall with a pipe in his hand, enjoying the solace of his usual smoke. Like Milton, his contemporary, he evident'y loved the weed.

The last writing Sydenham did was on September 29, 1686. "Although my advanced age and constitution," he wrote, then, "broken by continual maladies, might have seemed rightly to demand release from the labor of thought and intense meditation, yet I cannot refrain from endeavoring to relieve the suffering of others even at the expense of my own health." These were the opening lines in his "Schedula Monitoria"—his last work given to an anxious, critical world. Then the ink in his ink-pot dried up, the pen rusted and the great physician laid it down forever. Death came to him quietly three years later, in his sixty-fifth year, December 29, 1689, at his house in Pall Mall. Nearly a century and a quarter later, the College of Physicians, to perpetuate the memory of the gentle physician, placed above his grave a tablet bearing the following inscription:

"Prope Hunc Locum Sepultum Est
Thomas Sydenham
Medicus In Omne Aevus Nobilis
Natus Erat A. D. 1624,
Vixit Annos 65.
Deletis Veteris Sepulchri Vestigiis
Ne Rei Memoria Interiret
Hoc Marmor Poni Jussit Collegium
Regale Medicorum Londinense
A. D. 1810 Optime Merito."



Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross

An American Foundation

By LYDIA STIRLING FLINTHAM

TO the true American, no thought is quite so dear as that of those pioneer organizations whose roots, planted in newly cleared land and watered by the dews of adversity, have rivalled the oak tree in the sturdiness and greenness of their growth.

As Catholics, we rejoice in the possession of every religious Society that the Church of Europe has grafted on the soil of our home, but patriotism yields the palm to those others whose humble cradles were rocked in Columbia's fair land.

Such a one is the congregation founded under the title of Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, commonly known as Loretines, but whose present approved name is that of Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross—a body of religious women not only claiming America as its birthplace, but glorying in the fact of being the first community founded beneath the stars and stripes to be approved by the Holy See.

The beginning of all religious houses is the patient record of sacrifice and privation, and yet hardship as experienced in the early dawn of the twentieth century is not to be compared with that which fell to the lot of our brethren one hundred years ago. Harking back to the first decade of the one just departed, we discover a struggling Church, ill able

to meet the demands of starving souls by reason of the scarcity of its priests. In the South, especially, the intrepid missionary who entered upon the work of an almost measureless parish found about him a waste.

In 1804 there were but two dioceses in the United States, New Orleans and Baltimore. The latter was presided over by the great Bishop, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop, and it was from his dioceses that the slender sheepfolds of Kentucky and Tennessee were furnished with their shepherds. In the year mentioned, there came to America the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, an exile from Belgium, a victim, like so many others, of the French Revolution, a man whose indefatigable zeal for the Faith, whilst arousing enmity in the home country, was destined to prove a boon to the Church in Kentucky.

Welcomed cordially by Bishop Carroll to his diocese, the young priest was appointed to the Apostleship in Kentucky, where he joined the celebrated Father Badin, himself a pioneer of the Church in that state.

Courage in the face of every danger, an energy that never flagged, and a spirit eager for endurance of incalculable hardship and privation, were some of the characteristics of this remarkably saintly man. Bringing to bear upon his work that vigor of spirit for which his countrymen have ever been distinguished, Father Nerinckx took up the labors of his new field, whose broad expanse promised at least plenty of scope for his endeavors. It was his pet scheme to focus in one section whatever

NOTE—Sources: "Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx," by Rev. Camillus P. Maes, published in 1880. Also notes from the convent diaries of the Sisterhood, secured from the Mother House of Loretto, Nerinx, Kentucky.

men and means he might secure from the land of his birth, thus forming a thoroughly Catholic region—a monument, as it were, to the generosity of Catholic Belgium in the extension of Holy Church. With this idea in mind he journeyed, side by side with Father Badin, to those missions hitherto dependent on the latter alone.

The results of his labors are to be found in the many converts he made, the numerous congregations he formed, and the churches and missions he built and furnished, the last from the generous purses of his friends in Belgium, and, above all, in the great Institute we are considering.

As the Catholic population of Kentucky grew, augmented largely by immigration from her sister states, the necessity of procuring a Christian education for the children of his fold urged itself more strongly upon the mind of Father Nerinckx. For years he had recommended this intention to the prayers of priests and religious communities at home and abroad, and when he least expected it the way was suddenly unfolded for the consummation of his long-fostered desire. One, Mr. James Dent, a pious Catholic gentleman, having returned from a visit to Maryland, was accompanied by his cousin, Miss Mary Rhodes. She remained for a few weeks at this relative's home, where her sister, Miss Nancy Rhodes, was living, and then went to reside with her brother, Bennet Rhodes, on Hardin's Creek, Washington County, near St. Charles' Church. This was in 1812.

Miss Rhodes had received the blessing of a convent education, and she now deemed it a pleasant duty to devote a few hours each day to the instruction of her little nieces. Not content with this, but desiring to enlarge the scope of her praiseworthy labors, she asked permission of Father Nerinckx to impart religious teaching to other children of the neighborhood.

The modest request was promptly granted. The school thereupon was opened in the abandoned house of a former tenant, a shabby, floorless cabin, with leaking roof. This stood on a hill near Hardin's Creek, about half a mile from Mr. Rhodes' home across the creek, and half-way between his residence and St. Charles' Church.

Despite the barrenness of the school-room, the school itself flourished, and pleased with its success, Father Nerinckx on one of his visits offered to Miss Rhodes an assistant in the person of Miss Christina Stuart, a young lady already endeared to Miss Rhodes by her many gentle qualities. The proposition was accepted, and Miss Stuart joined Miss Rhodes as a boarder in her brother's home.

It was not long before that spirit—never understood by worldlings but speaking so irresistibly to hearts elect of God—breathed into the ear of these young women a desire for the religious life. Taking a firm resolution to renounce even the innocent pleasures which the neighborhood offered, the two sought of Father Nerinckx the permission to occupy as their future home the dreary little cabin which adjoined their school. In this petition Father Nerinckx foresaw the accomplishment of his cherished wish, so he encouraged them in their plan.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the horror that this singular step evoked. The entire countryside stood aghast at what the people were pleased to call a "foolish whim" and a "crazy notion." Regardless of these objections, the young women went, and moreover were soon joined by a third, Miss Nancy Havern.

It was on the advent of this young lady that the thought presented itself: might they not become nuns? Swayed between fear of presumption and wild delight, the trio had recourse again to their good friend, Father Nerinckx.

The latter did not deceive them. Whilst rejoicing at the inclination of their thoughts, and praising them for their religious fervor, he also pictured with no glowing brush the hardships and trials that would surely follow the embrace of such a life. Undaunted by these predictions, however, they beset their director with even greater earnestness to allow them to begin the new life at once. The missionary consented, and putting on paper a code of simple rules, advised them to try it for a few days.

The Church in Kentucky had in 1810 rejoiced at the consecration of its first Bishop in the person of the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, D. D., who, as Bishop of Bardstown, named also in the scope of his jurisdiction the states of Ohio, Tennessee and Michigan, and who resided at the humble "palace" attached to St. Stephen's Church, from which point the two missionaries of the state journeyed to their various charges. It was while paying his regular visit to St. Charles' congregation that the good priest had been interviewed by the would-be nuns upon their anticipated step. His first act on returning to St. Stephen's was to lay the matter before his Bishop. The latter warmly approved of the idea, and promised to support Father Nerinckx in any step he might in future deem it wise to make.

The joy of the aspirants knew no bounds when Father Nerinckx returned to St. Charles' bearing the good news of the Bishop's approbation. Completely overjoyed, they now begged him to appoint a superior to regulate more efficiently the affairs of their small household. To this Father Nerinckx consented, but with his usual discretion insisted that they make their own choice, assuring them that when their number should have reached five or six they might have a regular election.

Miss Mary Rhodes, as founder of the school, was deemed the proper superior for the little band, so their choice de-

volved upon her. They had not long to wait for another addition to their family. Miss Nellie Morgan, herself a teacher having charge of a small school in the neighborhood of Holy Mary's Church, was the next to join their ranks. Her brightness of disposition, together with her native ability of imparting knowledge to children, made her a desirable acquisition. She was accompanied by the foundress' sister, Miss Nancy Rhodes, so that now, being five in number, their heart's desire might look for consummation.

Without delay they applied to Father Nerinckx to grant them a superior to whom they could look as to a mother. He commanded them to take counsel with themselves and to decide upon a leader. Strangely enough, the choice of a superior for this new religious community fell upon the latest candidate, who was also the youngest in years. But their explanation for the selection, when their director expressed his surprise, was this: "Though she is the youngest, yet she is also the most virtuous."

This young woman proved, too, a business-like manager. Her first act was to purchase the small tract of land on which the cabins stood, giving as payment the sum of seventy-five dollars and a negro that she owned, who was sold for four hundred and fifty dollars. With their own hands they set about improving the humble houses, forming an attic to be utilized as a dormitory, repairing the leaking roof, and dividing the rooms—thus making a kitchen which was also used as a refectory. Some boards nailed to a stump served for their own table, a long slab on two legs being arranged for the pupils. A yard was then made to enclose the buildings, and two pen-like structures were built for hen and meat-houses. Scarcely had this rustic habitation been completed when the young ladies were besought by families in Holy Mary's parish to be allowed the privilege of sending their children to them as

boarders, that they might enjoy the benefits of Catholic education, already the portion of St. Charles' little ones.

Most anxious were the teachers to gratify these requests; but where could their charges sleep? The slab table did well enough for meals, but accommodation for the night was another matter. It was eventually arranged, however, that the pupils' beds were spread on the floor at night, and during the day were placed one above the other in a convenient part of the room.

The young women were very happy despite their extreme poverty, and the addition of a sixth to their number, in the person of Miss Sally Havern of Madison County, a sister of Nancy Havern, was regarded as most auspicious.

In all the little trials and perplexities of their new life, Father Nerinckx proved their tender and unfailing comforter and guide. Sometimes giving them regular instructions, oftener discussing with them the many questions they poured into his friendly ears, his visits were events to which they looked forward with genuine pleasure. In the face of their extreme ignorance of the religious life, the priest one day suggested to them the advisability of inviting nuns from Europe to dwell among them and to thus more perfectly train them in conventual discipline. To this proposition every one frankly objected, declaring their desire to entrust themselves entirely to his direction.

With his usual humility the priest had recourse to his superior, Bishop Flaget, who now insisted that he frame the foundation without any foreign element, according to his own ideas of what the Institute should be. Father Nerinckx, thus empowered, assembled his little community, and, imparting to them the Bishop's views, told them they might now be considered as postulants preparing of their own free will to become nuns of their own new Order. He exhorted them "to place their trust in

Providence who never forsakes those who piously trust in Him," and he gave them a characteristic name: "The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross." The grand object of the Society was to be the glory of God, the sanctification of their own souls, and the salvation of their neighbors by educating females. They should call each other "Sister," and by name. A religious dress was to be adopted when their poverty became sufficiently mitigated to permit it. They should in their labors, hours of silence, and their devotions, contemplate the sufferings of Jesus and the sorrows of Mary. Silence should be observed all day except during the recreation following the three meals, and prayer should be in common and at stated times. Their director urged them to great vigilance in the tuition and government of their pupils, a great zeal in teaching them their prayers and catechism, and a motherly care in forming their manners and morals:

The children soon learned to love the well-regulated life of this "beggarly little paradise," and the Sisters made rapid strides in the path of perfection.

As previously stated, Father Nerinckx had all this time resided at St. Stephen's. In order to be near his spiritual children, however, and to afford them the more frequent consolation of the Sacraments, he sought and obtained permission of Bishop Flaget to remove to St. Charles', taking up his residence in the vestry-room at the rear of the church. Here, half a mile from the school and from the nearest neighbor, he led a solitary life, disturbed only by a poor old woman who took delight in serving his meals whenever he was not absent from home on his extended missionary journeys.

On April 25, 1812, a large company assembled at St. Charles' Church to witness a ceremony unique in those parts, namely that of giving the veil to the first three postulants, Mary Rhodes,

Christina Stuart and Nancy Havern. It was an awe-inspiring event to the public at large, who for the first time in their lives beheld the consecration of maidens to the more perfect service of God. The laying of a veil upon the candidates' heads, and their own solemn promise to renounce the world and its maxims and to persevere in their choice of life, constituted the simple ceremony. On June 29, of the same year, a similar ceremony was enacted when Sisters Ann Rhodes and Sarah Havern received the religious veil. Miss Morgan's investing took place later, on August 12, 1812.

On the day of the second reception, June 29, Father Nerinckx, representing his Bishop, presided at the first formal election of a Superior for the Society, on which occasion Sister Ann Rhodes was unanimously chosen, receiving a title which the Superiors of the Loretines have ever since held—that of "Dear Mother."

As the necessity for more suitable dwellings had now become urgent, Father Nerinckx without delay appealed to the people of St. Charles' parish to assist in the erection of a proper convent. On that memorable June 29, 1812, the first log for the new structure was cut and Father Nerinckx himself, a man of giant build and strength, personally aided in the erection of Loretto, which he piously named for the modest home of the Mother of God.

The religious career of Mother Ann Rhodes was destined to be very brief. Already a victim of consumption, she succumbed to the dread disease, and after a few months of patient suffering, during which time she set an example of marked holiness to her spiritual children, she died December 11, 1812—the first offering of Loretto to the Heavenly Bridegroom. Sister Mary Rhodes, the foundress, succeeded her sister as Dear Mother, and for ten years most acceptably filled the position, proving a wise

guide in the practice of fervor and mortification of spirit.

The little community advanced rapidly in sanctity. Poverty was not wanting. Indeed, life was a sharp struggle, the sum paid by the boarders being the merest pittance. The poorest of dress and food was their portion, and a bit of straw spread on the bare floor, with neither sheet nor pillow, served for their couch at night. On the 15th of August, 1813, "Dear Mother" Mary, Sisters Christina, Clara, Ann and Sarah, pronounced the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, thus consummating the sacrifice they had so bravely and generously begun.

Loretto prospered. As new members entered the Society, so the school, too, grew in popularity and numbers, and now Father Nerinckx, being anxious to visit Europe on business connected with his missions, determined to seek the approval of the then reigning Pontiff, Pius VII, for this dearly loved Society of his founding. Father Nerinckx was reluctantly permitted to take his temporary departure from the missions of Kentucky, Bishop Flaget himself promising to watch over the interests of the Loretines, and in 1815 the good priest began the tedious journey to Belgium and Rome. Here he was tenderly received by the Holy Father, and on being presented with the Constitution and Rules of the Loretto Society, perused them with interest and attention. He expressed his delight at the establishment of such a community in the Western world, but thought some of its rules too rigorous for women. At the Pope's command, therefore, these were left with him for further consideration and amendment. In due time the Constitution came before the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, at which Cardinal Spina presided in place of Cardinal Litta, the Prefect, who was ill. The Sacred Congregation expressed itself well pleased, and, besides

promising its special protection, conceded to the Society all the spiritual favors and privileges of the Institution of the Seven Dolors, established in Rome. Father Nerinckx and his Sisters had, therefore, the happiness of receiving the Sovereign Pontiff's approbation of their Institute (April 1, 1816).

The modest convent of Loretto became the parent stem of numerous branches, the first of which was planted at Holy Mary's by Bishop Flaget, who gave the new house the name of Calvary. Sister Christina was its first Superior, and here, too, she died. In 1817, the founder, having returned from Europe, accepted the offer of the house and farm of Mr. and Mrs. Dent, whose property had some time previous been tendered him for a convent establishment. This couple was noted for their piety, and their house had long been a stopping place for the missionary previous to the erection of a church. The Dents having removed to a farm adjoining their residence, the Sisters took possession, Sister Teresa acting as Superior. This place was situated on Pottinger's Creek, Nelson County. Father Nerinckx named it Gethsemane, and it was occupied by the Sisters until 1848 when it was sold to a colony of Trappist monks who for the second time had come from France to establish their Order in Kentucky. This latter community occupy the convent to the present time.

The Loretto Society was duly incorporated in 1829 as a Literary and Benevolent Institution and received its charter from the State Legislature.

At the request of Rev. J. Van Asche, S. J., the Sisters of Loretto in 1847, opened an academy at Florissant, Missouri. The same year, another member of the Society of Jesus, Rev. Fr. Schoenmachers, begged for Sisters to aid the missionaries in their labors with the Indians in southwestern Kansas. He had previously appealed to several convents in St. Louis to send him teachers for

his Indian girls, but the hardship of the undertaking had daunted them. The brave Lorettoines, however, came to his rescue, and gladly quitted their home state to make the hazardous journey across the plains to the Osage settlement on the banks of the Neosho, Kansas.

Here, in due time, a manual labor school for Indian girls was opened and did incalculable good to souls until the Osages—driven farther West by a government pitiless of the Red Man—gave place to the white settler. It was then that the Sisters of Loretto transferred their efforts to the pale-faced children of the Kansas wilds, and a splendid institution known as St. Ann's Academy was established. Unfortunately, this place was destroyed by fire in 1893.

The petitions of Rt. Rev. J. B. Lamy, first Bishop and Archbishop of Santa Fe, took the Sisters into the broad vineyard of New Mexico. In June, 1852, the painful journey in which three months were consumed was begun. Countless trials beset their lonely travels, the saddest of which was the death of the Superior of the band, who succumbed to cholera on the way. With mournful hearts, therefore, the little group of bereaved women reached their destination on September 26, 1852, and with little delay entered upon their duties as teachers of Mexicans and Indians in the small Academy of Our Lady of Light. This school has greatly prospered and counts many offshoots in New Mexico. It is further interesting to note that, at the request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Macheboeuf, the first Catholic school in Denver, Colorado, was opened by the Lorettoines, who gave to the establishment the name of St. Mary's Academy.

For the second time the approbation of the Loretto Society was asked of Rome, the petition being on this occasion presented through the hands of Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, Ky. A reply commending

the Constitution was received September 13, 1851, signed by His Eminence Cardinal Frasoni. This document is still preserved in the Mother House of Loretto. Just here it seems appropriate to note that to this has been added during the year just passed (1904) the approbation of His Holiness Pius X, emphasizing the remarkable coincidence that the Rules of the Congregation were first presented to Pius VII, then to Pius IX, and were finally laid at the feet of the present Pontiff, Pius X.

His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, in 1896 was commissioned by Rt. Rev. Thos. Sebastian Byrne, of Nashville, Tenn., to make some additions to the Constitutions, thus adapting them more fully to the demands of the times. After a test of five years they were to be brought forward to receive the seal of Rome. In 1903 the Mother General, Mother Praxides Carty, together with the Mistress of Novices, set sail for the Eternal City where for seven months they remained, studying the various religious Orders of the Church and patiently abiding the decision of the Propaganda. The final meeting of the Commission took place April 29, 1904, the Prefect, Cardinal Gotti, carrying the result of the deliberations to the Pope, May 10. Pius X examined the arguments of the consultors, approved of their decisions, and ordered a Decree confirming the Society forever, and the amended Constitutions for three years, in order to test the adaptability of those changes to our progressive Republic. This auspicious decision was delivered May 18 to the waiting Sisters, upon which they sailed for home to bear the happy tidings to the beloved community watching with anxious hearts for this verdict.

Thus was new life infused into the veins of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross. From the poorest of beginnings, tried in the crucible of humiliation, trial, and poverty, this dis-

tinctively American organization has prospered and spread with true American progressiveness. The Society now numbers six hundred and fifteen members, including fifty Sisters in temporary vows and forty-one Novices. As educators they have achieved remarkable success, as evidenced by the number of parish and public schools and academies presided over by them—twenty-three academies for young ladies, and forty-two parochial and public schools in thirteen dioceses making a truly creditable record. Mexican and Indian and negro children, as well as their more fortunate white brethren, receive instruction at their hands. The greatest care is exercised in order to fit teachers for their chosen work, a course of instruction in the Normal School of the Loretto Society being required of all such as are destined to become teachers.

The Mother House of the community was at the death of the holy founder, Father Nerinckx, in 1824, transferred to St. Stephen's farm—now known as Loretto. It is located about five miles distant from the lowly birthplace of the Society. The spirit of the founder yet lives in the noble congregation he loved so well—the spirit of mortification and of great love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary suffering. The austerity he advocated for them he never failed to practice himself, only in a far greater degree; but despite the rigor of the rules he commended to their adoption, the Sisters of Loretto are, as a usual thing, blessed with a long and healthy life. The death of Father Nerinckx deprived them of a beloved friend and father, one who had led them unfailingly through dark and stormy days. His revered remains repose in the convent cemetery of Loretto, where a handsome monument is reared to the memory of the zealous missionary whose deeds will live in the Society he established long after the marble shaft has crumbled into dust.

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

II.

THE Reverend Clement Blackwood belonged to the school of Anglican clergy bent on Romanizing the Church of England. He had never married, and report said he had deliberately chosen the life of a celibate. In his own Church he was an absolute authority, introducing ceremonies and services strongly anti-Anglican. In his home he was entirely under his mother's influence, dominated by her strong spirit and will. As a preacher he was eloquent and mystic, more at home in the pulpit than anywhere else, and many came to hear his sermons who cared nothing for his doctrine.

By many he was believed to be secretly a Roman Catholic at heart, but to lack the courage to take the step. The two brothers seldom had much to say to each other, chiefly because they were the Alpha and Omega of the family, and their education and pursuits had therefore never been carried on at the same stages. Now, in middle life, the gap could not be bridged over.

Sir Arthur seized the opportunity, which the break in their conversation offered, to lay before his mother his proposed trip to Egypt. Lady Blackwood betrayed no surprise. Ordinarily an impulsive woman, she heard her son through without comment; then as he paused, anxious for her approbation, she allowed a humorous expression to come into her eyes, as she said:

"Well, Arthur, what am I to say? Your mind is evidently made up, and the children, you say, are wild to be off; but to me it seems a pity when you are comfortably settled, and when your es-

tate needs so much attention, to start off for the Antipodes. You might better stay home and train Julian for a seat in parliament."

"Julian has no taste for politics," answered Sir Arthur, "and Leonard is wrapped up in his regiment. I am sorry I have not a son to enter the arena of public life, so long as you wish it; but I cannot force my sons against their inclination."

"And what about me?" pursued Lady Blackwood. "You will be gone many months, my son, and meanwhile I shall sadly miss your help and advice."

Sir Arthur smiled. He was far too dutiful a son to remind his mother that he thought she seldom took his advice, so he contented himself by replying: "I think, my dear mother, that Clement can do all that I would do for you. Natalie and Julian have been asking for this trip for some time, and the present opportunity for leaving home seems a good one. So I think you may rest assured we will start some time within a month."

Lady Blackwood patted her tall son on the arm in a most amiable manner.

"Very well," she said, "you have no sense, Arthur, and don't know when you are well off; but go by all means, though I predict you will soon be glad to come home."

"I will take the risk," laughed the baronet. "Good-morning, mother. I must drive over to Alkboro and see Drane on some business matters. Leonard will be here some time before noon to say good-bye."

"I have to go up to London next month," said his brother, "and will run over and see Leonard at his barracks."

"Where you probably will not find him," put in Lady Blackwood. "When

not on drill it is my opinion the boy is hanging after Sylvia Comstock."

"How in the world has my mother heard of Sylvia Comstock," mused Sir Arthur, as he started his horse at a smart trot. "I believe as soon as we get back from Egypt she will tell me the names of all the people we have met there!"

III.

The service of Benediction was nearly over in the Church of the Madeleine in Paris. Hundreds of tapers gleamed on the high altar and soft clouds of incense ascended to the roof. A boy's voice, clear and sweet, intoned the anthem:

"Thou didst give us bread from Heaven,
Alleluia!
Containing in itself all sweetness,
Alleluia!"

And then there was silence as the priest, with the monstrance in his hands, turned to give the blessing. Every head was bowed until the priest turned again to the altar and the organ pealed forth triumphantly, as if calling on the heavenly hosts to witness the devotion of its militant children.

Nearly in the centre of the church knelt Philip Everdeen. All through the Benediction he had been thinking with passionate longing of his desire to stand where the officiating priest was standing, and to minister at just such an altar. Heaven seemed near and earth very far away as he raised his eyes, which had been bent in prayer. What was it that sent a strange thrill through him as his glance unavoidably swept the congregation before it reached the altar? Near him knelt a young girl whose soft, dark eyes were fixed on him with a curious and searching gaze. Philip noticed that her eyes seemed to be full of unshed tears, but whether because she was unhappy or stirred by deep emotion he could not guess.

The organ ceased playing and the vast congregation began to move out of the

church. Many remained after the music ceased; but Philip had been present, engaged in private devotion, for some time before the service began, and now, observing that the young girl who had attracted his attention seemed to be leaving, he arose also and made his way down the nave. At the church door he saw that she was not alone; a young man, and another and very beautiful girl were with her. Something more than idle interest led Philip to follow them, as he judged he would not be noticed among the crowd that was leaving the church. A short walk brought them to the Place de la Concorde, and from there the little party turned into the Boulevard des Italiens, and presently Philip saw them all three disappear within the doors of the Grand Hotel. He retraced his way to the pension where he and his uncle were staying, and picking up a book began to read. Ordinarily the book in question would have interested him deeply; but this afternoon his thoughts wandered, and ever and anon a fair face came between him and the pages, so he was glad when the opening of the door announced his uncle's return.

"Guess whom I have seen, Philip!" said the General, who seemed in high spirits; and then in answer to his nephew's ever-ready interest, he related how he had been walking on the Champs Elysées when he met Sir Arthur Blackwood, a friend and brother officer, last seen in India.

"He insisted on our coming to dine with him this evening, Philip, so I have promised for both of us. We will just have time to dress and be at the hotel a little before eight."

Philip arose, nothing loath, and in half an hour he and his uncle were ready to start. A drive of a few minutes brought them to the hotel where Sir Arthur was staying, and Philip had just time to notice that it was the same one where the young girl and her companions, who had

attracted him at the Madeleine, had disappeared that afternoon, when he and General Hales were ushered into a brilliantly lighted salon, and he was being introduced to Sir Arthur Blackwood, who shook him cordially by the hand.

"My nephew," said the General, proudly.

"And let me introduce my daughter, Natalie," replied Sir Arthur, and he moved to one side just as Philip saw advancing toward him the young girl whose face had haunted him since he had first seen it a few hours ago. He bent low as Sir Arthur pronounced his name. Something in his manner seemed to pass beyond the ordinary politeness of a well-bred man and to partake almost of reverence. At least so thought Julian, whose introduction followed that of his sister, and who was too keen an observer not to have noticed the slight embarrassment of Philip's manner.

Presently dinner was announced, and Philip offered his arm to Natalie to lead her into the dining-room. He scarcely understood, as yet, how much this beautiful girl had attracted him. During the drive to the hotel he asked his uncle no particulars, as he was not especially interested in these friends he was going to meet. Now, a hundred questions chased each other through his brain; first and chiefly the wonder as to whether Natalie was a Catholic. She sat at the head of the table with General Hales on one side and Philip on the other, performing her duties as hostess with a sweet gracefulness. On Philip's other side sat Anita, and opposite her, Julian; the party was too small, however, for any private conversation. In the great events of our lives the merest commonplaces often form the first subjects talked of, and so it was now. Turning to Natalie, Philip inquired if she had been long in Paris.

"Only a week," was the answer, "and it is my cousin's and my first visit to the Continent. My brother has been our

cicerone everywhere, and I don't know which we have enjoyed most, the Louvre or the opera, to which my father took us last night."

"I have no doubt which I enjoyed most," put in Anita, "the opera by all means; the singing and acting were perfect."

"That reminds me," said Sir Arthur, "that when I went to hear Patti in London twenty-five years ago, I was so carried away by enthusiasm that I would have kept my mother up all night talking about her had she not finally sent me off to bed by telling me Patti could not compare with Jenny Lind, whom she had heard in her youth."

"The upshot of which is," said General Hales, "that now that you and I, Blackwood, are old fogies in our turn, we, no doubt, are persuaded that no modern singers compare with Patti."

"Precisely," answered Sir Arthur, while they all laughed, and Philip seized the opportunity to remark:

"At any rate, there does seem to be a gradual advancement in all departments of art. Take church music for instance; is it not superior now to what it was a few years ago?"

"This afternoon," replied Natalie, "it was something more of heaven than earth. We went to Benediction at the Madeleine, and I could not have dreamed any music could be so beautiful. The service was only too short."

"I was there too," said Philip, but he did not add that he had seen and noticed his new friends. Some feeling of delicate reserve made him keep the information until he knew them better.

The conversation wandered to the sights of Paris and the present political situation in Europe, when a chance remark of Sir Arthur's made Philip start.

"By the way, Hales," he said, "if you and your nephew are going to Egypt, let us join forces. The journey will be all the pleasanter if we go together."

"To Egypt!" exclaimed Philip, before

his uncle could answer. "I had no idea our journey lay in the same direction, Miss Blackwood."

"It is an old promise of my father," she answered, "only now fulfilled. We really are going to look on the Great Pyramid."

Philip added some polite remarks to express his pleasure at the prospect of journeying with his new friends, and dinner being over they adjourned to the Blackwoods' private salon, where Sir Arthur brought out both maps and guide-books, and the rest of the evening was spent in an animated discussion as to their route and plan of travel.

Driving home about ten o'clock, Philip asked his uncle the question uppermost in his mind—as to whether his new-found acquaintances were Catholics.

"I dare say if you asked them they would say they were," answered the General. "If I am not mistaken they belong to the most advanced school of Anglican thought."

"The hardest kind to convert," said Philip.

"Yes and no," answered his uncle. "Sometimes, because of their very knowledge and belief in some Catholic truth, they are the easiest to convince; then, again, I would sooner undertake to convert a Hottentot. I fancy that Blackwood does not care much about it one way or the other; with the younger generation, under the right influence, it might be different."

Sitting at his window that night after the lights were out, Philip looked out on the beautiful avenue with its brilliant lights, but his thoughts were far away. He scarcely knew what had touched him, and attributed his interest in Natalie Blackwood to the wish that she was, or might eventually be, a Catholic.

IV.

Several weeks were spent by the new friends very happily in Paris, and it was not long before an intimacy had sprung

up between Philip and Natalie. About the first of November they all set out for Cairo, going overland by rail to Naples and thence by steamer to Alexandria. Their party had been reinforced by the addition of Ambrose Ewing and his aunt, Mrs. Stoker. The latter, an Englishwoman, had done what was rare with her countrywomen, and married an American. She had spent many years in the States, where her husband, a railroad magnate, had accumulated a vast fortune. Now, at sixty, Mrs. Stoker was a childless widow and had returned to England to live for the rest of her life, but a habit of going about a great deal with her husband, joined to native British energy, impelled her, while making England nominally her headquarters, to constant travel. In character she was a woman of great shrewdness and originality, with an eccentricity that unlimited means only tended to augment. Possessed of a generous and kindly heart, she had rather a cold exterior and an inclination to make critical comments. From the first she took a strong fancy to Philip, and an equally strong aversion to Anita Sargent, who, on her part, treated Mrs. Stoker at all times with supreme indifference.

On arriving at Naples they proceeded at once to the steamer that was to take them to Alexandria, and were soon steaming out of the beautiful Bay of Naples, looking back on one of the most enchanting prospects in the world. So thought Philip, to whom the sight was already familiar. Turning from the contemplation of Vesuvius, Natalie began to study some of her fellow passengers, noticing with especial interest a clergyman, apparently of the Church of England, whose appearance of delicacy seemed to indicate that he was going to Egypt for his health. She called Julian's attention to him, and remarked what a fine face the man had.

"It is an ideal face," answered her brother, "strong and really beautiful."

"He looks young, too," said Natalie; "not more than thirty I should judge. I wish we knew him and something about him."

Her wish was gratified, as a few hours later her father announced he had made the strange clergyman's acquaintance; that he was an Englishman named Morgan, a member of a well-known Anglican Order, and that he was being sent to Egypt for his health, which had broken down from overwork, ending with an attack of pneumonia; and further that the stranger had shown particular interest in Anita, asking if she was not a Miss Sargent, and explaining that he knew her twin sister, Madeleine, very well.

"I recall his name now," said Anita. "Madeleine met him when she was on a visit to Scotland where she spent several months with my uncle. I remember she spoke of him once or twice, and it was shortly after her return home that she went to the convent and entered the novitiate."

"Did Mr. Morgan have anything to do with her taking such a step?" asked Julian.

"I never heard her say so," replied his cousin, "but I always thought something transpired during that visit; she was never the same afterwards. But in spite of being twins we were never very intimate, so I knew nothing of her affairs."

"At any rate we have made his acquaintance," said Natalie, "and we will, I hope, know him better after we land. He has a charming face, and his manner is so quiet and refined."

"'Handsome is as handsome does,' Miss Blackwood," put in Mrs. Stoker; "wait until you know him before you set out to admire him," a remark that caused Anita to raise her eyebrows, and further conversation being interrupted by the dinner bell, they all went below. Nothing of note occurred before they landed at Alexandria.

Proceeding at once by rail to Cairo,

they drove to the best hotel in the city, where in a few hours they were comfortably settled. Who that has seen Egypt in winter has not been charmed by her blue skies and clear, sunshiny atmosphere. When to this is added the life and stir and bustle of Cairo, her beautiful buildings and fine drives, the scene is one to delight the most blasé traveller. After recovering from the fatigue of their journey the Blackwoods, with Philip and his uncle, entered fully into the new conditions of life around them. They visited the bazars and drove through the surrounding country; they climbed the Pyramids and sailed up the Nile; they explored the wonderful Egyptian tombs and learned their history, all except Julian professing surprise when they found out the universal belief among the old Egyptians in a future life. In the shadow of the Great Pyramid they one day met the clergyman, Mr. Morgan, who had attracted their attention on the steamer, just as Anita, who had lingered behind the rest in the ascent, turned, and in turning slipped and fell, rolling over backward.

The clergyman sprang to her assistance and caught her, but not before her left ankle was so severely sprained that she was laid up for three weeks. This led to an acquaintance and intimacy, and almost unconsciously Mr. Morgan came to spend two or three hours each day with the young girl as she reclined in a rolling chair on the piazza, reading to her or talking about his acquaintance with her sister Madeleine. On this subject he seemed to have a curious reserve, and on Anita asking him one day if he had seen her sister since she entered the Anglican sisterhood, he answered briefly, "Yes, but not to speak to her."

"He has a history," said Natalie to her brother Julian, "and in some way I think Madeleine is, or was, at the bottom of it."

The time came when the English surgeon at Cairo pronounced Anita's ankle

well enough to bear her weight again, and a few days later they set out for a trip up the Nile to the Third Cataract, Sir Arthur inviting Mr. Morgan to accompany them—an invitation that was accepted.

Then followed several enchanting days when they sat under an awning on deck, interspersed with starry nights when the blue dome of the sky shone through the clear atmosphere with all its Southern brilliance. Sir Arthur and General Hales smoked and talked of their Indian campaign, and of England and Egypt, past and present. Natalie and Philip drifted together, growing daily in intimacy and knowledge of each other's tastes. Mrs. Stoker, sitting near, knitted and listened as a little group composed of Anita, Julian, Ambrose Ewing and Paul Morgan, talked and exchanged pleasantries. Occasionally she threw in a pithy or sarcastic remark, meanwhile watching Anita keenly, half suspecting her of being in love with the clergyman; but Anita's gray eyes were cold and impenetrable, and her manner was the perfection of well-bred repose. It was on their return trip to Cairo that an incident occurred that told Anita more than the others knew. At one of their stopping places she had remained on the boat, suffering from a headache. She saw the others depart, and walking around the deck she spied what seemed like a card lying on the ground; picking it up, she found to her amazement that she was gazing on a photograph of her twin sister. On the lower edge of the card were the initials "M. S. to P. M., The Trossachs, August, 1892." Anita comprehended it all at a glance. Mr. Morgan had dropped the photograph and no doubt would look for it on his return, so she determined to leave it where she had picked it up. Passing to the other side of the boat she sat down in one of the reclining chairs, and was scarcely settled when she heard quick footsteps coming on deck. She sur-

mised rightly that it was the clergyman, and listened as he passed hurriedly forward; then a slight exclamation, and she knew he had found what he sought. Presently he appeared before her, a little ruffled and heated, with just enough color to lend additional attraction to his usually pale, handsome face.

"I must have startled you, Miss Sargent," he said, "but I dropped something of value, and hurried back to find it; fortunately I was successful," and then, noticing how languid she looked, he inquired kindly if her headache was not better.

"It is quite severe still," answered the young girl, "but will be better after sundown. An Egyptian headache is not soon gotten rid of."

To all appearances she had not moved from her chair since her uncle and cousins had left her, and Paul Morgan departed with no suspicion that his secret had been fathomed. Left to herself, Anita Sargent's thoughts went back to the subject that had, in fact, brought on her headache.

On her introduction to London society two years ago, she had met and fallen in love with a young officer of good birth but no fortune. Gerald Wynville loved the beautiful girl devotedly, and while they were not openly engaged, there existed an understanding between them. Just before leaving Cairo Anita had received a letter from him, telling her that he had been promoted, and now felt in a position to marry if she were willing to begin in a small way. The letter was manly and straightforward, showing the real fibre of the man who wrote; but to Anita Sargent it had come as a shock. Perhaps she loved Gerald Wynville as well as she could love; but she had been contented to drift along, accepting a homage and adoration that called for no sacrifice in return. Her lover had waited until he could offer her something assured, and Anita knew now that she

must decide. Could she give up the life of luxury in which she had been reared and accept the doubtful comforts and economies, as well as the absence from London and her social circle, which, as an army officer's wife, was sure to be her portion?

The young girl rested her aching head on one hand, and looked out over the brown waters of the Nile. In the West the sun was sinking toward the horizon. Everything spoke of an hour of peace and repose after the heat of the day; but to Anita it was an hour of bitter temptation. Her good angel whispered to her to be true to herself and marry the man who she knew was well worthy of her love; but worldliness and pride were rising up within her like a mighty force, and just as the sun sank below the long, level horizon, her resolve to dismiss her lover was taken. When the others returned to the boat, an hour later, they found her a little pale and inclined to be quiet, but otherwise with no sign of the mental conflict she had passed through.

V.

"I always thought," said Natalie, "that Egypt was a land of one or two palm trees and unlimited sand, but I find myself agreeably disappointed. All the way from Cairo to the Great Pyramid, a drive of seven miles, we have had cool breezes, abundant shade from lovely acacia trees, and now look at this view!"

They were standing at the top of Cheops, the Great Pyramid. On the plain below, some near, some far, were a dozen other pyramids, large and small. Here and there were ruins of tombs and temples; to the east was an enormous tract of harvest land, the rich Nile valley, shining yellow and green in the sun. It was cut across by irrigating ditches and traversed by the road to Cairo. To the west and south lay a long stretch of yellow sand, where the eye took in the Libyan and Sahara deserts, while to the

southeast, half a mile away, loomed the Sphinx, as brown and impenetrable as she was ages ago.

"The valley of the Nile," said Julian, in answer to a question from General Hales, "is extremely fertile—it yields three or four crops a year of wheat, Indian corn, grass and whatever the Arab chooses to plant."

"Wonderful," said Sir Arthur, "even I had much the same idea of the country as Natalie."

"Can't we climb up the face of the Pyramid?" queried Ambrose Ewing; "this ascent on the corners seems tame."

They all laughed, and the Arab guides being interviewed, showed their white teeth in a smile as they assured the party it was not safe, the steps being covered with sand and crumbling stone.

"Does no one go out on the faces?" asked Philip.

"Very few," the guide answered; "nearly every one ascends at the northeast corner," and, as a proof of how seldom any one ventured on the faces, he cited the fact that numbers of bluebirds built their nests there.

Julian asked if it were true that the passage into the Pyramid pointed straight to the North Star, to which the guide answered that it was, and he proceeded to inquire if the gentlemen of the party would not like to go inside the Pyramid and explore the different chambers.

Philip and Ambrose eagerly assented; but the others had engagements elsewhere, Julian averring that he had letters he must finish for the next steamer, and Sir Arthur and General Hales were to lunch with some English officers in Cairo. So the others departed, and preceded by three Arabs, Ambrose and Philip entered the door of the Great Pyramid, finding themselves in a long, straight passage, the floor of which was smooth except for hollows worn in the stones every few feet, from the tread of countless generations.

To their surprise the passage was so steep that it was all they could do to keep from sliding to the bottom. The Arabs, with their bare feet, and long practice, found it easy to keep a footing, but the two young men in stiff boots had greater difficulty in getting over the ground. They finally reached a small, rough-hewn chamber, not more than four feet high, where they sat down so as to rest with ease. The smoke-blackened walls, against which leaned the white-turbaned Arabs, made, in the dim light caused by sputtering candles, a weird and fascinating scene, which was not lessened by the flight of a number of bats that whirled around above their heads. Presently the guides advised moving on, and they commenced climbing up one of the black walls until they reached a second passage, larger than the other and paved with smooth, yellowish-white stones like glazed earthenware. Keeping on in their climbing, they came to a deep chasm in the stone, which the Arabs told them was the well, one hundred and ninety-one feet deep. Philip leaned over and, looking into the yawning mouth below, wondered what strange histories they would hear if it could speak.

"Let us press on," said Ambrose Ewing, "this is an awfully gruesome spot."

They continued down a straight passage till it ended in a room eighteen feet square, said by the Arab to be the Queen's Chamber. In the north wall was a narrow recess, several feet deep, out of which the bats were flying. This empty niche was the queen's sarcophagus, and, on inquiry, the guide answered with raised hands that Allah alone knew where the royal remains now were. Opening out of this room was a small chapel, in which tradition said the sarcophagus of King Cheops was originally placed, while above the Queen's Chamber was his special domain, the walls and floor of which were of gray

granite, smooth and polished like marble, and differing from the limestone in most of the other rooms. This formed the limit of their journey and they sat down to admire, Philip remarking that the old king was given the best of everything.

"Were there no chambers higher up in the Pyramid?" he asked.

The Arab who acted as chief spokesman answered that there were, but that no one had made the ascent for many years, and although pressed by the two young men, he declined to attempt it.

"Any one could tell that there are rooms above here by the echoes," said Ambrose, and he shouted several times, the sound reverberating in the distance until it seemed to roll back to them again.

When they reached the first gallery on the way out, Ben Yusef, the guide, told them that down at the bottom of the Pyramid was an immense subterranean chamber, ninety feet below the solid rock that formed the base of the structure. To explore it was impossible as the entrances were so choked up with sand and loose stones that it was certain death to try to penetrate into the interior. Even if successful in forcing an entrance, there was danger of the sand and stones closing up the opening.

Once out in the open air with the blue sky overhead, Philip drew a long breath. "It is a wonderful place," he said, "and when one considers that it was built before the time of Christ, wonder is mingled with awe."

"You are not much like the fellows who come here and say, 'Hello, Cheops,'" answered Ewing; "the serious side of things always appeals to you, Sir Galahad."

"Cheops is a little stupendous for 'hellos,'" said Philip; "exploring the inside makes it even more impressive."

They were bowling along now over the fine road that runs from the Great Pyramid to Cairo, and the conversation

wandered to the friends they had so unexpectedly met, and found such pleasant company. Philip was conscious of a curious reserve in speaking of Natalie, even to this frank companion of his boyhood.

Not so Ewing, who began to comment on Natalie's beauty and sweetness, the pleasure General Hales and Sir Arthur seemed to take in each other's society, the learning, free from pedantry, that Julian evinced; and he wound up by saying:

"But, par excellence, give me Miss Sargent. I believe my aunt detests her, though why it would be hard to say, unless she is afraid I will fall in love with her."

"Keep your heart for some better subject, Ewing," answered his friend. "There is something peculiar about Miss Sargent."

"Careful as ever, Sir Galahad!" said Ewing, laughing, as they drove to the hotel entrance.

That evening they recounted their experiences in the Pyramid, which called forth from Julian stories about the old Egyptian tombs in Memphis, Thebes, and other parts of Egypt; of their close association for thousands of years with the belief of the Egyptians in a future life, and of the building of these tombs so that they always contained rooms and furniture for the "double" of the deceased, whose body was embalmed and wrapped in magnificent swathings before it was laid in its sarcophagus. Julian went on to describe how the family would bring food and money and lay them in the tomb for the "double," while the Egyptian priests would offer sacrifices and incense in the chapels, that always formed a part of the tomb, for the safe journey of the soul to the Underworld, where it had to go before it could reach the Elysian Fields.

"It sounds something like the doctrine of purgatory," commented Philip.

"I had thought the same thing," said

his uncle, and Anita broke in, saying: "I told you all that Julian would be digging up the Egyptian bones; it is more interesting to him than the sight of Cairo by moonlight, which just now I want to see."

"At your service, my dear young lady," said General Hales gallantly, at which they all arose, laughing at the petulance of Anita's tone. In another five minutes their salon was deserted, and the entire party were making acquaintance with the wonders of Cairo by moonlight.

VI.

A gray, foggy day had dawned in London, and early in the afternoon the lights were lit in most of the hotels in the fashionable quarter of the city. Certainly the damp, murky atmosphere offered a great contrast to the blue skies and clear air of Egypt. Rumors of war in Africa had brought the Blackwoods home two months earlier than they had expected, and most of the English visitors in Cairo had left at the same time, among whom were Philip and his uncle, as well as Ambrose Ewing and his aunt. They had all travelled to England together and now were about to separate, having put up at a hotel near Charing Cross the previous night.

Philip's first act on reaching London was to go into retreat for a week as Father Basil had advised. A talk with his uncle on the journey home had shown him that the General was anxious he should serve his country in some way if war were declared, though just how was not yet clear, as the day was past when a civilian could buy a commission in the army. His week in retreat, while it was a period of spiritual consolation and renewed strength, did not make his vocation clear. Was it that the time had not yet come for his course to be revealed to him?

Philip had hesitated on hearing his uncle's plans for him, not from lack of

courage, but because he feared a long war would lead to the frustration of his leaning to the religious life. General Hales, with his keen insight, was among the few Englishmen who believed that the Boers were not going to be easily conquered, if, indeed, they were conquered at all. He looked for the long and bitter struggle that ultimately resulted, and with this idea he had thoroughly imbued his nephew—so no wonder the latter hesitated at the thought of going to Africa. He decided to lay the matter before the priest who was to conduct his retreat.

A few days at the hotel sufficed for all concerned, and early one morning they separated, the Blackwoods returning to Devonshire, and General Hales going to his home near Canterbury, where, a week later, he was joined by Philip, who told him that the director of the retreat had advised waiting the full year as Father Basil had suggested; and meanwhile he saw no objections to the African trip, provided it did not bind him irrevocably. So the matter rested, and a few days after his return Philip received an invitation from old friends of the General—Lord and Lady Haskell, of Derbyshire—to make one of a house party that was to meet in Easter week at their country seat.

It was then nearing the beginning of Lent, and both Philip and his uncle devoted themselves entirely for the next six weeks to the services of the Church interspersed with visits to the Catholic poor of Canterbury and its environs. The sight of the handsome youth and the General, with his distinguished appearance, devoting themselves to district visiting and regular church attendance, provoked comment in many quarters and caused joy to the heart of their parish priest. So it must have been, he thought, in the days when England was called "Our Lady's Dowry."

One afternoon Philip was coming home quite late after paying a visit to a

cottage on the outskirts of the cathedral city. His walk lay through a path in the woods, and just as he was about to emerge on the road beyond he heard a groan. The sound was repeated; retracing his steps a few yards, and looking carefully to the right and left, he soon perceived a small, dark figure lying between some bushes just a little way off the main path. It was the work of an instant for the young man to kneel down by the motionless form and with quick, skilful fingers to feel the boy—for such he was—all over, trying to find some injured spot. Apparently there was none, so presently Philip took a brandy flask from his coat pocket, and raising the prostrate head, poured some of the contents down the half-parted lips that, after the groans he had heard, made no sound.

This had the desired effect; there was a sigh, a pair of black eyes opened and looked at him, and a faint voice asked in French for something to eat. Philip comprehended at once—the boy must be starving, and that fact called for immediate action. Bracing himself a moment, the young man put his arms under the slender figure and lifted the boy up; quickly regaining the path, he started up the road, bearing his burden as best he could. About a hundred yards farther on he heard the sound of approaching wheels, and hailed a passing teamster. He rapidly explained the situation, and the man willingly helped him to lay the boy on some straw in his cart. Philip sat down beside him, and ten minutes' driving brought them to his uncle's house.

Their arrival made a commotion. The housekeeper lent ready assistance and in a short time the boy was lying in a warm bed, the while Philip fed him with spoonfuls of broth. The doctor, who had been summoned, diagnosed it as an undoubted case of exhaustion and starvation.

"Let him rest, and feed him at intervals," he said, "and he will come out all right."

The boy seemed about fourteen years of age, with a distinctive French cast of feature. Something in his face seemed familiar to the General, and he remarked on it to his nephew after they had finished dinner and retired to the library, leaving the boy in the housekeeper's hands for the night.

"I have it," said the General. "He looks like Pierre Dupré, the lame shoemaker in London. He was long a protégé of mine, but he died while I was in India, and when I returned the wife had moved away; but I remember there was a child three years old, a veritable little rascal even at that early age, always in mischief, and the darling of both parents."

"Undoubtedly the same youth, uncle," said Philip. "It is a pity you must wait until morning to make sure; you are as eager as a knight who thinks he has found his lady-love."

The General, who had been pacing back and forth in the library, sat down in front of his desk, glancing half quizzically over his glasses at Philip, who reclined with the laziness that can be permitted after a hard day's work, in a comfortable leather armchair near the reading lamp. He noted with pride the young man's splendid figure and handsome head. Whatever affection General Hales might once have bestowed on some possible lady-love was now all poured forth on the nephew whom he adored.

The following morning found the rescued boy awake, eager to get up, and apparently a different creature after a night's rest and nourishing food. He speedily poured forth his tale. He had walked from London to Canterbury, with no money, begging food on the way, and sleeping any place where he could find a shelter, sometimes in barns, oftener under trees. His mother had died two weeks before; and when dying had told him to go to Canterbury and seek out one, General Hales, and tell

him he was Pierre Dupré, son of the Pierre, a shoemaker, whom the General had befriended, and aided to start in business.

"So I was right," said the General in English, surveying the small Pierre, who had told his tale in French, and who, attired in a flannel wrapper and worsted slippers of the housekeeper, was lying in a reclining chair near the window of the room where he had passed the night, looking absurdly small for his age, which, he had announced, was sixteen years.

"'Mais,' " he said, when this was commented upon: "'Mais, gue vouley vous,' the mother she was 'petite,' also the 'bon pere,' therefore also I," at which Philip laughed and said:

"Never mind, Pierre, you have the spirit to do and to be, which is worth more than inches."

As time passed it was a question whether the boy might not have too much of the spirit to do. His activity, invention and resourcefulness were unfailing. At the General's suggestion Philip decided to train him as a valet. Pierre was handy about everything, and at all times as ready to carry a basket to the cottage of some old woman as he was to attend to his duties as a valet. He speedily became a great favorite with Hawkins and with the housekeeper, while for Philip the boy developed a passionate loyalty and devotion. Although his mother and father had lived many years in London, they had always spoken French to each other and to Pierre; hence the child, while able to talk English if he wanted, had acquired a habit of speaking a mixture of French and English that added greatly to the force and originality of his conversation. It was a few weeks after he reached Canterbury that Philip left, during the Easter holidays, for a visit to Lord and Lady Haskell, in Derbyshire.

(To be continued.)

A Garden Enclosed

By A DOMINICAN SISTER

Being Leaves from the Monastic Chronicles of St. John's "Unterlinden," in the Thirteenth Century

IV.

GERTRUDE VON SAXE was one of the contemporaries of Catherine von Gebwiler. Her history reads like one of the charming legends which abounded in medieval times. Let us endeavor to get somewhat near to the style of the old chronicle in relating it.

"Our most blessed sister in Christ, Gertrude of Saxony, was of high birth, and espoused to a noble knight whom she loved, and was loved by him with very tender affection. God had, moreover, given them as fruit of their union, two sons and a daughter. They abounded in the goods of this world, and naught was there wanting for earthly felicity. But it pleased our Lord (Who alone doeth marvellous things, praised be His holy Name!) to put in the hearts of Gertrude and her spouse a great desire to renounce the world and give themselves to God; and while they thought on this, as they were devoutly praying at Holy Mass, lo! our Lord Jesus Christ in the similitude of a beautiful child, His hands and feet nailed to the cross, appeared to them in the sacred Host, looking upon His faithful servants with great compassion. Whereupon, their hearts being wholly melted in the fire of Divine love, they delayed no longer, but made haste to tell their pious design to Herman von Havelburg, Provincial of our Order in Germany, the which was uncle to Gertrude. Who, seeing the hand of God in it, willingly approved.

"Now it chanced that the house of this holy pair took on fire and was burned to the ground; and the Provincial feared that through solicitude for their

earthly goods the hearts of Gertrude and her husband might be turned from their high purpose. But while he thought sorrowfully upon this, he was rapt in ecstasy, and beheld a young man of marvellous beauty, who presented to him a folded linen cloth, saying, 'Expandere et vide' (open and see). Havelburg obeyed, and saw a crucifix figured in gold upon the cloth; and at the place of our Saviour's heart, the face of Gertrude, fastened thereto by jeweled nails. All struck with astonishment, the Provincial cried out: 'Most powerful Lord, Creator of heaven and earth, how comes it that this, your creature, who is naught but dust and ashes, is approached so near to your heart?' Then the voice of Christ, the blessed, answered him: 'Son, know that man can be united more closely to Me than you imagine, who only see things on the surface. I hide in the most secret treasure-house of My divinity, man, whom I have created.' So the vision ended; but Havelburg understood that his niece and nephew, having put their hands to the plough, would look back no more from the kingdom of God.

"Then, having confided the care of their children to his kinsfolk, that valiant knight, all humbly, for the love of Christ, Who took unto Him the form of a servant, became a lay-brother in a house of the Dominicans; the while Gertrude, under the care of her uncle, journeyed to our monastery of Unterlinden. And as the way was long and the perils many, they joined themselves to the company of divers Dominican friars, and of honest merchants who were going into Alsace.

"Now, it came about as they went that those merchants thought it well to pass

the night in the town where they made the noonday halt; for that the next city was far, and they could not attain there before the gates should be shut. But Havelburg, being in haste, pushed on with Gertrude and the religious; when lo! the night fell, and they were still in the midst of the way with no shelter near. Said then the holy Provincial to his company: 'Brothers most dear, sith we are far from the help of man, needs must we pray our Saviour, in memory of His sojourn on earth, when He had not where to lay His head, to bring us to a lodging for the night.' And scarce were said these words when a bright light appeared upon the plain. They hastened thither, hoping to find some farm, when behold, a right lordly castle stood before them, with the gates open and the hall all lighted with torches. Giving thanks to God, Who had heard their prayer, they entered and saw a noble dame standing at the gateway, who said to them: 'My dear guests you have done rightly in coming to my house; be welcome here.' And with these words, she led them into the hall, wherein was a table spread with right good cheer. Whilst they ate, (and never had they tasted aught to compare with what was set before them, for that food strengthened both body and soul) a young man of surpassing beauty entered the hall, and, speaking to the chatelaine in an unknown tongue, disappeared. The supper ended, the mistress of that castle led them to divers rooms where they might repose, and blessed them in leaving them. And morning being come, she called them, and said: 'Make haste and join your company who are now passing by.' So, having thanked her for all the gentle courtesy she had shown them, they bid her farewell. But gone a little way, they turned them to look upon the castle, and lo! naught was there but the empty plain. Then said Havelburg to his companions: 'Let us get down from our horses, and thank our Lord and His

most blessed Mother; for of a truth I perceive that they it was who received us to their hospitality.' So, being come to Unterlinden, Gertrude took leave of her uncle, and with a joyful heart put on our holy habit, the which is our armor of defense against the vanity of the world and the snares of the devil.

"But it pleased Almighty God, after a time, that our sister should fall very grievously ill and be many ways afflicted, so that she could not follow our holy rule as strictly as she desired. Then was she seized with sadness; and all in tears she besought the Saviour, saying: 'My sweet Lord, and most gracious Master, Thou knowest that I have left my country, my spouse, my children, and all who were dear to me, to follow after Thee, and lo! now this long time I am languishing, a useless handmaid, that cannot serve Thee with my sisters.' But this plaint being made, she heard the voice of Christ the blessed speaking to her heart, and saying: 'Remember the words of My Gospel: I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch that beareth not fruit He will take away, and every branch that beareth fruit He will purge that it may bear more fruit. Your dolours are not yet at an end—since even as the lion tears his prey, so also God tears and despoils those to whom He destines great graces, and eternal salvation. Take heed then my daughter, and bring forth your fruit in patience.' And with this, being all consoled, our sister grieved no more at that time for her infirmities. But seeing that God careth for His children with a watchful care, and for their soul's good doth afflict them in this valley of tears, it pleased Him once more to take away all consolation from His spouse and to plunge her in desolation and discouragement; and straightway she fell again to weeping and lamenting that she could be of no use, but contrariwise a care, by cause of her infirmities. But as she sat on her bed, and like a tender dove be-

moaned herself to her heavenly spouse, again He said to her: 'Oh, if you knew, my daughter, how salutary it is to remain as it were abandoned in this world, and nailed to the cross with Me, deprived of all consolation!' Gertrude comprehended the sense of these words, her tears were dried, and ceasing not to thank our Lord for her dolours, she abode in peace; nor would she willingly receive from her sisters more care nor greater remedies than were necessary to support life, saying that her pains were more dear to her than all the riches and pleasures in the world.

"Our most dear sister being in some measure restored, and the vigil of the Nativity being come, passed the night in prayer with the community. But going to her cell, through obedience, to take some little repose before the Mass of the Aurora, as she slept, she heard a voice, saying: 'Make haste and go to the church; for they distribute there a feast, and a very rich alms.' 'That is not true,' answered Gertrude; 'for never do they distribute feasts in the church; nor are alms given at this hour.' But the voice answered her: 'I affirm that the priest, Werner von Erlbach, is about to distribute a feast and a solemn alms in the church; if you do not go you will be deprived of your share.' Then, fully awake, she ran to the choir, and found the Mass of the Aurora already begun; then she knew that the feast and alms were the most holy Eucharist.

"It chanced again, that, oppressed with her sickness, and not able to lift up her voice with the sisters in choir, she placed herself behind the altars in order to hear holy Mass; but being a-weary, she fell asleep as the canon began. Then she saw a priest of venerable aspect, who brought towards her a vessel of ivory in the which she beheld morsels of flesh, shining like gold mingled with scarlet. Greatly desiring to receive that sacred nourishment, she said to the priest: 'Most holy lord, I pray you for the love

of God to give me of that flesh.' But he replied, 'You are forbidden to eat of it because you were not present when it was prepared.' Then she came to herself and saw all the religious going to receive the most Blessed Sacrament, and knew the mystic chalice signified the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and that she was not permitted to nourish her soul therewith because she had slept during the consecration.

"The tender lamb, our sister, as she drew near her last hour, was more closely bound to the cross of Christ, the blessed One, so that we all wept to see her sufferings. But she, lying on her bed, peaceful and satisfied, prayed always and was filled more and more abundantly with grace. And at the last her voice returned to her, and she set herself to sing a wondrous canticle to the glory of the most Holy Trinity and to the sacred humanity of Christ, and thus singing, she passed from this miserable life and slept in the kiss of the Lord."

Elizabeth von Rouffach was young and beautiful and of noble birth. Like B. Clara Gambacurta, after only three years of matrimony she became a widow, and at once renounced the world to enter the cloister. She was yet a novice when she was taken sick with a violent fever. Her sufferings had become almost intolerable, and one night, when no one was near to assist her, she felt such a burning thirst that she began to weep. Then suddenly there appeared to her a charming little child, carrying a lamp. He seated himself on her bed, caressed her gently, then touched her lips and her thirst disappeared. She could not imagine how the child could have come to the convent nor who he could be. "Who are you, dear child?" she said at last, "and how did you come hither?" "I am great and powerful in heaven," He replied, "I make Myself little and humble on earth in order to console you." At the moment when He

said these words the bell called the sisters to matins. "Your companions are coming," He added, "You will have human help, and will see Me no more; but My grace will remain with you forever." Then she knew that it was the Infant Jesus Who had come to her aid. Soon after the mistress of novices entered, and found her perfectly restored to health.

Not long before her death she had another vision in which she was ravished above the earth and led by the angels into heaven. She beheld Jesus seated on the throne of His majesty, and His holy Mother enthroned at His right hand, surrounded by angels. Several magnificent seats stood empty on either side; one of these was higher and richer than the rest. At a sign of Jesus the angels led Elizabeth towards this throne and bade her seat herself there. The humble religious was frightened at so much honor; she wished to retire to the last place, and cried out: "Lord I have not merited this." But our Lord, looking upon her with ineffable tenderness, replied: "You have not merited it, My daughter, but you have suffered with love and resignation all the dolours with which I have tried your life." Then the Holy Spirit inspired her with a sublime canticle on the beauties and joys of heaven which she sang aloud in the presence of the religious; and when she returned to her natural state, she still remembered it. She suffered fearfully from dropsy before her death, but she endured all with wonderful serenity, uniting her pains with those of our Saviour.

Bertha von Rouffach, noble, rich and beautiful, on arriving at the age of reason resolved to dedicate her virginity to God. Having taken the Dominican habit, she became a model of all the virtues and one of the most solid columns of the community. Although of very delicate health, during forty years she never returned to her cell after matins, but remained watching and praying

until prime. At seventy years of age she was struck with paralysis, and for many years lay helpless on her bed. But far from giving way to impatience, she never ceased thanking God for permitting her to suffer, and would not be dispensed from any of the severities of the rule.

One day she lay alone in her cell, the sisters having all gone to assist at Mass. Suddenly she heard the angelic choirs chanting the "Sanctus;" and this heavenly melody continued until the infirmarian returned. For two full years the angels consoled Bertha with their songs whenever she was alone, and filled her heart with such joy that she seemed to forget her infirmities.

On the day of her death, the holy religious beheld a celestial light illuminate her cell, in the midst of which appeared the most holy Virgin, surrounded by angels and saints. Mary addressed her, announcing that in reward of her fidelity Jesus remitted all her sins, and that soon He would be with her and assist her in her last moments. The vision then disappeared, and the sister who watched beside the dying religious, seeing her face irradiated with happiness, asked the cause of her joy. Bertha cried out: "Our Lord and the holy Virgin have loaded me with graces beyond words to express." Then she told the sister of the angelic concerts, and the vision she had seen; and the sister made haste to inform the prioress and the community. All the religious ran to the cell, and Bertha told them also of her happiness in a voice already broken by the approach of death. The sisters begged her, if speech should fail, to let them know, when she saw our Lord and His holy Mother, by raising her hand. She consented, and after a moment she said: "I already hear the chant of the angels—they are coming! I no longer feel either fear or horror of death—I suffer no longer." Soon after she lifted her hand in token that our Lord was come; a

joyous smile lighted her features; she closed her eyes for the last time on earth.

Stephanie de Ferrette, daughter of Frederick, Count de Ferrette, was a contemporary of Bertha, and like her, both beautiful and highly intelligent. From her infancy she was distinguished by her love for the Virgin; she made her the confidant of all her thoughts, hopes and wishes.

At eighteen, her parents wished to marry her to a powerful lord; but the thought of marriage was hateful to the young countess, and in her distress she implored our Lady to come to her aid by sending her some sickness, deformity, or even epilepsy, which should render her incapable of marriage. She made a vow, in return, to recite every day on her knees five hundred Aves in honor of Mary. Her prayer was heard; the young countess was delivered a prey to most cruel sufferings. Her parents, seeing it was hopeless to marry her, consented to her entering Unterlinden. There she passed fifty years of such misery that she could in truth say, in the words of the psalm: "My life is gone by in sorrow, and my years in groaning." This privileged soul was delivered at last from its long purgatory, pure as gold tried in the furnace. At the moment of her death a delicious odor filled the monastery, which restored to health another sister who was seriously ill.

Agnes Wallaria likewise a noblewoman, and very rich, made a noble use of her wealth, and consecrated nearly the

whole of her revenues to good works. On the death of her husband, some lords, her relatives, profited by her bereavement and despoiled her of the greater part of her property. Naturally she was filled with indignation against them; but on going to confession her director bade her remember that if she did not forgive her enemies she would commit a sacrilege by communicating. Agnes made such an effort to conquer herself that the blood flowed from her mouth; but at length she exclaimed: "If all the kingdoms of the world were mine, I would prefer to lose them rather than not be united to Him Whom my soul loves. I pardon them from the bottom of my heart, and abandon to them all that they have taken."

Soon after, she was received at Unterlinden, and to the end of her days was "a living sacrifice, holy, agreeable unto God." A model daughter of St. Dominic, no penance could alarm her, no difficulty deter her from following Christ.


The last year of her life, on the feast of the Nativity, being greatly fatigued after matins, she retired behind the altar to assist at Mass. While lost in prayer the holy Mother of God appeared to her holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. Ravished in ecstasy the holy religious exclaimed with Simeon: "Now Lord lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy Salvation." She longed greatly to embrace the little Jesus, but dared not ask such a favor. Soon she died in the odor of sanctity.

Derelict

By P. J. Coleman

Aimless, rudderless, pilotless, alone,
Derelict on life's ocean vast I drift,
Battered by winds of circumstance, and blown
Far from the happy land of love and thrift.

Freighted with hopes, of all youth's golden store
But one remains to me, of chance the sport—
That, when my vagrant voyaging is o'er,
I'll come to anchor in God's heavenly port.



EN ROUTE TO THE PYRAMIDS.

The Land of the Pharaohs

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

THE followers of Confucius tell us that China has a history dating back millions of years, but no one seriously considers their statement. Many nations advance equally absurd claims as to their antiquity and the distinction of being the cradle of the race; but authentic history opened its first page on the banks of the Nile two thousand five hundred years before Christ, or four thousand four hundred years ago. When Joseph's brethren sold him into Egypt she was already ancient, "a land beside whose awful ruins the Coliseum of Rome, the Parthenon of Athens, and even the Temple of Jerusalem are the productions of yesterday."

The land where civilization had its birth was before us when we opened our eyes aboard the White Star liner, Republic, in the gray of the morning of March 2, 1904, and found our boat lying to outside the harbor of Alexandria,

awaiting daylight and a pilot to conduct us safely into port.

Our first thought turned to Pharos, that great white marble tower, taller than the Washington Monument, built thousands of years ago, atop of which signal fires burned continuously to warn the mariner of the dangerous coast he was nearing. A prosaic light blinking in the distance now marks the place. At daylight a trim little boat with lateen sails much too large for her (in our opinion) flits, like a veritable sea-gull, not through but over the waves. As it tacks and turns, coming swiftly down upon us, we fear that it will dash itself to pieces against the great hull of our monster ship. But the gull itself is not more at home on the rough sea than this Arab boat and crew. As it nears us, we see it is manned by swarthy, half-naked Arabs. An instant more and they are beside us; two or three ropes thrown are dexterously caught; up one of them

climbers the pilot, and off again goes our sea-bird, seeking other vessels for its prey. His Serene Highness, the pilot, climbs the rail, adjusts his voluminous skirts with a single shake of his portly body, straightens his turban of many folds, and lo! we are his slaves. The Asiatic and the American Indian have this in common. They can both erect a greater structure of dignity on less foundation than can any one else in the world. Our pilot reminded me of a young buck I once saw at Pocatello, in Idaho. He had, boylike, been stealing rides as our train was being made up at the junction of the Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line. When the train started for Montana he stood back on the platform, with inimitable dignity and grace of gesture threw across his shoulder a once white but now filthy blanket, and posed for our admiration. There is no question in my mind that our Indian came from Asia via Behring Strait. As we steamed up the harbor we quickly compared Alexandria to Chicago; for both cities are built on flat, even marshy ground, at the end of great inland seas, and at the entrance to vast, fertile, and only partially developed territory. Alexandria, however, is now passing through its second existence. Founded by Alexander the Great three hundred years before Christ, it reached a population of over half a million in a brief space. A hundred years ago it had dwindled to a miserable village of fishermen. Mehemet Ali, the builder of the new Egypt, saw the value of the deserted site, and mainly through his efforts Alexandria is a thriving modern metropolis of over three hundred and fifty thousand people. It is quite as interesting and much dirtier than Chicago.

Alexandria is associated in my mind not so much with the name of its

founder, who killed himself by debauchery while still a youth, nor with the revelry of Antony and Cleopatra, as with its magnificent library which was so wantonly destroyed. Scholars assure us that were that library in existence to-day, most of the problems of ancient history which now seem destined to remain enigmas for ever might easily be solved. At the dock we met a howling, fighting horde of fierce-looking, wild-eyed porters. Our education was progressing; we had learned to take a firm hold of our suit-cases, to assume a look of determination and to pronounce our first word of Arabic, "emshi" (get out), in a loud voice. Later, we added to our vocabulary the word "mafish" (nothing). Those two words saved us an immense amount of annoyance—and "backsheesh" (alms).

We made the trip from Alexandria to Cairo, a distance of one hundred and twenty-nine miles, in three hours, a rate of forty-three miles an hour, including several stops. Leaving the delta of the Nile, which is alternately swamp and lake, we passed through a flat, fertile country which is not surpassed in richness by any soil in the world. Right here I feel like writing an essay which I will call: "The Creation of Egypt." The Nile is its creator, and it creates a new Egypt every year. In its rise it not only overflows the land but leaves behind a deposit of new, rich soil, which, coming from the tropic desert where nothing grows is, if I may use the expression, the most virgin soil in the world. Not a weed in any field! No one who has not battled with the endless varieties of weeds which vex the heart of the American farmer can appreciate what this means.

Egypt is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on all other sides by the Nile. Where the over-

flow spreads over thirteen miles of soil, Egypt attains its maximum width. Where, owing to steeper banks, the water covers but five-eighths of a mile, Egypt is five-eighths of a mile wide. With its thousand miles from south to north it is what politicians would call a "shoe-string district." Irrigation supplements the annual overflow. Between Alexandria and Cairo we saw hundreds of Archimedes screws, a spiral within a cylinder, so inclined that when the lower end is submerged in the river a man at the upper end by turning a crank may revolve the spiral, and thereby pour out upon his field all of the water which does not leak back into the river. It appears to a casual observer as the next best method to carrying the water in a sieve. Yet, so does the descendant of the Pharaohs irrigate his field in the delta of the Nile. How expressive is that word descendant, no one can conceive who has not seen the Egyptian of the present day.

As the Archimedian method can only raise the water a foot or two, where the banks rise higher above Cairo it is useless. The *sakieh*—a thing of wheels, buckets, and camel or buffalo power—is beyond the reach of the poor, who resort to the *shadoof*. Those who have seen well-sweeps, where the bucket is attached to one end of a long pole which is hung near its middle upon a crotched upright post, will understand the *shadoof*. Along the Nile the bucket is a wicker affair, holding about a pail of water. At the other end of the pole to which it is attached is a globe of dried mud. The native dips his basket into the Nile; the weight lifts it when released from his grasp. He empties the water into a narrow channel, through which it reaches a little basin and native number two, who in like manner lifts it

to the level of the field, or, usually where the banks are high or the river low, to native number three, who pours upon the growing crop anywhere from ten to twenty per cent of the amount of water first dipped from Father Nile. The balance oozes through the wicker basket, or is spilled over the sides upon the ground or upon the native, who is clothed usually in the suit which Dame Nature gave him at birth. One little gasoline engine would do the irrigating work of a thousand Egyptians using the present methods; yet we are told that England has done wonders for Egypt.

If we had not seen these things before reaching Cairo we could easily have believed that John Bull has transformed Egypt. When we alighted in a fine modern station, as we rode over well-paved streets lined with fine blocks of buildings, and drew up opposite the *Esbekieh Gardens*, facing palatial hotels like the *Continental* and *Shepherd's*, we exclaimed: "This is not the Egypt we came to see. What has become of it?" Yet, even amid such surroundings, seated on the broad terrace fronting either hotel, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen from all parts of Europe and America, who are sipping their afternoon tea, listening to the band playing "Rule Britannia" or the "Stars and Stripes," one need not wait long before the real Egypt comes in sight. Here is a caravan of Bedouins from the desert, with camels laden with their year's product. They have timed their journey so as to be present at a great Moslem feast which will be celebrated in a few days. The sheik, who owns the entire caravan, marches in front leading a camel more richly ornamented than the rest. Upon it is seated his wife in a frame that looks like the ends of an iron bed, set about three feet apart. It is a desert sleeping-car, and when to avoid

DESERT SLEEPING-CAR.

the midday sun the caravan travels at night, the mistress of the harem draws the curtains of her compartment and sleeps, if such a thing be possible on a moving camel. The sheik carries himself with the dignity of the monarch that he is, and disdains to glance at the display of wealth upon the terrace. His queen, tempted by the array of millinery and dresses, finds a convenient aperture in her flowing veil and gratifies her curiosity. The horde of half-naked followers, more filthy, if possible, than usual owing to their long, dusty journey, forms a strange contrast to the palatial hotel, the beautiful gardens, and the well-dressed crowd of onlookers. The sheik is not too haughty to accept twenty cents for a snap-shot at his queen and her accoutrements, while the sight of "backsheesh" nearly caused a stampede

in the main street of Cairo. When they had passed, a sidewalk barber unloaded his kit, squatted on the pavement, and proceeded to shave a man who reposed on the curb during the operation. The shaving completed, the victim washed the soap away in the basin of a fountain in the gardens. During the evening, jugglers, snake-charmers, boy and girl acrobats, and beggars with every conceivable ailment and deformity, sought to get money from the hotel guests. To such an extent is this carried that guards are always on duty at the entrances to protect the guests from this persecution.

The streets of new Cairo—from the hotels through the heart of the city, across the Nile to the grand Gezireh palace, once the property of the Khedive

but now a magnificent hotel with beautiful grounds—are crowded every afternoon in winter, and the display of color along them at that time probably cannot be equalled in the world. Cairo has become the winter resort for the wealthy of the East and West. Before their carriages, as they ride, run two fleet-footed "sais," or, literally, footmen, to announce their coming and to clear the way. They carry wands with streamers, are bare-legged, with white tunic, gold-embroidered waistcoat and skull-cap. They are graceful and slender, and run like hounds for hours.

Mingling with the carriages are horsemen, Egyptian and English officers, vying with each other as to the amount of gold and polished silver they can put on, Turks, Indians and Greeks, in garments of every conceivable shape and

color. Finally, we have wealthy Moslem women, taking the air in open carriages or perched on the backs of richly decorated donkeys. They wear veils of white silk gauze which hide them not at all, and their dark, flashing eyes are never at rest, but darting constantly from side to side as if to make up for what is denied to them the balance of the day. Whether rich or poor, on foot or riding, a Moslem woman always looks like a bundle of clothes tied in the middle. The color effect of the whole afternoon parade is indescribable. Ten minutes' walk in any direction from the hotels leaves the modern Cairo behind and brings us into the real Cairo—Old Cairo, with its narrow streets, latticed blinds, mosques and minarets, bazaars and Bedouins. These latter, such as I have described, hobble their camels in the streets, feed them there, and sleep there themselves with faces upturned to the noonday sun, oblivious alike to passers-by and the flies that devour them

as they sleep. Through narrow streets thus obstructed the crowd is constantly surging, and the air is filled with cries and imprecations called forth by constantly recurring blockades. Porters, loaded down with great bales or boxes, curse the driver who has invaded the narrow street for the benefit of his party of tourists; or donkey drivers quarrel with the milk peddler, whose flock of goats or sheep are dodging between the legs of every one. When these donkeys carry panniers loaded with the sweepings of the street not much persuasion is required to secure for them the right of way; while the fellow astride of a camel loaded with huge boxes which hang down on either side, argues with no one. The monarch of the desert clears his own path. It is amazing, the things that are carried through these narrow streets. One day we met a camel loaded with a huge telegraph or telephone pole, surely fifty feet long. Two Arabs guided him

to prevent his turning suddenly. The butt of the pole projected some distance in front of him, and the smaller end was at least thirty feet behind. A sudden turn of his majesty would have demolished the bazaars on both sides of the street.

Lumber enough to fill several wagons, hay or straw the size of a stack, is piled upon a camel, which then proceeds to monopolize the thoroughfare. We could not but notice that one word is current in many countries among those who drive donkeys and who quarrel for the possession of the road. It sounds like "Arrah!"—long drawn out, with heavy rumbling of the gutturals and a wind-up that sounds like the snap of a whip. In Spain, Morocco, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece, it sounded like the same word, and at its utterance the patient beast, who had been utterly oblivious to our beating and kicking, bounded forward—for a minute or two.

The mosques of Cairo, with a few exceptions, are not of special interest. We visited the University Mosque, where some seventeen thousand students from all the Mohammedan countries learn the Koran by heart. Some cannot read, and these are taught orally. All sit on the floor in any place they please and croon the lesson, keeping time by a swaying movement of the body. When the Koran is learned the entire curriculum of this so-called university is completed; and why not, since the Koran contains all that is worth knowing?

The citadel crowns the highest point of the city. From it can be had a grand view of the city, the Nile far to the north and south, and the Pyramids. The Mosque of Mehemet Ali, with its wealth of alabaster walls and its thousands of hanging lamps, stands beside it in tawdry splendor in honor of the new cre-

ator of Egypt who, a hundred years ago, waded through a sea of blood to effect his purpose. The sight of the Pyramids from the terrace of the citadel so thrilled us that early next morning we were on our way to them. Our stay in Egypt was to be so short that we were eager to economize time at every turn; but, nevertheless, it seemed like nothing less than desecration of all that is ancient and holy to take a trolley car to the Pyramids. We compromised with our feelings by riding the last mile on camels. We climbed, or were dragged, quite in the usual way to the summit of Cheops. Four of our party, one a lady, reached it safely and enjoyed the magnificent view of the desert, the Nile and Cairo.

The memories of the past, the "forty centuries" that looked down upon us, plus one, since Napoleon first used the expression, furnished food for thought; but the same old, ubiquitous crowd of chattering, distracting Bedouin guides seemed to think we came to Egypt to see them perform.

Some of our party for days after the climb seemed to feel, especially in the morning, that old Cheops should have been satisfied with a less pretentious tomb, but I felt no worse after it than I have often felt after my first vernal appearance on our great American diamond. In each case the suffering was in a good cause.

Every one who visits Egypt feels compelled to say something about the Sphinx, while that most mysterious monument (is it a monument?) in all the world preserves an eternal silence which I feel like respecting. It is right beside the Pyramids; that is, the three we are now visiting, Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus. Many years ago, Charles Kinglake wrote of it: "Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon

Arab and Ottoman conquerer, upon Napoleon, dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we—we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining forever to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

We gazed upon its immutable features, had our pictures taken of course, looked into the temple of the Sphinx, and returned to our trolley car and Cairo. The temple of the Sphinx is the most interesting object of all at present because it is just being uncovered. The world has almost exhausted its guesses about the Pyramids and the Sphinx, but we may look for new discoveries any day in the temple. Marvelous things have been unearthed in Egypt, and yet it seems quite certain there remains under the sand much more valuable history than has been revealed so far.

Egypt, from the Mediterranean to Nubia, yes, and beyond, is a succession of temples and tombs. Some one has defined Egypt as "a donkey ride, a boat trip and some ruins," but he was a shallow fellow.

Every tourist who has any sense of the eternal fitness of things meets other tourists in his travels who, in his opinion, ought to make restitution to somebody for the money they are so woefully

wasting. For example, what, gentle reader, would you think of a man—an American Catholic Board of Trade man—if he admitted to you as one did to the writer in the Vatican Library, that he would not "give ten dollars for the whole outfit unless it could be turned into cash?"

I wondered then, and am still wondering, why he went there and how he obtained admission. So men go to Egypt and see only donkeys, and the donkeys—well, donkeys have no power of retrospection! Up the Nile! What a thrill it brings to me now! Up (or down) the Hudson, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, or the Danube! What are they in comparison with this stream, beside which our race was cradled and which has still upon its banks the record of our birth? If you are not content with the story of your ancestors as recorded in the temples, cross to the opposite banks of the river and read again the records on their tombs. The ancient Egyptians lived on one bank of the Nile and were buried on the other. So old Father Nile forever runs like the woof through the warp of Egypt's life. As I gazed on the temples and tombs which line the Nile through all Egypt, it seemed strange to me that none of these kings who built temples to the gods and tombs for themselves—both representing an enormous amount of energy, skill and time—ever built a palace for himself. The work was so well done that it has withstood the attack of time for three, four or more thousands of years. But the habitations, not to say the palaces, in which these kings lived—where are they or the ruins of them? In Egypt are temples and tombs at every turn, but of palaces not a vestige. And the tombs and temples may still be there after our modern palaces have crumbled, and old

Rameses II may still grin in his glass case at Cairo at the thought of how his memory has outlived that of the parvenus.

But I must not moralize. The traveler up the Nile, gazing upon these temples and tombs, after he has found an answer to his own question,—why did they do it? is utterly confounded by the next that comes to his mind—how did they do it? Men in all countries and in all ages have built temples to their gods, but never anywhere like those in Egypt. Men in all countries and in all ages have built monuments to themselves, but never anywhere like those in Egypt. Yet these men built in the beginning of time, in the infancy of the race. How did they do it? As if in answer to this last question we encountered at Karnak, one beautiful Sunday afternoon, several hundred men and boys rebuilding a portion of that greatest of all the temples. Let me say, in passing, that Egypt, with three holy days

for each week, observes none. The Moslem Friday, the Jewish Saturday, and the Christian Sunday are all impartially desecrated. I may refer later to the condition of Latin Christianity in these Eastern countries. The workers at Karnak that Sunday were either Mohammedans Coptic schismatics, or nothingarians. The methods used in repairing the walls and columns were so primitive that they might easily have been in vogue five thousand years ago when these temples were commenced, with the single exception of the block and tackle substituted for the straight pull.

That afternoon the crowd of men and boys were engaged in lowering a great pillar which threatened to fall. The pillar was about forty feet high, tapering from about ten feet thick at its base to seven or eight at the top, and was built in sections about five feet in height. To reach the top section the workmen filled baskets of loose dirt, which several hun-

dred boys carried on their heads and dumped about the base of the column till the mass filled that portion of the temple about the column to the base of the top section, which was then dragged down this inclined plane to the floor. For this work fifty men with block and tackle were brought in. As each section was removed

the dirt was carried away, till the floor was reached. When the workmen had repaired the sections, filling in broken places with concrete, retouching mutilated hieroglyphics, etc., the sections were replaced by a reversal of the method described. Down at the dock in Luxor, two miles away, the steam-winch on our house-boat was lifting freight and baggage as rapidly as it is done in New York or London, while here at Karnak we were gazing at the methods used probably in building the Pyramids and temples thousands of years ago. The solution of the question arising in the minds of all my readers—why are not modern methods applied to Egypt?—is that the two commodities cheap beneath all price in Egypt are time and human beings.

The temple of Karnak, built undoubtedly by such or still more primitive methods, in its decay is still the largest and most impressive ruin in the world. The avenue leading to it, over two miles

ON THE NILE.

long, was once lined with sphinxes on either side, more than two thousand in all, many of them still in place. The courts, the halls, the temples within the temple, the great number of enormous columns and obelisks, covered entirely with letters and pictures in stone, cannot be fully understood even when you wander through and around them. You trace the ruins of the great structure across the river. You gaze on the two great monolith statues, fifty-two feet high, the Colossi of Thebes, the vocal Memnon, and are told that these formed the portals of another great temple whose ruins are before you. Amid the ruins you find fragments of statues—a granite shoulder ten feet across, a thumb as big as a man. And then you will wish to retire into solitude to think it all over, and try to grasp mentally the wonders you have seen. Next morning we went to the tombs of the kings who are said to have built all these temples—for Karnak is only one of the many tem-

ples which line the Nile for a thousand miles.

The greatest group of royal tombs is in the mountains back of Thebes, just opposite Karnak and Luxor. They have been only recently uncovered from the debris which hid them. They are great tunnels dug into the living rock of the mountain many hundred feet inward and downward. Along the sides of the corridor, which is usually as wide and high as those of our public buildings, are rooms in which are buried the dependants and family of the king. At the end deepest down in the last room is the tomb of the king himself, cut from a single great stone, with an enormous lid weighing many tons. Within lay the royal corpse, Amenophis or Rameses or Seti, or any one of the rest of the thirty-five whose tombs were uncovered

at the time we visited them. I used the word "lay" advisedly, because, despite the curses threatened those who should desecrate these tombs, they have been robbed, and many a royal occupant, notwithstanding all the care he used to dig his grave deep and hide it carefully, is now on exhibition in some public museum. The thought that occurred to me as I gazed on the walls and ceilings completely covered with the egotistic account of the builder's greatness, was—why go to all this trouble and vain display if the author were in earnest in trying to hide it all forever from the sight of his fellow men? Who knows but Rameses is grinning in Cairo because they found him?

Returning to Cairo from the Upper Nile, filled with the grandeur of Luxor, Thebes, Karnak, Edfu, Philae, and many other sites of great tombs and tem-

SUMMIT OF CHEOPS.

ples, we visited Sakhara, where, close to the ruins of Memphis, the first capital of Egypt—the first city built in all the world, perhaps, of which a trace still remains—we found tombs quite as great as those at Thebes, but they were the tombs of sacred bulls! I could have thought better of the ancient kings of Egypt if they had not placed themselves in the same class with the beasts of the field. Our last day in Egypt will be ever remembered for our visit to the Mary tree at Heliopolis. This city of the sun is now only a name, yet there is being finished there at present a neat little Roman, or Latin, (as our Church is styled in the East), Catholic church—for whose use it is hard to tell. The obelisk at Heliopolis is seven miles from Cairo. It stood there when Moses and Socrates went to school beneath its shadow! A few rods away is the tree beneath which the Child Jesus, with the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, rested when entering Egypt. Near-by is a deep well from which legend says they refreshed themselves. As we lingered reverently about the tree and well, we

met the usual flippant American critic who scoffs at everything with which the name of Mary is connected. The critic had accepted without question the spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes, but could see no truth in the legend of Heliopolis. A Protestant gentleman in the party silenced the sceptic with the quiet remark, "I prefer the legend to your theories."

The incident recalls one at Luxor, which I had nearly forgotten. We two American priests had arranged before leaving Cairo for Mass at the Franciscan church at Luxor on Sunday morning. Reaching Luxor at eight, we sent our baggage to the hotel and sought out the church. When we arrived at the hotel after Mass, the proprietor inquired if it were true that we were Americans. We assured him that we were. Then he asked how it was that we were Catholics. We told him that there were Catholics in America. He turned with a look of inquiry to a man who stood by, who, as we heard later, had assured him that we could not be Americans and Catholics. In answer to his look the fellow

shrugged his shoulders and said there were a few Catholics in America who had drifted in from foreign countries. I asked him whether he had been in America, and he told me his home was in Philadelphia. Among the statistics about Catholicity in America with which we overwhelmed the fellow, I recall now, among other things, that we told him Philadelphia was one of the great Catholic centers of the world; asked him if he had read of the great demonstration in honor of Archbishop Ryan's Golden Jubilee; advised him, after he had counted the obelisks in Egypt, to go back and at least attempt to count the steeples of the Catholic churches of Philadelphia. Yet all this information about his native land and city, furnished gratis, seemed distasteful to this man from the City of Brotherly Love.

A brief description of Catholicity as we saw it in Egypt may fittingly close my observations about that strange land. I refer here to the religion of those who are in communion with the Pope. To describe the intricacies and ramifications of the various forms

of Christianity, running through many nationalities, which have been separated from Rome for generations or for centuries, some of which can scarcely be called Christian at all, would be only confusing, even if I were competent to do so. With many of these sects Christianity is a mere reminiscence of a thousand years ago, coupled with the superstitions of Mohammed and the pagan tribes from which their followers descend. Roman, or Latin, Christianity is an exotic transplanted by the Franciscans, the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers and the other religious Orders who are laboring earnestly to uplift the people of Egypt. In cities like Alexandria and Cairo the good results are very evident. The schools and churches in both cities are doing good work. So they are also in some smaller towns. As to the people of Egypt in the country, no church influence has reached them as far as is apparent to the tourist. The doctrines of Mohammed may be known to them, but they are elevated little above the level of the brute.

The Trinity

By Rev. Edmund Basel, O. S. B.

Winds whip the angry waves at sea;
Foam-flowered to the shore they roll;
To solve the mystic Trinity,
Lord Reason goads St. Austin's soul.

"One-three," proud thoughts his heart elate
To break the chain the mind enthralls;
He grasps the subject, the predicate;
Sounds each, links both—the sentence falls.

A lad plays on the strand; the waves
He dips: "Aye, sir, to dip the sea."
"Impossible!" The lad the answer braves;
"Not less than solve the mystery."

He disappears; St. Austin knows
The warning goodness; on humble knee
He sinks; in Faith his bosom glows
To bless, adore the Trinity.

Lovers of the Rosary

By REV. S. VAS



AMONG Catholic devotions the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary seems to hold the first place. At once simple and grand, its charm and its beauty are fascinating, and its popularity is bounded only by the confines of the globe. In fact, wherever the seed of the Catholic faith has been sown, and has ripened into fruitage, there Our Lady's Rosary will be found. The illustrious Leo XIII, of hallowed memory, most fitly says:

"So will the love of Mary continue to swell and throb in the vast arteries of humanity, the veins of true Christians—thus shall Catholicism cause it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations and sublime devotedness resound in an immense concert echoing from north to south, from east to west, to accomplish the strange prophecy which fell from the lips of the Lily of Israel years ago: 'All generations shall call me blessed.'"

The missionaries who preached the Catholic faith to pagan peoples were themselves devout clients of the Rosary and naturally enough, when, with the help of God, they succeeded in making converts to the faith, they bequeathed to their spiritual children the rich legacy of the Holy Rosary. This devotion, passing from father to son in faithful and uninterrupted succession, has ever been cherished by every sincere and warm-hearted Catholic as a most precious inheritance.

In the diocese of Mangalore, India, which contains a Catholic population of about eighty thousand, the people are so enamoured of the Rosary as to be deservedly styled, "Lovers of the Rosary." It is to the tireless labors of the prince-apostle of India, St. Francis Xavier,

that our ancestors owed their conversion to the true faith—a grace which we cannot sufficiently value. We appreciate this priceless heritage the more when we consider the unfortunate condition of the pagan population here, groping in darkness and error. We chronicle with pleasure the fact that even the most ordinary and unlettered people, those living in the remotest villages, practically shut off from the humanizing influences of city life, are most devoted to the Rosary. The women, as a rule, both at home and abroad, wear their rosaries round their necks.

In every family the Rosary is recited daily by all the members in common, before their little, unpretentious home altars. In the parish churches the Rosary is publicly recited by the congregation which assembles for the Sunday Mass. In fact, the Rosary is the most common and popular form of prayer for all, rich and poor, learned and unlearned alike, at home, in church, in processions and everywhere.

During the months of May and October, which are dedicated in a special manner to the honor and glory of Mary, the Rosary is daily recited in many churches. The Cathedral of Mangalore is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary and its titular feast, which is preceded by a full nine days' novena, is celebrated in a grand and solemn manner. The Confraternity of Our Lady of the Rosary is canonically erected in the Cathedral and is in a flourishing condition.

Certain feasts of the Blessed Virgin are heralded for eight days by "Salve Devotions," which open daily at sunset with the public singing of the Rosary. It is a custom on All Souls' Day for all the members of a family to recite together the fifteen decades of the Rosary

for the souls in purgatory, and particularly for their relatives, friends and acquaintances.

In times of plague, famine or drought, or other affliction and calamity, the Rosary is the common means of imploring God's help and mercy.

As the Rosary has proved itself a priceless treasure and a boon, wherever

it is faithfully recited, it is needless to say that it is and that it will continue to be such here, in this far-away corner of the world, immersed in the thick clouds of pagan practices and superstitions; and surely shall the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary cherish with a motherly affection "the lovers of the Rosary" in this pagan land.

A Lesson

By Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P.

I yielded to the beckoning buds and strolled
 In May, down through the orchard's perfumed aisle;
 A perfect loveliness was there unrolled,
 And plum'd minstrels caroled all the while;
 There, on a twig with blossoms soft and white,
 A princely robin trilled his roundelay
 And swelled his crimson breast with lusty might.
 He poured his song into the perfect day;
 Entranced was I, and softly nearer drew—
 Thrust forth my hand to seize the twig. A cry—
 A whirring noise; away the robin flew,
 And at my feet the scattered blossoms lie.
 * * * * *
 Fool that I was to yield to such desire;
 A lesson of content I needs must learn,
 Allotted joys should satisfy; for higher
 Ones, yes, 'tis wisest not to yearn.

Edelweiss

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Begotten 'mid the everlasting snow,
 Pure as a star, and white as holiness;
 Alone and lonely where the wild winds blow,
 Celestial purity thy garb and dress.
 Forever in the ice-clad wilderness
 Thy ceaseless vigil keeping, and thy face
 Upturned to God, as though to sue for grace.
 So, on the sunlit peaks of prayer and thought,
 Away from all the world's harassing din,
 The earnest soul may thus in time be brought,
 Broken and cast away each fettered sin;
 Lost in the shadowed valley, what has been.
 Lifted above life's never-ending fray,
 And drawing nearer to the perfect day!

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

XI.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

WHEN Gerald Gregory Albury came from the kitchen, his mother and father only were in the sitting-room, the children having been sent to the nursery to study their lessons for to-morrow. The boy expected a scolding, and perhaps something worse. He was surprised that his parents said nothing about the unpleasant affair of the afternoon. His father went to his roll-top desk and took out from one of the pigeonholes a number of pages of manuscript.

"I have a story here, Gerald, which I wrote some years ago. It has been lying in my desk ever since. I thought that perhaps you would like to hear it."

"Your very own, pa? one you wrote?"

"Yes; would you like to hear it?"

"Sure, pa!"

"Very well. Take that easy chair and sit quietly." After adjusting his glasses the Judge read the following story from his own manuscript, in a full, rich, sonorous voice:

"The Widow Tolmin sat on her farmhouse porch, her fingers busily knitting some warm hose against the cold of the coming winter. Near-by was a well-built barn, comfortably filled with garnered golden grain. In front of the house lay a sloping sheep pasture, and beyond, the farm-hands were busy hauling in the turnip crop. Farther off was a field of winter wheat, rich and green, and in the distance stretched a belt of timber land, bright with autumn foliage.

"Mrs. Tolmin loved the house, the fields, the woods. They were her little

world, and they had witnessed the joys and sorrows of her lifetime. Of sorrows, a full share had come to her, and looking into the face of the kind old housewife one could see the wrinkles and the lengthened crows-feet about her eyes which they had left. Looking into those dimming eyes, a stranger would judge there was an abiding sorrow in her life, and those who knew the circumstances wondered why it did not leave its telltale marks more plainly.

"The late afternoon was unusually mild for October. Along the western horizon clouds had piled themselves in huge masses, and were now stained with glorious colors by the setting sun. Mrs. Tolmin watched the beautiful hues change and fade and form again. For a long time the click of her steel needles ceased, and her hands lay idly on her lap.

"It was on such an evening as this, thirty-five years ago, that Nathan Tolmin had brought her to her new home. It was on such a night as this, eleven years ago, that her neighbors had brought her Nathan home from a 'chopping bee' with a crushed skull. She remembered how her boy had come home from the great city to his father's funeral, and how he had stayed only a few hours, returning as soon as the sad ceremony was over.

"Tears trickled down her face at this remembrance, for it was to her the bitterest pang of all. At the time of her husband's death she seemed to have strength and fortitude to bear up under the catastrophe which made her a widow, but her strong, yearning heart relied on her only boy for that meed of sympathy which was hers by the right of a mother's love.

"This sympathy she did not find. His cold and formal kiss, his commonplace words of condolence, cut and wounded even more than his absence would have done. At the funeral, and after, she bore all this in silence, offering her agony and her heartsoreness to One Who heareth the widow's cry. This was the sorrow that had made her old.

"This afternoon, sitting in the crimson sunset, her thoughts, she knew not why, ran on her Austin, and on the day of his First Communion. There, in the garden close by, grew the same yellow chrysanthemums as then—mere yellow buttons, guiltless of any special development by the skill of the horticulturist. Austin was fond of these yellow flowers as a boy, and she remembered as if it were yesterday how she had pinned a spray of them on his coat as he was setting out for the church. She remembered them in connection with her own arrival at the farm, for they were in bloom then; in connection, too, with her husband's death, for she had filled the coffin around his silent form with these beautiful golden eyes.

"What if they added to her grief when she thought of her boy? Her boy! Could it be possible that he, in his successful medical career in the great city, could forget her! No, she would not, could not, believe that. He was busy with his practice, but he must remember her kindly occasionally, at least in his moments of leisure. But why had he never come home to see her? Why had he never written? Mother-like she made excuses for him, but her heart was wrung while so doing.

"Long she gazed that afternoon at the yellow flowers in her garden patch. They seemed to form a connecting link between her and her boy. The more she gazed at them, the greater her longing became to see her son. A long, long time she sat looking at them. Gradually a look of determination settled on her kindly old face.

" 'Yes, yes,' she said to herself, half aloud, 'I'll go. I'll take some of those yellow 'santhums, and when he sees them he will remember the old times, for he's my boy still, and surely—'

"She did not finish the sentence, for a great pain was at her heart—the mother's heart, hungry for love.

"Will Dr. Tolmin remember the old times. Will her love be satisfied?

"About four o'clock the next afternoon a western express train backed into the great city depot. The escape of steam, the sounding of numerous gongs, the shouts of newspaper sellers and of the porters, who wheeled along immense piles of trunks to the outgoing trains, the apparent hurry of every one to get out of the depot with the utmost expedition—all tended to produce a bewildering sensation in the minds of much better travelers than was the Widow Tolmin.

"It was getting dark. The dust of the journey lay thick upon her shawl and old-fashioned black bonnet; the fatigue of the journey had already filched away much of the expectant light from her eyes, and for the moment she looked faded, and older than usual. The roar and rush of the great city confused her.

"She stood on the platform, holding a large bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in her hand, not knowing where to go, or what to do next. Like most real country folk she had but vague notions of a great city, and her sudden sense of loneliness nearly overcame her. It had never entered her head but that every one would know her Austin. Was he not a doctor?

"She appeared frightened, old and anxious. Seeing her perplexity, a good-natured, red-faced policeman came up to her.

" 'Waiting for some one, mother?'

" 'No, sir. He don't know I'm coming.'

" 'Who?'

" 'Who! Why, my boy Austin. He's a doctor. Don't you know him?'

"'Dr. Austin? Let—me—see. No. I don't know any doctor by that name.'

"'Do they call doctors by their Christian names here?' asked Mrs. Tolmin.

"'I guess not, mother; but you said his name was Austin.'

"'Yes, I did. That's his first name. His other name is Tolmin.'

"'Dr. Tolmin!' said the good-natured official, reflectively. 'Let me see! Doctor Tol-min, n-no, I don't know such a person.'

"'Don't know my boy! Why, he lives here in the city!' and her voice expressed unfeigned surprise.

"'May be so, and so do more than a thousand other doctors. Have you his address?'

"'Yes, yes, why didn't I think of that before.'

"After a few moments of fumbling, from under her black thread glove she drew forth a small card, on which was printed: 'Austin Tolmin, M. D.; 2428 Fay Street, near Euston Boulevard.'

"The policeman read the name and address, and then looked at the plain countrywoman doubtfully.

"'You say he is your son?'

"'Of course he's my boy, and they do say he's a great doctor now. I haven't seen him in years, and I thought I would drop in on him unawares-like, and give him an old-fashioned surprise,' and the old lady's eyes brightened once again at the prospective joy of seeing her son.

"Officially, dutifully, suspicious, the officer in this instance appeared satisfied. At least, if he were suspicious at all it was not in regard to the genuineness of her story, but he was—quite unprofessionally, of course—suspicious as to what the meeting would be like between this dusty, shabby-looking countrywoman, and a prominent physician who could afford to live in one of the most select and private roads of the city.

"'This place is a long way from here—at least five miles. It will be quite dark before you get there. However, we

must make the best of a bad job. I will put you on the right street car, and tell the conductor to let you off at the nearest street to this address. You can find the way then.'

"'God bless you, dear, for being kind to an old woman,' said Mrs. Tolmin, quite simply, as they left the depot together. Her spirits revived, and she became quite chatty.

"'I picked these 'ere 'santhums for Austin. Won't he be pleased with them! He was always so fond of these yellow flowers. I do love my boy so! Got a mother yourself, sir?'

"The question was as sudden as it was unusual in the policeman's experience, and the burly officer's heart acted in a most unprofessional, unofficial way, for which he could have found no instructions at headquarters. It gave a great thump against his ribs.

"'Yes,'—he spoke slowly, and with an approach to huskiness—'but she lives far away in old Ireland. God bless her.'

"'Amen,' said Mrs. Tolmin, simply and piously.

"'Here's your car, mother,' said the policeman, as he cleared his throat and helped her to the platform.

"'Good bye, and success to ye,' and before she could thank him the car had whirled onward and was nearly half a block away. To this day there remains in the city guardian's mind the belief that, had there been time, the old lady would have leaned over the end of the car and kissed him.

"'God bless the dear old face, anyway,' he said to himself as he watched the car out of sight.

"It was a long journey on the electric road for the old lady. The novelty of it pleased her at first, but there soon began a downpour of fine rain, and the weather turned quite cold. The excitement of the day's journey was beginning to tell on the physician's mother. The narrow streets, the tall business houses, and the noises of trade rather terrified

her. As she rode farther away from the busy part of the city the houses began to have patches of ground in front of them, and finally she saw residences in the midst of large and well-kept lawns. Several times she asked the conductor whether she had not passed Fay Street. He was surly and at last she was afraid to ask him any more, and began to think that he must have passed the place and was now taking her to the end of the line, and would let her off at the proper place on the return journey.

"Suddenly the car stopped, and the conductor, with something between a bark and a growl, announced 'Fay.' Barely allowing her time to touch the ground, the car was started again.

"Mrs. Tolmin was left standing in the middle of the street not knowing which way to turn. Asking another policeman where No. 2428 was, she found, to her delight, that it was close at hand.

"Her dress and shawl were quite damp from the heavy mist. She was now thoroughly tired, but soon on looking up she saw the name of Austin Tolmin, M. D., on the fanlight of the big front door.

"The Widow Tolmin had at length arrived at her destination. The house she saw before her was one of the finest in the city, and from every window there poured forth a flood of light. Could this grand place be her son's house—her boy's house! They had told her he was a great physician, with a large practice, yet who would have believed that he could live in such a grand house as this! Then a sickening thought came to this woman of simple habits and rural life. Perhaps, after all, he would not be pleased to see her, and would say she should have remained at home.

"After a moment's thought, her mother-love expelled such an idea as impossible. She held the now dripping chrysanthemums in her hand, and as she perceived their resinous odor she took courage. Surely when he saw these flowers from the old homestead garden

he would be her boy again. That sickening fear which just now came upon her was—must have been—only a passing fancy. These flowers—a talisman of youthful memories—would bring him to her arms. Why had she frightened herself? It was, nevertheless, timidly and tremblingly, and with a strange sinking in her heart, that she rang the great door-bell.

"The big door opened instantly, as if by magic, and two uniformed men-servants stood before her as if to bar her entrance.

"The wife of Dr. Tolmin was one of the society leaders. That night she was giving a reception which she hoped would place her on the pinnacle of social eminence. This accounted for the sudden opening of the door, as well as for the bright light that streamed from all the windows. Of course the little black-dressed traveler knew nothing of all this, and was as much surprised as were the two men at sight of her.

"'What do you want, ma'am? The doctor does not see patients after office hours,' said one of the men. 'You cannot see him now because we have a reception this evening, and he cannot see anybody.'

"'But I am his mother, and he will see me,' said the overwhelmed Mrs. Tolmin, now tired, faint and bewildered.

"'Oh! come now! that won't do. That game won't go, you know,' said one of the men of plush, 'you had better clear out before the doctor comes.'

"'I tell you he is my son. Go and tell Austin—Dr. Tolmin, I am here,' replied the widow with considerable dignity. The doorkeeper hesitated.

"The other servant whispered something to his companion which elicited a remark, part of which Mrs. Tolmin caught. It was something to the effect that—'it may be true, you know. It is better to do as she says.'

"'You cannot sit here with all the guests coming, ma'am,' said one of the

footmen, in an altered and more respectful tone. 'You had better come into the ante-room. I will call the doctor.'

"He showed her into a small chamber off the hall. She sat down trembling greatly. Several times while she waited, the bell rang and guests were ushered ceremoniously into the great reception hall, whence she could hear the animated hum of conversation and laughter. All seemed a strange, fantastic dream to the widow. How she longed to be back at her own fireside in peace!

"The minutes wore on, yet no one came. Again and again she looked at the bunch of golden eyes she held in her hand—a love offering for her boy. Would he never come! Did he refuse to see her! She looked again at the chrysanthemums and said it was impossible.

"At length she heard the rustle of silk along the mosaic pavement of the entrance hall, and with it the heavy tread of a man's feet. Her heart beat wildly. After long, long years of separation she was going to see her boy again and clasp him to her fond old heart!

"Her joyful anticipations were soon checked.

" 'I must insist, Austin,' the old lady heard a voice—and it was a hard, cold voice just then—say, 'that your poor patients do not come to the house. If your practice interferes with our social affairs you must give it up. This is intolerable, and on my reception night, too! I have given James strict orders to admit no one on such nights in future.'

"Again the widow heard the soft swish of silk as the doctor's wife rejoined her guests. In leaving her husband, she passed the portals of the ante-room, and for the first time in her life the Widow Tolmin saw her daughter-in-law.

"She was elegantly dressed; diamonds were in her hair; she was faultlessly beautiful, but the widow saw that hers was a cold, hard, ambitious beauty.

"Mrs. Austin Tolmin had determined to become the reigning queen of society in a city which boasted many rich and beautiful women. To attain this position was no easy matter, even for one beautiful as she was, talented, and possessed of an enormous fortune. Unfortunately, in following her ambitions she had not hesitated to assume an 'advanced,' even infidel, position, and had for years given up the practice of her religion because it had interfered with her social arrangements. Her course of action had insidiously and almost imperceptibly influenced her husband, who, while he still held the faith of his earlier years, was gradually losing sight of the practical side of his religion. The divergence between his theory and practice was becoming greater every day.

"There was a slight pause after the speech of his wife before Dr. Tolmin entered the ante-room, during which the widow could actually hear own heart beating. It seemed to shake her whole frame. She was becoming afraid of her successful son. At last he stood in the doorway.

" 'Austin!'

"The mother had risen. Both hands were stretched out. Her whole soul was in her eyes, which looked longingly, hungrily for love. The son remained standing in the doorway, one hand nervously stroking his mustache, the other in the breast of his dress coat.

" 'Austin!'

"Once more she called her boy's name, her arms still extended. Suddenly, as she realized the horrible truth that her embrace was refused, she let them fall. Dizzy with hopeless disappointment, she would have fallen too, had she not leaned heavily against the table. The world was turning to dust and ashes. She was tasting a bitterness worse than death.

" 'This visit—eh!—this—eh! is very unfortunate just at this time. My wife is holding one of her fashionable receptions to-night. I did not know, really,

that you were coming, or I would have writ—'

"'No, no, I thought I would surprise you. I have not seen you for so many, many years and, Austin, I have brought you some of the yellow 'santhums you were so fond of when a boy at home.'

"'Yes—eh!—thanks very much—very much; but you see how it happens that I cannot entertain you to-night. I have fully explained, I believe and—'

"He paused.

"'Entertain! entertain his own mother!' thought Mrs. Tolmin. What did she know about the inopportuneness of her visit. All she realized was, that her son, her boy, her Austin, did not want her! Her lips turned white. She felt herself becoming dazed. The difficulty of gaining access to him, and then his embarrassed, heartless reception of her, benumbed her faculties, as one is sometimes benumbed in the presence of some great horror. She felt a leaden weight at her breast, and was conscious of a presentiment of further troubles. Beyond this, at the moment she could not be said to reason."

"Do you like my story, Gerald," said Judge Albury, turning suddenly to his boy.

"Oh! oh! it's heartless! It's dreadful," said the son in a catchy voice. This was exactly what the Judge wanted and expected. Without a word of comment he continued to read:

XII.

THE JUDGE'S STORY, CONTINUED.

"'As I have said,' Dr. Tolmin continued, not altogether heartlessly, for there was a certain quaver in his voice, 'I cannot entertain you to-night. Can you not manage to come some other time when we have no company? I am awfully sorry, but you see how the case stands, do you not?'

"'Yes, yes, I see, I see,' answered the mother, in a dazed way, conscious only of a deepening pain in her heart.

"'I know you will excuse me,' he continued, as he walked towards the front door, 'when I tell you that I am required in the reception room at once. In fact I have been too long away. Awfully sorry, really.'

"The door was now wide open. The son was about to offer a sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, and the victim—his mother.

"'Yes, yes, I go,' said the poor dazed creature, as she stood on the wire mat outside. Her mental agony deepened; the pupils of her eyes dilated, and for the moment she was literally choking with grief.

"'Good bye,' he said, not unkindly. 'Wait, though, I will send some one to conduct you to an hotel.'

"He left her standing on the step, and a servant passing a moment after, and perhaps not knowing she was there, closed the door. After this had happened the distracted woman stood motionless for a moment. She scarcely breathed. She felt herself stifling. She had a dim consciousness that her grief would kill her. Her temples throbbed, and her anguish amounted to actual physical pain. With a low groan, such as a human creature can give but once and live, she put her hands to her face, and for a moment tottered and seemed about to fall. If she had heard the offer to conduct her to an hotel, she was too much occupied with her sorrow to heed it. She went unsteadily down the steps.

"'Denied by my own son! Turned away!' she moaned again and again, convulsively. Her grief was too great for tears, but she uttered a low crooning sound as of some poor dumb animal in pain.

"Motion she felt was imperatively necessary. She moved out into the darkness and the cold, fine rain. She had money, but it was useless, for she knew

not where to go. An extra servant—hired for the night's festivities—passed her in his search for some one, but he did not recognize in the bowed creature the person whom Dr. Tolmin had instructed him to conduct to some hotel.

"The tried and tired woman, weak and faint from contending emotions, walked on and on until she came to a less aristocratic portion of the city. At length her strength failed her and she was compelled to sit down on the steps of a small but comfortable looking house. This is the last thing she remembered for many a long day.

* * * * *

" 'Now, deary, do just take a sip of this beef tea. It will do ye good,' said a kind, motherly woman, coaxingly, as she stood at the bedside of the Widow Tolmin, and watched the old lady slowly regain consciousness.

"When Mrs. Tolmin became unconscious, she fell, fortunately, into the hands of a Good Samaritan. Mrs. Langly was a kindly, middle-aged woman who had known sorrow and suffering in her time. To time to do good, she united the inclination, and the rare quality of being a natural nurse. Her own children, now all grown up and flown to nests of their own, used to say that it was worth while being ill, 'just to have mother nurse us back to health.' Her husband's modest competency allowed her to ride her one hobby undisturbed, much to the satisfaction, and alleviation of misery of the neighborhood. She was delighted to have a case of nursing right at home, and was now in her element.

" 'Take a sip of this broth now, my dear,' she said to her patient.

" 'Where am I?' asked the widow, as her eyes wandered around the neat little room.

" 'Ye are in good hands, and when ye get stronger I'll tell ye all about everything.'

"This comprehensive promise was not destined to be even partially fulfilled for some time. With the sick woman's returning to consciousness came the remembrance of the treatment she had received. With a low moan, she murmured:

" 'He would not own me. He does not love me!'

"Exhausted, she soon sank again into a state of coma. Mrs. Langly was perplexed. Bodily ailments she could manage; she was scarcely competent to minister to a mind diseased, and she was convinced that mental perturbation was the cause of her patient's illness. The coma into which the widow had fallen lasted many hours. The nurse became frightened and determined to send for a physician.

"As Dr. Tolmin was returning to the brilliantly lighted reception room, the butler met him, holding in his hand the large bunch of common yellow chrysanthemums. At sight of them Tolmin started as if he had been stung.

" 'Take them to my study,' he said surlily, and passed on.

"Gray streaks of dawn were in the eastern sky before the last of the guests had departed. The master of the house did not even then retire to rest, but repaired to his study. Lighting a cigar, he sat before the fire and fell into a long train of thought. Silently the cinders fell from the grate while he smoked and thought. Were his thoughts of a pleasant kind? Judging from the heavy wrinkles on his brow they were far from being so. After some time his valet brought him the morning papers. Yes, there was the account of the most brilliant social event of the season. His wife had gained her point; she was the recognized social leader.

"And he? Was he satisfied with his wife's, and his own, success. No, a thousand times no, he told himself. In these still morning hours arose ever and anon in his memory the image of that

careworn face beneath the old black silk bonnet. As a nightmare, his mother's pathetic look came before him again and again. He could not rid himself of it, do what he would. He tried to argue himself into the belief that he could not have received her at such a time. Had she come a day later, or a day earlier, all would have been well. Surely no one could blame him. And yet Conscience, in spite of all his arguments, did blame him, and told him he had crushed out her life's love beneath the Juggernaut of fashion's demands, and the desire for social preeminence.

"'At all events she is safe and probably sound asleep now in some neighboring hotel,' he tried to make himself believe. What a goose that caterer's man in the supper room had been not to tell him the name of the hotel before he left the house. He would send his own man, however, to examine the registers and find out where she was. After breakfast he would go to see her and bring her home, and all would be well. He could not, nevertheless, get rid of the strange fancy that in some way or other her life had been crushed out beneath the terrible Juggernaut.

"'Rubbish!' he said to himself aloud, 'nonsense! I am nervous and exhausted with the fatigue of last night's party. I will take a bath and a bromide, and I shall be myself again.'

"Leaning back in his armchair, he caught sight of the yellow chrysanthemums his man-servant had placed in a vase on the high mantelpiece. Ah! those flowers! How they spoke of his neglected mother! They brought before him his years of neglect and forgetfulness of her; her love for him; her loneliness; her sorrow. These simple country flowers! Were they not tokens that her love still endured? that she was still hungering for his love?

"How had he shown that love? How had he requited hers? But how unfortunate that she should have come at such

a time! Should he, could he have followed a different course with her? Expediency told him, no; his own heart said, yes. He got up and paced the floor nervously.

"In his tense state the golden-eyed chrysanthemums seemed to peer at him as if every blossom were a rebuking intelligent eye that could read his inmost soul. The flowers recalled his First Communion—yellow flowers always did that. They recalled his earlier life at home. How simple and good it had been. They recalled the quiet Sunday Mass in the little country church—the taper-lit altar at the Benediction service on those peaceful Sunday afternoons; the country twilight, deepening softly into night; the return to the farm-house with his mother; the quiet evening meal that followed, and the pleasant home life of those long-ago Sunday evenings. He remembered how like an angel's sounded to him, in that long ago, the voice of that mother whom last night he had refused to receive into his house, not because she was his mother—no, thank God, not that—but because dowdily dressed, and not presentable to his fine friends.

"Then there came again that terrible thought. What if any harm had befallen her! Could it be possible that through his cowardice he had become morally her—no! no! he could not pronounce the word! His nerves tingled—great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He again restlessly paced the floor.

"At that moment of agony a rap sounded on the study door.

"'Mrs. Langly, the nurse, sir, would like to see you as soon as possible,' said the valet.

"'Is she sick?'

"'The messenger did not say, sir, but I think not.'

"'Very well. I will go at once. Tell the messenger. The coachman is not up yet; you need not get the carriage. I will walk over.'

"The short walk was beneficial to Dr. Tolmin. The early morning air was crisp and bracing. He enjoyed it. He was now on a professional call, and therefore tried to put all unpleasant and personal thoughts from his mind. It was characteristic of him, and the secret of his great success, that he gave his whole attention to one thing at a time.

"'Good morning, Mrs. Langly. Who is fortunate enough to fall into your hands this time?'

"'A rather strange case, doctor. She seems to have nothing particularly the matter, but there is some trouble on her mind, for sure. She is raving sadly at times in her sleep. I thought I would call you first before I sent for the priest.'

"Dr. Tolmin was shown into a darkened room. Coming from the broad daylight, for a few minutes he could see nothing distinctly. Presently he distinguished a white hand outside the coverlet, and long, gray hair spread over the pillow in the confusion of delirium. The noise of entering the room aroused the patient. She turned her eyes, brilliant now with fever, towards the visitor, and once more Dr. Tolmin was face to face with his mother.

"The physician staggered backward as if he had received a blow. At that moment he felt all the bitterness of the brand of Cain, for he considered himself to be the cause of this sickness, which would most probably prove fatal. His practiced eye told him the chances of recovery were slight indeed. Getting Mrs. Langly out of the room—to this day he has no recollection how he accomplished that—he knelt at the bedside and wildly, passionately kissed the withered hand.

"'Mother! mother!' he cried in an agony of grief, 'speak! Say you know me. I was wrong. I was cruel; say you know me and forgive.'

"'How tall those houses are! Ah! there's my kind policemen; you will tell me where my Austin lives. Surely

everybody knows my Austin! What a crowd of people! Where are they all going? Tell William to drive the cows back to the creek for water. Austin, my Austin, my boy is coming to-day. They said he did not love me. Ha! ha! ha! they don't know my Austin! Don't! don't—don't touch those 'santhums. They are for Austin when he comes for his First Communion. What!—not here? Turned away! oh! oh! I shall die! I shall die! He—would—not—own—me! Mother of mercy, hear my misery! oh! it is so cold, so dark! Hail Mary full of—' and the poor broken creature's mutterings sank into silence.

"Austin Tolmin knelt at the bedside and buried his face in the coverlet. In those few moments he seemed to live for years. Of what value were the successes of his life now; of what value the brilliant and wealthy marriage, or his success in his professional career, or in society's whirl. He would give all, aye, and much more, to see the light of reason return to those sunken eyes and to hear words of forgiveness from those thin and grief-worn lips. His professional skill added to his torture, for it told him of the slight chances of recovery.

"In bitterness of soul he reviewed his life. What carelessness in respect of his religious duties! Had he not helped and encouraged his wife's agnostic tendencies? And here on this bed before him was the one who should have been the dearest and most cherished of all beings, stricken, at death's door—crushed by his own hand! Was not this a culmination of years of little unfaithfulnesses?

"Rapid and burning thoughts surged through his brain, now almost reeling in his anguish. Towering above all others, dominating his whole being for the time, was the one of his moral responsibility.

"Uttering an intense prayer for forgiveness, yet conscious that more than

that was required of him, in the presence of the now unconscious being who had given him life, holding her unresponsive hand in his, he made a vow that if her life were spared he would return to the practice of his religious duties as became a faithful son of the Church, and would henceforth render to his mother all that filial love which was her due.

"At this turning point in Dr. Tolmin's life, a timid rap at the door was heard, and Mrs. Langly entered. She was somewhat frightened at her unusual dismissal from the room.

"'Is she so very bad, doctor?' she enquired under her breath.

"'An extreme case,' he replied. 'Watch her very closely. I take the keenest interest in this case. I will explain more by and bye. I will send her an opiate, and as soon as she recovers from its effects, send for me at once. It is gratifying to know she could not be in better hands.'

"Mrs. Langly looked gratefully at the great physician. Praise from him was reward indeed. As he was leaving, the doctor said to her:

"'I think I know the cause of this sickness. I have one request to make. I wish that you would procure for me at any expense a bunch of bright yellow chrysanthemums, and have them placed on a table near the bedside, so that the patient may see them at her first lucid moment. Kindly send for a priest as soon as it will be of any use to do so.'

"Mrs. Langly's good nursing, and Dr. Tolmin's skill were finally victorious in the struggle against death. For many days the old lady lay between life and death, but one morning she opened her eyes and sighed heavily. Turning her head wearily, she caught sight of a bunch of chrysanthemums near her bed. At first she thought she was dreaming. Finally she realized they were real flowers.

"'Who put them there?' she asked in a weak voice.

"'Never mind, dearie; we will talk about them by and bye when you are a wee bit stronger.'

"'Who put them there? I must know.'

"Mrs. Langly saw that it would be better to tell her at once. When she learned that Dr. Tolmin had ordered the flowers, a happy light came into her eyes. With a gratified sigh she sank back into a happy and peaceful slumber.

"The great physician was hastily summoned. The nurse had long suspected that there existed a stronger tie between these two than the mere relation of physician and patient. When he arrived she was not surprised to see him visibly agitated. She managed, with fine tact, not to be in the room when he entered. Half an hour elapsed, and thinking that even the great physician was becoming imprudent, she made some excuse for entering the sick chamber. Through the steam of a bowl of broth, she saw, as she entered, the widow's hand lying in her son's and a happy smile on both faces. From that hour of reconciliation, the recovery was slow but sure. When good Mrs. Langly heard the story—it could be kept from her no longer—she, weeping and smiling through her tears, embraced both mother and son, even though that son was the great physician."

Judge Albury stopped, as though he had finished the story. Gerald's sharp eyes noticed that he held three or four more pages of the manuscript.

"Oh! papa, please go on. It's lovely. You have not done yet."

"I have told the main part of the story," said his father, "and have, I believe, accomplished the end I had in view. But if you wish for the rest I will read it."

"Do, do, please," begged Gerald.

The Judge had watched the effect of the story on his son. He had noticed that at times the boy had given way to tears out of sheer human sympathy.

"I saw that you were crying once or twice, Gerald."

"Yes, sir, I was. I don't know what boy would not cry at such a story."

"I thought you would say that. Now if you care to hear the rest I will read it."

"Yes, please, pa. I won't move until you have finished it."

Mr. Albury seemed well pleased that

the boy had taken such an interest in the story. He had read it to him for a purpose. Gerald, who had expected a good scolding, if not something worse, thought himself in great good luck to be entertained by his father instead. He had not the slightest suspicion of his father's purpose.

(To be continued.)

Tuesdays With Friends

A Point of View of the Rosary

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE Student had come in from a long ramble with the Young Priest. He bore triumphantly a bunch of wild azalia.

"The pinkest of the pink," he said, "summer is fairly started when the wild azalia blooms. I tried for some of those yellow and brown columbines that show so well on the rocks in Virginia—but I suppose they come later."

"Oh, yes," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "much later. If you want to see real bloom at this season of the year, you must sail along the James River—from Norfolk to Richmond."

"The whole country is full of bloom just now," said the Young Priest. "Even our cold lakes in Minnesota are wreathed in bloom." He looked uneasily at the dust on his shoes.

"Don't mind," said the Student, promptly, "dust on one's shoes is the bloom of youth;—but you haven't any traditions in Minnesota, and a country without traditions, even in the spring—"

"Ah, think of the traditions of the James River!" said the Young Lady from Virginia, ecstatically. "And of Maryland!"

The Young Priest took his cup of tea, after apologies to the ladies for accept-

ing the first cup—but the Lady of the House was firm; "I always serve a clergyman first in my house, no matter what the etiquette anywhere else is," she said.

"Oh, of course, if he is one's pastor," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "but a very young priest—"

"I was about to say," interrupted the Young Priest, with a reasonable fear that the discussion might be too personal, "that one feels that the James lacks of Catholic tradition. Now the Hudson has the glorious memory of Jogues, and the Mississippi!—think of the memories of Catholics it calls up, and our great Northwest, with the grave of Marquette at St. Ignace!"

"But think of Maryland!" said the Young Student.

"And the apostasy of the fourth Lord Baltimore," said the Young Priest.

"Think of the temptations in those days when a man's temporal career depended on his religion. Benedict Leonard Calvert did not live long enough to regain his proprietary rights; but his son, the fifth Lord Baltimore did," said the Young Lady from Virginia, who, as a Colonial Dame, prides herself on her knowledge of American history.

"A man is a poor stick who considers any temporal advantage in relation to religion. And," added the Student hotly, "public opinion to-day will back up nobody who is insincere. That's a great comfort. And I don't think there ever was a time when religion was more respected. For instance, I saw a woman drop her rosary in the street-car to-day, and the conductor, who, I know, is a Protestant—I ride with him every day—restored it to her very reverently. I almost expected him to kiss the crucifix. Not so very long ago a man of that type would have scorned the beads."

"I saw the man do it," said the Young Priest, "and I think that there was something more than mere politeness in the action. After all, the knowledge that Mother Church has of the human heart is tested and proven century after century. I remember smiling somewhat when a non-Catholic poet said, in a lecture, that the Catholic Church is the greatest mistress of psychology in the world. And yet—when one thinks of it coolly—how true it is! The Church never yielded a jot to the iconoclasts. 'An image here and there wouldn't have made much difference,' said another cynical lecturer on the Reformation recently. The attitude of the cultured Protestant towards symbols to-day shows, I think, that in rejecting the image-breakers in all ages, the Church showed her deep insight into the needs and workings of the human heart."

"And the more culture spreads," the Lady of the House said, "the more the intense reprobation of the brutal image-breakers at the time of the Reformation grows—of course, I know that it is a question of taste rather than of religion; but when I see that good taste is bringing into drawing-rooms and bedrooms, into lecture-rooms and even school-rooms the Sistine Madonna and Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception' I feel that good taste is the handmaid of

religion and that the real meaning of the Son's sacrifice may be gradually made plain through the beauty of the Mother."

"Speaking of the beads," said the Young Lady from Virginia, who had listened to the conversation with much satisfaction, "they are my greatest consolation, and yet, as a convert, I found them not only a difficult method of prayer, but distasteful—yes, really! I suppose 'born' Catholics can't understand that! I fancied that something was especially wrong with me until I read, in a 'Life of Coventry Patmore,' that he disliked saying the rosary so much that he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes in the hope that this dislike might be removed, and it was removed. That opened my eyes. I discovered that I was tired of my way of saying the rosary, as I imagined that I had to think of two things at once—"

"For a woman," interrupted the Student, "that, I should think, would be most congenial!"

The Young Lady merely replied:

"We have executive minds." Then she added, "I learned that the Credo was added for people like myself who had not learned to meditate, and that meditation did not mean the thinking of two things at once. And I prayed very hard, with an intention like Coventry Patmore, and did not think at all! Now everything has come right, and, in any mood, I can take up my beads and find refreshment."

The Young Priest looked thoughtful, and then spoke, after a silence during which the group waited:

"To love the rosary is a gift which is worth more than even a pilgrimage overseas. The sick appreciate it best—for when all consolations seem to fail, and to the weak even God seems far off, it is the chain that draws them nearer and nearer, bead by bead."

Nobody spoke after this until it was time to say good-bye.

St. Anthony of Padua

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

THE beautiful city of Padua has changed but little since the days when the genius of Mantegna displayed itself in the painting of the great Gonzagas. Through the quaint old town the Bacchiglione winds in several branches, and the narrow tortuous streets, with their low "portice," or arcades, are in few places widened for modernity by the removal of antique and picturesque projections.

Over the arms of the river are bridges, some of them dating from Roman days, when Padua was the richest city in northern Italy.

It was never largely a city of strife. Although its people were turbulent and quarrelsome it had no tremendous struggles for liberty such as racked proud Siena to the depths.

Padua traces her origin to Antenor, that mythical king of Troy who was Priam's brother, and she shows, also, many traces of Roman occupation within her walls, as in the hall of the Piazza della Ragione where we see the fine tombstone of Livius Halys, freedman of Livy's family, who was buried in 370 and whose tomb was found near Padua.

Varying destinies were Padua's. She was Guelphic under Jacopo da Carrara; she was harassed by the Scalas; she was ceded to Venice, and ruled wisely and well by the Venetians. Evidences of the Venetian rule we see to-day in the

magnificent Botanical Garden, founded at the suggestion of Bonafede by the Republic of Venice in 1545—the oldest garden of its kind in Europe. Many and varied are the curious plants growing there, the sunshine of centuries upon them, the dews of countless soft Italian nights moistening their glistening leaves. Here is a *Vitus Aquas Castus*, planted in 1550; a superb palm (the one mentioned by Goethe), planted

in 1580; a mighty, hollow plane tree from 1681; an *Auracaria* over fifty feet high, and a whole grove of exquisite exotics, blooming in rare and tropic luxuriance and watched over by a giant *Carya*, one hundred and seventeen feet high, which proudly rears its lofty head toward heaven like some splendid tower against the azure of Italia's matchless sky.

Here the air is fragrant with the perfume of the snowy lilies which Paduans love, and which they call "Holy Blooms" in honor of one whom they revere as spotless as the lily, and these remind us of the sonnet:

"A lily in thy spotless purity,
In grace and perfume like the budding rose,
That blushing, dew-kissed in my garden
grows,

A woman in thy tender sympathy;
In mighty, sheltering strength, a stalwart
tree;

All sorrowful amidst poor human woes,
A gentle river whence sweet pity flows,
A little child in quaint simplicity."

ST. ANTHONY—AUTHENTIC IMAGE.

Courtesy of the Association of St. Anthony.

Not only in the garden is one reminded of the great Paduan, for every nook and corner seems to teem with memories of one revered by all Paduans to-day as he was beloved by those of other days. Neither knight nor warrior, scholar nor artist, was he, yet famed o'er all the world and esteemed

gentle saint, flower of St. Francis, silver-tongued, mild-mannered, lover of children—the "Sweet Paduan, St. Anthony." Born in Portugal, yet he was so associated with the Padova he loved as always to be called St. Anthony of Padua. His effect upon the turbulent Padovani of the thirteenth century was remarkable,

APSE OF CHURCH OF SAN ANTONIO.

even by those who knew not his faith. Il Santo, they call him—in all the galaxy of the friends of God the saint, "par excellence"—for so the Paduans esteem *him*. Next to Our Lady, best of all the *holy ones* not divine they believe the

for, after he dwelt among them, from being troublesome and full of quarrels they became so changed that Pope Gregory addressed a Bull to the city praising their piety and zeal. Even to-day one seems to feel his presence.

There is the Chiesa del Santo, the Via del Santo, the Piazza del Santo, the Scuola del Santo, and even in the museum there is a room of the library devoted to the documents relating to Il Santo and the archives of his canonization.

In the Via della Foncella, by the quaint bridge which crosses the Bacchiglione, is the spot where Ezzelino doffed his helmet and kissed the town gate—that tyrant Ezzelino whom Il Santo rebuked and who yielded to him, confess-

Yet standeth ever patient, holding the Christ Child fast.

He gazes on the peasants with gentle, loving eyes,
The Padovan patron, St. Anthony the wise;
Around his head the sunbeams play like a halo's sheen,
Nod at his feet the blossoms, himself a flower I ween."

Beyond the Piazza del Santo is the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, once the Prado della Valle. Originally a fair grassy meadow, the piazza is now shaded

CHAPEL OF THE SAINT, PADUA.

ing his sins with bitter weeping. Farther on we find a weather-worn statue of the saint watching a street, his Franciscan habit all weather-stained, the Bambino he so dearly loved clasped to his gentle heart. There he stands

"Upon the gateway in the quaint Italian town,

In homely, time-stained habit, with cord and kirtle brown.

The summer suns beat on him, he feels the wintry blast,

by a promenade, bordered with two rows of statues of notable men, eighty-two in number. These include those who have been prominent in the history of Padua, Tasso, Petrarch, Galileo, Livy, Morosini, and others. The most remarkable are those of Palini and Capello, by Canova, showing him at the height of his genius.

The Piazza is at its best at the season of the "fiera," or annual fair, which occurs upon the feast of St. Anthony, June

thirteenth, for the chestnut trees are still in bloom, white and deep pink, although their waxen petals begin to drop, and here and there powder the ground like snow. Flowers flaunt everywhere, riotous in color, flinging their fragrance upon the air—violets, roses, lilies and heliotrope, vivid geranium and scarlet hibiscus. Here the peasants come from miles in all the glory of their

"The Cathedral," the Paduan will say with a fine shrug—scant ceremony with which to dispose of the Renaissance structure of 1556—"it is well enough; the 'tesoro' is very fine with many things of old, and very handsome. The baptistry is from 1100, quite elegant, Signore, but not even to be mentioned until one has observed the Church of Il Santo. Ah! Magnificent!" and the speaker will clasp his hands in ecstasy and lead you away to see Il Santo.

Not complete until 1475, this structure was begun in 1231, the year of St. Anthony's death, and it is a glorious sepulchre. In style of architecture it is more curious than homogeneous, for the Byzantine dome, after the fashion of St. Mark's in Venice, as combined with a Gothic basilica is more striking than happy in its effect, but its twin towers are exquisite bits of poetry in stone. Modern doors replace the old ones, but there are four Gothic niches in the center which contain superb statues of St. Francis, St. Louis, St. Anthony and St. Bonaventura, the four great Franciscan saints. Above is a lunette by Mantegna, a beautiful bit of fresco of St. Anthony and St. Bernardino. Before the church stands the superb equestrian statue of Gattamelata, general of the army of the Venetian republic in 1438, designed by Donatello, and the first specimen of bronze of the modern Italian period.

ST. ANTHONY'S VISION—VON SCHRANDOLPH.

Sunday best, quaint and picturesque, and all is gaiety, laughter and mirth.

Paduans will tell you that the finest thing to see in Padua is not the Cathedral, as is generally the case in Italian towns, but the Church of San Antonio.

In the interior of the church twelve pillars bears up the nave and aisles, and the semi-circular choir has eight clustered columns and eight beautiful little chapels. Many fine tombs of noted people are scattered among the chapels, and the walls are rich with frescoes and paint-

ings, especially those in the Capello del Santo. These are scenes in the life of St. Anthony, which include his ordination, his resuscitation of a woman, his cure of a broken leg, and many others, painted in the somewhat old manner of Lombardo.

The bones of the saint lie peacefully beneath the magnificent altar enriched with votive offerings and tablets. At either side are two superb silver candlesticks borne by two marble angels, while the snowy marble of the altar gleams

On the antependium of the high altar in the choir of San Antonio are four bronze reliefs of miracles of St. Anthony, the most exquisite bits of work imaginable; one could linger long within this tranquil spot, breathing so deeply the spirit of devotion, yet one other place within the choir claims attention. There is the full length portrait of the saint, said to be the best existent likeness of him, next to the one at Spoleto. This last is far more beautiful than the one in Padua. It is said to be perfectly au-

CHURCH OF IL SANTO, PADUA.

from behind the four shapely columns in dazzling whiteness—fitting shrine for the spotless soul of him who rests beneath. On the vaulting above is exquisite white and gold ornamentation and the inscription:

"DIVO ANTONIO
CONFESSORI
SACRVM."

thentic and was taken from Padua to Spoleto in 1232 when the saint was canonized there by Pope Gregory XI.

In the sanctuary are the relics of the saint, and in the hall of the Scuola del Santo, the brotherhood of St. Anthony, there are seventeen frescoes of scenes in his life, several of them by Titian, who had sought refuge in Padua after the war of the League of Cambrai had made

Venice too sad a place for art to flourish therein.

In one painting we see St. Anthony giving speech to an infant in order that it might testify to its mother's innocence, she being falsely accused; in another the repentance of a jealous husband who has slain his wife and to whom St. Anthony promises her resuscitation; in a third, a youth who has struck his mother cuts off his hand in wild repentance, and the mother implores St. Anthony to restore the lost member. These are quaint and interesting rather than beautiful, although the coloring of some, notably those by Titian, is still fine. It is to be regretted that the series was not perpetuated by more durable medium than that of fresco. None of these Paduan paintings of St. Anthony are very satisfactory, but all are interesting as displaying some phase of the saint's beautiful character.

Painters of all ages have loved to portray him, and one of the loveliest conceptions of him is by Ribera. The Spaniard must have felt akin to the Portuguese saint, albeit critics say his own life was aught but saintly, for he has painted a most sympathetic likeness of St. Anthony, youthful, almost boyish-looking, yet wonderfully spirituelle. A more modern painting of the same subject, one by Von Schrandolph, has the same spirituality but in it the saint's face is older, more worn, more ascetic. According to the "authentic likeness," St. Anthony did not appear ascetic, but there was a radiant inward light which shone from his countenance, a light of one at peace with the world because at peace within the white stillness of his own chaste soul.

The modern paintings of St. Anthony nearly all represent him in connection with the favorite legend of his visit from the Christ Child, and Paduans still show the spot where this is said to have taken place.

There were, so runs the story, some pious people with whom "Brother Antonio" was wont to lodge upon his visits to Padua, and one night, it being late, the man of the house heard a sound from his guest's room and went up to see if all was well. Upon reaching the top of the small stair, he observed a great light come from under the door and also a strange scent of lilies, though it was wintry cold and snow lay upon the ground. He was frightened, and peeping through the keyhole, saw within the room the most lovely child caressing the Brother and smiling upon him as he knelt in prayer.

Wonder-stricken he stole away, scarce knowing what to think, but next day he found in his guest's room a spray of lilies, unearthly fair, and he knew the strange visitant was a heavenly one.

Another favorite story of St. Anthony is of how in an impulse of pity he gave a loaf of bread from a baker's shop to a famishing beggar, and called to account by the baker for his reckless generosity, he offered to work for him in payment. This he did, working diligently, taking hard words and hard work until the baker considered the value paid. This legend has given rise to the charity of "St. Anthony's bread," and to the fact that the saint is so often represented with a loaf of bread in his hand. Whether one believes in the legend fully or merely regards it as a pretty story with a moral, it is quite certain that to promise bread to the poor in honor of St. Anthony if a particular request is granted, brings in many cases an almost miraculous response.

Many other fair legends of the saint were told upon canvas in the old days of artistic Padua, and many more are told to-day by descendants of those who knew him once, for he is their pride and joy. And we gaze eagerly, we listen even more with avidity, for we too are under the spell of the great Paduan, that sweet, simple, holy soul, "Il Santo."

THE GARDEN BENCH

"When June-time comes with its roses—"

THUS she sighed, walking through the glad place of girlhood, and whoever had ears to hear might note a voice of anguish crying back to her: "O foolish of heart, and slow to heed the wisdom of the ages! Now, only now, are you happy, and you are hastening from it! It will pass all too soon, and then forever after—regret!"

And the words were as feathers thrown against the wind.

It seems to be a part of mortal mind always to be thinking of the step just ahead instead of the one we are taking; and that is why our steps are so unsteady. If we would plant our feet firmly on the earth and gather to ourselves all the pleasure the passing instant holds, we should think of what we are doing now, live in the present, and not anticipate. Instead, in April we are impatient for May; when May comes, having exhausted her joys in anticipation, we yearn for June—and so on throughout the pleasant part of the year; then when come the first creeping airs of September, we shiver and turn faint of heart, realizing that time is gone and we are faring swiftly to the days of brumal blasts and aching frosts. Then the mental action is reversed. We look back, who erstwhile looked before, and at the close find we have missed the most that our days held for us, and missed it through our own blind folly! That is the hardest part. If we could only throw the blame on some one else, if we could only plead ignorance; but to have to admit that we are the arbiters of our own destiny, and that we consciously ab-

stracted from life its sweet joys in the selfish hope of reaching others we thought sweeter—this presses the iron into the soul. This makes our faces grow hard and our hearts harder, and stubborn despair leads us whom once hope guided. Some delude themselves into believing that these joys were never real—that they were but the fore-gleaming of joys that await us in some other where; but the honest mind is always uncomfortable under such an explanation, and would rather think that God intends to be good to us here as well as elsewhere, but we would not see it so, and now we must pray the bitter prayer, "O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool!"

* * * * *

Wherever we turn these days when the schools and colleges are sending forth their graduates, we find such reflections suggested. It may be a group of convent girls, pacing the long walk under the pines, looking forward impatiently to the day that opens the door for them into life; leaving, without a feeling of regret, the old familiar walls, the quiet places, and the sweet April of their year. They want the time to hasten that will give them their place in the world, and begin to exert their influence, not knowing that we are never given a place. We must seek it or, more often, make it, and in the struggle of holding what we find or securing standing room, we too often forget those around us whom once we dreamed should be helped and uplifted by our high example. Then, after the novelty has worn off, the dull ache of monotony "and hatred of sameness grown dismal," and seeing, through creeping tears, the crumbling of our

ideal; the only relief—to look forward to a time which we think will be better.

Or it is the young man, turning his back joyfully on the old college, flinging aside books and papers as a prisoner might cast off his chains.

"That's the boy, bringing home his things," observed a gentleman, as some noises disturbed the quietude of the place. "He thinks he will never need those books again, and that he is going to run up the tree of success like a squirrel. Well," and the sigh was deep, "I know how he feels. I was there once myself."

I looked at the lined forehead, the black hair, sprinkled with gray, the eyes clouded by the knowledge of life.

"I believe it is a common experience," I observed. "Likewise the regret he shall later on know that he did not realize in time how sweet and tranquil, how greatly to be appreciated were those days of study and preparation."

"I suppose," he said, "your teachers and elders made the selfsame observations to you when you wore pinafores and carried a satchel; and what heed did you give them?"

"None whatever. I imagined no one else had had such a life as was to be for me, and of course none could advise me. I admitted that school was a necessity, although I was inclined to think that one with such a destiny before her should not have been chained so long to the desk. It looked like interfering with the designs of providence!"

"Yes," he said, with that sad smile the wise wear, "each young, ambitious heart thinks that it is destined to bring in the second regeneration. If they would only heed those who have learned, how much they might spare themselves! But it may not be. Each must learn for himself."

But if while learning they would only remember that the present is a good moment, the best they shall know because it is the only point of time that is really theirs, life would not then be a sorry mixture of anticipation and regret. Be as ambitious and aspiring as is your nature, and keep your face turned toward the hills, holding fast to the faith that sometime on the brow of one you shall meet the Dawn; but as you travel do not, I pray you, pass without seeing them—the beauties of the scene around you. At each step is some wayside flower, each moment overhead is some marvel in cloud or sky, and the one who extracts from what is really his all its sweetness and light, is the one who lives the richest, fullest, truest life. This all might do if they were wise.

* * * * *

It has often been a matter of regret to me that I am unable to take stenographic notes, or am not the happy possessor of a memory with a repeating apparatus attached, as some persons seem to have, notably hotel waiters. Had I been so equipped it would have stood me service the other day, when I found myself one of a company of four women whose conversation had led up to the ever-interesting subject of personality. But I shall set down, as well as I recall them, some of the profound things that were said:

"The secret of personality?" repeated the Doctor, with her attractive laugh. "If I could discover it, my fortune, as well as my fame, would be made. One thing, however, is certain: it is not goodness."

One of her hearers, with the face of a Raphaelite Madonna, and whom I shall distinguish as the Lovely Girl, leaned back in her chair aghast.

"That was my contention when I discussed the subject yesterday with the

Lovely Girl," remarked the Third, with that self-satisfaction which we experience on hearing our statement verified by one whose opinion we respect.

"Oh!" said the Lovely Girl, "I always thought it was goodness!"

"If it were, then why are some really good persons actually repulsive to us?" questioned the Doctor. "And why have some of the men and women celebrated for their attractive personality been positively wicked, if goodness be the secret?"

"But," objected the Third, "there is a difference between personality—at least the personality I am thinking of—and that power of attraction which is mainly a physical characteristic. Now, those I have in mind, whose personalities are such a puzzle to me, would be passed unnoticed in the crowd; but once you come into contact with them, immediately you feel their enfolding power. You want to know more of them, you would like to be friends with them; and if this may not be, if you pass each other like ships at sea, you never can forget that accidental meeting, and through many an after hour you will be accompanied by regret for having missed them—you will never get quite away from the haunting memory of them. The spell of their personality is on your life, and the people I have in mind cast that spell unconsciously."

"I was about to suggest hypnotism," said the Lovely Girl, with her faint smile, and the Doctor asked:

"How large a part does imagination play in this matter with you? Is it not possible that the personality which you find such a spell-binder might have no influence whatever on me, and might be repellent to the Lovely Girl? To my knowledge you have clothed several unworthy objects with a halo, afterward to find it had no material existence."

"Did I?" interrogated the Third enigmatically. "Has it never occurred to you, Doctor, that I may have made some original studies in human nature, as you have made in 'materia medica?' But this is a digression."

"I think in such persons as you describe it must be inherent goodness, but you didn't recognize it as such," insisted the Lovely Girl.

"Oh! I suppose they keep the Ten Commandments," replied the Third, "but I know they do not practice the Eight Beatitudes in any marked degree. Their virtues are neither above nor below the normal. They are persons of average goodness—the best people to get along with, whether or not they possess a remarkable personality."

"But what are the characteristics of these wonderful persons?" asked the Doctor.

"That is what I cannot say," she answered. "If I could, I should have the secret. I have met others as kind and tender, many as honest and sincere, as intellectual and cultured, some as tolerant and unprejudiced, a few as simple and true, but not possessing that power to draw, and still so unconscious of it. You know you have sometimes met such persons? I have not discovered a rare specimen of the human family."

"Yes," said the Lovely Girl, reminiscently. "I knew a nun who was such a person. She was the favorite with all the girls. Of course, you might think it would not require a very strong personality to captivate the minds of girls of that age, but her influence extended beyond the convent walls. The parents of the pupils and their friends whom the Sister met, recognized the power she possessed; and when her girls left her they never got beyond the range of Sister's influence. But I am positively certain it was goodness in her!"

"Was she the only good nun in the convent?" asked the Third.

"Of course not!" said the Lovely Girl, as indignantly as one so gentle could speak. "But who shall say she was not the best?"

"Your logic isn't powerful enough to convince the Lovely Girl!" said the Doctor.

"I am seeking a reason myself, not trying to enforce one," objected the Third. "Because I have found many good people who not only exercised no influence over me but sometimes repelled me, I cannot think with the Lovely Girl that the secret of personality is goodness, as the term is generally accepted. Neither is it intellectual attraction solely, and assuredly not a physical attraction, for none of the persons I have in mind are unusually gifted with grace and beauty. Nor can you call it affinity of soul, unless it may be an universal affinity. One of the persons I am thinking of was a statesman whose name will never perish from the history of his native state. Few men in this country exercised greater power than did he in his brief political career. His methods were opposed by numbers in his own party, yet I have heard hard-headed, unimaginative men declare that to know him, to come within the sound of his voice, meet his eyes, associate with him ever so slightly, was to be won over to him. Men who detested him would have died for him once they came to know him."

"Are the persons of whom you are thinking weak physically?" inquired the Doctor.

"No," replied the Third, slowly, "but they are not of the prize-fighting specimen of manhood."

"Of course not!" laughed the Doctor. "They are in good physical condition, with some reserve force. Are they not also strong mentally—not intellectual

giants necessarily, but owning a power of mind that would be felt?"

"Yes," she assented.

"And back of all, or perhaps I should say in and through all, was there not the suggestion of a soul, or spirit, also strong?"

"You think then the secret of personality is strength, physical, mental and spiritual?" asked the Third, with a faint scorn.

"Perhaps spiritual strength is all that is required," she returned, with her attractive laugh. "A strong soul is rather apt to show itself in a strong intellect and a healthy body—not necessarily of the prize-fighting type!"

"At least it is consoling to find a member of your material profession reverting to the spiritual for a first cause for anything!" retorted the Third.

"Visionary arguments," began the Doctor, concluding the sentence with her laugh.

"It isn't visionary to me!" asserted the other. "There seems to be something worth considering in what you advance. Now, add to your strength, which must never be too apparent, the depth of the ocean, the quietude of the heavens, the silence of space, and the mystery of all these, and you may have some idea of the wonder, the magnetism, the ever-evading, ever-alluring power of a strong personality."

"I think, then, people must be born with it, for evidently it is something rather difficult to cultivate," said the Lovely Girl.

"Isn't the germ of all gifts born with us?" asked the Third, turning toward the Doctor.

But before she had time to answer, the bell rang, and the other woman, for whom we were waiting before starting for the Club, entered, and the Lovely Girl said, "sotto voce,"

"To be continued in our next!"

CURRENT COMMENT

Plymouth a Catholic Town

The Republic

It may occasion surprise throughout Massachusetts, and throughout the country, to learn that Plymouth, the town revered in the history of America as the landing place of the Pilgrims, has drifted away from its Puritan moorings, and to-day is a Catholic town. But such is a fact. The little township, rich in historical lore, more beautiful and inspiring to-day to the eyes of the visitor than were its shores to the eyes of the exiled Pilgrims when they first settled there in 1620, has swung over into the Catholic column, and hereafter must be regarded as a notable illustration of the rapid march to ascendancy in New England of the Catholic Church. Plymouth has a population which the United States census places at nine thousand, five hundred and ninety-two. Of this number eighteen hundred are Irish-Catholic, two thousand are French-Catholic, while another two thousand are made up of Italian and Polish Catholics. In addition there are scores of converts and men and women of other nationalities who are steadfast in the Catholic faith. Thus it will be seen at a glance that the assertion that Plymouth is a Catholic town is well founded.

John Duns Scotus

Freeman's Journal

John Duns Scotus (which means in modern English John Dunne, Irishman) was one of the glories of the thirteenth century. A bright particular star in the domain of that science of all sciences—theology—the knowledge of God and His ways with men.

And what a galaxy of stars he shone in! Every one of his many contemporaries was a greater man intellectually than any one the nineteenth century has probably produced.

Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, the great Saint Bernard, Abelard, Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, all soarers into the skies! all delvers deep into the heart of man! all analyzers and builders of human thought! Marshaling human knowledge into systems; giving logical and definite expression to spiritual truths for all time.

It is a great honor for Ireland that a son of hers was a leader among the inspired metaphysicians of the thirteenth century—sons of hers, for Erigena was even more truly a pioneer, though his leading proved not so sure in the end as did that of John Duns Scotus, whose humility was equal to his wisdom and whose exposition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as told in Archbishop Healy's sketch of Duns Scotus, is one of the great triumphs of the Church.

Our Royal Inheritance

The Sacred Heart Review

Said a Boston woman, in whose veins, on her mother's side, ran Spanish blood: "I am so proud of being a Catholic that I sometimes almost think I ought to make it matter for confession!" There is much for us to learn from her ardent utterance. We Catholics have a royal inheritance; we belong to the real aristocracy of the human race. Ours is the blood of the martyrs, of the saints; we are accredited courtiers in God's vast palace on earth, and no less than His heaven awaits us.

But this glorious aristocracy differs from the world's "great people" in the fact that its motto is "love and humility," and its coat of arms is a cross and a crown of thorns. If we are proud then, we are so much the less God's courtiers; that very pride warns us that we are not living up to our heritage. Yet, in a certain noble and true sense, we may be

proud that we are Catholics, as St. Paul "gloried in the cross of Jesus Christ."

Shameful it is that many Catholics do not realize more fully what the magnitude, the grandeur, the beauty of the Catholic heritage is.

The Faith, the true Catholic Faith, will lead us on daily into the glories of our heritage. We shall learn to distinguish the true from the false; and the day will come when all that this world holds of intellect and beauty will seem small indeed compared to the absolute truth and beauty of the kingdom of God.

The Colleges and Infidelity

Catholic Standard and Times (May 20)

When dealing with the subject of the Filipino students and non-Catholic colleges recently, we took account of the influence of the surroundings on minds isolated and cut off from all the sustaining force of that spiritual help and family fellowship in a common faith to which they had been accustomed since childhood days. This isolation and loss of sympathy occurs at the period of life when help is most necessary, and when the sense of loneliness and a gnawing nostalgia easily beget the deeper sense of despair and abhorrence of all things under the sun—that feeling which, if surmounted, still leaves the victim the prey of a bitter misanthropy and turns him into a cold and skeptical cynic. Let no one imagine that this is an imaginary picture. It is not merely Catholics who conjure up such a danger as a warning to co-religionists who are blind to the consequences of sending their children to such dragons' dens: there are very many conscientious non-Catholics who have reason to regret that they did not select a Catholic place of instruction for their boys or girls rather than the one they chose. The loss of such religion as they had is very frequently the penalty those youthful persons have to pay as a consequence of their parents' neglect or indifference.

What are the chances of a young Catholic stranger, different in the hue of his skin, among other young persons who despise his religion and regard him with open or secret racial aversion? This question may well be considered in relation to an article that appeared recently in the "Outlook" on the subject of danger to early religious belief in the college environment. The writer, Mr. Henry Thomas Colestock, has not in mind any but non-Catholic collegians. He fully admits the existence of the danger in his opening premises:

"Few individuals who have passed through the heartrending experience of losing their religion can ever forget that experience. This loss of religion is apt to be associated with the period of college education, during which a process of adjustment between religious faith and a growing knowledge is taking place. The student goes to college with certain religious beliefs, and finds an antagonism between his beliefs and the new ideas he is taught. As these new ideas possess him, they tend to undermine his faith, and soon he comes to the conclusion that he has lost his religion, and he drifts into an indifference toward the duties and claims of the religious life."

Here it will be seen that the writer draws a distinction between religion and faith. This distinction exists only outside the Catholic Church, because in the outside denominations such notions of religion as are imbibed from Sunday school teaching, grounded on Bible lessons, give only a vague and indefinite idea of the relation between the written word and the living Church. God is at best recognized as an abstraction, an historical reminiscence, instead of being, as Catholics know and feel, ever present in His Church, according to the promise voluntarily made that He would be with it all days until the consummation of the world.

If the non-Catholic student lose his faith, this writer would not look upon

the fact as anything serious; in fact, he rather thinks a religious metamorphosis in such a case beneficial. He states the case thus:

"The word which some of us wish had been spoken to us who have passed through one phase or another of this struggle of adjustment between faith and knowledge is this: Religious faith is a life of fellowship with God; religion is the living of one's life in view of this fellowship; religious beliefs are explanations of this life of fellowship with God, and it is reasonable to expect that these explanations will vary according to our intellectual progress, being different with the same individual in different stages of his development; and differing also in the thought of different persons owing to training and temperament."

There never was a stronger case made for the uncertain, nay, the illusory, character of Protestant teaching. Such teaching presents only a mirage of religion—a "fata morgana" that the first blast of the tempest shatters into nothingness. But the Catholic faith is indelibly impressed on the mind by the tender pressure of the Church's hand, and only under such conditions as prove corrosive to the strongest supports can they be effaced. But such conditions undoubtedly confronted our young Filipino friends when they were at first brought into an American atmosphere.

The Cardinals

The Messenger

The full number of Cardinals is seventy; but there are at present only sixty-one. Four have died since the reign of Pius X began—Cardinal Herrero, Mocenni, Celesia, and Langenieux. Of those created by Pio Nono, one, Cardinal Oreglia, still survives. One hundred and forty-six Cardinals died during the pontificate of Leo XIII, and fifty-seven of the eighty-nine made by him are now living. Pope Pius X has made only two—Cardinals Merry del Val and Calle-

gari. Of the actual Sacred College, thirty-seven are Italian and twenty-four foreign. Of the entire number thirty reside "in curia" (Rome).

The World of To-day

The Republic

The world is still Diogenes-like. It goes looking for an honest man with lantern and pilgrim srip. It rarely finds one, for while honesty is one of the virtues upon which an industrial civilization builds itself, its warrant for life is short when the speculative impulse gets the upper hand.

To-day it has a dazzling ascendancy. There is a reign of graft in modern business methods that keen observers are pointing out in books, in magazines, in the daily press, in every form of printed matter.

Catholics must learn to form a right conscience, as the theologians call it. They cannot lead clean lives and allow their consciences conveniently to remain silent on a question of business bond, political integrity, the sobered sense of justice.

The Christian Press Association

Freeman's Journal

More than ten years ago Cardinal Sattoli, the then Apostolic Delegate at Washington, sanctioned the project of Rev. James L. Meagher to propose to the Bishops of the country the establishment of the Christian Press Association. Most of the Bishops warmly approved of the plan, and more than fourteen hundred priests subscribed the working capital—the founder, Father Meagher, putting in some real estate and erecting a commodious house of twenty-six rooms where the workers may live. Last week a papal brief was received from Pius X granting Dr. Meagher the privilege of saying Mass in the chapel of the above house.

During his last journey to Rome, after the establishment of the Press Associa-

tion, Leo XIII conferred on Father Meagher the dignity of Doctor of Divinity from the Sacred Congregation of Higher Studies, he being the only one in this country with that title.

Hazing

Catholic Standard and Times (May 20)

In the Middle Ages every big establishment had its Lord of Misrule, who was privileged to let loose the dogs of folly on certain festive occasions. But it was only on those occasions he was given license to let good manners cease and Puck run riot among young and old in the baron's hall. Here he has no seasons. In university and college there is no close season for clowning. Puck is not a harmless sprite here: no one could identify him with the imp who in days of old was known as Robin Goodfellow. He is a vicious and sometimes murderous cub—a downright nuisance and a bully, and a coward at that. And yet the sentiment of this age is so topsyturvy that there is a large class who sympathize with the belief that even the practice of hazing has a right of prescription or usor—like any other bad practice that has come to be recognized as valid by reason of its having been allowed to grow instead of having been nipped in the bud when it began to show itself as a nuisance. The proceedings at the University last week, when mass meetings of the students were held in support of the continuance of the hazing system, must seem amazing in print to people outside this country. The noble prerogative of indulging a spirit of brutality is treasured as highly as though it were an integral part of the Constitution, instead of being, as it is, a thing utterly abhorrent to its letter and its spirit. Those professors who have striven to repress its indulgence were burned in effigy, and the elegant suggestion made by one young gentleman, that the ashes be “crucified,” exhibits the refinement in

thought and expression which a University training is capable of creating in the mind of the “noble savage.” It was a suggestive phrase. It showed a habit of mind, familiar with sacred things only to hold them in irreverent remembrance, if not contempt. If the authorities of institutions supported by public taxes are unable to repress brutality, these institutions should be closed and the invertebrate management sent about its business.

Census of the Philippines

Everybody's

The Census Bureau has published the results of the census of the Philippine Islands. The population of the three hundred and forty-two islands of the archipelago is 7,635,426. Of this number about seven millions are classed as “civilized,” more or less. The wild tribes, found almost entirely inland, are only about nine per cent of the total population. Almost all the civilized tribes are Catholics. There are thirty-five Protestant churches. The Moros are Mohammedans. The other wild people are described as having “no recognized religious belief,” which merely means that their religion is not understood. More than one-half of the Filipinos can neither read nor write any language; only one-fifth of those aged ten years or more can both read and write. Eleven per cent of the pupils in the schools understand English. This is good work enough for two years. The number of female wage-earners is proportionately double that of the United States. The average size of a Philippine farm is eight and one-half acres, about one-seventeenth that of the average American farm. The Filipinos are efficient workmen when intelligently supervised. Wages are low, but have doubled under American occupation. The twelve public libraries contain only some four thousand books, more than one-half of which are Spanish. There are or were, in 1902,

forty-one newspapers, twelve English, twenty-four Spanish, four in native dialects, one Chinese. Twenty are dailies. The only steam railroad of any account runs one hundred and twenty-two miles from Manila to Dagupan, has two hundred and fifty-four bridges, and was built by Filipinos, who are excellent bridge-builders. It pays well, and is being extended. —

Current Literature

Western Watchman

There is something peculiarly attractive about a good magazine, and that Americans know how to appreciate them has been demonstrated by the splendid success with which several of our leading periodicals have met. * * * The pleasure and profit to be derived from reading first-class periodicals is not to be underestimated. They keep one in touch with passing events and are better suited to the busy man and woman than books, while they are superior in tone and style to the newspapers. However they are expected to reflect the life and sentiments of the people; and since unfortunately, there are some very ugly domestic vices prevalent among us, they are creeping into the magazines to a shocking degree. It is enough to make a Catholic intone a solemn "Te Deum" for the gift of faith, when we see the time and space that are wasted in discussing subjects, many of which could be satisfactorily answered by a Catholic child of ten years. There are fads and fancies too numerous to mention, and we turn away with a sigh of bewilderment. "Is Life Worth Living?" "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Who Shall Rule in the Home, Husband or Wife?" "Woman's Position." "Divorce." "Shall the Woman through Choice be a Wage-Earner or a Homemaker?" "Is Church-going Necessary?" "The Size of the Family," and other topics of a similar nature stare at us from every page. Yet there are Catholics who think a secular

journal all wisdom and a Catholic one all stupidity. It is true that Catholic literature has had a hard struggle in America, but we are coming to the front. * * * The question is frequently asked: "Why do not Catholic authors devote their talent to the upbuilding of Catholic literature?" Because many of the household of faith pass their own periodicals by for secular ones, and the writer must turn to the best market for his productions. If Catholics can write stories and poems of sufficient merit to satisfy the highest-class magazines in America, why not read them in Catholic publications where the wheat is separated from the chaff and we are refreshed instead of being made heart-sick and weary by the unrest and ignorance and disbelief which are everywhere surging around us like the waves of the sea?

Fads in School

Catholic Columbian

The Board of Education in New York has voted to abolish "non-essential" studies in the elementary public schools of that city. Accordingly the teaching of sewing, physical training, organized games, physiology, hygiene and drawing will be omitted from the first year's course. This is done to shorten the day's session and to give more time to the three R's.

There is no doubt that in most schools the young children have too many studies and too long lessons. If the fads were cut out and the comparatively useless studies were reduced to elementary requirements, the pupils could be better taught how to read, to write, to spell, to punctuate, and to work out practical every-day problems in arithmetic.

As some schools are conducted now, their graduates have a smattering of many studies but cannot speak English correctly, write a simple letter without blunders, or do with ease little sums in fractions.

The fads ought to go!

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STORY OF ABDIEL

By Martha Lowell

The good Creator once placed a child upon this world of ours and bade him go forth and seek the best in life. The child's name was Abdiel, which means a servant of God. Now, the first years of Abdiel's life on earth were all joy. There were tender women who gave him food, and strong men who protected him from harm, and the world seemed good and beautiful. But one day these loving ones were taken away, and he found himself uncared for and alone. Life changed from brightness to gloom. The way was rough, the children of men heeding naught but themselves. Then Abdiel drew himself apart and considered thus:

"What is the best in life? Is it love?

No, love is but a phase of youth. Is it fame? Fame is but the plaything of the hour. The best in life is power, and the sole power that lasts is gold."

From that day forth Abdiel dedicated his life to the search for gold.

Far and wide his quest led him, and at last when full weary he found a spot where gold was plentiful, and his joy was great.

"Power will soon be mine," he thought, and began lustily to dig. The ground was hard and frozen and filled with countless stones. He tore his hands and strained his back and the sweat poured from his brow. Undaunted, he labored on, but found little gold.

One day a gentle, lovely girl passed Abdiel, and he allowed his eyes to rest upon her.

Now, Abdiel was strong and supple as a forest pine and goodly to look upon, and the girl's eyes filled with love as she returned his gaze. Thereupon Abdiel asked her to become his wife, and she willingly consented.

For many days after Abdiel lived in the light of love, and his world was the woman who was his wife. But again the fever of gold returned upon him, and he once more sought his mine. The earth yielded to his earnest work and the pile of gold waxed great, but the more he obtained the more eager he grew. His face became stern, his manner severe, and youth merged rapidly into manhood, and the marks of age were upon him.

Sometimes his wife came and sat beside the mine and spoke tenderly to Abdiel. But he chided her, saying:

"Leave me, thou hinderest my work. I will speak to thee only when I have mastered the earth." And the woman departed, and mourned greatly all alone.

One day a little child came shyly to the mine and said:

"Father, love me." But Abdiel without turning, answered:

"Cease, my work allows me not to heed thee. I will love thee when I have won the gold." So the little child departed, weeping bitterly.

The pile of ore grew daily as Abdiel worked. Often he fondled it and said:

"Not yet will I enjoy thee, not till thy heavy mass surrounds and covers me. Then wilt thou bring me power, then will I have found the best in life."

Abdiel struggled on. His brow grew furrowed, his eye lost the fire of manhood and his hair was touched with the frost of age. Other children came and called to Abdiel:

"Father, come love me." Some were dainty maidens with eyes as pure as dewy violets; others stalwart little men ready to fight the world, were father's hand to lead them on. But Abdiel had no time to heed these little ones, and

they soon wandered into the world and were gone forever.

His sorrowing wife came to the mine and said:

"My husband, I go on a long journey and shall return not." Abdiel perceived that she had grown old. Her face was drawn, her hands were rough from toil, her beauty faded.

"But stay," he said. "The best in life will soon be ours."

"The best in life is mine already," she answered softly, and with eyes fixed heavenwards she started bravely forth on her lonely journey.

Abdiel now mourned greatly; but he worked on, wholly absorbed in his life's task.

At last there came a day when he could work no more. He was a tottering, weak, old man, bowed and bent with toil. The great world around him which he knew not, seemed changed to him. And when the children of men saw the huge heap of shining gold which he had accumulated through the weary years, they came and bowed and fawned before him and cried:

"Command thy friends. Thy slightest wish shall be our law. Kings seek to favor thee. Beauty knocks at thy door. The art, the choicest treasures of the earth are thine if thou but speakest the word."

But he scorned them all and answered:

"What do I wish with ye? Friendship cannot be bought—the favor of kings is as changing as the hour—mine eyes are too dim to see beauty—the art, the treasures of the earth are naught to me. Love would I have. The children that know me not, the wife that weeping left my side—these would I have—would that they were mine once more! Love is the greatest, the only real joy in life."

And the cringing worshippers of gold shrugged their shoulders and sullenly departed, leaving the miserable old man alone guarding his yellow hoard.

PURIFICATION BY FIRE

By A. de R.

The Navajo Indians believe in purification by fire and at times they literally bathe themselves in flames. A great pile of dry brush is collected from the desert in preparation for the ceremony, which is strangely weird and impressive, and is performed at night. At the appointed time a blazing branch is hurled into the inflammable pile, and directly the flames shoot heavenward, while sparks and ashes fall like rain. Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard, and from the darkness the warriors, clad only in white breech-cloths and moccasins and daubed with white clay, come bounding into the enclosure around the fire. Howling like wolves, they approach the fire, bearing in their hands slender wands tipped with eagles' down. Rushing around the fire, they attempt to burn the down from their wands, but owing to the intense heat this is accomplished with great difficulty. Some dash into the fire and retreat, others crawl slowly toward it along the ground. When the last warrior has accomplished his task there is a tremendous blowing of horns, the uproar growing louder and louder, until suddenly other braves spring into the ring each bearing two bundles of shredded cedar bark. After running around the fire four times the bundles are lighted and a wild race begins, the rapid motion causing the flames to flow out in long streamers over the hands and arms of the runners. A warrior will grasp the blazing mass as though it were a sponge, and keeping close to the man he is pursuing, will rub his back as though bathing him. The victim in turn overtakes the man in front of him and treats him in like manner. From time to time the dancers apply the flames to their own bodies; and when a brand is burned so that it can no longer be held, it is dropped, and the dancer disappears from the scene, while the spectators pick up the burning fragments and bathe their

own hands. The dancers do not suffer any apparent injury from burns, due doubtless to the clay with which their bodies are smeared.

A CHILD'S SECOND COMMUNION*

By S. M. A.

With happy smiles she meets me;
Her fair face fairer seems,
As in its depths there lingers
The light of Heaven's beams.

Caressing little fingers
Around my neck entwine,
And then begins the story,
Told from her heart to mine.

* * * * *

"O Sister dear! this happy morn
The Infant Jesus came
The second time to visit me.—
Will He always come the same?"

She clasped her hand upon her heart;
Its throbbings plain I heard,
As, listening to her story sweet,
I uttered not a word.

"I thought," said she, "how cold He was
On that first Christmas morn,
When Mary in the manger laid
Him as a Babe new-born.

"No clothes had she to keep Him warm,
No cosy dwelling place;
No gifts to give her holy Son,—
And tears rolled down my face.

"I wished so much to keep Him warm
While He was here with me!
I pressed Him close and told Him so,
Dear Sister, in my glee.

"Then straightway in my heart I felt
A burning fire glow,—
I know it warmed the Infant Child
Because it burned me so!

"And, Sister, I'm so happy now!
He's resting right in here;
And oh! it makes my heart so glad
To hold a Guest so dear!

"I'll try to warm Him in this way
By giving Him my love,
Till on my last Communion Day
He calls His child above."

* * * * *

To my heart I drew the darling,—
All mindful of the Guest
Who dwelt in that pure bosom,
So lovingly caressed.

* The incident prettily recounted here by a Sister of St. Dominic, took place in the Dominican Convent, Blauveltville.

FORGIVENESS

By M. J.

"You say that you love your mother, Alice, and would die for her if necessary."

"I would."

"Yet you refused flatly when she asked you to carry a pot of jam to Lucy Bradford's bedside."

"I refused because I hate Lucy Bradford, even if she is sick."

"You dislike her because she took another girl's part when you were in the wrong."

"I don't like her anyway. She's deceitful. She kissed me one day at school, and said something against me five minutes afterward."

"Lucy may have her faults, I know, but she has her good side, too."

"Don't say any more, Bessie. You can't influence me in her favor. She deserves to be sick."

"I may as well say that you deserve to be sick because you speak as you do. We are taught to love those that wound us. Your mother feels very badly over your refusal to take the jam; not only because you are disobedient, but also because she knows you are acting from an unforgiving spirit. Now, Alice, if you love your mother so much, why don't you prove it, not by dying, but—by pleasing her in doing what is distasteful to yourself?"

"Mamma shouldn't impose such a task on me, Bessie," said Alice, melting a little. "I cannot make so little of myself as to visit Lucy Bradford."

"You may find it a struggle to overcome your feelings, but you will be happy for it afterward. Come, we'll both go to see Lucy. She once said two or three unkind things against me, but I've forgotten them. She gave me an apple at luncheon one day, and I always let that kindness hide the other things. Come on."

After much urging, Alice went with her friend to Lucy's bedside. They

found the sick girl looking pale and thin, with a meek expression in her eyes.

At sight of her Alice wept, and gave her a genuine, friendly kiss.

She and Bessie spent more than an hour with the sick girl, and when both came away, Alice felt, as Bessie had foretold, very happy over what she had done.

And her tears and happiness increased over her good deed when she learned in a few days that Lucy had died.

A WORD TO THE BOYS

By Paul Haddern

I am going to say a word to grown boys. I mean those boys who dislike to be called children, especially "dear children." The average boy of fourteen or fifteen does not care to be addressed so tenderly as that, for he feels too big. It is not vain pride with him, as some would imagine, nor is it because he is trying to get ahead of his years. He simply feels riper and more advanced in mind than he appears to his elders, and prefers matter-of-fact, straightforward terms.

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Now, girls are more sentimental, and it is pleasing to have them so. If you have ever seen the closing of a girl's letter, you must have noticed how she puts the word "love" in somewhere. Such tenderness is not customary with boys. They may feel a solid affection in their hearts, but they are not likely to express it in writing, unless it be to a relative.

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You have all heard of half-dime novels. Perhaps a few of you have been guilty of reading one of these common fictions. Maybe you have had one under your desk at school while the geography or arithmetic lesson was going on. I know many boys who have been foolish enough to read these thrilling, nonsensical stories. They are not really bad boys, either. They merely lent them-

selves to the danger to see what the stories were like. Perhaps the best way to turn a sensible boy against this sort of reading, would be to tell of an interview which I had with a man who made a special business of writing hair-splitting narratives.

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This author did not resemble a wild Indian, as you might suppose. He was calm, gentle and refined, and about fifty years old. He read to me passages from several of his novels, speaking in a low voice, and criticising his work as he read. He pointed out the various tricky paragraphs that were purposely written to make a boy's flesh creep, and dwelt on one passage in particular where a detective lay bound and gagged to a railroad track, with an engine bearing madly down the road, nearer and nearer to the victim, until!— But some sort of miracle happened to save the man, according to dime-novel law. The author was afraid I should class him with the low order of writing he turned from his pen, and took particular pains to denounce his work as being intended for common minds only. "We writers call it 'pot boiling,'" he said. "We grind it out merely for the money it brings us. We know it is worthless matter."

* * * * *

Boys are shy about religious matters, yet they are very religious at heart, for all that. I know one who was so puzzled about his future that he didn't know whether to continue at school or go into business. He could not tell whether he was fit for a commercial or a professional life. He was a hardy, rugged fellow, full of common sense, and exceptionally bright and clever as a student and at his sports. In his perplexity he asked the guidance of the Blessed Virgin; and when I saw him last he said, "Oh, I'll drift to the right place at the right time. I still go to school, and I know my future will be all O. K."

SAINT ZITA'S LOAVES

By Margaret E. Jordan

Zita, little household maiden,
Wakes from ecstasy of prayer,
Finds she has forgot the making
Of her bread, her daily care.
Startled, from the church she hastens;
Blame heaps on herself the while,
That the joy of God should ever
From His will her soul beguile.
Well she knew each daily duty
Bears the seal of will divine;
And that faithful toil mounts upward,
E'en as prayer at altar shrine
Zita reaches home,—and marvels!
Finds the loaves, all smooth and white,
Ready kneaded for the oven!—
And she speeds, in glad delight,
To her mistress, lips out-pouring
Warmest thanks for kindly deed.
But she had not worked the leaven.
Swift her feet to servants speed.
'Twas to them a strange, new story;
None within that house had done
Kindly task for little Zita.
Then unto the Holy One
Leaped her heart in glad thanksgiving.
He had sent His angels there,
Task to do, the while she lingered
In sweet ecstasy of prayer!
Ne'er was bread more sweet and fragrant
Than the loaves that angel hands
Moulded while the dear Saint Zita
Talked with Christ in mystic lands.

A FUTURE PRESIDENT

By M. F. J.

I's doin' to school dis very day,
As soon as dat big dong bell rings;
I's "hooked" my Susie's slate and books,
An' maps an' rule an' udder t'ings.
I is my papa's darlin' boy!
My papa says: "Learn all you can,
'Cause, maybe you'll be President
Some future day, my little man!"
And dat is why I's doin' to school.
My sister does not like to go;—
But she can't be a President—
She's only just a dirl, you know!

A small boy living with his aunt and grandma noticed on one occasion that the regular black pepper shaker was filled with red pepper. This aroused no little concern on the part of the lad, and, turning to his aunt, who sat next to him at the table, he said: "You better not eat any of that pepper, Aunt Harriet; grandma says that red pepper kills ants."
—M. F. Healy.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

ROSARY MISCELLANY..

I.



IN 1321 Sister Gertrude de la Perrosse was prioress of the convent of Prouille, which was the first religious foundation of St. Dominic. Two sisters, Antoinette and Johanna de Belcastel, were united by a holy friendship, and neither wished to outlive the other. So each, unknown to the other, prayed that they would die at the same time. This prayer was heard. What is of importance in this singular fact is that the prayer was recited before an altar of Our Lady of the Rosary. This fact has recently been established from the old written chronicles of the convent, and is a strong argument against the hypothesis that Alanus de la Roche (died 1462) was the author of the Rosary.

II.

When the Reformation broke like a storm over Europe, the loyalty of the people for the old faith was manifested in their reluctance to surrender the Rosary. It was a custom at Adlum, in Germany, for the faithful to recite the Rosary aloud every time one of the itinerant Lutheran ministers began to address them. Nor was this drastic measure barren of results. In England, Bishop Ferrar of St. David's, who had gone over to the reformers, was accused by the king of having allowed "Papists," who were guilty of the crime of carrying Rosaries, to escape. He answered that in his first intercourse with these people he had attempted to enforce the obnoxious law, but desisted only for fear of a popular uprising. In 1615, Father Olgivie, S. J., standing on the gallows

at Glasgow, a martyr for the faith, threw his rosary into the assembled crowd. "Whereupon," in the language of the official acts, "there was a mad rush to obtain it." In 1675, the Protestant Bishop of Sealholt, in Sweden, attests that the Rosary was said, though fifty years earlier the national synod of Antsorslow forbade the recitation of "this remnant of Papistry."

III.

Among the many ways of promoting the recitation of the Rosary in medieval England there was the custom of placing rosaries at the entrance of the church. Those worshippers who possessed beads of their own were allowed, nay urged, to use these and retain them if they wished.

IV.

The indulgence granted by Sixtus V in 1587 for the Litany of Loretto, caused many imitations to spring up all over Europe. The Venetian, Ascanio Collesino, published thirty-two litanies in 1599, six of which were in honor of the Blessed Virgin. There is one for the Rosary amongst these. Every invocation, save the last few, begins with "Rosa," to which some qualifying word is added. The response to each is, "Mary, help us." Following is a specimen of this composition:

Ave et Eva,	} Ora pro nobis.	Hail and Eve,	} Pray for us.
Ave Fecunda,		Fruitful Hail,	
Eva Secunda,		Second Eve,	
Virgo et Virga,		Virgin and Rod,	
Virgo Paracliti,		Virgin of the Par-	
Virga Moysi,		aclete,	
Coelum et Cella,		Rod of Moses,	
Coelum Dei,		Heaven and Cell,	
Cella Verbi,		Heaven of God,	
Portus et Porta,		Cell of the Word,	
Portus Salutis,		Port and Gate,	
Porta Virtutis,		Port of Salvation,	
		Gate of Virtue,	

V.

The custom of having beads of precious stones is an ancient one, and like the Gothic cathedrals, reflects the pious sentiment that anything relating to God and His Blessed Mother cannot be too precious and artistic. The Carthusian, Rolewinch, in 1478, praised the Westphalians for their lavishness in procuring beads made "of India stones." Otto Krumpfen, who captured Stockholm for Christian II, had a rosary made of grains of gold. Abuses, however, crept into the practice, and there are still extant ordinances of various Orders prescribing inexpensive beads for the use of the religious.

VI.

Any one who has scanned the collections of Marian medieval hymns, by Mone or Dreves, will readily see what an influence the Rosary exercised on the hymnology of those times. We need no Gautier to trace and explain the genesis of the "tropes" and other rhetorical figures then in use. Many are borrowed from the Rosary. The figure of a rose-bush, applied to Mary, comes from Blessed Albert the Great, who makes of the one hundred and fifty Aves an exact number of leaves on the mystic rose-bush. At the other extremity of Europe, Calderon, the great Spanish dramatist and poet, tells us that the devil especially hates the rose, and Mary, he says, is a spiritual rose garden.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION, FROM A SERMON
BY ST. AUGUSTINE.

Brethren, as Our Lord Jesus Christ has ascended to heaven, so should our hearts also ascend with Him. For as He is taken up out of our sight and yet not withdrawn from us, even so are we now with Him although the ascension promised us is not yet fulfilled in our bodies. For through that union by

which He is our head and we His body, now He has ascended into heaven, we are not separated from Him.

In this should we be strengthened and in this rejoice, for on the Last Day our bodies, if they be not burdened with a weight of sin, will easily be raised to the highest heaven.

ROSARY CANDLES.

Living as we do in a country which certainly cannot be called Catholic, and surrounded on every side by the hurry of modern life, our minds filled with the maxims of a civilization gone mad with greed of gain, is it strange that many of the beautiful practices of Catholic Europe are unfamiliar to us? There was a time when North America was hardly settled, when zealous priests traversed alone the wilderness and pierced the depths of virgin forests that the faithful might receive the sacraments and assist at Mass. But those days and difficulties are past. Few towns are now without a church and resident priest, and city parishes are well provided for. Yet it is unfortunately true that many beautiful Catholic practices are neglected and their very existence, even, unknown to many.

The use of Rosary candles is a case in point. These candles are blessed by a Dominican priest for the use of members of the Rosary Confraternity. They are carried by Rosarians when assisting at the "Salve," a procession held daily in every large Dominican Church in America and Europe.* Singing the Salve is a custom peculiar to the Dominicans and goes back to the first days of the Order. It was introduced in 1224 by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, St. Dominic's successor as Master General, to implore the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Those who are present at this procession and carry a lighted candle,

* See Acta S. Sedis, v. iv, p. 1465.

or in place of carrying a candle say one Hail Mary, gain an indulgence of three years and twelve hundred days. Besides this, the faithful may gain, for assisting at or reciting the Salve: (1) An indulgence of one hundred days; (2) seven years and seven quarantines on every Sunday; (3) plenary indulgence on two Sundays of each month, under usual conditions; (4) plenary indulgence on all feasts of the Blessed Virgin.†

Rosary candles may be placed in the hands of the dying, who may thus gain a plenary indulgence. At the funeral of a Rosarian it is customary, in many places, for members of the Confraternity to carry them. Finally it is a pious practice to light these candles and leave them burning before the Rosary altar to obtain some favor from the Blessed Virgin. There are churches in the United States where this devotion is practiced; but it is to be regretted that a custom so simple yet so expressive of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not more common among us.

MARY, THE MYSTICAL ROSE.

What more is the Rosary? What is its essence? Holy Church in speaking of Mary calls her Rosa Mystica—the Mystical Rose. This Mystical Rose has, like every other rose, a heart in which lies all its excellence and beauty, and the divine heart of the Mystical Rose is Jesus.

Mary, the Mystical Rose, is formed of fifteen petals: Five are of dazzling white, pure as the lily of the valley; they are called Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, Purification, and Finding in the Temple. These are the Joyful Mysteries. Five are blood-tinted like the damask rose; they are called Agony, Scourging, Crowning with Thorns, Cross-bearing, Crucifixion. These are the Sorrowful Mysteries. Five are golden, like the sun-ripened ears of harvest; they are

called Resurrection, Ascension, Descent of the Holy Ghost, Assumption of Mary, and her Coronation in heaven. These are the Glorious Mysteries.

This, then, is the Rosary; in reality simply the opening of the Mystical Rose whose Heart is Jesus.—*Father Marie-Augustin, O. P., in "Petals of the Mystical Rose."*

THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS.

Rosarians are reminded that the fifteen Saturdays in honor of the Holy Rosary begin the last Saturday (the 24th) of June. There is no devotion more pleasing to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary than this, and the faithful should not fail to seek her powerful aid by receiving Holy Communion on the fifteen Saturdays preceding Rosary Sunday which falls this year on October 1st.

Although it is desirable that these fifteen Saturdays be made so as to end on Rosary Sunday, yet they may be made at any time in the year.

INDULGENCES FOR JUNE.

June 1—Ascension: (1) Plenary indulgence; C. C., visit to Rosary altar with prayers for Pope. (2) Plenary for visit of five altars, or one altar five times, with prayers for Pope at each visit.

June 4—First Sunday of month: Plenary indulgence; (1) C. C., visit to Rosary altar with prayers for Pope. (2) Attendance at Rosary procession and visit to Rosary altar. (3) Visit and prayers for Pope before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for adoration.

June 10—Vigil of Pentecost: Partial indulgence of ten years and 400 days.

June 11—Pentecost: (1) Plenary indulgence on conditions as on May 1. (2) Partial; thirty years and 1200 days. Each day of Pentecost week the same partial indulgence.

June 22—Corpus Christi: Plenary indulgence as on May 1.

† Pius VI, April 5, 1786.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

WITH THE EDITOR

The great feast of the Ascension of Our Lord ushers in the month of June and the feast of the Sacred Heart closes it. On the 11th the feast of Pentecost will be celebrated, and on the 22d occurs the feast of Corpus Christi. Rarely do so many important feasts fall within a single month. But June is pre-eminently the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sacred Heart should always be the object of our love and adoration; but during this month we ought to manifest a deeper love for Jesus, and honor in a special manner His most adorable Heart. Daily, hourly, indeed, does the Heart of Jesus suffer insult and outrage, and it is our bounden duty and high privilege to make all possible reparation for these unspeakable wrongs. The Heart of Jesus is honored best by imitation. "Learn of Me," He says, "for I am meek and humble of heart." The heart that conformed most closely to the Heart of the Master was that of Mary, His Mother. She, indeed, was meek and humble of heart; in her all virtue resided. She is our model, our advocate; she understands our frailty, she compassionates our weakness; she is the "Refuge of Sinners," the "Help of Christians," the "Mother of Mercy." Specially dear, then, to her clients is the adorable Heart of her Son. Closely associated with devotion to the Sacred Heart is devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. God so loved the world as to send His only-begotten Son to redeem it. Christ came unto His own, and His own received Him not. For love of men He suffered, for them He died upon the Cross, and "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But the love of the Eternal Father for fallen man would find a yet higher expression than in creation and

redemption. God would perform His crowning work and go even to the limit, if we may so speak, of His omnipotence; and He established the Most Adorable Eucharist, highest and holiest of all the sacraments, God's richest gift to man, since it is none other than God Himself.

"My delight is to be with the children of men;" Jesus is truly with us, tabernacled upon our altars in the Sacrament of Love. Cold, indeed, and formal and unsatisfying is any religion that admits not the doctrine of the Real Presence. We can not sufficiently appreciate the richness of this gift, we can make no adequate return for it. But in the measure of our ability we can love and honor Jesus always in the Sacrament of the Altar, we can visit Him often in His prison house of love, and frequently have broken unto us the Bread of Life.

If further evidence were needed of the spirit of insubordination and resistance to authority to which we recently alluded, it is furnished in abundance in the deplorable and intolerable conditions at present existing in Chicago. Without entering into the merits of the unfortunate controversy that is stirring that city to its depths, we can positively assert that something is radically wrong in a community or a land that is given over periodically to disorder and violence.

Unfortunately, the riotous and criminal tendencies that have asserted themselves so prominently in the present conflict have not been confined to the real parties in interest or to adults. The children of the public schools, following the example of their elders, have broken out in open and flagrant rebellion and brazen defiance of their teachers—and the teachers have virtually admitted their powerlessness to control them, and punish them

they may not. How long shall it require to convince our people and the makers of our laws that the Godless system of public education is responsible in very large measure for much of the evil of the day? Morality without religion is impossible; and without morality no republic, no nation can long endure.

The latest encyclical of the Holy Father deals with the teaching of the catechism. The Sovereign Pontiff insists strongly upon the necessity and importance of a sound knowledge of Christian doctrine and the great underlying principles of morality. The duty of teaching the saving truths of Christianity rests primarily upon priests; and Bishops throughout the world must see to it that this all-important work is not neglected. The Holy Father insists further upon the importance of preaching the word of God, and calls attention to the injunction of the Council of Trent regarding this matter. Upon the head of every diocese is imposed the obligation of enforcing the specific instructions and directions of the encyclical.

That American society is suffering from grave moral disorders is a fact that can not be gainsaid, and is patent to even casual and superficial observers. This unsavory truth is not flattering to our national pride, nor is it calculated to arouse enthusiasm even in those who profess unbounded confidence and faith in our people and institutions. This unhealthy moral condition—which is the natural and logical outcome of irreligion and defective education—manifests itself in a variety of ways. But the low moral tone and general downward tendency of society is best indicated, we think, by the popular craving for the things that are essentially base and vulgar. Sensational papers, veritable penny-dreadfuls, which deal largely with the derelictions and the crimes of mankind are eagerly sought by the multitudes and devoured with

avidity. Police and divorce courts are never without their quota of curious and morbid hangers-on, while criminal court rooms are crowded always; and when some notorious malefactor is placed on trial for his, or her, life extraordinary and often stringent measures are rendered necessary to control the mob that clamors for admittance. Day after day as the trial proceeds, the morbidly curious, numbering among them men and women of wealth and apparent culture, sit in rapt attention and revel in testimony that is often unprintable, and shocking in the highest degree—and yet no blush of shame crimsones their brazen cheeks. If the criminal be convicted—no matter how black and revolting his crime—he is sure to be the recipient of much maudlin sympathy—and an abundance of floral tributes. And when he ascends the gallows his worshipers are present, beholding him with tear-dimmed eyes; and when he pays the penalty of his crime they strew his grave with roses and bitterly bemoan his fate. On the other hand, if justice be defeated the notorious criminal finds a lucrative position on the vaudeville or dime-museum stage—and again is lionized. Surely “the time is out of joint,” and society stands in sore need of radical reformation.

Many will foolishly waste their precious leisure hours of summer vacation poring over the light and trashy novel. It may not occur to those that their minds need stimulation and nourishment no less than their bodies.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Miss Anna C. Minogue is at work on another serial story for THE ROSARY. We feel confident that this new story shall not prove inferior to the talented author's former productions. We are happy to announce, also, that “The Son of Adam,” which ran serially in these pages two years ago, and which competent critics consider Miss Minogue's best

story, shall be brought out in book form by us in the near future. A second edition of "Cardome" shall shortly appear, as the first edition has been almost disposed of. We can secure copies of the book for our friends while the edition lasts.

We desire to publicly express our gratitude to our many devoted friends, whom we can not thank individually, for their kind expressions of appreciation of our work. Every mail brings us letters of encouragement and words of cheer. We appreciate all this much more than we can say. Our Blessed Lord shall surely reward them out of the treasury of His Sacred Heart for their kindness and their zeal in behalf of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, and the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, in whose honor we are laboring, shall enrich them all with a wealth of blessings.

A new Catholic magazine called "The New York Review" is announced, and the first number is expected to appear this month. It will be issued every two months and will be edited by professors

of the diocesan seminary at Yonkers, with the approval of His Grace Archbishop Farley, of New York. The purpose of the "Review" is mainly apologetic, with special reference to present-day religious and scientific conditions. It is intended to be, as its sub-title indicates, "a journal of the ancient faith and modern thought." In character and method it will be positive and constructive. Its chief editor will be the Reverend James F. Driscoll, of Dunwoodie Seminary. The annual subscription price will be three dollars. We heartily welcome this newcomer into the field of Catholic literature and wish for it a most successful and prosperous career.

Subscribers who change their address for the summer will confer a favor upon us and save themselves annoyance by advising us of the change. They can do us a kindness also and render substantial aid to the cause of Catholic literature by saying a good word for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. There is abundant leisure for reading at summer resorts, and Catholic periodical literature should not be overlooked.

BOOKS

THAT MAN'S DAUGHTER. By Henry M. Ross. New York: Benziger Bros. D, pp. 190. \$1.25.

This is a story that is both interesting and instructive. There is nothing heavy in the matter or in the treatment. The characters are lifelike, similar to those of every-day life. It is a good book to put in the hands of a juvenile reader.

VIGILS WITH JESUS. By Rev. John I. Whalen. New York: The Cathedral Library Association, 1905. 14mo, pp. 94.

Here is a little volume that will bring genuine comfort to many pious souls who seem incapable of attaining true devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacra-

ment. It is eminently practical and answers a long felt want. To all who are accustomed to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to all who wish to cultivate and cherish a love for our Sacramental Lord we earnestly recommend this little book.

SKELETON SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS OF THE YEAR. By John B. Bagshawe, D. D. D, 1905.

Canon Bagshawe's name is sufficient commendation for this volume. That it has intrinsic excellence may be gathered from the short space of time in which the first edition was sold. Father Bagshawe does not develop his theme, but merely suggests trenchant points which the

priest may use according to his own bent and originality. The skeleton sermons will be found to contain much that is useful for private meditation.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 16mo, pp. 79. 30c net.

This is a drama intended for academy or school girls. It is presented in three acts, and seems to offer no serious difficulty in the staging if the author's directions are followed. The plot centers around the life of a little child adopted by her grandmother. The child gains an unconscious influence over her kinswoman and thus wins her back to faith and religion.

THE SUFFERING MAN-GOD. By Pere Seraphin, C. P. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. D. pp. 240. 75c net.

That the Rev. Father Seraphin, the Passionist, has given to us a book on the Passion is a fact to be hailed with delight and pleasure by all Catholics. This Reverend author has given us not only an epitome of the Church's doctrine on the Divinity of Christ, as shown forth in His Passion, but also a book of meditation on the sufferings of Christ.

A GIRL'S IDEAL. By Rose Mulholland. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. D, pp. 400. \$1.50.

All critics have called this story "lively"—because life-like; a love story told in the words of people living to-day, not in the meaningless sentimentality of most novels. Rose Mulholland's name to a story is sufficient warrant of its success.

THE MAY-BOOK OF THE BREVIARY. By John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. New York: Benziger Bros., 1904. 16mo, pp. 141. 30c net.

Father Fitzpatrick has gathered into these few pages the most beautiful thoughts on Mary, as given by the Fathers of the Church. Except in a

few places the translation is as graceful and easy as if it were the original. Priests will find it an armory of pious thoughts on sermon writing, and the devout client of Mary will find much that is calculated to increase his love and devotion for heaven's Queen.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. Second Series. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. D. pp. 174. \$1.00.

The success of the first series of the Juvenile Round Table has called forth this second volume. Its success is assured, as it contains stories for children by the best Catholic authors. Maurice Francis Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, S. M. O'Malley, Anna T. Sadlier, Sara Trainer Smith, Eugenie Uhlrich, Mary T. Waggaman, are a few of the contributors.

THE TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE. By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. D. pp. 186. 60c.

Mary T. Waggaman has given us another story that can be placed with profit in the hands of all child readers. Stories of real children—and the children in this story are real—are most interesting; the stories of good children are instructive; and this story is good.

SOME LITTLE LONDON CHILDREN. By Mother M. Salome. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. pp. 171.

Mother M. Salome's pen is untiring in its efforts to give to the Catholic public, and especially children, literature that will uplift them and instruct them. This book does not fall short of the mark at which the good Sister aims.

THE RED INN OF ST. LYPAR. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. \$1.00 net.

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CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The Circumcision of Our Lord. | 22. St. Vincent, Martyr. |
| 2. Octave day of St. Stephen. | 23. St. Raymond, Confessor of our Order. |
| 3. Octave day of St. John. | 24. Blessed Marcolinus, Confessor of our Order. |
| 4. Octave day of Holy Innocents. | 25. The Conversion of St. Paul, Apostle. |
| 5. Vigil of Epiphany. | 26. Blessed Margaret, Virgin of our Order. |
| 6. The Epiphany of Our Lord. | 27. St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. |
| 7. Of the Octave. | 28. The Translation of St. Thomas Aquinas. |
| 8. Finding of Our Lord in the Temple. | 29. St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. |
| 9. Of the Octave. | 30. St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. |
| 10. Blessed Gundisalvus, Confessor of our Order. | 31. St. Peter, Confessor. |
| 11. Of the Octave. | |
| 12. Of the Octave. | |
| 13. Of the Octave. | |
| 14. St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. | |
| 15. Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. | |
| 16. Blessed Stephana, Virgin of our Order. | |
| 17. St. Anthony, Abbot. | |
| 18. The Chair of St. Peter at Rome. | |
| 19. Blessed Andrew, Confessor of our Order. | |
| 20. Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. | |
| 21. St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. | |

FEBRUARY.

- | |
|---|
| 1. St. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. |
| 2. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. |
| 3. St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. |
| 4. St. Andrew, Bishop and Confessor. |
| 5. St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. |
| 6. St. Dorothea, Virgin and Martyr. |

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries. Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His death, and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

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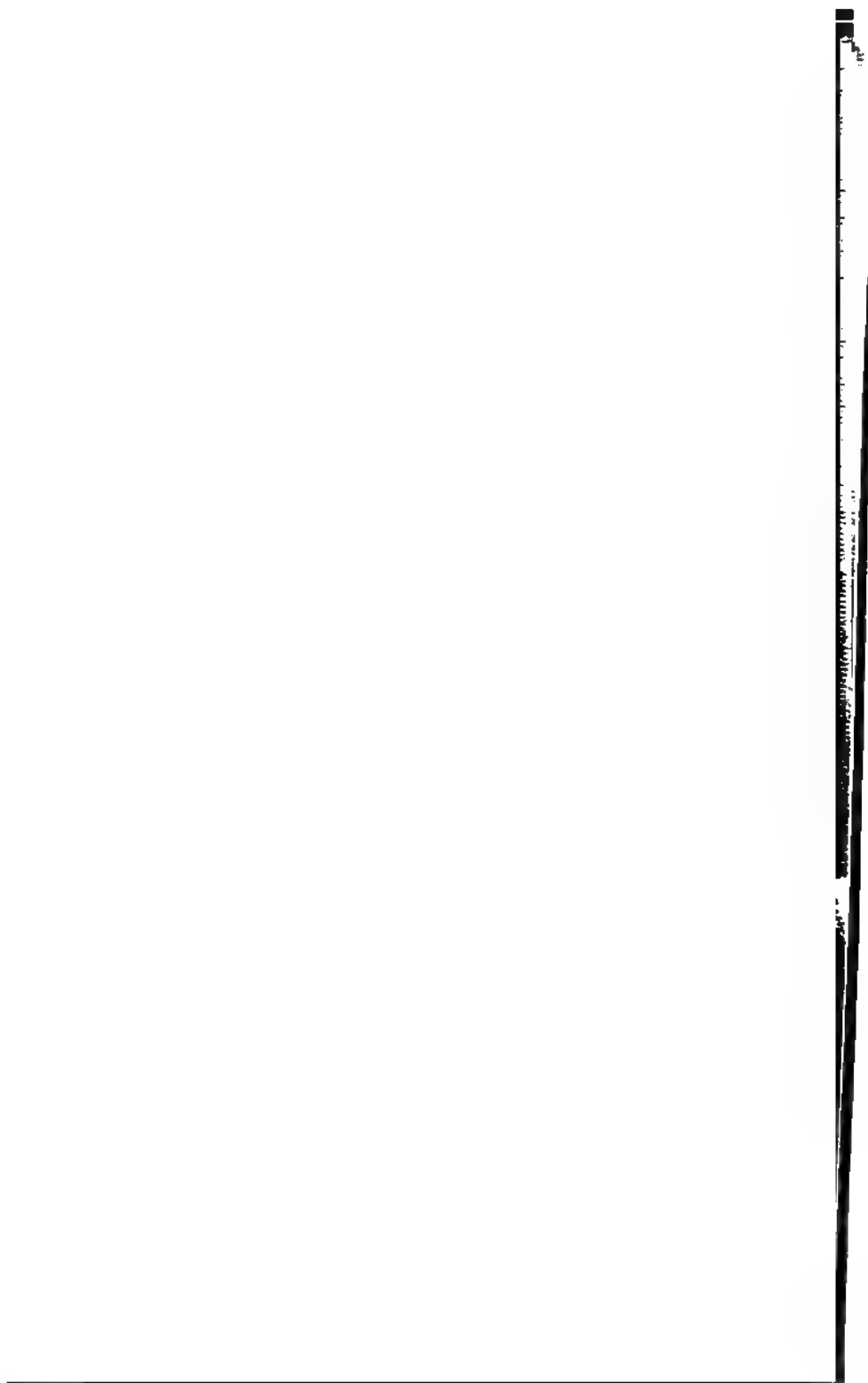
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